

CAPTIVES OF THE SHENKA GORD



ILLUSTRATED BY BENSON

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A Genuine House of Gord Publication

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Contents

Chapter One	5
Chapter Two	8
Chapter Three	18
Chapter Four	28
Chapter Five	38
Chapter Six	51
Chapter Seven	59
Chapter Eight	89
Chapter Nine	119
Chapter Ten	135
Chapter Eleven	138
Chapter Twelve	150



Chapter One

Kobus eased back into the clasped hands behind his head, shuffling his large angular frame until he found an acceptable position on the bumpy ground-sheet. A single star winked at him through the dense canopy of leaves and for a while he felt a yearning for the treeless wastes of his homeland high veldt. The Amazon rain forest was a far cry from his beautiful South Africa, and at times he found its dense impenetrability claustrophobic after the limitless expanse of the Transvaal.

The fire spat a solitary spark, and glancing across Kobus saw the pyramid of burnt out wood collapsing as its energy was spent.

“Hey! Yacob! Chuck some more wood on the fire, you idle Kaffir!” :
Jacob grinned, all eyeballs and teeth in the deepening gloom left by the dying fire. :

“Ja Boss! Anything you say, Boss.”

Kobus smiled wryly. They had both been born into the dying arena of apartheid and, whilst Kobus had gone along with the accepted way, he'd always tried to treat his men fairly in the days when he had owned a scrap yard. Now, after many years of study, he had managed to shrug off the mantle of business in favour of his long dreamed of profession. Kobus, the globe trotting anthropologist, was a happy man. Philip, his brother and partner, was happy to keep the family business running. And Jacob, a worker of long standing and unquestionable loyalty, had opted to follow him and become his assistant. But Jacob was more than just an employee. He was a trusted and close friend. Although each had a deep and profound respect for the other, they were equally uneasy with the new ways of South Africa. Old habits died hard, and Jacob, though encouraged to call Kobus by his Christian name, always went back to calling him Boss. Kobus had felt the awkwardness in the man when he forced him to break with tradition, and finally bowed to the inevitable. For himself it was easy. This stocky powerful Zulu had always been Jacob. But for Jacob, the difference was that he had the right to choose what he called his companions. Jacob chose Boss! He felt comfortable with that and he knew where he stood. It was his way of showing that he respected his white friend. The fire erupted as a pile of logs crashed down, and Kobus watched as his companion poked them into some sort of order and then laid back on his own bed.

“Reckon we should try the south slopes tomorrow, Boss. Although the tracks are going all over the place, it seems they're generally moving towards the sheltered side of the mountain.”

Kobus considered the suggestion, acutely aware of the fact that Jacob had been raised by Bushmen. He could see the tracks of an ant across solid concrete.

“Ya man! Reckon you're right. I expect they are heading for sheltered slopes before the rainy season starts.” For two months now they had been tracking what promised to be an unknown species of ape with a print that was radically different to any known mammal. If they were right, Kobus Kruger and Jacob Mantaza would be names that echoed around the halls of anthropology for a long time.

“Tr'll take a while Boss, there's no way over that cliff, so we'll have to back track and go around.” Kobus frowned in thought. Oo

“Won't that take us into Indian territory?” He cast his mind back to various books that spoke of long lost tribes of forest dwellers. People who had never laid eyes on either white or black men before. Rumour had it that some were

cannibals, although reports on that subject tended to be sketchy. Could be they were right, which would account for the lack of returning explorers to accurately chronicle their existence.

Jacob grunted in confirmation. ;

“Ya! the old trader reckons there’s two tribes up here Boss, one called the Shenka, and another called Tembi. The Tembis are inoffensive enough, but the Shenka bunch are real bad, Boss.”

| Kobus pondered that for awhile. “Can we get round without going through Shenka forest?”

» Jacob shook his head. “Don’t think so Boss, but not to worry, the Shenkas are .. easy to spot. They rule the jungle so they don’t care about being careful or E quiet. I’ve been seeing their sign for three days now. I reckon we can hear them i coming and lay low until they’ve gone.”

“And the Tembis?”

Jacob smiled and showed his teeth. “They been watching and following us for days Boss, and right now there are at least a dozen keeping an eye on us.”

Kobus sat bolt upright and reached out for the comforting coolness of his old faithful Holland & Holland .375 rifle. But Jacob raised a warning hand and oe he resisted the impulse take up the weapon.

“They could’ve killed us any time, Boss, but they didn’t. They just curious.”

Kobus felt some relief, but the same time noted that Jacob’s Winchester 1200 pump gun was considerably nearer to its owner than usual. Even the bush-
_wise Jacob felt it prudent to take precautions, and a pump action 12-bore
- loaded with heavy buck-shot seemed about right under the circumstances.

The night passed slowly for Kobus, unable to sleep with the thought that & dozens of curare tipped darts might at any moment whistle toward his back. ae Jacob, on the other hand, seemed to drop into unconsciousness with ease. But Me Kobus wasn’t fooled. He knew Jacob of old. That heathen could sense danger 3 even when he was asleep, and within a split second would be wide wake and ready to fight. His bush heritage served him well. In town he’d be labelled a aa stupid Kaffir, but out here, it was white men who were the mental retards.

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Chapter Two

Dawn broke slowly under the leafy umbrella. An hour passed after the Sun had hauled its ass over the horizon before there was light enough to move around on the forest floor. Trees a hundred foot tall conspired to form a wet,

permanently dripping umbrella of foliage that cast an eerie green glow over the whole scene. But finally the camp was struck, and they moved off. Most people think of jungles and rain forest with an image of a movie Tarzan running along well worn tracks. The Amazon afforded no such luxury. Every foot had to be fought for with sweat, blood and tears. Often, a good day's trek would place them four bone-weary miles from the last camp. But a more realistic target was in the region of two miles! -

As it happened, they were lucky. A stream, unable to climb the craggy peak of this mountain, had chosen a route that traversed sideways and went around. They followed the gurgling liquid pathway in preference to hacking down tons of forest flora that an overland route would place in their path. Still, it wasn't easy, and a broken ankle on the slime covered rocks of its bed could spell death out here.

By late afternoon they had done well, and were already passing the shoulder of the mountain blocking their way. Suddenly Jacob went into a crouch and hissed a warning. ;

"Down, Boss!" He pointed with the barrel of the Winchester and, as he dropped, Kobus spotted a line of olive skinned, painted Amazon Indians working their way through the ferns only yards away.

"Shenka Boss! Shenka raiding party!" Jacob hissed.

Kobus nodded and huddled down further into the concealing leaves. A fierce, paint daubed face passed less than a yard beyond the palm tree to his right, and Kobus felt a shiver run down his spine.

But it seemed the Shenka were not looking for anything that might be lurking. Wherever they were going, it was some way off, and they were intent on getting there - not looking for unlikely interlopers in their world of forgotten greenery.

Minutes passed in breathless silence and, although Kobus had heard nothing in the first place, the din perceived by Jacob's ultra receptive hearing finally ebbed into the distance.

"They're gone?"

Jacob nodded and rose, freezing as the jungle was rent with the sounds of blood-curdling shrieks and piteous screams. Apparently the Shenkas target was only a short distance to the right.

Their first instinctive reaction was to put real distance between themselves and the sounds of that fearsome battle. Then curiosity claimed them both. Kobus, confident in Jacob's skills to steer them around trouble, followed the swiftly moving black as best he could. Jacob was a like a ballet dancer in the bush compared to his own lumbering passage. He didn't seem to fight the ferns, but simply oozed through them with no sound that could be detected by his own untrained ears.

Jacob offered up a warning hand as the sounds of suffering rose to fever pitch, and approaching the lip of a ridge on their bellies, they peered over into the clearing below.

It was a scene of carnage.

"Tembis Boss, they killing the Tembis!"

Kobus nodded and raised his binoculars to scan the unfolding drama below. It was a blood bath. Caught in the open, the peaceful Tembis had no defence against the savage Shenka. Men, women and children were being slaughtered in an orgy of wanton killing. As he panned his binoculars across the slaying field, he noticed a frightened group of young females huddled under the spears of Shenka warriors. More were being thrown into the holding area every minute. It was then, after returning to the arena of death, that Kobus understood. The young, beautiful women were being selected and reprieved; whilst the others were put to death without mercy.

The sounds of people dying ebbed and was finally replaced by the sobbing and hysterical screaming of some fifty naked Indian women clustered together.

They could do nothing as friends' and relatives' bodies were poked and prodded; some selected for food, and the rest left to the mercy of that savage rain forest and its animal life. Within a week, there would be no trace of the terrible annihilation that had befallen the tribe of Tembis.

The two sickened watchers were ignorant of the fact that only this pitiful group of females remained of the dwindling tribe. Once they were gone, Tembis sired by Tembi fathers would be no more. Just one more tribe who had ceased to exist under the spears of these merciless forest cannibals.

Silently, they watched as the girls were surrounded by the whole raiding party and Kobus, fearing the worst, raised the heavy HSLH in an instinctive reaction to protect them, fully intending to intervene. Jacob pushed the barrel down.

"No! Not now, Boss! They not going to kill them yet, they take them prisoner. Look!" He pointed down as Kobus raised his eye from the sights. The girls were being grabbed by warriors and, after being thrown to the ground, savagely hogtied into squirming, frightened bundles.

"Better we wait and see. Maybe we get a chance to rescue them later - without getting killed!"

Kobus thought it over, and had to admit Jacob was making sense. If they opened fire now, they might get a dozen or so warriors, and then they would become the hunted. For the present, the women were safe, or at least alive. Charging in like raging bull elephants wasn't going to help them either. At the end of the day, they would still be captives awaiting whatever fate was in store for them.

They watched in fury as the painfully arched and trussed forms were hoisted on carrying boughs and borne off into the green wall of the jungle. Jacob felt the anger more than his white partner. He had seen his entire family killed during tribal raids. For him, lady luck had played a hand, placing his



screaming infant form in the path of a curious travelling Bushman whose adventuring nature had carried him far beyond the boundaries of his Kalahari homeland.

Kobus sucked in his breath as he saw the face-up mode of trussing on the poles. Each carrying branch had been selected because of a strong jutting branch fork. Cut off at something like eight or nine inches, the severed limb was thrust deeply between the vulnerable labia of each screaming woman. They were unable to resist as the upper body securing cinched and squeezed their

breasts to clamp the pole in the vice like tunnel of their own cleavage. Secured by both their most sensitive areas, the shrieks of protest as they were lifted knotted the stomachs of the watching men. The Shenkas just laughed and joked as each freshly readied captive was swung shoulder high and toted off hanging by her pussy and boobs. Kobus zoomed in on the breast cinches, noting that the savage cinches were so tight that the thrusting, upward facing nipples and spherical lobes of womanhood were actually pointing away at forty-five degrees to each other, necked into an unbelievable cinch of dual torment.

Guiltily, he lowered his glasses as feelings he would rather not confess to surged into his crotch. A glance at Jacob revealed that he too was aroused by the spectacle.

Jacob interrupted the awkward silence with a comment.

"See the ropes, Boss? Nylon cord, not lianas or creepers. Those are white man's ropes. And the knives. Stainless steel - one of them was a Bosman I'm sure."

Bosman was the South African equivalent of the legendary Jim Bowie when it came to knives. His blades were sought after by any serious collector of cutting tackle. In fact, Kobus himself had a hand tooled, custom designed knife by the great man, at this very moment residing on his hip. So what the hell were a bunch of South American Indians doing with nylon rope and designer blades? He swept his glasses back to the warriors as the last, pathetic bundle of femininity was hoisted for transport. There was no doubt. All of them had modern, manufactured fighting cutlery.

"Looks like someone is stirring the pot out here, Yacob. Best we tag along and see who the nigger in the wood pile is... !" He halted, embarrassed that he had used a word considered an insult by almost everyone. Jacob grinned widely at his friend's discomfort, then squeezed the maximum enjoyment from the mistake,.

"How you know he's a black Kaffir, Boss? Could be a white Kaffir!" White

Kaffir was a term used by Afrikaners when referring to a less than useful white. Kobus looked mortified, then broke into a grin as he saw the twinkle of mirth in his tormentor's eye.

('Futtsack! You black bastard!')

Jacob laughed out loud as the Afrikaner version of Fuck Ojjfwas directed at him, and slapped Kobus on the back as he turned to follow the disappearing Shenkas.

The trail led them away from the mountain, and for two days they followed the retreating murderers. But it wasn't to be an uneventful trip as it turned out. Often at night they were woken by the screams of some poor captive woman being used by the marauders, and creeping up to the edge of the enemy camp, they would watch in helpless silence as the unsuspecting warriors vented their lust on chosen captives.

The method was crude and effective. The selected four who were unfortunate enough to have been picked, were inverted and trussed together, back-to-back. against a handy tree that had been hacked down to five foot in height. Arranged four square around the trunk, their anldes were snared in securely bound nylon cord, and then pulled down to be staked to the ground splayed wide apart. From above they no doubt formed a rather delectable daisy petal format, ringed with a delicious display of prime sexual openings. Had it been under different circumstances, the watchful eyes at the edge of the forest would have appreciated the goods on offer. As it was, they had to watch in impotent fury as the foursome became a community utility for any warrior still sober enough to stand.

Both nights saw the same girls offered for usage. Obviously these were deemed expendable, whilst the rest remained mercifully unmolested; fearfully watching



as some of their own played host to cock after cock in a never ending trauma of thrusting male poles. Months jammed full with shaped, yam-like tubas from nearby plant life, they were unable to vent the screams of displeasure generated by being pumped and pummelled against the restraining cords. Two were obviously virgins who had been shielded from the first thrusting pains of full womanhood. But after being invaded by the coarseness of the carrying poles and now subject to an array of roughly inserted male members, they were breached and broken with brutal disregard for their delicate,

unused sex tunnels and plundered bottoms.

Kobus seethed with rage and, forcibly turning his mind away, he tried to drown out the audible atrocities by chatting to his friend. Jacob understood his anger and recognised that the calm tones of pointless discussion were barely concealing the desire to race in and kill anything male that moved.

"I've never seen any Amazon Indians like the Tembi before, they're so..."

"Beautiful?"

Kobus turned to face Jacob. "Yes, beautiful. They don't seem to have the build of any Indians I've seen - more like western women, only better.,)

Jacob nodded. "Tembi apparently means beautiful people in their language, Boss." Locking eyes for a moment and mentally assessing each other's silent response at the sight of those fettered captives, they turned back to the camp. It was obvious that both would give a right arm to have those women at their mercy, albeit under infinitely more pleasurable circumstances.

Four sobbing, trunk mounted women hung exhausted in their bonds as the abuse ceased. The last brutish user had collapsed in a drunken stupor only yards away from his final, lustful performance of the night. Over to the right and illuminated by the flickering light of several fires, lay the pole trussed captives who had been spared the orgy of carnal lust. It was a sight to raise even the most jaded manly tackle.

The fifty or so trussed and helpless women formed a bronzed mat of firm, curvaceous, and invitingly sensuous femininity. Raven haired, and black eyed, these forest nymphs were a prize indeed. No wonder the Shenkas had



kept them alive. Even the most voracious cannibal would be hard put to eat one of these morsels before fully exploiting the other delicacies on offer. After ten minutes of surveying the feast of writhing, vulnerable womanhood, they decided that retreat was the better part of valour. It was either that or succumb the inevitable results of contemplating such a gift from the Gods. Reluctantly they slithered away into the shelter of the foliage. Nothing else was going to happen this night, and tomorrow promised to be another long day.

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Chapter Three

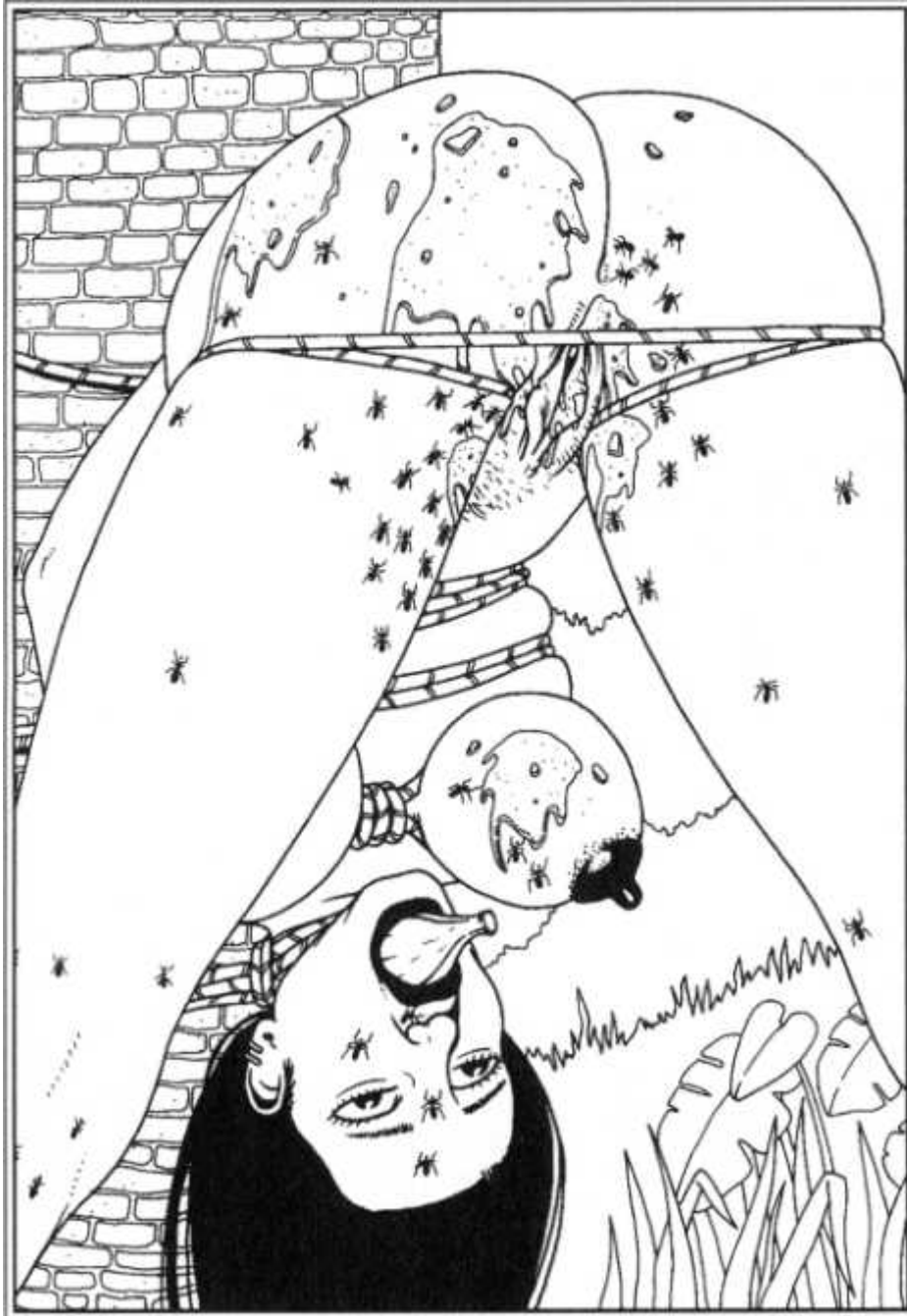
At first light they were back. Peering between the camouflaging leaves, they watched as the Shenkas prepared to leave. All appeared to be ready, and already the first swinging burdens of those nubile, smooth skinned captives were being carried into the forest. But oddly, no-one seemed to be making a move to retrieve the group of four well-used relief women. In fact, as they watched, extra bonds were being added that crushed the girls even tighter into the rough bark of their mounting post. The watchful pair were then mystified further as a Shenka warrior appeared with the hive of a wild bee colony, its former inhabitants smoked out by a cunning mixture of herbs on a smouldering stick. The hive was broken, and two halves laden with honey, were carried to the pole.

Kobus' cheeks flushed red as he put two and two together. They had finished with the helplessly trussed women, having slaked their carnal lust. Now they intended to extract full measure of sadistic pleasure by leaving them to the mercy of the forest in a most evil way.

Liberally coated with honey, the gagged women moaned in fear as their fate became known. But their muted pleas fell on deaf ears. Laughing loudly, the callous group carefully laid trails with the remaining honey to a nearby ant nest of enormous proportions, and watched as foraging ants began to appear in search of the source of their unexpected windfall.

Within minutes, the hill was a black mass of indefinable animation, and already tentacles of seething darkness created by the advancing horde were stretching out to the tethered women. Nearby, warriors calmly watched as the voracious hordes approached the terrified targets; chatting excitedly as the first columns began to march up onto the vulnerable, deliciously tender skins

of this unexpected feast. The honey would last but a short while and then,



cheated of an easy meal, the ants would get down to the real business of systematically stripping the bones of these tender morsels with scant regard to the pitiful squirming of extended agony they would suffer. In the ant world, life is brutal.

The squirming, ant infested forms began to fight their bonds with awesome

ferocity as the six legged diners located an easy inroad to the juicy centre of this new food source. Gathering round the exposed fleshy lobes of worn and sore love lips, they sharpened up their mandibles and sat down to the feast. The pillar of lust became a column of agony as a million pincers began to nip and bite at the succulent tender flesh and, seeing their agony, Kobus raised his rifle for the first shot. Lining up the sights on an evilly grinning warrior, he began to squeeze. Suddenly his finger froze.

They were leaving. It was enough that they had witnessed the ants locating the bait, now they could leave, safe in the knowledge that these four helpless women were doomed to be agonisingly put to death as they were reduced to hanging skeletons.

With almost unbearable impatience, they watched the retreating warriors, dying inwardly each time they hesitated to look back and taunt the screaming, ant infested forms they were leaving behind. Muffled screams for mercy stretched seconds into hours for the watching men. The worst time was after they had vanished, and Jacob held Kobus back with a restraining hand to allow the departing torturers time to get deep into the jungle. His binoculars swept back and forth between the disappearing Shenkas and the taut, ant ravaged bottoms and clefts of those suffering women.

Then it was a mad sprint to the stump, ignoring the waves of ants that instantly attacked this new, fast moving food source. Kobus grabbed for his knife. feverishly slashing at the stubborn nylon bindings and cursing as his flesh began to burn with the onslaught of raking mandibles. Jacob tried to beat the ants away from the soft bodies of the women with his hat, but Kobus quickly urged him to help in cutting the ropes.

After what seemed like an age of agonising fiery bites, the women fell free. Instantly. the ants still arriving became incensed with fury at being cheated



and boiled in a mass of seething activity. The girls were still bound as separate items, but sooner than stand around in the midst of that feeding frenzy, they hoisted the cinch stiffened maidens, one on each shoulder, and made a dash for the river in the nearby forest.

There was no careful entry. Both men arrived at the bank in full flight and simply carried on running straight into mid air. With a huge twin splash, they plunged, burdens and all, into a deep rock pool. A blissful coolness enveloped the burning flesh of their bodies. Almost at once the stinging bites ceased as

drowning ants turned their attention to more pressing matters. Save for a few sheltered and blissfully unaware marauders that had tunnelled deep into the hot recesses of those moist pussies, the ants were doomed. Spluttering and gasping for breath, the men surfaced; grabbing out for the tied and helpless females who were starting to go down again all around. A few powerful leg kicks and they had dragged them to the nearby bank.

Following Jacob's lead, Kobus rolled over his pair, and began the rather enjoyable task of fishing still active ants from the lush pouting mons that were delightfully offered for the task. Modesty was the last thing a woman with a pussy full of ants would worry about.

Finally, he felt both women relax under his hands, and seeing no more visible passengers as he spread and peered into their deep interiors, Kobus accepted that they were no longer feeling the searing bites of Formalin coated pincers. For moment, both rescuers and bound females lay side by side, dragging in oxygen and recovering from the exertions of the previous hectic minutes.

Then a muffled sound of urgency sounded. Kobus prised himself up and was confronted with an exquisitely beautiful face, albeit distorted by the huge insertion gaping her mouth. He reached out and began to prise the oral bung out, unthinkingly grasping a firm melon shaped breast to steady the bound maiden as she rocked with his efforts. Her eyes widened and a gasping protest sounded past the blockage. Kobus, realising his mistake, quickly switched his grip to a shoulder and levered the huge mass out. The girl thankfully flexed her jaw and then unleashed a fury of angry diatribe in his direction.

Kobus, jaw dropped in amazement.



"Yes! She's speaking French."

Jacob stopped in his efforts to relieve the others of their gags and stared uncomprehending at him.

"What she say, Boss?" Kobus shook his head, and then recovering from the shock, mentally translated the words, a grin creasing his sun-lined features as he put it all together.

"She said - Are you trying to rip my tit off you big grinning ape, or are you just one of those perverts who likes playing with tied up women."

Jacob guffawed with laughter as he returned to his task. "Always said you *Crunchies* were a bit strange in your sexual habits."

Kobus heaved the extracted yam at him as his partner used an old derogatory Pommie term for Afrikaners. He was about to answer when the woman he was tending struggled violently and shouted at him again, giving vent to a long, uninterrupted volley of French. Jacob paused to wait for a translation, but was amazed to see Kobus stop his unbinding, and reverse the process. Frustrated, he waited impatiently as a heated exchange took place in a tongue he didn't understand. Then seeing a frowning Kobus halt, he butted in.

"What was all that about, Boss?"

Kobus was angry and almost snapped back at him. "This hellcat wants to go after that lot right away and try and rescue her friends. Name's Francine. She's a French college student who came out here on an anthropology tour and ended up staying because she liked it. I've tried to calm her down, but she's adamant that we go right now. She says after what they've been through, the others will feel just the same."

Jacob shook his head.

"Not a good idea Boss. We let them go now we may as well have left them to the ants: those black bastards kill them for sure if they see them again."

Kobus nodded in complete agreement, his lips twitching with a half grin at Jacob's description of the Shenkas. The French girl erupted into indignant protest at her re-binding, and he deftly caught the yam thrown back by Jacob and stuffed into her mouth.

"Yesus! What a firecracker that one is. Come, we'd best get after the others before we lose them. Get them up and leave the arms tied like that, we can fix them together by using the ankle ropes as halters between the necks and lead them in line." He looked down at the eye bulging protestations of the re-gagged Francine and grinned as he spoke in his mother Afrikaner tongue, understood only by himself and the grinning Jacob.

"Suits you, sweetie. Only way to keep a woman like you."

Ten minutes later, a coffle of four seething females stood ready to move, and

two men struggled ineffectually to hide massive throbbing erections from their captives. The French girl spotted Kobus trying to rearrange the thrusting pole threatening to break through his fly, and tossed her head with a muffled Humph! of disgust as his baser instincts presented themselves in physical form.

“Ya! Easy for you to say Frenchy, but you’re not the one standing a million miles away from civilisation with four of the most gorgeous, naked chicks imaginable - all on a string - trussed up - gagged - and just asking to get screwed until their arses drop off” He saw the girl frown and repeated it in French, Francine flushed crimson and turned her generously endowed mons away to the side, shielding her vulnerable charms with a thigh. But there was no way she could face him, and still hide the rapidly erecting turrets of her thrusting, aroused nipples. Now it was her turn to feel the betrayal of her body. A quick look at the other girls revealed that they had learned enough of her strange French tongue to understand what had been said.

The cavalcade of prodding nipples and rock hard erections moved off. Jacob, being the bush wise partner, was nominated leader, and muttering about white supremacy, he sulkily took the lead, whilst Kobus hung back at the rear. Suddenly, his trek through this claustrophobic forest had taken on a new and exciting aspect. Four superbly crafted, naked female rumps juddering and rolling in line ahead were the last thing he had ever expected to find! He found himself preying for them to stumble, and took great pains to delay his effort to lift their helplessly tied forms back up when they did · savouring the heady



contact with warm succulent youthful female flesh in a way that sent the blood pounding through his temples.

But by late noon, they had caught up with the Shankar, and the rush to help fallen maidens had become a free for all between himself and Jacob. Francine just looked on with a sort of aloof detachment, her eyes betraying exactly what she was thinking.

Huh! men - all the same - sex first, everything else second! Nevertheless, Kobus began to detect a distinct difference in her attitude as the day wore on.

Whenever he won the race and got to her first, he could feel the stiff resolute body becoming more and more pliable and receptive each time he encircled her with his powerful arms and lifted her back up. A quiet chat with Jacob revealed that he had also felt a subtle change in the Indian girls. Knowingly, Kobus smiled.

"Careful, you randy Kaffir, these chicks are using the oldest trick in the book to get around us so that they can go charging off after their mates."

Jacob just looked him straight in the eye as he spoke. "You think a black skin makes our women any different, you big thick Crunchie? They' been playing

that game with us since we swung down from the trees.”

Kobus bit back the obvious and well worn comment on how many weeks that may have been.

"In fact, ” Jacob continued, “a black women can teach these chicks a thing or two about controlling men — I can tell you.” Jacob moved ahead and gave the sultry Indian lead girl a tug on her coffee as she eyed him with a suggestive look.

“Come on, you coffee coloured witch, you won’t get round me that easy.”

Under his breath he mumbled something that Kobus didn’t quite catch, then added. “Well, at least for another hour or two anyway.”

* * * *

Chapter Four

The Shenkas finally arrived at their base camp and, sidling up to the edge of the clearing, the pursuing would-be rescuers surveyed the scene with some trepidation. The rescued coveys of protesting girls were neck linked around a massive teak tree a quarter mile back in the depths of the forest. Kobus didn’t want to risk getting any closer lest the girls’ gagged muttering tipped off the opposition. Now, seeing what they had to contend with, he was glad the girls were well secured and unable to go off half-cocked.

The raiding party probably formed two thirds of the camp’s complement.

The rest were either old men, some warriors left to guard the place, or strong looking women whom it seemed were responsible for the captives once they were delivered by the warriors. They looked around, taking in everything that could be of use. Several items defied their interpretation, odd stakes arranged in patterns of three, strange pyramid frames, and various other structures that

though unexplained, left a feeling of dread as they watched the captive girls being piled in a heap at the centre of the compound.

Jacob pointed to a large flat area with a white cross that mystified him.

Instantly, Kobus, who had served time in the South African Defence Force, recognised it for what it was.

"Helicopter landing pad. So there is a nig———I A fly in the ointment, after all." Jacob allowed himself a quick grin as Kobus nearly put his foot in it for a second time. "And—! Hey! Look there, by that shed!"

They watched as a big, fat figure waddled over to the heap of trussed women, mopping a sweat-beaded forehead with a white handkerchief For an instant, the man lifted his wide—brimmed Panama to dab at his receding hairline, but that glimpse was enough to reveal that they had spotted the fly.



Kobus rolled over onto his back as his mind went into search mode. He'd seen that face before. But where? Suddenly, the connections linked as a wanted poster from an army barracks swam into view.

"Van Hausen!" - Bloody Van Hausen!" Both Kobus and his partner felt equal hatred for the bulbous, overweight frame - Kobus for the fact that he was a renegade Dutchman who had passed himself off as an Afrikaner, and Jacob for the misery he had brought to African families throughout the sub-continent. Van Hausen was a notoriously nasty slave trader who had plagued

the African continent for many years, wanted by almost every force of law and order throughout the land. Then, just as the fist of justice was about to crush him once and for all, he had vanished from the face of the earth.

For while they watched as the pile of human blubber surveyed the latest catch, seemingly unperturbed by the fact that his greed for money and power had resulted in a rare and wonderful people being consigned to certain extinction.

Kobus rolled back in thought.

“I reckon we can get back to the girls now. We’ve seen all we need to see, and they won’t be doing anything with the captives till tomorrow, The worst they can expect tonight is to stay tied up until that piece of human crap is ready to start training them. Then we’ll have to move fast from what I’ve seen of those three Tembi girls.”

Jacob, although aware that Van Hausen was a slave trader, didn’t understand what Kobus meant about training or, for that matter, how that should be affected by the nature of those pitifully bound women or the captives they had back in the forest.

“Van Hausen specialises in pre-trained slave girls for rich clients. He’ll photograph the lot, then put them up for auction by mailing out sets of photos to waiting clients. The client who puts in a winning bid will also designate how she is to be trained before delivery. You’ve seen those Tembis we have. What do you expect to happen when he introduces them to their new job for the first time?”

Jacob pondered for a minute.



Kobus nodded. "Dead right, and probably a bit more than that! Those girls were hellcats even before they had all their families slaughtered. So the first thing he'll have to do is break them completely. As soon as I saw him, all those weird poles and triangles slotted into place. We've got about two clays whilst the bidding goes on, and then you'll start to see that lot pur to use. We have to be ready with whatever we're going to do by then or those girls are going to suffer hell."

Crawling in reverse they pulled back and returned to the tiny enclave where

they had parked the fuming, helpless four. Jacob immediately set about the task of preparing some food, whilst Kobus busied himself with releasing the girls from their tree embracing format, and retying them in a sitting, crossed ankles arrangement around the fire.

With the setting of the Sun, cool evening shadows were touching their naked bodies with fingers that sent delightful shivers through their bronzed, supple hides. Eyes like pools of heaven implored him, whilst working stretched lips conveyed the message that they wanted to be free of the aching intrusions filling their mouths. He relented and one by one retrieved the drool covered yams, setting them down in plain sight as a warning not to start bending his ear. The women sat sullenly, then almost simultaneously began to chat in a strange tongue. Obviously Francine had mastered this ancient language and proved her fluency by doing most of the talking. The chatter ceased abruptly as Jacob approached with plates full of food, and they watched suspiciously as the men sat down between them.

At first they refused the offered food, then seeing the men helping themselves from the same dish, the pangs of hunger overruled any caution they still had left.

Both men enjoyed the next hour. It was fun to have two bound women to spoon feed on either side, not least of which was the fact that their superb bodies were nakedly displayed mere inches away, the radiant beauty of each enhanced by the dancing golden flashes of firelight glinting on their flawless skins. They were indeed the beautiful people, and Francine was an equal in her own right.

Kobus waited till they were finished, and sensing that they were waiting for their captors to make the next move, he faced the women and began to describe in French the obstacles preventing a quick rescue. Francine quickly translated anything the other three didn't pick up, until finally he sat back and awaited comment. The three Indian women burst into an incessant chatter as Francine listened, then leaning across to Kobus she whispered in broken English.

"We go away here. We talk private, yes?"

Kobus frowned, and then motioned for Jacob to keep an eye on the others.

With her ankles freed, Francine allowed herself to be lifted, then followed as he led her over to the other side of the clearing. Reverting to her native French, she quickly filled Kobus in on the content of excited chatter of her friends.

"I can see you're right. If we go in now we'll all end up dead. But the others won't listen. They're afraid for their friends and they want to go right now.

I'll wait and see what you plan to do, but they will go at the first opportunity],

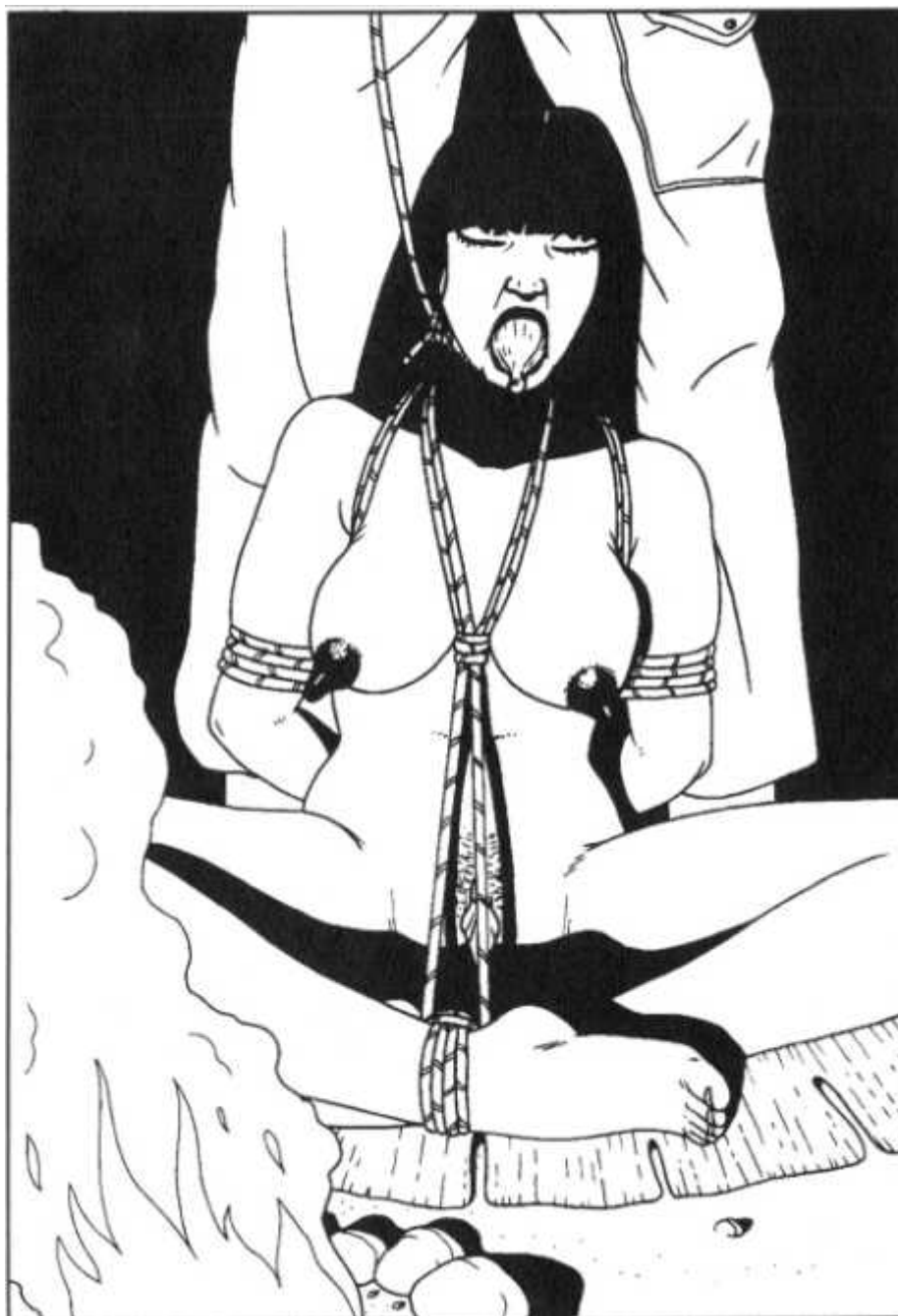
Kobus rubbed his chin thoughtfully as his eyes roamed freely over her pert, thrusting breasts. It was hard to think when faced with such arrogantly projected morsels of feminine perfection.

"Okay! I'll trust you and take of the ropes, but your friends stay tied." He twisted her round to reach for the lashings on her wrists, but was startled as she snatched her body away.

"No! No! You must not do that. If you treat me differently, they will not trust me. I even had to dye my hair to fit in with them. I'm a blonde · all this colouring is made from nuts and herbs."

Almost without thinking, Kobus' gaze dropped disbelievingly to her crotch, a crotch that was immediately thrust forward for inspection. A lush growth of golden down glistened in the firelight.

"Satisfied, you lecherous male pig?"



He recoiled at he scathing comment, then felt a bit silly when he saw that she was grinning impishly.

“You! You——!” He was lost for words in the face of her total lack of self consciousness and obvious pride in her body. And what a superb body it was. She had a natural nipped waistline, superb flaring female hips, firm bottom, and shapely long legs. Her melon breasts, still showing the livid lines of savage cinching, jutted pretentiously outward as a challenge to his melting will-

power. Even as he watched, her daggering nipples hardened into a silhouetted prominence that made his groin burst into flame. She was testing him, daring him to take her, and not really caring if he did. Kobus uttered a strangled gasp and with his last despairing ounce of willpower managed to prod her back to the fireside.

('Seems like they stay bound, Yacob; they still want to have a go.' Jacob cast his eyes around the nude set of seated lovelies and silently conveyed that he was not entirely put out by the fact that they would remain bound and available should the urge take him.

"Best make sure they don't get loose in the night then, Boss."

Kobus peered at his mate and waited for him to expand on that.

"In the bush, when we think a wife is being unfaithful, we tie her to our body for the night. That way she can't even try to get loose and go wandering without waking you up."

Kobus cocked a sceptical eye at his partner, unseen by the women who didn't understand English. Even Francine missed out on his rapid speech and was as blissfully ignorant as the rest.

"Go on Yacob, let's hear the rest of it." Grinning widely, the African explained in full.

An hour later, Kobus called across to the large hump of blanket opposite.

"You sure this is what you did in the bush, Yacob?"

"No Boss. I lied - but it sure as hell a good idea, don't you think?"

Kobus grinned to himself and then looked down into Francine's angry, glaring eyes.

It had taken some time to arrange the indignant women front and back, and then rope them to himself But he had to agree. Being the filling in a female sandwich had merit. From head to foot, the nubile outer layer was plastered tightly to his own naked body. Normally both men stayed dressed to sleep, but on this occasion they felt like a change.

The yams were back in place. Furious, trussed female bed warmers tended to

be noisy comforters. Especially when they objected to being inextricably mated to hairy chested men. Francine's garbled waffling continued as she squirmed against her bonds. Then, suddenly, her activities ceased as a monster began to stir against her well positioned mons. She went rigid and waited for his arousal to wane, but was devastated to feel the movements of her out-of-sight co—partner still struggling wildly against Kobus' backside. She tried to imagine what it would feel like to have a youthfully pussy nuzzling a man's naked bottom, and a pair of hard, blood roused boobs pressing into his shoulder blades.

The rising crotch snake began to uncoil, stiffening and unbending with carnal intent. She increased her angry glare, but Kobus just shrugged and gestured over his shoulder with a chin.

"Blame her, Frenchy baby, I'm only human." That wasn't quite the term Francine had in mind, but with a half pound yam shoved into her gob, she was in no position to put him right. The luscious, stretched lips twitched and rippled on the yam as she mouthed silent insults.

Suddenly, her eyes lost their anger and widened with shock. The mighty beast had flipped as it tried to expand and was resting slickly against her love cleft. The pressure increased as more blood rushed to reinforce the construction of this unsolicited monolith, pulsing and pumping as it hardened and shaped the growing bone. For a seeming age, she was frozen in horror as her pussy was prised apart and the exploring tip slithered around as it searched for the illusive entrance to her womanhood. Then, just as the bulging monster seemed poised to pounce, she felt the rod jerk straight as it slid past and charged between the clenched channel of her thighs and bottom cheeks. She gasped with a mixture of relief and frustration. Kobus joined her in the gasp, slightly peeved that his mushrooming manhood had chosen to take the bypass. Still, one must be thankful for small mercies. The gripping smooth thighs and spongy bottom vice made a terrific consolation prize.

In a world of pleasant arousal, Kobus relaxed and began to nod off with his massive erection safely lodged between the jaws of this sumptuously exciting

female clamp. Francine suddenly jerked him out of his reverie. Then, with malicious intent, she began to thrust and clench with a mind-sapping series to undulating body waves. The message was clear. You want to play games, big boy, then prepare for a sleepless night. Kobus felt the roughness of a blanket against his turgid pole helmet, and realised that her ministrations had swelled him to unprecedented extension. His hugely expanded manhood had passed right through her inviting crotch vice and was poking out between the massaging lobes of her clasping rump. Oh! shit. It was going to be a long night. Francine finally ceased her endless milking torment in the few hours left before dawn. Throughout the night she had skilfully brought him to eruption with clinical precision then, after allowing him to nod off had immediately started on her next round of undeniable attentions. The girl bound to his back had somehow figured out what was going on, and by the fourth round, was wilfully adding her own carefully considered undulations to the action. By the small hours, a weak and despairing Kobus was swearing vengeance on the bloody sex mad Kaffir with the crazy ideas.

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Chapter Five

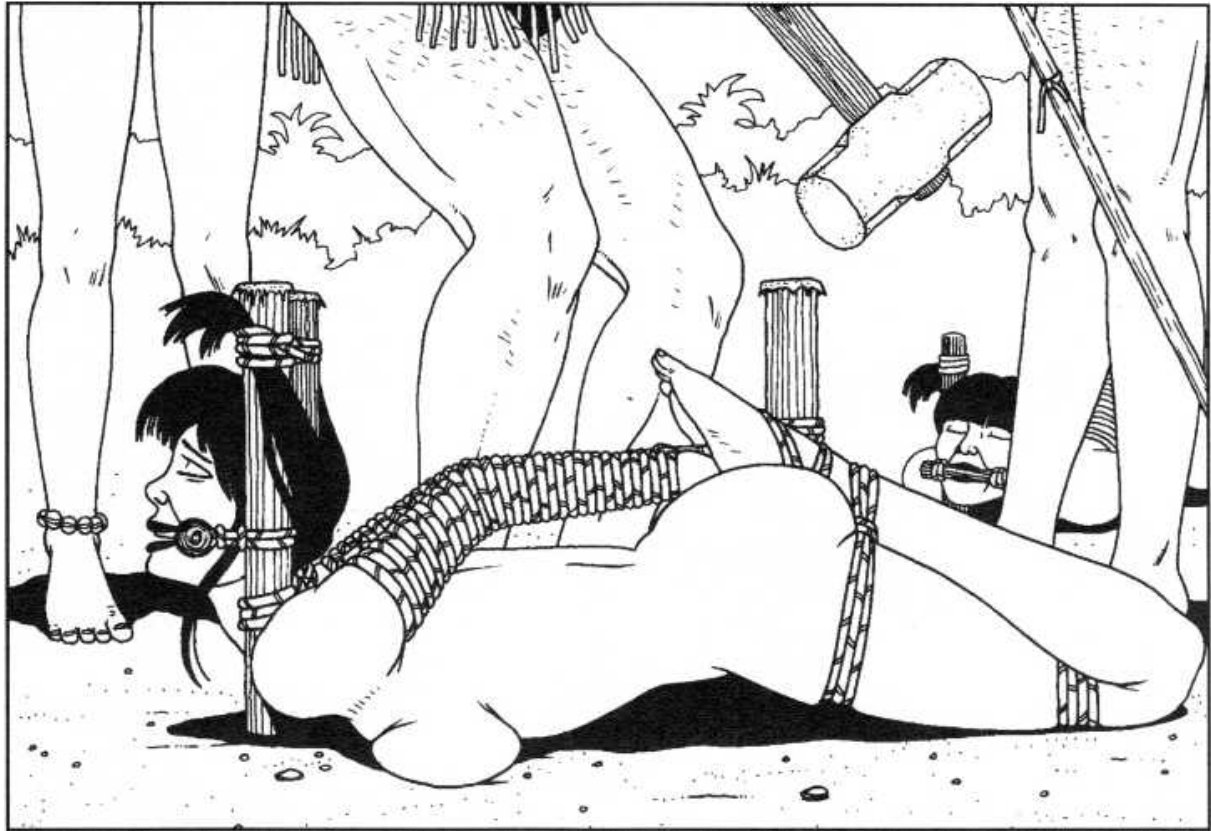
Shortly after dawn, binoculars were scanning the slave compound again. Since the last look the evening before, things had changed. It would appear they had departed too early and missed the activity that left the captives securely arranged to spend the night.

The purpose of the stake sets had defied understanding the previous day; but were now graphically explained by the sight that met their eyes.

Rows of cruelly trussed captives lay arranged for viewing in the building heat

of the tropical Sun. Basically they were hogtied and placed face down. But their torment and discomfort didn't end there.

A single stake was jutting vertically upwards from the cleft of their bottoms. It would seem they had been spread-legged and dragged backwards until the stake ground into their exposed and vulnerable pussies. Knees had then been tied together so as to clamp the pole tightly between closed thighs. Bent legs positioned each set of ankles on either side of the stake and, after pressing them tightly down into the nates, the Shenkas had cinched them savagely into position with cords that encompassed the stake itself. At the head end, twin stakes formed a vertical parallel collar biting tightly into the sides of their necks, and cords clearly visible passing over the nape left no doubt that the luckless captives were held firmly down. The long, flowing raven hair of the captives had served well for the slaver's purposes. Each tress had been parted into two tautly stretched pony tails secured to the top of each neck-encompassing stake. The wretched captives had no option but to arch their heads painfully backwards against the pull of the opposing neck bindings, and were certainly incapable of escape. Stick gags pulled cruelly backward into gaping mouths and secured back to the same neck stakes reduced each and every girl to incoherent babbling pleas for their captors to ease their suffering.



As a final fixture, their arms had been virtually cocooned from shoulder to wrists in bar taut cinching loops that mated elbows and terminated in a single cord stretched tautly to the stake jutting between their thighs.

Despite the obvious trauma they were all suffering, it was a crotch-warming sight to see row upon row of curvaceous, youthful womanhood arranged so neatly - reduced to superbly compacted, helpless bundles of saleable merchandise.

Kobus and Jacob studied each form at length, and whilst both could see evidence of massively straining muscle activity in the flexing bottoms and exertion lined features, it was clear from first sight that these captives were wasting their time. A few who were managing to achieve some movement were summarily dealt with as a large Shenka, wielding a sledge hammer, moved around the rows driving occupied stakes further into the ground. The result was plain to see as heels were compressed deeply into already indented bottoms, and faces squashed even closer to the ground.

A commotion and high pitched laughter drew their attention to another captive who appeared to have been singled out for special attention, and was

the only exception to the otherwise neat formation of the rest. She was on her own in front of the others; like an officer addressing his company on a parade ground. At first they could see very little as a group of Shenka women encircling the prostrate woman taunted and abused her helpless body. Then, as a gap opened in the melee, this solitary maiden came clearly into view. Obviously she was suffering a great deal more than the others, for whatever reason was unclear at the present.

Jacob was the one who figured it out when he noticed that she was the only one to have a brightly coloured, beaded choker necklace around her slender, graceful neck.

"She must have been the Tembi chiefs daughter, Boss. If she's the Princess of the Tembi, they get very special price for her." They both studied her carefully and almost simultaneously uttered curses as they pieced together the visual proof of her suffering. She was paying a high price for her position of royalty in the tribe.



Placing a stake tightly into the nip of her waist, the big Indian warrior began to sledge it one handed, driving it deeply into the ground at her side. Then he repeated it on the other side. A pair were added adjacent to her elbows, and another pair at her shoulders. Moving to her doubled and spread legs, he straddled each folded limb with two pairs, and then a last pair abreast her converging ankles and encompassing her entire hip region.

For a while the pinioned beauty was hidden from view as he added pre-cut lengths of rope to join each pair after passing tightly over her body and limbs. At last he seemed satisfied, then stood back and picked up his sledgehammer

as the watching women whooped with delight.

With a practised ease, he systematically began drive all the new pegs deeper, the attached cord drawing tighter and tighter into the squirming girl as she was literally nailed to the ground. He worked on each pair of stakes in turn, steadily working his way up her form, each progressive pair fusing her ever tighter to mother earth.

He stood back to admire his work, but was interrupted as one of the contemptuous Shenka women gestured to the original stake between her buttocks. Kobus grimaced in sympathy as two mighty whacks with the sledge drove the peg, complete with its transverse pussy peg another two inches into the ground. It took little effort to imagine what it was like for the Princess to have her stretched stake-sucking pussy so ruthlessly stapled down.

The women tested her mobility with a few slashing cuts to her cinched buttocks, but only produced a wail of anguish that was clearly audible to the impotent watchers on the hill. Binoculars revealed that she had simply absorbed the bite of bamboo with no more than violent ripples of straining muscle.

The Tembi Princess had been reduced to a totally immovable package of helpless womanhood. A mocking crowd administered a few more welts with the cane, then sauntered away to find other sources of amusement, leaving the horrendously humiliated female to the pitying stares of her Tembi subjects; who themselves, whilst not so awesomely bound, were nonetheless equally helpless and at the mercy of their captors.

Kobus and Jacob found their gaze riveted to her suffering form. From this angle, looking down over the rows of bottoms and contorted bodies presented by the other ground pegged subjects, the Princess, face was presented up towards them. She was a stunner of staggering beauty. High cheek boned and with deep dark heavily eye-lashed eyes - she was a sure fire temptress capable of luring any red blooded male to his sexual Waterloo. The gaping cavern of her stick bisected mouth revealed gleaming sets of perfect teeth, and generous lips that a man would die to sample on the vibrating pole of his manhood.

Bur this vision of heaven was marred by the continually moving tear-streaked eyes as they searched frantically for a sign that her suffering was being noted by a benevolent face. None came. The legs and feet passing her rigidly enforced field of vision hardly seemed to notice her plight, and when they did, merely stopped to mock her. With her head held so securely she couldn't even turn away as they contemptuously ignored her pleading eyes. Kobus almost cried as he impotently watched her cruelly gagged mouth working fruitlessly to eject the painful stick that was stretching and splitting her tender oral cavity. He could see the muscles of her delicate neck in constant turmoil as she tried to balance between the daggering stake beneath her chin, and the deeply cutting cords that secured her throat firmly between the ground pegs. Finally he could stand it no more, and he motioned for them to leave.

"Let's work our way around and see what the lie of the land is. The sooner we find a weak spot in their set-up, the sooner we can get in there and effect a rescue."

Jacob nodded and led the way. The circular edge to the clearing in the forest found them having travelled a full quarter of the perimeter at the end of twenty minutes. From here they could see fuel storage tanks, and even a helicopter hidden from above by a cleverly camouflaged arch constructed with palms. It also provided a clear side view of the living female crop that were firmly planted in the compound. The ground here was actually lower than the camp, which could now be seen situated on slight brow. As a result, the excruciatingly secured Princess and her followers were displayed in silhouette against the skyline.

Kobus sucked in his breath as he zoomed in on the solitary suffering form in front of the others.

"Yarra! Man! Look at that body." He stopped and glanced sideways at Jacob, but Jacob was fully engaged in feasting his own eyes.

The Princess viewed from here was the most devastatingly presented spectacle of golden skinned female curvature imaginable; and whilst the severe cinching of the compressing cords was immediately evident, they only served to

enhance the representation of womanhood at its most vulnerable, lust generating best. The Tembi girl was little more than a quivering series of deliciously rounded humps generated by the savagely biting bonds. Both men were impressed. Notwithstanding the terrible price she was paying, the Shenkas had certainly perfected the art of converting a beautiful free woman into a wondrous thing of impossibly subjugated accessibility. And still she was straining to escape; only to provide any watchers with an infinitely more interesting experience.

Her Gargantuan efforts were pitifully reduced to minute muscle contractions that served only to endow her fiendish demise with even greater impact. The strain she was enduring was clearly visible in the tendons and veins standing out in stark relief from her neck. Quivering lips and frantically flexing fingers that clutched at air merely provided an in depth study of her suffering.

Stoically, the fifty other girls watched her pathetically inadequate struggles, they themselves only slightly less traumatised, and certainly unable to offer their Princess any help or comfort in her lone vigil.

The next move took them directly behind her fettered form, viewed between a gap in the compound buildings. Jacob swore it was by chance that he had chosen to come out of the forest at this point, and hotly denied Kobus' suggestion that he wanted to view the unfortunate girl's more private regions. Breathlessly, they peered through binoculars that maddeningly steamed up at the slightest provocation. No doubt as a result of their own hot breath. The Princess was opened up like a blossoming flower for all to see; and there was a lot to see.

The stapling down of her pussy was framed most delightfully by her spread thighs. And even though cruelly distorted by the peg, it was still evident that she was endowed with two firm peach-like labial mounds; a perfect love vice with which to milk her man dry. From this angle the massive compression created by the deeply driven pussy stake was clearly visible. As a result of the immense pressure, her fleshy pouring love lips were flattened out against the hard baked earth. The heavenly curvatures of her buttocks were deeply

recessed by heels that threatened to become implants in the resilient lobes of her bottom; whilst peering from the dimness of her buttock cleft was the sight of a massively violated anal ring, distorted by the tension of an unavoidable connection to her hair and wrists. At each side, the roundness of her full, womanly hips and rope bisected bottom was accentuated by brutal crushing forces that pressed her nates outward in prodigious relief, thrusting the resultant extrusions sideways, compressing ballooning orbs of flesh mercilessly into the waiting arms of the biting cord cinches.

Even as they watched, the stricken immobilised pussy was working to free itself from the horizontal intruder that held it so forcefully grounded. It was an amazing sight to see that luscious gateway to her sex flexing and suckling in impotent fury; her powerful misshaped buttock muscles performing an erotic never ending pulsing sort of extrusion between the cruel biting bands of cord. Even though they couldn't actually hear any sounds, the mind conjured vivid audio perceptions of that slurping sex portal, and could imagine how it would feel to nestle a bloated, blood-engorged cock on that cinched-up impotently pulsing bottom.

As with most women, her own internal forces had betrayed her. Even as she suffered the most diabolical discomfort and humiliation, her libido had prepared her for penetration whether she like it or not. Her plundered love tube was literally gushing the oily secretions of an aroused woman preparing for penetration. This, in itself, was a form of unwanted control. Her mind said no, but her body said yes, and simply ignored her higher reasoning, oiling her sex channel, pumping her labial lobes with hot receptive flushes, and even releasing an irresistible musk that said, *I'm ready, come ravish me!*

Several times Kobus swore he saw her erupting into orgasm as her form stiffened and trembled with the unleashed forces of her own uncontrollable lust. Jacob didn't comment, but neither did he challenge his partner. His interest was the superbly sculpted hemispheres of her bottom, and they too had exhibited the distinctive frantic clenches of a woman working her love

nest to maximum effect. It must have been horrendous to be so rigidly controlled and vulnerably displayed, and yet still unable to hide her most intimate, and horribly unsolicited sexual reactions to the arousal of her body. The multitude of fettered women facing her would surely have interpreted the unmistakable signs, and he wondered if they begrudged her the luxury of having an internal pussy adornment to grant her the release of indulgence. The thought drew his voyeuristic binoculars back to the others, and at once, movements that had gone unnoticed before or were misinterpreted as efforts to escape, came vividly into focus. Without exception, the multitude of trussed, jutting bottoms showed the proof that they were all silently attempting to hump and thrust against the ground in a desperate attempt to relieve the boiling lust of arousal. It was only then that he realised the ingenious cunning behind the Shenka women's plan. The task of crushing these captives into subservient slaves had already begun. Their captors were assessing the sexual preferences of each and everyone. The Princess was merely an expendable catalyst, cleverly placed to generate alternatively masochistic or sadistic arousal in the rest. Not only that, but it was easy to separate the different persuasions simply by watching the eyes. Those who were savouring the cruelly cinched and crushed view of the Princess stared with fierce intensity as they drank in every morsel of her total and sadistic immobility. Whilst the others had seen enough and with eyes closed had mentally transplanted the Princesses image with their own. The sadists seemed to be winning the day and, feasting on the awesome bulging and impossibly cinched package of their Princess, they outstripped the others by two to one in orgasmic eruptions. If a passing Shenka paused to whip the twitching female bundle, they would go glassy eyed and explode into contained convulsions as the sounds of her beating supplemented the already overpowering image of her containment.

Kobus spotted a camera lens poking from a nearby hut and surmised that he was correct. Their reactions were being recorded for future reference. Given his knowledge of the Dutchman's character, Kobus knew he would ensure

that sadists were sold to sadists, and masochists to anyone who wanted them. It was logical that he would extract perverse enjoyment from consigning a woman who thrived on giving pain, to an owner who would always deny her that opportunity.

The day passed quickly for the men as they surveyed the immediate area and alternately enjoyed the lustful view of the compound. Come sundown, they reluctantly prepared to leave the suffering field of females to the Shenka who, loathe to actually loose saleable items to hunger and thirst, were moving row by row as they fed and watered the tethered crop. Unfortunately for the Princess, she was destined to perform another purpose. They watched in horror as she was mercilessly hammered down even tighter once she had been attended to. A groan of unavoidable arousal from her tethered subjects rose as they were forced to witness her being remorselessly reduced and welded even tighter to the ground. Kobus watched in the gathering gloom of dusk as each blow jerked her beleaguered profile down by an extra half inch, every impact sending exquisitely interesting ripples through her steadily re-sculpting form. The downwardly moving bridging cords were extruding her unfettered flesh into tight, crotch searing curves of sensual delight. Blow after blow sounded and they stared open mouthed as the helpless Princess was nailed down tighter and tighter, her soft sensuous body bulging and erupting through the steadily vanishing cinch cords. It was almost like watching an explosion of exquisitely desirable female curves; a sight that nearly blinded them to the fact that this was a live, vibrant women who was being inexorably, agonisingly, cinched up like a side of beef ready for the oven. Her tormentors were in fact exhibiting about the same compassion as they would for a piece of dead meat. Occasionally there would be pause, but it was a false relief from the ongoing procedure. The Shenka tormentor was merely changing position as he worked to a well rehearsed format, something similar to torquing down a cylinder head on a car engine. Increasingly, the maiden was being denied even the most basic muscle twitch as she bulged more and more provocatively.

Kobus fought back the urge to run out and stroke those tormented quivering lobes of taut, overstressed female flesh. The denizens of his dark side were conspiring to convince him that it would be so pleasant to play with her - to lie alongside and keep her like that for as long as he chose. His mind ran wild and played tricks with his sense of fair play. He actually found himself rationalising such outrageous behaviour with the excuse that he hadn't actually cinched the girl up like that, and that seeing as she was there he may as well enjoy a her as a gift from the Shenka. He even found himself computing the odds of getting out there after dark without being spotted. The staked pussy was out of the question, but it would be easy to remove her bottom plug and plunge into her tightly bound and totally immobilised rear passage. A couple of dozen bouncing thrusts on those super taut extruded buttock lobes, gripped by a bottom hole that was crushed to an ultra tight fit, and he would explode into her like a raging fire hose. She could never tell; there was no way she could shout for help, or even move her beleaguered body a millimetre to try and fend off his intrusion. It wasn't as if she was a real woman any more. The Shenkas had reduced her to a bundle of warm, bulging female curves with a convenient hole in the middle.

Kobus gave himself a mental uppercut, and muttered under his breath.

"Get a hold of yourself, Kobus my lad, before you go and do something you'll regret for the rest of your life."

The Shenka warrior had finished and the sledge hammer was tossed carelessly aside. Outlined starkly against the setting Sun, they could see that all movement save for darting eyes had been ruthlessly eradicated. Both men were torn between the urge to rush in and end her suffering, and the desire to voyeuristically savour her incredibly sadistic usage as an object lesson to the audience of bound beauties. Long shadows finally lowered the curtain on the scene as the Shenka disappeared for the night. Cloaked in darkness, the whimpering Princess endured, unable to twitch a muscle or even ease the longing in her stapled pussy with any slight movement as her crippling bondage fuelled fifty or so orgasms in the other bound captives. Being young

and naive, it shocked her to hear the unmistakable sounds of women in orgasm, and she struggled to come to terms with the Fact that she was being used as a visual aid to their arousal. She would have been even more dismayed if she'd known that two strangers were studying her wide spread charms with barely contained thoughts of lustful indulgence.

* * * * *

Chapter Six

As they made their way back to their own hurriedly arranged camp, Kobus and his friend talked.

"You know she can't possibly survive the night like that, Boss."

It was a statement rather than a question, and for a moment Kobus didn't answer. Then, when he did, it was thoughtfully as if unravelling something that was troubling him.

"Ya! That occurred to me to. But then I got to thinking. Those Shenkas are clever bastards; they know what they're doing. I reckon that as soon as it's fully dark they'll go in and release her."

Jacob pondered this himself. "Why would they do that then, Boss?"

"Because for one she's worth at least ten times more than the others. She's the best looking, and apart from that she's a tribal Princess. Think how much a rich blighter would pay for such a girl. People like that will enjoy using such a high born woman all the more."

He paused as Jacob nodded slowly in agreement.

"Then there's the other point that we've seen demonstrated today. They really know their job. That Princess doesn't have to be there for the last sight of her to have its effect in the dark. If the others don't know she's gone, their minds will be imagining her out there pinned down like a prize butterfly. By now, in the dark, they'll already be imagining her hammered down to even more impossible levels."

Jacob's smile appeared in the darkness. "Nice thought, but I reckon you're right, Boss. I was just having the same thoughts myself."

The relief in Jacob's voice was obvious. Neither of them wanted that beautiful woman to come to real harm. Nevertheless, they had enjoyed watching her



being re-sculpted into an impossibly secured fantasy object of lustful taut curves and straining flesh. Then, almost without realising, Jacob uttered his secret thoughts.

" Yesus man! That Princess looked good trussed like that. A man could really enjoying taking a woman all tied up like that, eh! Boss?"

Kobus declined to answer, and Jacob knew that his silence meant that he too was having some trouble quelling the obviously erotic vision of seeing a

woman reduced to a such gloriously available mass of smooth curves and vibrantly taut flesh - unable to complain or move no matter what was done to her. There was something very special about a woman reduced to a silent uncomplaining sex toy, especially if she was not exactly amused by the idea. They arrived back at the camp, and Kobus was relieved to see that his tethers had allowed the girls to reach the cool shelter of a Mapani tree, and had also given them enough free rein to quench their thirst at the stream. A rope halter with wrists drawn up and connected had managed to defy all attempts to escape. It was simple, but highly effective, and had thwarted all attempts to be untied even when they tried to work on each other.

Jacob cooked some food. The men were just as ravenous as their captives after going without all day. \Whilst he worked away, Kobus took Francine to one side and related all they had seen. At the same time, he mentioned that a plan to rescue the girls was already forming in his mind. Later, as they were being fed, he offered to take them all to see for themselves the next clay. In his mind, he was sure that once they saw the awesome problem they faced, even the hot headed Tembi girls would agree to wait whilst he worked out a plan with a reasonable chance of success.

Francine explained all and, for an hour or more, they sat in the warm circle of the fire glow as they questioned and listened.

It took sometime to get over the fact that although the Shenkas' captives were suffering, they were too valuable to be done any permanent damage. His argument was that a couple of days suffering was infinitely better than being killed in a raid that went wrong, or worse still, completing their training and being sold off like cattle to the highest bidder.

Francine finally nodded.

"I think they agree on that, and they are prepared to give you their word it- what you show them tomorrow is true."

"Yes! But will they keep their word?" Francine looked annoyed and answered angrily.

"To these Tembi's, their word is worth more than their lives. They're not like us. They haven't been corrupted by society and all its False values. They could no more go back on their word than swim the Pacific Ocean!"

Kobus locked eyes and was impressed by her sincerity.

"Okay! So for tonight you stay fixed up, eh!"

There was more than a little pleasure in his voice. His superior grin faded as Francine rounded on him and spoke in halting English.

"Not like last night, you bastard! You want me, you take me properly, not fool around waving your dick between my thighs, you big pussy teaser!"

Kobus looked astounded at first, then swivelled as he heard Jacob's laughter.

"You mean he *didn't* poke you last night, Frenchy? Yarra! Man, you *Crunchies* take some beating. There's you got a girl tied front and back and still you don't play hide the sausage! I had both mine a couple of times over - switched 'em round during the night to make sure neither was left out - rescuer's perks an all that!"

Kobus grunted, slightly embarrassed that he had succumbed to thoughts of chivalry and merely settled For using his women as masturbation objects.

Francine saw his embarrassment and wriggled awkwardly over on her delectable bottom,

"Never mind. big boy, you can catch me tonight. Yes?"

She was a devil when she went hunting. Like all the French girls he'd ever met, she a had the national trait of being able to pout like Brigitte Bardot.

"Ya! Okay! Let's get you untied - and we'll have some Fun!"

"Ah! Non monsieur. You want me, you keep me tied up! I like it! Perhaps you can think up something special. *N'est ce pas?*"

Kobus scratched at his stubble and winked at Jacob.

"Ya! I reckon I can come up with something."

Ten minutes later, Francine was having second thoughts as she hung doubled from a tree branch with the yam fully inserted into her protesting mouth. She strained her eyes downward and watched as a naked Kobus arranged his

blanket below her swinging lower end, then heaved a sigh of relief as he lay down and reached for the rope supporting her. Thoughts that he was going to leave her tormented and unfulfilled melted away as he began to lower her offered pussy towards the rampant staff of his manhood. In the expectancy of her descent, she forgot all about the puzzling length of pole gripped in the fold of her jackknifed thighs.

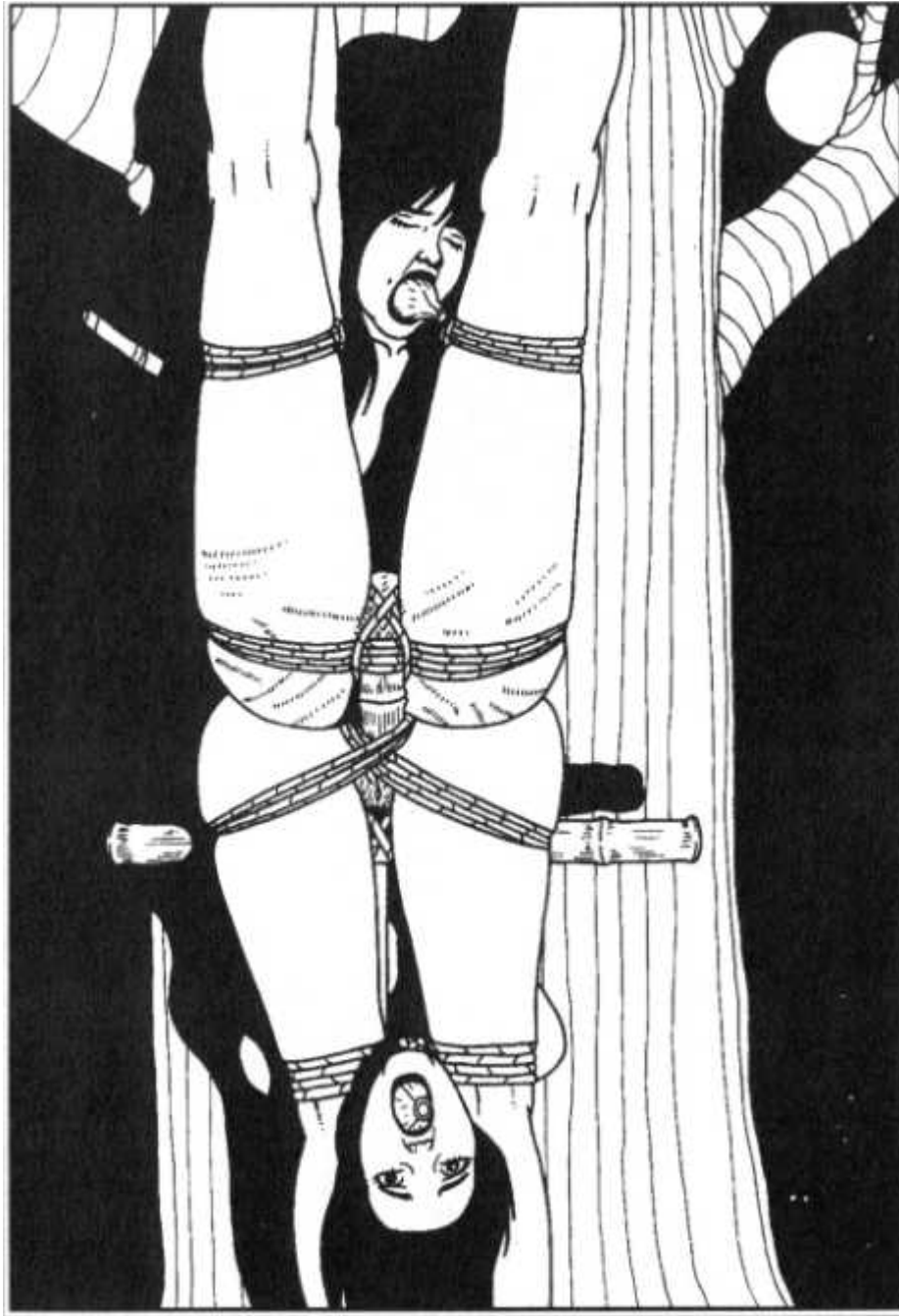
A gasp of pleasure escaped her as his monolithic erection first nuzzled and then bulldozed into her succulently receptive sex mouth. Groaning and writhing, she slid down the endless pole of pleasure, finally bottoming out with a feeling almost of regret as the magnificent sensation of insertion and stretching advance came to an end. Then her eyes snapped open!

“Okay! Jacob! Come finish the job now!”

Francine twisted and saw the grinning black figure emerge from the shadows and whilst she was still in shock, heard two stakes being hammered in below her. She had no time to ponder as the rope running through the lower loop of her body jerked taught, and she found herself being tightly drawn down onto the skewering shaft. Ah well, that wasn't such a bad idea, was it? She tested the new addition and found that she was inescapably mounted on Kobus' rampant manhood. No amount of straining to bend her legs could extricate her from the deeply embedded pivot below. It was a nice feeling. "MMMMMRrrrrrrphh!"

Her scream of annoyance rent the night as the first blow landed, and in a flash of firelight Kobus saw Jacob raising a small bundle of whippy sticks for a second blow. A thousand sparks of stinging electricity seared her tautly offered bottom, and struggling to look below for help, she saw Kobus lying back in bliss as she involuntarily danced on his pole.





“I think fifty whacks should tame this little shrew, Yacob, and give me all the fun I need!”

The twigs swished and cracked monotonously as Francine jigled and squirmed under the onslaught. But even as she screamed and protested, the fires of arousal were already consuming her body. The description of what had been done to the Princess had somehow kindled a hitherto unexperienced fire in her crotch and now, with this added abuse of her own form, glowing embers

were flaring into an inferno.

It was late before Kobus finally got sleep, and as he snuggled down for the night, he cast a grin over Francine's dangling, spent form. She looked so sweet hoisted up high - not to mention the other girl folded and bound over a hurriedly manufactured *tee-bar* stake. No doubt they would keep each other happy tonight with that carefully selected and smoothed wooden bamboo joining their deeply implanted pussies. Some interesting giggles and rustling sounds from under Jacob's blanket told a story of continuing frolics over there. Yesus! These blacks guys were like rampant rabbits once they got started. Kobus finally drifted off with pleasant dreams of some fifty staked down forms humping away in frustrated harmony over in the next valley.

* * * * *

Chapter Seven

The mini column reached the edge of the forest at the crack of dawn, Peering down into the looming daylight, Kobus checked for trouble. He waved Jacob and his leashed followers forward. Soon, six heads were poking gently above the skyline to survey the scene.

The four coffle girls looked shocked as they saw the neat rows of trussed captives. The two men looked at each other and nodded. Thank God! Their guess had been correct. The Princess was missing, no doubt removed in the early part of the night. Seeing this, Kobus felt confident that the Shenka had her somewhere alive and well. So far so good. Now there was the problem of what to do about the four women they had in their charge. He spoke rapidly to Francine, who relayed the questions in Tembi to the others. A series of nodding heads told him all he needed to know. Their faces were shocked, and

it was obvious they had not envisaged such an organised reception.

“They going to play along, Frenchy?”

Francine nodded. "Yes! They give their word to not go in before you tell them.

They can see now that they would only get killed.”

Kobus motioned to Jacob. His knife flashed briefly and the bonds fell away.

For a while, four girls sat dejectedly rubbing their wrists before one lashed out and caught Jacob a stinging slap across the face. He froze with shock and looked at her uncomprehendingly as she jabbered away in Tembi. Francine burst out laughing.

"She says you are a pig! She says you made her friend feel the good feeling twice last night, but she only felt it once!"

Jacob looked mystified. “But I gave them both a good seeing to, twice Missy.”

Francine shook her head, still laughing.

“No! No! You don’t understand. She means she only had one, how you say, orgasm?”

“Orgasm!” piped up Kobus, grinning widely as he looked at Jacob. "I always knew you black bastards were all quantity and no quality. It’s no good having a prick like a horse if you don’t know how to use it. Come over to my bed sometime and Frenchy and I will give you lesson in fun and games. Come see how the white honkies do it, you big useless Kaffir!"

Jacob looked suitably crestfallen, but it was clear that a certain young lady would pay for the insult and slapped face. But then, judging by her face, that was the effect she was after.

They turned their attention back to the compound and, after scanning for a few minutes, Kobus rolled over and spoke to his companion.

"There’s five missing from that first row. I wonder where they took them?" Jacob grunted without breaking off his scrutiny of the captives. "No, they still there, Boss. Look over by the shed to the left.”

Kobus swung the binoculars and felt hatred well up as he focused on the corpulent shape of Van Hausen. Kitted out in tropical whites and wearing an

old style pith helmet, the fat Dutchman was staring at something on the ground. Kobus moved the glasses down, but could only see what appeared to be four sets of two stones and a two foot diameter hole. For a while, he just studied the ground but could see no sign of the missing captives.

“Where are they then? All I can see are stones and a hole.”

“Look at the stones again, Boss. They not stones.”

Kobus concentrated on the rocks. He gasped as the fat man moved and allowed bright sunlight to illuminate the ground. They were the soles of women’s feet. Almost flush with the ground and with some sort of tube sticking up about a foot to the right of each pair they almost missed being recognised.

Unable to grasp what had been done, he watched as the missing fifth girl was carried out of the shed, trussed rigidly to a sturdy pole, and with a long, hollow two piece bamboo shoot roped into her mouth. It was a crude affair, but instantly recognised as an effective breather. They watched in rising anger, Kobus casting a warning eye at the three Tembi’s who were almost ready to race down the hill and help their friends.

Two Shenka women up-ended the stiffened, frightened Tembi captive and callously lowered into the depths of the open hole. There she was held as a third began to shovel the dirt back in.

Van Hausen watched calmly as he puffed a cigar, and even helped tamp the soil down with his considerable bulk as the hole reached full. For a moment, he stood and surveyed the sets of feet, then pointed with his cigar and spoke to one of the women.

The stocky Shenka retrieved a long thin cane from the shed wall, and lining up with the first pair of feet, raised the cane above her head.

The vicious instrument slashed down, and the feet curled up in agony as it sent a searing line of fire across the tender instep. Gagged by several hundred-weight of earth, and held totally rigid, it was the only sign of the extreme torment the buried woman could show. The Tembi girls alongside Kobus almost screamed their rage aloud, and it took several minutes to calm them

down. A difficult task when both men felt much the same way.

By the time they returned their attention to the compound, the cane had settled to a rhythm and was exacting excruciating agony on the helplessly placed feet. It was a diabolical torture, specifically designed to impart maximum pain with minimum damage. A secondary purpose for this unique method of restraint and punishment was to instil fear and obedience into the strong willed Tembis. With their bodies stiffened and compressed in the compacted earth, each woman was suffering the terror of claustrophobia - a useful tool in ensuring their will to resist was quickly broken. The pain administered to their feet was merely to impress upon them the sheer magnitude of their plight.

Seething with impotent anger, the group watched as each set of soles were subject to thirty or forty strokes each, and even though they all knew the level of torment being handed out, there was not the slightest movement in the soil. Van Hausen waved the Shenkas away and stooped to inspect the protruding, bruised feet. He seemed pleased with the result, and took time to study each set at length before he strolled away.

Kobus' eyes burned into his back, and he mentally swore to settle the score with that waddling sadist at the first opportunity. He was still plotting the Dutchman's horrible demise when Iacob ptodded him.

"Just noticed something that may be useful, Boss. See that open drain running past the fuel store?"

Kobus concentrated and then nodded. "Ya! I see it man. So what?"

"It runs right under the raised hut they use for the warriors' sleeping quarters. "

He paused as a dawning realisation crept in to Kobus' face.

"Ya! I see what you mean now. If we puncture the barrels and make a little gully, the fuel will run right into the main drain."

"And better still, there's a pool in the dip under the hut before it flows out to the river. "

He need say no more. Kobus was already fully aware of the potential of this discovery and added his own thoughts.

“So it has to be a night-time operation, just to make sure that most, if not all of them, are in there. Then there’s the problem of the fuel. Will it burn fast enough?”

Jacob waited as he searched his mind for old memories.

"If I remember correctly, those old Wasp helicopters run on a fuel called Avpin, which is much more inflammable than jet fuel. It should go up like petrol.”

They both looked at each other and grinned.

"Should make a nice braii, hey Yacob?” Jacob’s face split to display a gleaming set of white teeth in a mirthless grin.

“But we still got the Shenka women to deal with, Boss. I counted twenty so far. ”

Kobus frowned in thought. "Ya! Pity we only got two guns. If we could arm our girls we could hold them captive. Two isn’t enough. They’re strong women, they’ll be bound to try and go against such odds.”

Kobus turned to Francine. "What do the Tembis’ use for hunting?” he asked, already certain he knew the answer.

“Nets and darts!”

Kobus nodded thoughtfully. "Can they use them as well as the men?”

Francine looked at him with scorn, “Typical male! Think all women are soft and helpless, don’t you?”

He raised his hands defensively as the fiery French girl launched into a well rehearsed feminist lecture on male chauvinism.

“Okay! Okay! I was just making sure. Now ask them how long it would take to go back and fetch weapons.”

Francine glared at him then turned to the girls. After a lengthy conversation, she swung back.

"They say if they left now, they could be back by tomorrow night, dawn tomorrow if they’re held up.”

Kobus grimaced and shook his head.

"Shit! That means the Shenka have a whole day and possibly a night to keep

working on the others. He looked at Jacob as if seeking a better idea, but Jacob just shrugged.

"No other way, Boss. We got to have more fire-power. Besides, those darts are silent. If the girls are good, we can take out half the opposition before they know what happened. Kobus thought for a moment and then came to a decision.

"Okay! Go now. Bring a couple of liana nets, a blow pipe each and as many darts as you can find." The girls rose with a sense of urgency, then stopped as Kobus put his hand on Francine's shoulder.

"And be careful. Yacob suspects there may be more Shenkas out there on a hunting party. I don't want to see you reappear on poles. At least, not on Shenka poles!" he added with a leering, suggestive grin.

Francine fixed him with a contemptuous stare, her hand on a superbly curving hip in the standard female confrontational pose. Something in her eyes made him feel uneasy and he had the distinct feeling that he was under threat, not the women. He shook off the unthinkable premonition as she fired another question at him.

"I take it you do intend to release all the captives if we manage to see off the Shenkas?"

Kobus cast a grin in Jacob's direction before answering.

"We'll think about it when the time comes. Could be we might add to the stock," he added, looking meaningfully at them. "A man could do a lot worse than have fifty or so Tembis all nicely packaged for use."

Francine's eyes bored into him, then seeing the twinkle of mirth, she waved aside his joking.

"Lecherous bastard! And anyway, what makes you think you'd need more than one" she added with a meaningful look. "You might be surprised at what Tembi women can do."

The strange feeling that she was not telling all returned to haunt him, and he watched with troubled eyes as she turned away.

The men watched open-mouthed as she turned and flounced off making sure

that they were both treated to an outrageous display of provocatively swinging rump. They continued to stare after the vanishing column of naked, nubile girls, then turned back to the compound as a sudden increase in movement heralded the start of the first full day of training.

At first there seemed to be a well rehearsed routine for a new induction of captives. It was simply a matter of recording the various items on offer, first by photographing them staked down, then after releasing one at a time, leading them around on a leash as the Dutchman snapped away with his camera.

Although stiff from the rigours of being staked down all night, the Tembi girls still showed a fiercely independent spirit as they fought against the leash. One even managed to lash out with a foot and catch the fat man on the shin. He just grinned evilly and spoke to the Shenka women as they grabbed her and held her for his inspection. At first he walked around her, studying her from all angles, nodding his head as her shape and dimensions seemed to match with a previously conceived plan of action. Van Hausen finally stopped his appraisal and spoke to the Shenkas. Whatever he said, the captive girl understood. She began to fight ferociously and jerk madly on her leash as the Shenkas wrestled her to the ground. Even from this distance, the girl's fear-etched face chilled them with foreboding.

With her ankles quickly roped, they picked her up horizontally and carried her towards the triangular contraption the men had spotted earlier. A brief flash of the Dutchman's face revealed a look of evil anticipation that made Kobus grow cold with desperate feelings of impotent dread for the lithe, struggling Tembi. In that instant, he had no doubt in his mind that she had been chosen as some sort of sacrifice to impress upon the others the futility of resistance, and more importantly to serve as a perverse feast for the evil sadistic Dutchman. He swung back to the triangle, watching intently as the girl was prepared. She was a creature of exceptional beauty, probably the tallest of the catch at something like 5'8". Her height, however, had not

robbed her body of shape. This was no skinny stick-like woman, but a fully formed, proportionally perfect specimen of womanhood in the early stages of her most alluring years, Kicking and screaming, she fought valiantly as the strong beefy Shenkas began to secure her for whatever was in store. For some indefinable reason, there was



no sexual excitement in watching this time as a beautiful shapely woman was bound into submission. The hair on the back of Kobus' neck stood up and

his flesh crawled with fear For her.

Triangle was probably not the best term for the heavy wooden construction. It was more a hollow pyramid of wooden spars. With a four square base and angled posts rising to a common central point, the device was clearly designed to be strong beyond the normal requirements of stresses that could be expected from a struggling woman.

"This is bad, Boss. I got a really bad feeling about this. They going to hurt that girl bad,"

Kobus choked back the rising gorge of sickening fear as he agreed.

"Ya! And there's nothing we can do without tipping our hand. We got no chance against all them on our own, and in daylight."

A loud clicking drifted up to their lofty perch on the hillside, and as they watched, the hapless woman was drawn into a quivering tautly stretched figure of stringent torment.

With her ankles secured to the base corners, she was spread wide, her form angled back at the same rake as the side of the construction. Her wrists had been joined and connected to a chain hoist hanging from the apex, and with some glee, a particularly nasty Shenka woman was stretching her click by click, prodding the quivering Fettered women between adjustments to see how much movement still remained in her tautly torsioned form. Finally, as the ungagged woman screamed her pleas for mercy, the rest of the captives were gathered round and stood sullenly as another Shenka apparently described what was to take place. The victim's pathetically reduced struggles showed merely as slight twitches as the full horror of her coming ordeal was described in detail.

With a light breeze blowing towards them, every word was carried clearly to the watching men. Kobus moved back from the edge and began to pace back and forth with agitated fury.

"Dammit to hell! If only the girls were here we would know what they are going to do." Kobus was frantic with fear for the woman, made all the worse by the fact that they could do nothing at all to prevent what they had planned

for her. He even toyed with putting a single bullet through her brain to end her pain, but that would only condemn the rest to whatever the Dutchman intended as they were discovered and hunted down. It was a Catch-22 situation.

“Boss! Look! I think they leave her for now. Maybe we got time to get to her later.”

Kobus swung back to the compound and raised his glasses. Jacob was right. The other captives were being led away, and only the leering Dutchman remained to taunt the drum taut prisoner. Whatever they intended, it looked like it was planned for later. He tried to kid himself that her punishment was to be left stretched for the day; but ominous stains on the teak spars left him in no doubt that this part of the retribution was merely to extract maximum trauma as the young women hung in preparation - helplessly pinioned for an ordeal she could not escape. The real punishment was probably destined to be a firelight evening entertainment. Old fire burns on the ground all around, and a sort of wooden dais facing the pyramid had overtones of a Roman arena. A rather wide chair at the centre of the raised platform could only be a Dutch Caesar's podium.

His attention was diverted away, thankfully, and the rampaging thoughts of mentally engineered horror quelled as Jacob tugged at his arm.

"Look, Boss! That pathway we didn't check out. It must lead somewhere else." They watched as the captive coffer was led out of the compound and down a jungle track by watchful, machete armed women.

"Looks like there's another training area. We best get around there quick and see what the score is.”

Jacob nodded and pointed the left. "We go this way. It's longer but less bush to get through, Boss."

Kobus accepted his friend's judgement without question, and they moved off as quickly as they could.

It took them an hour to work their way around to the edge of the track; then another ten minutes to follow it to its destination. Finally, the foliage fell back

to reveal a second clearing some hundred yards from the main compound.

The sight that met their eyes had them stunned with disbelief. It was a perfect, naturally occurring amphitheatre with a back drop of a sheer cliff almost custom designed for the training and correction of female slaves.

The whole concept seemed to be based on that of a forced labour camp.

Exceptions were various examples of pointless torment that could only be deemed justified as sadistic extravagances for the captors' enjoyment. All around were superb, naked women toiling under the hot Sun and restrained by ingenious methods that ensured their control by the numerically inferior Shenkas.

The numbers of captives had risen to something in the order of seventy. In addition, this enclave seemed to have another ten Shenka women in attendance whose existence had been previously unknown. It was just as well that they had investigated. Ten strong angry women appearing out of nowhere could have seriously dented any planned rescue operation.

Silently, they crept closer and settled down into the undergrowth in order to assess this new development. The whole place was seething with activity.

Chained and bound women littered the slopes and cluttered the flat central area. A flurry of movement against the far, south facing cliff drew their attention as a rumbling noise echoed around the forest. Four girls, harnessed cruelly and towing a heavy trolley full of rock, seemed to materialise from the side of the mountain. Jacob swung to study the area, then sucked in his breath.

"Nice! Very nice! Boss, they got a little sideline going here. There's a mine over there, and my guess is they're mining for emeralds."

Kobus checked it out quickly. The harnessed, sweating teams seemed to be on a novel work incentive to shift rock as fast as possible. The rumbling truck



pulled to a stop beside a large wooden structure and, operating a lever, the stone faced Shenka woman riding the vehicle tipped its load into a large pan fixed to a huge scale affair. The balance beam tilted slowly, and the other end, immersed in a deep rock pool rose into view. Both men gasped out loud and spoke in a single hushed whisper.

“The Princess!”

Gasping for life-giving breath, water draining from her gaping, spike gagged mouth, the water glistening body rose higher and higher as the rock pan

moved down. At the end of the reappearing cantilever was a cunning stocks arrangement. With head and wrists locked into one set, knees and ankles in two other sets, the Princess was formed into a magnificent, supplicated kneeling format. An additional bar with a 'T' arrangement thrusting upwards to support the hips ensured that the Princess remained in a humiliating posture of helpless availability.

Head secured close to the beam, and flaring buttocks raised up, she was a lustful spectacle of prepared womanhood. In effect, the Princess was as effectively de-animated as her previous staked and nailed experience, and in addition, her head, save for the mouth, was fully encased in a tightly applied hide hood that faithfully reproduced her features. Due to the enormous tension imparted by the stitching, it was pulled excruciatingly tight to form a second skin. They could see that this was simply another physiological ploy to break her will. Blinded and silenced, the poor woman could only guess at her next ordeal.

The cart was already rolling away as the beam continued to move. Even without coercion from the lazing diver, the team seemed possessed with an urgency and willingness to work that soon had the empty ripper racing back to the mine. In the next few seconds, the reason for their haste was revealed. Almost at the ground, the heavy rock filled pan struck a solid, carefully positioned post on one side. Immediately it became obvious that the pan was hinged as it lifted on the one side. At first nothing happened then, slowly at first, the rocks began to roll. With a rumbling crash clearly heard at the edge of the forest, the load was discharged into a strong sloping chute that conveyed the rolling waste to a rock crusher.

The beam, relieved of its heavy burden, assumed a positive balance in the other direction. Horrified, the men watched helplessly as the submissively arranged Princess plummeted down and vanished with a splash.

The water was crystal clear. As the ripples smoothed, they could see her clamped form angling downwards below the surface, her body alive with movement despite the savage shaping enforced by the positioning of the

stocks. They could see her writhing frantically to escape the grip of her wooden master, her herculean efforts fuelled by the imminent spectre of a watery end.

Bubbles rose as she approached her limit of endurance then, as it seemed sure she would drown, a second rumbling rock filled cart burst into view from the mine. Straining mightily, the labouring team battled to impart a fraction more speed into the stubborn mass of the load. Their bodies soaked with sweat, they staggered around the circular track and braked the cart to a stop. Chests heaving with the exertion, they watched with pleading eyes as the overseer reached out for the tipping lever with maddening slowness. The rocks crashed into the pan, and once more the gasping Princess rose to survive another load, thus providing her sadistic tormentors with a crotch warming display of her continuing demise.

It was a diabolical arrangement. Without recourse to whips that would mark and damage valuable merchandise, the Tembi slaves were being forced to work simply to keep their Princess alive. None were in any doubt that should she die, the team that had flagged would provide the replacement.

Kobus and Jacob were shaking with anger, and whilst Jacob was unable to match the deathly white pallor of his enraged partner, he managed to convey equally strong feelings with flaring nostrils and red, determined eyes.

"Boss! We got to win tomorrow. We got to teach these animals a lesson.."

Kobus was speechless with the burning hatred coursing through his veins. He had enjoyed tying up and tormenting the four beautiful captives as much as any red blooded male would. But this was pure barbarism; torment and torture for the sheer sake of sadistic enjoyment, without any regard for the living object of their attentions. They had no doubt that Van Hausen had masterminded this technically perfect device. The Shenkas were certainly adept at torture, but their expertise ended with ant hills and the like. It was a white man's mind that had conceived this infernal machine. They had little doubt that the strong minded Princess, if she survived the day, would be a beaten, submissive chattel by the time she was released. It was a crotch

warming thought to own such a subservient beauty, but at the same time they both felt that the same end product could be reached by other, much more acceptable methods.

Of the fifty recent captives, there was no sign of any who were still mobile. In the hour they had taken to circumnavigate the main compound, the Shenka guard women had reduced them all to various modes of torment, specifically designed to impart crushing defeat and hopeless resignation to their fate.

Already, glares of resistance were being replaced by pleading looks as they suffered in impotent silence and torment.

A dozen or more toiled endlessly on the ends of long arms attached to a massive mill that was crushing the mined stone. Shackled in pairs with wrists connected to the back of heavy metal collars, they struggled and strained to drag the bars around. It was a soul destroying carousel of subjugated womanhood. Some of the straining women seemed slightly different to the Tembis. Whilst still well shaped and very desirable, they lacked the stunning supple beauty of the most recent input. Kobus suspected that they were women from another tribe who had been left over from a previous auction - captives who were now doomed to end their days trudging around the mill. An overseer lashed out with a bull whip and two women of unknown origin staggered as a line of fire laced across their backs. Recovering, they hurled themselves against the waist harnesses with renewed effort, hampered and tormented by dragging handicaps - weights attached to, and indeed sealing their naked labial lips with a single solid clenched ring that squeezed the sensitive lips into a painful pout. The metal ball bumping along behind must have been sheer hell for those tensioned lobes of womanhood.

All of the non-Tembi variety had heavy rings deeply embedded horizontally in the nates of their fleshy buttocks, rings that were six inches in diameter and probably a quarter inch thick. It seemed odd, yet exciting to see these women with facsimiles of brass door knockers in each fleshy lobe. Kobus noted that it was these women that always took the lash. The Tembi were left untouched. It was a further indication that they were being preserved with flawless skins

that would command top dollar for their bodies.

This seemed to be born out by the fact that the bottom ringed women were the only ones to be marked by a whip. The new influx of Tembis were urged to work by far more subtle means. Already they had been ringed through the clitoris as they were added to the work-force, and these tender nodules were connected by thin cords to the bottom rings of the whipping-girls. If the Shenka wanted to urge a Tembi to greater effort, she whipped the expendable hide in front and forced the struggling girl to jerk the clit ring with her bottom fixtures.

"Why do they work these girls, Boss, if they' going to sell them as sex slaves?"

Kobus grinned to himself. Jacob was a worldly man, and in the pursuit of lustful pleasures was probably as well versed as any when came to simple ravishment, He was, however, sadly lacking in his knowledge of more diverse sexual gratification.

"Because, you big anthropoid shagger, some owners only want to buy these girls so that they can see them tormented. They get their kicks from driving slave women till they drop. I would say this part of the world has more than its fair share of secluded ranches owned by millionaires with a kink. At a guess, lyd say that right at this very moment, thousands of naked, chained, hard working woman all over South America are providing their masters with exciting views to feed their sexual tastes. So what better way to advertise them than to show them at work."

Jacob showed that he understood.



Sighting a pair who had been selected for punishment after failing to pull as required, it was clear that the buttock rings served only not only for leading, but also for retribution and possibly advanced sexual games by their captors. Miserably, the two miscreants hung helpless as they were prepared for punishment. With wrists and ankles fettered to well used and solidly fixed shackles in a flat rock, they were hoisted to inverted (Vs by the implanted buttock rings, whilst arms and legs were spread wide. Lifting points placed

wide apart on an overhead rail ensured that they not only endured the full weight of their bodies on the bottom rings, but had bottom clefts dragged painfully open as the tension increased. The final position left them tautly stretched and suspended with ankle and wrist fetters drawn upward to their limit in a hanging spread—eagle. Piteously, they cried for mercy, and were rewarded by being gagged with wooded dowels that penetrated deep into their throats.

An extra—large Shenka took up position armed with a coach whip, and lined herself up with the presented V of a suspended girl. Savouring the moment, she began to lay into the taut, quivering valley with undisguised relish. The dangling recipient bucked and squirmed as the tip clawed at her most sensitive region. Welts appeared in the pale cleft of her parted bottom, and random strikes on her pubic lips sent shudders of agony through the quivering form. Screams of anguish rose to unbearable levels despite the massive, mouth-plugging gag. Unbearable for the listening men, unavoidable for the lashed lovely. They turned away, unable to watch the torture as her pussy steadily turned to a deep purple under the onslaught.

After a while the punishment stopped, and all was quiet. Then a new and even more piercing scream announced the second girl's introduction to the lash. The punishment lasted over an hour, and sooner than listen helplessly to the torment, they busied themselves checking out all the possible areas of danger for the planned assault. By the time they returned, the punishment rack was denuded of spectators. All that remained were two sobbing women, left to hang as a warning to any others who were considering anything less than total commitment to their work. Later that day, they were returned to the mill, albeit still required to serve penance. Their waist harnesses were ignored and they were shackled to the crusher arms by the same rings they had recently used for suspension. It was weird to see their working bottoms pulled outward by the strain, and no doubt quite traumatic. But closer inspection with the binoculars revealed that the rings had been in place for some time, and the piercings healed. It was probably more humiliating than painful, and both

men felt they could live with their lustful consciences, given that level of torment, until the time came to release them. In fact, Jacob, not one to hide his true feelings, remarked that they looked rather cute. It was obvious that he thought his own race of large rumped females would benefit greatly from such useful implants. Zulu women were often taken from the back, and two perfectly placed handles would be most beneficial for dragging those big strong hemispheres onto the waiting manhood.

Moving off from their present location, they worked around to the scene of some activity over by what appeared to be a hot spring. It turned out to be a volcanic mud spring that gave off the pungent stench of sulphur as gas bubbles rose to the surface. Loud glooping sounds accompanied each release, and whilst the centre of the pool appeared to be quite hot, the perimeter proved to be about the same temperature as a hot bath.

Twenty or so of the captive Tembis were laid side by side, trussed like turkeys with ankles drawn up and tied to wrists in front of them. Several extra loops of cord encircled their torsos, a particularly uncomfortable cord looped through the back of the knees and around behind the neck, crushing them mercilessly into tight helpless balls. A single loop around their bound ankles passed through the pussy lips and bottom cleft, before travelling up the spine to encircle the neck. With that drawn taut, there was no way the cinched bundles of womanhood could move without throttling themselves. Apart from the rigours and exposure of such bondage, they seemed to be having the easiest time of all.

Two Shenka women were in attendance and appeared to be discussing the trussed women at length. First they would prod and poke, following with an all over inspection that entailed rolling the unfortunate woman around, irrespective of how much trauma that placed on the helpless bundle of female. Sometimes, they prised pussies apart and peered into the luckless girl's secret opening. Then, as they advanced along the line, something began to strike a cord in Kobus' brain. These Shenka women were exhibiting a behaviour

pattern that he had witnessed before.

They watched carefully as the inspection continued. The women sometimes seemed undecided, and would dither between two or three different bundles before choosing one and dragging it clear of the others. Then they would stand back and compare various choices before doing a second prodding inspection prior to reaching decision.

The alarm bells began to ring in Kobus' brain. They were shopping. These Shenka women were selecting Tembi captives as nonchalantly as a South African woman would choose vegetables at a Checkers Store. A bone-tingling chill ran down his spine as he remembered Francine's words. They were cannibals! The pathetic bundles being dragged clear were being selected for the juiciest rumps, the tenderest breasts, the youngest most succulent pussy meat. She'd already told them that a Tembi woman's pussy was considered a gourmet delicacy by the men - endowed with the magical power to give them superhuman sexual stamina. Panic spread through his body like wildfire.

"Yacob! We gotta do something man. They going to eat those girls. They going to cook their pussies and eat them."

Jacob's eyes sprang wide open as the realisation struck home. They watched in horror as the five chosen were dragged helplessly toward the mud pool, squirming pitifully but to no avail. It was obvious from the terrified, rolling eyes that all the Tembi girls knew what was going on.

Kobus began his frenzied pacing in the bushes as he searched his brain for a way to help the women. But each time he came up with the same conclusion.

They might have to sacrifice some to save the others. Jacob watched mystified as to what was going on at the pool edge.

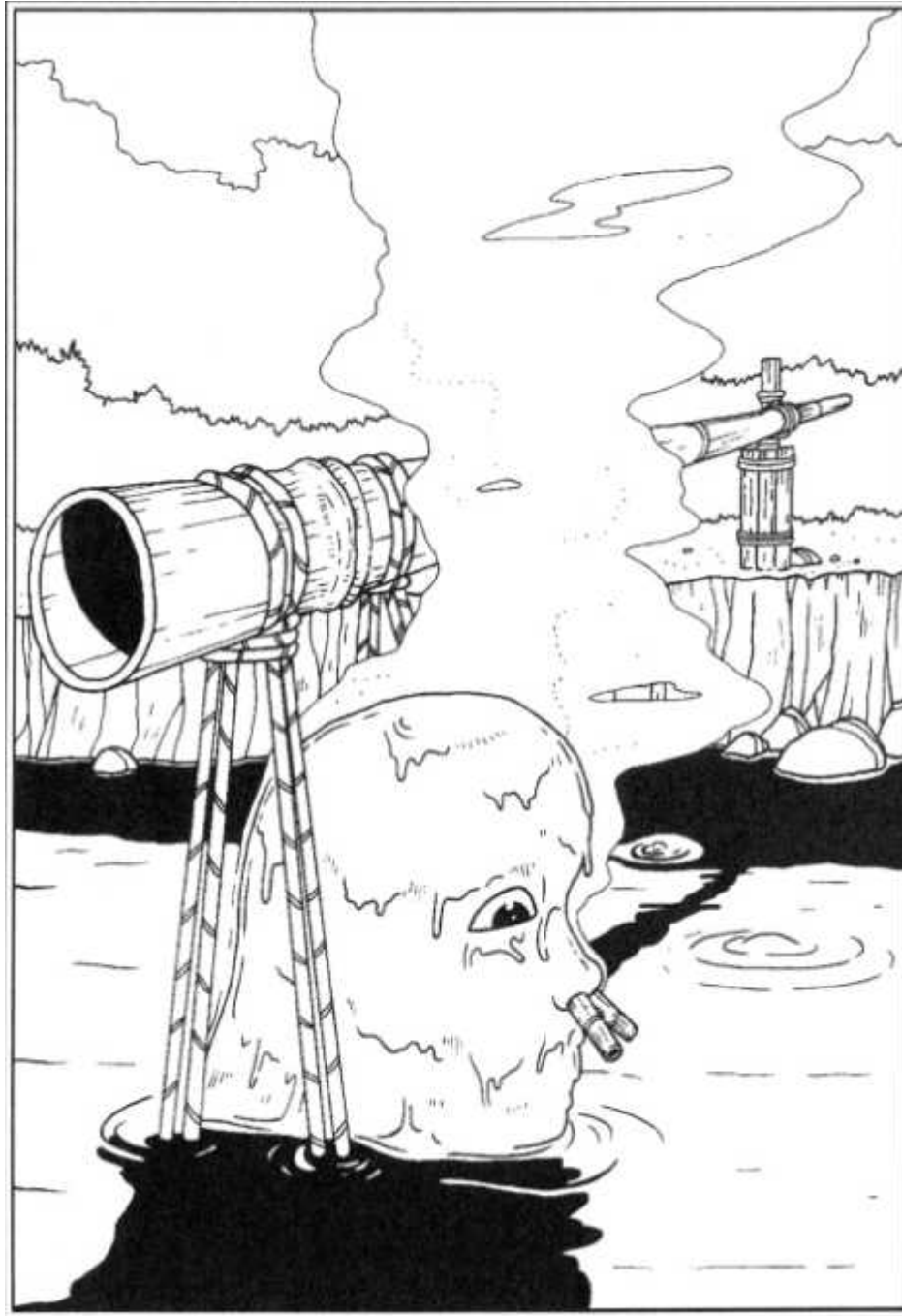
Along the bank were half a dozen bamboo poles, jutting out over the mud like fishing rods and mounted so as to allow them to swing over the bank. The strange thing was the strength and size of them. They were too thick for any fish liable to be caught in fresh water, and anyway, it was doubtful that anything could survive in that volcanic mud. He watched patiently and saw

each turkey—trussed Tembi being positioned under a swung-in pole. Strong lines from the top of each pole were run under the armpits and knotted to form a lifting loop, and then with both Shenkas manoeuvring each pole, they were lifted and left dangling in mid air as final preparations were added. Large diameter sections of bamboo, with slots cut in the sides, were forcibly inserted into squirming bottoms and tender pussies, effectively opening them up and leaving the deep recesses of the women's bodies accessible to any ingress of liquid they came into contact with.

The Shenkas seemed satisfied after securing the tubes with thin cords, and finished off by stuffing each mouth with huge masses of herbs that would not only silence the Tembi's, but also served to add flavour to the meat as the heat of the mud pool released juices they would be forced to swallow. Thinner bamboo tubes were inserted into the nostrils that extended several inches outward. At first this was puzzling, but as the scene unfolded, they would later understand the need for these seemingly useless additions. Releasing the side lines, they allowed the cinched up bundles of feminine meat to swing out over the bubbling mud. Then, with rods fixed in position, the pathetically struggling bundles were lowered until they sank into the mud, stopping only when the bubbling glop reached their necks.

Kobus rejoined him as a glimmer of hope for the girls began to dawn on the watching African.

"Hey Boss! They not going to cook them just yet. That mud at the edge is only hot. not boiling. They going to make them nice and tender before they cook



them. Look, over there. The big poles. They are the ones they'll use to put them into the middle and roast them."

"Marinated!" murmured Kobus. "They're tenderising living women ready for cooking; marinating them in a mud bath. Trouble is we don't know how long we got before the big feast."

After watching for a while, the Shenkas moved further away, leaving Kobus and Jacob to ponder their next move as they watched the gently simmering women.

Kobus had to admit to himself they looked quite delicious as they bobbed and jerked - buffered and bounced by bursting gas bubbles that lifted and popped all around them. Flying splashes of mud had already coated their heads, and save for white staring eyes, had camouflaged them in a sheath of gleaming ooze. The thought of all that hot liquid tenderising the innermost depths of the delectable girls left Kobus weak at the knees as he imagined plundering their silky soft marinated pussies. Guiltily he looked around at Jacob, and was met with a similar, haunting look.

"You thinking what I'm thinking Boss?"

Kobus flushed and nodded, then looked over to the Shenkas. They were walking away back to the mine, and pretty soon they would be hidden from view by the intervening scrub. Minutes later they returned with helpers and a huge, two-wheeled hand pulled cart powered by half a dozen Tembi girls. Struggling against the weight whilst secured in a most awkward way, their faces were pictures of misery and suffering.

Harnessed like draft horses with bridles and bits, they were controlled by a Shenka woman sitting on top of the cart. Holding a fistful of reins, it was easy to direct the straining captives as a result of cruel, mouth-tearing steel inserts that left them no choice but to obey. Their arms were drawn up in excruciating back prayers and secured with a body harnesses of thin, cutting hide straps that cinched them to helpless obedience. More interesting was the long pole swinging from the crotch and held in place by a girdle of leather.



Ankle chains restricted the stride, and at the centre were connected to the pole. Jacob looked puzzled as he tried to work out the functional reason for the poles, and Kobus, who had already figured it out, enlightened him as to the unseen purpose behind the design.

"They're the virgins man. Or rather they were. Those poles go right up into the pussy, and every time they take a step the poles are working inside them. The Shenkas are breaking them in so that the new owners don't have a mess

first time they use them.`°

He paused as Jacob pointed to the wheels. Two superb examples of womanhood were cinched tightly to the spokes in a spread—eagle display of rotating carnal delight.

“What about them Boss?”

"Just decoration I reckon. These Shenkas really are a bunch of sadistic bastards, I reckon they just like seeing those girls turning over and over.”

They watched as the cart stopped and, working in pairs, the two original Shenkas and some new helpers began to lift the trussed Tembis and sling them unceremoniously into the cart. Soon they were all loaded and the draft Tembis strained at their harnesses as they were forced to carry away a squirming, helpless load of their own kind. The cart and its group of chatting Sherikas vanished from view.

Kobus and Jacob turned their attention back to the tossing, mud broiled maidens, and instantly saw the cunning behind the insertion of the nostril tubes. The Shenkas had long understood the mysteries of cooking humans. Humans cooked alive had a distinctly more enjoyable taste, notwithstanding the fact that they enjoyed the vision of trussed captives undergoing the ultimate torment. Without the tubes, these dangling morsels would already be dead. Suffocated by the mud coating that was setting like concrete all over their helpless heads. Gypsum in the mud was acting like quick drying cement as soon as it was left exposed to air. Even the staring eyes were sealed shut now and their heads had become a formless dark ball of hardened mud.

They crept along to the shoreline nearest the rods and rechecked for any watching eyes. They were alone with the simmering lovelies.

"We shouldn't be doing this, you know Yacob. We shouldn't be taking advantage of those helpless girls.”

Jacob paused for a few seconds then replied. “I look at it this way, Boss. By this time tomorrow we may be risking our lives to try and rescue them. In which case I doubt they would begrudge us having a little fun with them.

Barring that, they'll be in the stew pot and cooking nicely. In that event, I'm sure they would like to have one last pleasant memory. Either way we'll be doing them a favour."

Kobus considered his rather distorted logic for a while, then came back with another option. "Of course, we could always rescue them now."

Jacob shook his head.

"You know that ain't possible, Boss. For a start we'd have half the Shenka tribe searching for us within half an hour, and they might just bump into our girls coming back. And for another reason, we would have no chance of helping all the others." He stopped speaking and looked at Kobus with questioning raised eyebrows.

"You convinced me, you randy black bastard. Let's go fishing!"

Sneaking out from cover, they each selected a pole and hauled in the catch of the century. It took a little over two minutes before a pair of steaming, cinched female bundles were dangling three feet off the ground in front of them.

Quickly, they removed the pussy tubes and allowed the liquid mud to drain, stripping their clothes in preparation as the caked women poured mud from relieved bodily openings. Then, just as they were about to take their prizes, Kobus called a warning.

"Yacob! Wait. Wipe them off around the pussy man. This stuff is setting like quick dry cement. Wouldn't do to get our cocks concreted in."

Grabbing their discarded clothes as rags, they meticulously cleaned a small area around the presented, pouring labias, and then prepared to get stuck in.

Already the rest of the succulent, mud sheathed forms were setting into solid cocoons, and as he thrust powerfully into the hot tenderised pussy, Kobus almost lost control as his throbbing shaft was barbecued by the steaming, superheated love channel. Pumping madly, he marvelled at the sensation of thrusting into a seemingly solid silent object that concealed such a marvelously succulent interior.

He couldn't tell if the object of his intentions was enjoying it or not. There

was no movement, no sound. She was the perfect woman now that the mud had set solid, just a pleasing orifice in which to lodge and drain his bursting manhood. Who needed all the chatter and problems of a free woman when one could enjoy her like this. Better still, she would never know who had enjoyed her helplessly offered charms. Like giant black plums, the mud cocooned beauties jiggled and danced on their lines as the would be rescuers took full payment in advance. Kobus climaxed within seconds, but such was the novelty of screwing such a succulent, potently contained female embryo, his manhood recharged without even waning. Then it happened. Seconds before he reached another peak, he felt the luxuriant lushness of the gripping love tube go into spasm.

Hidden from view, crushed into silent impotent acceptance of her ravishment; the trussed maiden was exploding into a titanic explosion of orgasmic fury. So fierce were her cataclysmic writhings that the solidified casing of her shapely form began to crack under the pressure. The fleshy vice gripping his manhood suddenly stiffened and contracted with commanding force, and through the conduit of his probing pole he could feel her quivering paralysis as the fury of her passion erupted and robbed her of bodily control.

Stunned by the sheer power of her explosive event, he was rooted to the spot as the mud casing shattered and fell away. One minute he'd had been shafting a hard rocklike shape, the next he was confronted by the closeness and exquisitely desirable softness of a young female body in perfect condition. Steaming like a Christmas turkey fresh from the oven, the spent female, head still encased, hung expectantly on his skewering shaft. For a while he just ran his hands over the smooth hot woman, thrilling at the soft curves of cord contained flesh created by her bindings.

Gently he eased up into her balled form and watched as the supporting line slackened. Taut nates pressing against his lower body flexed with power as the helpless girl responded to being perched on a male pussy hook. Muted pleading and a discernible straining against the cords conveyed her wish to be free, but for several reasons, he could not, would not release her. Foremost in

his refusal was the enjoyment derived by holding the power of her liberty and choosing to keep her as a squirming, spherical object of silently enforced obedience.

Jacob was experiencing the same undeniable pleasure of having a beautiful helpless living creature available for any use he cared to choose - although his female plum had only managed to seriously crack her containment.

Kobus savoured the nubile body, his hands feeling it respond with shuddering pleasure as he stroked and petted. The girl welcomed this temporary relief from her fear and torment, and was asking for more before her time came, despite the fact that her unseen benefactor preferred her trussed into total submission. There was no way she could know that this was anything other than a Shenka warrior having a secret play. But it didn't matter to her. After the horror of the massacre and their subsequent capture, she just needed a little loving to help her through the terror ahead.

Kobus did his best to meet her needs. Several times he had the supple, trussed form rippling with unbelievably erotic exertion as the helpless woman took all he could give.

Voices sounded nearby. The Shenka women were returning.

Whipping out of her silky depths, he quickly unlashed the pole's securing and swung her back out. Jacob's plum soon joined her, and together the fulfilled girls were returned to their marinade of mud. By the time the Shenkas arrived, the damning evidence of the shattered cocoon had been removed from the bank and returned to the bubbling pool, clothing had been hurriedly grabbed up, and the men were gone. Back in the pool, the bubbles seemed to sense the urgency and in a flurry of activity, quickly covered the tender morsels with fresh, wet cloying sludge and continued with the task of softening these nubile bodies still further.

The women stayed for twenty minutes, during which time both watching men died a thousand deaths. If they hauled the girls back out now, they would soon discover the missing pussy tubes they had forgotten to replace. Fortunately, the Shenka women had only returned to savour the scene of five slowly

cooking Tembis, and seemed to enjoy their power to simply let the mud cocooned forms dance and jiggle in their inescapable prisons. They shouted taunts and jibes, then laughed loudly as a jiggling helpless form was subjected to a random burst of intense volcanic activity.

As it happened, lady luck was with the watching men, and as soon as they had ambled off again, the simmering Sunday joints were plucked from the mud for another session, but this time they were returned with all their inserts back in place. No doubt the well serviced Tembis were wondering what the hell was going on. Well, they would just have to wonder for now. To give them false hope by trying to explain a possible rescue would have been the cruellest thing of all if it went wrong. It would have been nice to service all five, but time was against them.

There was a small problem, but given the short period they had to hide traces of their involvement, it was something they would have to live with. Jacob discovered that the dried mud casing of his woman's first dip had not softened and reformed as a new skin. The bubbling pool had simply laid another coat on top. Once set the mud was waterproof. This second hauling out had already produced a double layer. It followed that when the Shenkas finally hauled her out for final transfer to the hot pot, she'd be automatically endowed with a third thickness. Kobus shrugged as he pointed it out.

"What difference does that make. I doubt they'll notice, and she sure as hell isn't going to be able to tell them." Jacob looked worried and cast his eyes to the silent double cased female carcass as she tossed and tumbled in the simmering pool.

"Ya! Boss, but if we don't get to rescue them on time, that extra thick triple skin is going to make her cook very slow. The other girl will be dead in a few minutes - she will take hours to die."

Kobus frowned as he realised that they had inadvertently placed the luckless woman in a horrible position.

"We'll just have to make sure we do get there in time then, and it- nor—!"

He parted the H & H suggestively, "They both die quick and painless."

It was a thought he could hardly bear to think about, but he knew if it had to be done he would have the strength to repay these women for the pleasure they had stolen from their bodies, even if it cost him his life.

* * * * *

Chapter Eight

Leaving the bubbling pool and its cooking lovelies, they stole back through the bush to the mine site. It was business as normal. The Princess was still oscillating between gasping revival and near drowning horror, the crusher rumbled mercilessly onward despite the suffering entailed, and the carts were racing against time to keep the balance beam in constant motion.

Some ten or more Tembis had already been selected for special orders by all accounts. Probably outstanding orders the Dutchman needed to fill.

Strapped over a waist high horizontal bars, they were positioned for introduction to the highly overrated pastime of bum shafting. The bars were affixed either side to triangular wooden side panels, whilst a single bar over the small of the back ensured that the presented bottoms were reared and ready for use. A vertical pole at the front of the folded women had a simple stocks securing hands and necks. Arranged to be higher than required for simply holding them, it forced them to arch upwards with the upper torso in order to relieve the strain on their throats.

The complete assemblies, fixings and female, were mounted on flat trolleys. As they watched, the first to be initiated was pushed over to a rotating treadmill, powered by four trudging beauties within the spokes of its construction. Like mice, they were whipped up to a scampering frenzy that

accelerated the wheel to full speed. The trolley and occupant were then backed towards the energised machinery that was its reason for existence. The wheel was driving a smooth, monstrous reciprocating shaft and the proffered Tembi bottom was reversed straight onto its plundering bulk. Her scream pierced the air, but was ignored as a locator rod dropped into place and held her form securely distanced for maximum penetration. The fettered girl bucked and fought as she was rear reamed with mechanical efficiency.

Nearby, the scampering wheel girls looked piteously in her direction, no doubt one time friends before their capture. Now they were forced to be a part of the anal deflowering of this delicate, delectable woman - sooner than earn a punishment that was far worse than her traumatic ordeal. From their position, they would be able to see every detail of the stretching plundered ass ring as the tapered shaft bored and reamed the woman out to an oversize fitting. The frenzied, clenching lobes of her bottom would instantly convey the horror of her desperate effort to deny access to that irresistible pumping shaft. Fierce, juddering shock waves setting fleshy lobes dancing left none in any doubt as to the force of entry they were providing with their unwilling effort. The poor girl was literally being lifted and hurled against the restraints with each powerful, thrusting entry, her luscious rump spreading perceptibly as she absorbed the massive bulk into her body.

The Shenka women supervisors seemed bored by the whole thing and stood facing the other way as they chatted and discussed other events in the arena. It would appear that a first lesson was a half hour session, for that was the time the frantic buttock jolting female endured the thrusting misery of her impalement. She was then put to one side as the start of a finished batch, and a second helpless recruit installed. And so it went on as the line of sobbing women with sore, processed bottoms grew. It wasn't pleasant to watch, there was no licentious content in the whole affair, unless one enjoyed watching the athletically working women in the wheel. But at least both men felt that the price the rectally speared girls were paying was less than if they failed to

ultimately free them.

All day they watched, sometimes enjoying the sight of mere discomfort, and at others cringing with sympathy as the girls were put through hell.

One particularly interesting spectacle was solely for the enjoyment of the captors, and whilst fairly harmless, was nonetheless humiliating and testing for the unwilling toys. It consisted of an archery contest, but unlike anything either men had seen before.

A row of tall bamboo provided the means, and the helpless women bound excruciatingly into inverted stretched columns up their length, provided the lustful fun. With hands secured above heads, the lithe Tembi's reached seven feet in length, which in turn dictated the height of the bow. They were cinched tightly to the bamboo so as to become a part of the thing. Studying the scene intently, both men felt oozing arousal as they traversed the image of the ultra cinched forms. Like themselves, the Shenka seemed to derive great pleasure from the sight of female bodies ballooning in a series of pulsing, hemispherical humps. The human bows certainly filled that criteria. From ankles to neck they were constrained by more than two dozen tourniquet type hide ligatures that had been tightened to the point of slicing them into sections. Not a single twitch or muscle spasm was even remotely possible as long as they remained trussed to the three inch thick staffs. Their bronzed skin shone with tension on the curvature of each turgid, bulging parcel of sensuously extruded flesh. It was enough to just savour that without recourse to tormenting them further.

However, Shenka women gifted with the foresight of previous games, thought otherwise. Entranced, the men watched as a small winch was attached to attendant stakes behind each excruciatingly bound bow—woman, and with the hook connected to the bow string, began to draw the powerful straining bamboo and attached graceful form into magnificent rainbows of quivering potential. The bow strings were dragged far back and then the strain transferred to a simple release mechanism sited close to the winch. It took fifteen minutes to cock all four bows, but the suspense of the wait was well

worth it. Breathlessly, they stared open mouthed at the spectacle of those cinched bodies, arched backward into a powerful bow, pussies and boobs thrusting outward, and the whole form ridged with delightful, bisecting indents created by the cinches. Still, there was no sign of the slightest movement as the girls suffered the torment of bowed preparation in their tortuously presented bodies. There didn't seem to be any targets, and it looked as if the aim of the game was distance. Who ever shot the furthest arrow would win. Of course, the fun of the game was the immeasurable tensile quality of each fettered female body, which when added to the quantifiable bamboo raised a whole host of mathematical imponderables.



For the first time they noticed the holes drilled through the bamboo and complemented the Shenkas for ingenuity. The arrow, when pushed through, emerged neatly in the clamped cleft of the upended pussies, adding an additional guide to the early stages of flight.

“Yesus! Man! Those flights are going to give the Tembis a big treat when they whip through those tight little pussy lips!”

Kobus looked over to Jacob briefly, not convinced that the trussed females

were going to benefit much from a fleeting subsonic tickle. Indeed, he surmised that the burn of an arrow on the tender inside thigh might tend to be a mite uncomfortable,

All the bows were loaded and the Shenkas moved to the releases, leaving the quivering tensioned women to suffer the agonies of suspense again. It seemed deliberate - the Shenkas were delaying the launch simply to savour the image of those trembling arched and powerfully poised bodies. And two watching men were in no rush to see them released from such an exacting shape either. They looked superb! It had to be said that these evil Shenkas exhibited a natural gift for converting beautiful females into the most exquisitely humiliated formats imaginable. No one would ever have dreamed how totally vulnerable and incredibly utilised they looked, perched stiffly out there in a vibrant row of super-trussed torment. They looked so pathetically impotent. The Shenka women dragged out the terrible wait for an hour, taunting and teasing, pulling vulnerable thrusting nipples and kneading the jutting breasts as the quivering, cinched women endured in total immobility. No matter what torment was inflicted upon them, they were doomed to remain offered as utterly disabled straining columns of sadistic excess - incredible gleaming cinctured bulging pleasure objects. It had to be the ultimate helpless predicament!

A particularly evil practical joke entailed pulling the defenceless clitoral nodules out from the hidden recess of the out-thrust pussies, and binding it tightly to the shaft of the poised arrow. Dozens of turns of cotton like thread ensured that each clitty was permanently affixed to the poised shaft. The thought of what would happen if the bows were released sent all the arched Time and time again, the Shenkas pretended that the release was about to happen and then laughed loudly as the terrified women steeled themselves for the violent whiplash and nodule tearing launch that would follow. Finally it appeared they had extracted the full measure of joy from these traumatised women, and the clitorises were released from bondage.

Gathering at the various release mechanisms, they fired the human bows in

sequence. The result was a staggering display of lustful animation as the powerful bows erupted with unleashed energy.

The cinched arching maidens whipped violently into straight, aggressively thrashing columns of blurred beauty, breasts telescoping outward to full elasticity and then rebounding into chests with shuddering force. The arrows scorched from their sex slots and dwindled to dots as they vanished over the lip of the cliff. And still the cinched forms couldn't move a muscle. The Shenkas didn't even bother to watch the arrows in flight, and were more interested in savouring the absolute reduction to useable objects of these stunning captives.

The arrows took flight on a regular basis, as reload after reload tested the trussed women's resistance to tremulous bowed whiplash torment over and over. No matter how many times they were primed, their suffering hourglass figures remained perfectly contained and serviceable for as long as the Shenka women chose to play.

Kobus grunted something, not really trusting his voice given the struggle he was having to subdue the urge to ejaculate. Jacob seemed to get the drift, and rose with him to return to the main compound. The Sun was dipping low and final - plans had to be made. There was one young girl stretched tautly on a pyramid who they couldn't afford to fail, not to mention five simmering meat parcels over at the mud pool.

Their worst fears were realised as they settled to watch. The compound was being set up for some sort of gala shindig, and although the rigidly strained woman hadn't moved a muscle, all around her there had appeared some new items.

They studied them long and hard, and it was Jacob who finally pieced it all together.

"Yara! Boss! We got to get her out of there tonight no matter if we have to do it on our own."

Kobus studied his black face that had now gone a weird ashen grey.

"Why? What have you figured?"

With a voice almost breaking with emotion, Jacob explained what all the equipment was for.

"They going to skin her Boss! They going to skin her alive for entertainment. "

Kobus shook his head in disbelief

"Na! Not even the Dutchman is that evil."

But Jacob insisted. "I tell you, Boss, they going to skin her alive. I done plenty skinning the bush - Kudu, Spring Bok, Bles Bok- all of them, and those knives on the table are skinning knives."

He paused, pointing to a rectangle of eight symmetrically placed stakes near the occupied frame.

"There, see those, they're for stretching the skin while it cures. Boss, we gotta do something - that crazy Dutchman is going to have her for a carpet. If we don't get there tonight, that girl is going to be one flat thin woman by tomorrow morning."

Kobus' face drained as he realised that his faithful friend had hit the nail on the head. The frame, as he pointed out next, was perfectly designed to allow a single cut between the breasts, running vertically down to a wide spread pussy, allowing the skin to be peeled backwards around her form. The ominous stains that they had noticed before gave a chilling reminder that this wasn't the first time it had been done. Kobus wondered how many sick minded people were walking on prized female skin rugs around the world. He silently vowed a solemn oath that tonight, come what may, one supplier of exotic floor covering was going permanently out of business.

Kobus turned his glasses to the helpless woman, prepared and waiting, her body offered like a starfish. He could see the terror in her face as she watched them preparing to relieve her of a flawless, youthful skin that she cherished most highly. There was no doubt that she would make a stunning carpet, but there wasn't a price high enough to justify the loss of this frightened girl — or any woman for that matter. He reached for the rifle and, sighting up, made sure that he would be ready in time if the need arose. Carefully he ejected the

full magazine and inspected the lethal mega-powerful rounds of this overpowered elephant gun.

A comment by a park ranger came back to him as he prepared. *Shoot an elephant up the arse with that cannon and you'll like as not blow his brains out.*

He selected a perfect, unscratched round after much study and placed it to one side. That one would fly swift and true to her brain if he had to snuff the girl's pain. She would feel nothing. Then he selected another, cut the soft lead tip off with his knife; notched it and spat on it. The Dutchman would certainly feel this as it gutted him. Jacob watched wide eyed.

"You going to kill them now?" he asked as the waddling sadist appeared and paused to gloat over his prize again.

"No! We wait to see if the girls get back, but I want to be ready just in case. It's no good trying to do this sort of thing after dark and—!" His voice tailed off as something hard was jammed behind his ear.

"The girls are back big boy!"

He raised a hand, and carefully grasping the object poking his head, he looked up into the business end of a six foot blow pipe with a pair of sexy female lips sucking the other end.

"Holy Shit! You scared the crap out of me, Frenchy."

The Indian girl lowered the pipe, with a grin as Francine hove into view from nearby bushes. The girls had taken time to dress whilst they were back at their camp. For him, the skimpy tightly tied loin wraps made them even more attractive as they parted and displayed bottoms as separate lobes.

She glanced down into the compound and then looked back to him.

"So, what has been going on to get you so worked up?"

Kobus explained, emphasising the plight of five simmering girls who were scheduled for the hot pot, and pointed out the straining beauty on the frame, destined to become a hearth rug. He neglected to mention the fact that they had mercilessly shafted the parboiled mud encased lovelies dangling in the

pool. Francine quickly translated for the others as they stared down at the forlorn, lonely vigil of the doomed woman. One of the Tembis suddenly cried the name Isha and glanced fearfully at the pyramid.

"Isha is her sister — the one that the Dutch pig intends to skin."

Kobus joined Francine in trying to comfort the sobbing girl with an arm round her shoulder.

"Tell her no matter what happens tonight, Isha will feel no pain. I swear it on my mother's grave."

Francine passed his promise on, and after a while the look of haunting fear was replaced by burning hatred and determination in the girl's eyes.

"Let's not get morbid and start thinking about failure. We stand a good chance of coming out of this on top if we don't all start running round like decapitated chickens."

The girls looked determined to try, and glancing at the lethal blow pipes he mentally ran over the sketchy plan he'd thrown together in the event they got back in time. The nets he'd asked for were missing, which accounted for the early return of the team. Hampered by heavy nets that snagged on the bush would have resulted in their arriving back to a lost cause the next morning.

As it happened there were nets at the mine site, so it didn't present a problem. Now, as the dusk began to fall, there was work to do under the cover of deepening gloom. He explained one part to Jacob and two of the Tembi girls, and they vanished towards the pool. The remaining Tembi and Francine were to stay with him.

Habits of the forest tribes as outlined by the Gallic maiden had filled in some gaping holes in the plot to rescue the prisoners. If things went as he expected, he could now safely estimate the chances of success at eighty percent. He cast eyes down to the savagely stretched Isha and wished that he could ease her fear with the knowledge that help was at hand. They waited nervously for an hour, unable to continue until Jacob signalled that his side was all ready.

The screech of an owl quavered in the air and the Tembi girl nodded to

Francine that all was ready.

"Is she sure?" asked Kobus. To his ear that screech sounded completely authentic.

Francine nodded.

"There have been no Screech owls near here for nearly a year. The last pair were spotted nesting fifty miles away by one of the Tembi foraging teams last spring. They never come here because the Shenka hunt them." He stared wide eyed at her, impressed with her profound knowledge of the forest.

"Right, so now we go for it. Frenchy! You meet up with the returning girls from the other team and position yourselves over on the far side. I'll head for the fuel store and get started there. When the women leave to start cooking at the pool, I'll give them time to meet Jacob and then touch off the warriors' hut. Keep me covered whilst I work."

The girls began to move away, but Kobus pulled Francine back. As soon as the hut goes up, start plugging anything Shenka that moves. Except me, that is! Oh! And another thing — Fatso is mine! I promised another Dutchman I'd level the score if I ever caught him."

Frenchy furrowed her brow questioningly.

"Long story, short answer. He was a Dutch cop who was tracking that bastard for years trying to clear all good Dutchmen of the stain he'd left. Van Hausen kidnapped his wife as reprisal for him busting up a slave ring, and sold her off to some Arabs. She was dead long before they found out where she was. Otto Hemmel died of a broken heart about a year later. Well, actually it was a heart attack, but we can all guess what caused it. That's the short version, now get your gorgeous French ass down there and get ready." As an afterthought he added something else.

"If anything happens to me or things go wrong, make sure Isha gets a dart before you go down." He fixed her eyes meaningfully, and she nodded grimly, without speaking. Without a sound, the forest swallowed their forms.

Kobus took a deep breath and began to work his way down to the compound,

making best use of cover in the fading light. Without any problems he reached the plateau of the Shenkas' camp and began to work his way towards the fuel shed. He passed within twenty yards of the busy scene around Isha and, peering up, saw her silhouetted against the glare of fires now springing up in preparation for the evenings promised entertainment. From her closer image, he could see that his first appraisal of stunningly beautiful was woefully inadequate. She was almost a goddess of supernatural form and beauty. He moved on, skirting the warriors, sleeping quarters, now steadily filling as they finished tasks and retired to don face paint and tribal costumes for the knees-up. The fuel shed was the next stop.

He felt rather than heard a presence behind him and half turned to see a massive Shenka about to lunge with a knife. The knife had barely started to swing when a sound like a low humming buzz materialised, and the warrior froze and clutched at his neck. His body stiffened, and with glazed eyes he sank silently to the ground. Kobus heaved a sigh of relief and stuck a thumb up in thanks to the dark tree-line of the forest. He could hardly see anything now, but he felt sure that the eagle eyes of his Tembi minders could see him clearly. He dragged the body to a ditch and dumped it before continuing to the store. A smile creased his face as he moved, pleased that these incredibly sexy women were crack shots with a blowpipe. Oddly, they were unique amongst all the other tribes he had met. Women never used them at all, and he wondered why the Tembi's were different.

His nostrils twitched as the raw stench of aviation fuel reached his nose. It smelled very volatile, more like a spirit than the greasy smell of jet kerosene. This stuff was certain to go with a bang.

He found a drum with a loose bung and then began to scrape a gully with the rifle butt. The ground was hard baked and he cursed as it took longer than he'd anticipated. Eventually, dripping with sweat from his exertions he was ready, and moved the barrel over. With a heave he tilted it and lowered it to the ground ready for use. He waited for the next event, predicted by Francine. The whole thing hinged on her knowledge of Amazon customs. He didn't

have long to wait before her guess proved right.

The female huts of the Shenka began to spew gaudily attired, highly painted women, chattering incessantly and forming a group ready to move off. Cooking was a very female thing in Shenka camps, a place where all the women gathered to chat as some poor unfortunate suffered the horror of being cooked alive. All the captives were well secured in one mode or another, and not a single Shenka woman remained on duty. The buoyant group was fully formed, and as he watched with baited breath, they began to move towards the bubbling, volcanic pool and the five fully marinated Tembi. Again he waited, estimating five minutes to the mine workings, and then another five to reach the pool. Roughly ten minutes before all hell let loose. He checked his watch to give him a reference, then eased back the bolt on the H & H for the umpteenth time. A long, sleek powerful cartridge winked back at him reassuringly as it glinted in the flickering light of the fires. The bolt snicked quietly shut and he stared over to the featureless shadowed form of the spread-eagled Isha. His heart went out to her. By now, the terrible fate she was to suffer would be gnawing at her brain with mindless fear. Kobus muttered to himself.

“Hang in there. Isha. There’s no way I’m leaving this earth before I’ve humped your gorgeous body.” The mere thought gave him a near supernatural power that would help him overcome the massively unequal odds they faced. A faint shriek sounded through the trees, followed by a regular gabble of commotion. Kobus held his breath and peered over at a Shenka warrior lounging outside the men’s hut. The man glanced over towards the pool direction then grinned to himself. No doubt he was visualising the women dunking those succulent Tembi carcasses into the boiling mud at the centre of the pool. He settled back to wait for the others as they rowdily changed and cleaned up for the coming show. Skinning a beautiful woman like the Tembi captive they had prepared promised to be a long drawn out evening. These expert butchers prided themselves on removing the whole skin before the prisoner died. If they had their way, Isha would suffer incredibly before the

welcoming veil of death ended her pain.

Kobus heard the distant shrill of female hubbub abating and unscrewed the barrel cap. Glugging quietly, a river of trickling death surged into the channel and began to wend its way towards the hollow below the warriors hut.

It took ten more minutes before the barrel was empty and, peering over to the hut he could see a sizeable pool glinting in the firelight and chuckled quietly.

It was directly below the floor supporting an almost complete compliment of the Shenka males they had seen. There was a prod behind his ear, and he turned to find nothing. Jacob's girls had done their task and were back here. He shook his head at the way they silently materialised and then vanished like a tenuous wisp of smoke.

Taking a deep breath he hauled out his trusty Zippo lighter and kissed the old friend goodbye. Ah! Well, it was in a worthy cause. He flicked the wheel, and as it sputtered into flame, tossed it toward the fuel soaked gully.

It wasn't so much a slow travelling liquid fuse, more a flash of chemical lightning. The sheet of flame rocketed across the compound and a split second later detonated the pool of fuel in a roaring fireball of fury. Even the lounging Shenka outside was engulfed by the holocaust.

"Sorry folks, the poached Tembi is off. Can I interest you in some fresh roasted Shenka?"

He chuckled loudly at his own joke and watched as the major part of the opposition was snuffed out in a single crushing catastrophe. He jerked back to reality as Shenkas who were clear of the inferno at the time of detonation began to appear all over and run to the shattered hut. The running figures seemed to pause and then develop wobbling legs before dropping in a heap. It was total panic. They had no idea what was happening and milled around like lost sheep as the Tembi snipers picked them off with ruthless and deadly precision.

The whole show lasted eight minutes. At the end of which twenty-seven darted and still forms cluttered the compound and God knows how many in the hut were sent on their way with a Viking burial.

Jacob appeared behind him, beaming broadly.

"I got thirty sleeping beauties back there Boss, all hanging up in nets."

Apparently, the Shenka women had walked straight over the three waiting nets and had failed to notice bent bamboo and hanging ropes that hadn't been there earlier. There was a loud swish and suddenly they were airborne and neatly packaged into squirming masses of netted fury. The Tembi girls made short work of silencing them as the blow pipes spat doped darts in relays of firing. The curare tips had been modified at Kobus' request to include a herb mix - a mix that reduced the normal effect from instant paralysis and death, to paralysis and sleepy-byes for a few hours. The Tembisi wanted them dead, but as he had pointed out, they would make excellent slaves, and that way they could extract a full measure of vengeance for what they had done. The girls had warmed to the idea quickly, much to Kobus' relief Killing warriors was one thing; killing women was quite another.

Shadowy forms oozed out from the forest shadows, one sprinting for the taut stretched woman called Isha as she hung fearfully in the midst of the holocaust. The sight of her sister running to her assistance wiped the fear instantly and shaped the face into a glorious mask of exquisite beauty, despite the desperate rigours of her tortuously spread-eagled body. The beaming girls started to rush towards various bound captives, but were halted as Kobus shouted a warning.

"Hold it! Frenchy stop them! Van Hausen's not accounted for!" She called out to the sprinting women in their own tongue and they dropped to defensive crouches and scanned the area.

Kobus, with Jacob in tow, moved towards the more salubrious hut that was the Dutchman's dwelling when he was in town. Cautiously, they eased open the door, then entered quickly as they saw the fat bastard standing cowed against the opposite wall. Kobus barked at him in Afrikaans, but he pleaded ignorance of the language although Kobus knew full well he understood every word. He had answered in English, so that was how he re-addressed him.

"Make one wrong move, you blubber ball, and I'll gut you with a dum dum!"

He levelled the H & H at the Dutchman's stomach, menacingly. Then, not really knowing why, he found his eyes drawn to the floor. His stomach churned. Arranged like a tiger skin rug, the beautiful face of a long gone woman stared fixedly up at him, her head perfectly preserved by some Shenka method that left her as stunning as the day she'd died. Her skin was spread out flat and still connected at the neck, and even her hair was intact and plaited. Her large nipples and the areoles of her breasts were clearly visible at the outer edges of the rug, and in fact still prominent as they had been in life. His guess that the skinning started at the front and opened the victim outwards was horribly confirmed by the layout of the rug,

The generous rump that had once been rounded and desirable as it moved and rolled with feline grace was vividly preserved, pale cleft and all, as it branched into two wide strips that had clad her shapely legs. Kobus thought back to the time when he'd last seen this skin filled with a vibrant woman, her name forming on his lips as spoke quietly under his breath.

"Helga Hemmel ! My God, you never reached Arabia! It was a decoy!"

His lips drew back in a snarl as he raised his eyes to the shaking, fat Dutchman. Van Hausen saw death in the eyes and moved forward to try and make excuses for his hideous crime.

"She was nothing, just a fairly pretty woman. I can give you women that would make her look plain—;! He stopped dead in his tracks as Kobus' voice bellowed out like a physical wall of sound.

"Get off her, you filth! Get your slimy fat carcass off that woman!"

Van Hausen blanched as he realised he'd made a fatal mistake. As he moved forward, he'd walked onto a rug that for years had been nothing but a valueless, and now well worn memento of revenge. He looked down to see his left foot resting on one of the flattened breasts, compressing the raised nipple with his considerable weight. He chose to move across the rug and press on with his feeble explanation for the undeniable atrocity stretched on the floor.

"Come on! Be reasonable. Look! She's all tatty and frayed around the edges, I can get you a —!"

He never even saw the rifle spin in Kobus' grasp and his first knowledge that something had happened was when a hard, brass plated rifle butt sank about eight inches into the blubber surrounding his waist. He retched and began to fold forward, inadvertently leaning straight into the second blow that was already travelling towards him. There was a crunching of bone as his jaw shattered and the podgy nose splattered all over his face. Staggering backward, his arms flailed for balance as he tripped on something behind his heel, and then he went over like a ton of bricks. Both Kobus and Jacob stared in amazement as a huge, bloodied spear came straight out of his stomach as if by magic. The shattered face registered bewilderment as he clutched at the shaft, then life faded forever from the evil eyes. He'd fallen back on an ornamental Assegai residing in an umbrella stand.

Jacob spoke in hushed tones as they stood frozen in shock at the speed of events.

"And then you white honkies tell us blacks we're talking shit when we go on about magic, curses and the like."

Kobus turned to study his friend, his face a mask of incompensation.

"What the fuck are you jabbering about, Yacob?"

Jacob gestured down at the rug with his eyes and then cast a contemptuous look at the carcass of Van Hausen.

"Missy Helga got the bastard in the end, Boss." Kobus stared down at the head looking up, and swore that the eyes had changed to a smile of triumph. Helga had tripped him and gained her revenge.

He said nothing as he dropped to his knees, unsure how to deal with the remains of a lady he had known and admired. Jacob came to his aid, and pulling him gently back, he reverently began to roll up the rug with the head left showing on the outside. It was hard to believe that this parchment like scroll had once been a desirable, happy-go-lucky woman. Reaching out to one side, he jerked the expensive curtain cords and the complete rail off the wall, and then sliced off some lengths of the ruby coloured line with his knife.

Kobus watched moist eyed as the rug was tied into a roll, and then Jacob rose

and carefully handed the tubular remains to his friend.

"Time to put Helga to rest proper, Boss. Kobus nodded, and tucking Helga under his arm, began to walk out. He stopped and looked back.

"Burn it! Burn the whole damned place down - burn that evil bastard, and don't leave a single stick to show where this evil place was!"

Jacob nodded, and he left.

Isha was outside as he came out. Indeed, the whole group that weren't busy releasing captives were facing him, fully aware of what he'd found. For a moment nothing was said as they stared at the rolled rug. Then Isha moved forward with her hands out, speaking in her mother tongue. Francine translated.

"She said that the fat white man was going to replace his old worn carpet with her. She wants you to let her have your friend, and we will bury her in a place of honour in our village to remind her of the thing you saved her from."

Kobus hesitated for a second, and then handed over the rug.

Helga would like that. She had always loved the tropical climate; it would be her choice to be laid to rest in a warm place surrounded by friends. Isha took the rug and handled it with loving care, and he knew Helga was in good hands. Flames crackled in all corners of the compound as Jacob and vengeful Tembis alike joined the spree. More stiff and sore helpers were arriving by the minute as the freed prisoners joined in. The horror of Helga was quickly pushed aside as they toured the various areas and saw the joyous reunions. Jacob returned to his side as he remembered the bow-women, left fully arched by the Shenka women as a treat to be returned to later.

They wouldn't have been noticed by any of Francine's helpers being sited away in a corner so. seeing as the others were busy they decided to see to that problem themselves. Carrying powerful battery lanterns from the Dutchman's house, they hurried to the archery range. The lanterns proved unnecessary. A generator in the mine was floodlighting the stiffly arched women ready for part of the now aborted party.

In stark artificial light cast from ground mounted floods, the incredibly cinched women looked even more inviting and erotic. Both men experienced massive erections as they approached for their first close up view of this lustful feast. Two bows had been altered since they had seen them fired. Now those modified bow—women were the right way up and gave a balanced study of both formats.

Beseeching eyes followed them around as they circled the silent show, yet not a single ripple of movement showed in the backward straining nymphs. It was incredible. Faint mewling sounds from mouths stuffed to bursting point showed that they were fighting for release, and a hand placed on any of the superbly offered females conveyed minute yet frantic muscle flexing as the massively cinched bodies fought for freedom. Each fully primed bow was humming with impotent tension.

Kobus cast eyes around the area, but it was deserted save for themselves. He eyed Jacob and received a look of complete agreement. This was too good to miss. Trousers dropped in a trice and they advanced on the two wide-eyed bow-women assembled right way up. Jacob, as usual, planning ahead on matters of sex, picked up two yams that had yet to be shaved down for use as gags. Using them full size, he jammed them into the tight cinched 'Vs' of the forward thrusting love mounds and then pushed them inward until they were well past the fleshy portals of their womanhood. Kobus instantly saw the wisdom. The yams were compressing the squeezed thighs back and leaving the pussies nicely available despite the horrendous compression of the cinches. He moved up to his choice and, bending at the knees, located a hungry ramrod of manhood into the helpless vibrating column of trussed woman.

Powerfully he he rust upward, almost collapsing with searing shafts of pleasure as he pressed up against the resilient bulging curves of her super trussed form. Shaping his body, he wrapped around the full arc of her tormented form and gripping shoulders began to pump her helpless form with great thrusting jabs. It was an exquisite feeling that surpassed even the mud cocoon episode. The

women were so tightly contained in the network of tourniquet tensioned thongs, they had become huge, bulbously extruded tuning forks that were literally vibrating and resonating throughout their entire bodies. Neither of them could visualise any way of reducing a woman to a more desirable and completely useable format. Even though the fierce eyes were flashing venom, and it was obvious they were attempting to resist, the taut extruded curves of their silky skin barely registered the slightest twitch as muscles knotted and heaved in protest at their inhuman abuse. It was a monstrously dishonourable way to shaft a lady, but how gloriously enjoyable for two men handed such impotent, well packaged luxuries.

Kobus groaned with ecstasy as two hard jutting balled breasts rolled against his chest, and glancing down through the haze of blood pumping lust, he stared at the two rock-like spheres of her boobs. Cinches they hadn't noticed were barely visible. Savage overtightening by gleeful Shenka women had buried the bar taut ligatures at the root of the bursting, over-pressurised orbs. Another twist of the tourniquet tensioners, and they would become completed balls, severed from the woman altogether. It must have really turned the Shenka women on to leave these beautiful captives so completely controlled - so indecently shaped and offered whilst rendered utterly motionless and, worst of all, fully cocked and a mere touch of a trigger away from instant violent reaction. It must have been hell to just wait rigidly primed and quivering with constrained power, knowing that any inquisitive forest animal held the power to set them off as it played with the release.

Kobus could control his urge no more. He wanted to stay there for ever and ravage that resonating form. But it was not to be. His aching rod swelled to bursting, and he saw the women's nostrils flare as she keened loudly in protest, He exploded into her depths, the surges going on and on as her desperate efforts to avoid his unsolicited impregnation extruded her even more delightfully through the encircling unbreakable bands. In vain the quivering form strained as great gusts of hot male seed pumped into her fettered body. Then the shuddering climax waned and he fell clear. He looked up from the

ground as he gasped for breath, and marvelled that the bowed, bulging olive-skinned woman just simply stayed rock rigid and available for a return match. Yes! This was fun! He could do anything he liked to her and she had no choice but to accept his attentions.

Jacob rolled over to him, exhausted and drained. His own cinched conquest following his progress with equally venomous eyes. He peered past Kobus to the rear of the bows and voiced questions as he studied the new set-up.

"Just what you reckon they were going to do with them, Boss?" There's no arrows."

Kobus craned his head.

"Don't know, pal. Must have something to do with that lot back in the shadows." He reached out to redirect a floodlight, and they both stared at the new additions to the tautly primed bowstrings.

"Yara! That looks mean!" He was referring to the flat board affair nestling back tight into the drawn bowstring and facing the rear of each bow-woman. It was covered in two inch spikes. They rose and walked behind, at the same time raising a cacophony of keening pleas from four women who definitely didn't want anyone mucking about with the mechanism. Obviously, the Shenka women had advised them of how they were intended to amuse the crowd and they were fully aware of the horrors lurking behind their impossibly prepared bodies.

From behind the strained, backward bowing women, the plan was clear. So tightly were they bound to the bamboo, their delectably generous bottoms were protruding behind the pole as it nestled deeply in their buttock clefts. Release the primed bow, and the spiked boards would hurtle forward to impact on the helplessly offered lobes with incredible force as the bow string snapped forward. Unlike a normal bow, these bamboos would return to a straight line, not a pre-formed arch designed by man. Given the fearsome damage that the spikes could do, Kobus resisted the urge to try it out. He looked on wistfully as Jacob studied the set—up at length.

"Hey! Boss! They really are clever bastards. These boards got three spikes in

a line with the bamboo. Fire the bows and the boards nail themselves to the bamboo. Kobus groaned as the image of pierced and crushed rumps formed in his mind. It would be incredible to see those firm buttocks squashed flat and nailed to the bow. He must resist the urge no matter how powerful his desire to tweak the triggers became. Perhaps if he accidentally stumbled over one of the releases—?

His resistance collapsed as soon as Jacob discovered that the spikes could be easily removed. Four plain boards stood poised behind four quivering, perfectly offered rumps. It was just too much. The shuddering human bows began to hum with impotent tension as the women sensed that these two strange men intended to fire them off

Kobus knelt down by the release of an exceptionally well shaped maiden and fingered the handle with lustful, trembling fingers. He looked up at Jacob for reassurance and saw an eager nod. Raising his eyes to the keening, quivering bow-women, he pushed hard.

There was a viscous twang and a whistling noise, followed by an awesome crack as the board impacted and flattened the bulbously extruded nates like pieces of putty. The cinched, pulsing bulges looked even more inviting from the rear as they exploded sideways with contact, and the added incentive added by the punitive impact generated a most pleasing level of minute activity as the fire of a most powerful slap scorched each sensitive, youthful rump.

Twang! Crack! Jacob fired number two. This time Kobus was able to view from the front, mesmerised by the effect. The spherical ball boobs literally bounced away from her chest and snapped back as if on elastic, but the popping eyes and dying resonated quivering that shimmered through the bound plaything was truly exquisite. The two inverted bow-woman unwillingly joined the fun as their releases were operated, and produced exceptional results. It was then that Kobus had his stroke of genius. He returned to the first experiment and moved the release mechanism stake further back. Then with the help of Jacob on the winch, managed to reload to an almost

impossible draw back point. The fettered feline was almost forming a backward 'C' with her distorted form. Jacob watched intently as he affixed a light line to the trigger and then around to the front armed with some short lengths of rope. Quickly he curved his body, and with some help from a mystified but highly interested Jacob, lashed himself to the full length of that sculpted form. He took care to fully insert his manhood in the forward thrusting orifice of her sex and then warned Jacob to stand back. The African watched intrigued as he began to screw the helpless form like a man possessed. Within seconds it was clear that his climax was there. He watched intently, and as Kobus' stiffened with the surging pulses of sexual power, his hand yanked at the release cord. At the split second of his powerful ejaculation, mounted man and totally abused bow-woman erupted into action. The cinched women cracked into line with awesome ferocity, and an impact like a clap of thunder echoed around the enclave as a mighty blow exploded onto her pulverised bum. The shock-wave smashed through her body and rattled Kobus' teeth as the pain of collision was translated into the most massive impulse of muscle activity he had ever felt. Kobus Kruge was buried to the hilt in the epicentre of a female earthquake. He opened his eyes at long last as the swaying bow steadied from the mighty release, and shrank back from a stare that threatened to bore right through him. She was not pleased — he could tell.! It took ten minutes to set up number two and then Jacob joined him in the world of the ultimate sexual experience.

Completely spent, but unable to resist the temptation to exploit the magnificently hopeless plight of these bow-women, they engineered even better ways to taunt, tease, use and abuse. A simple piece of string from the release laid around to front provided excellent sport as they gently tugged and played with the instrument of release, in full sight of the female who would be on the receiving end of the poised board. Kobus' final brainstorm proved to be a winner. An ant eater appeared in the pool of light and, quite unconcerned over the human presence, calmly went about his business scooping up a trail of foraging ants. Kobus came up with the idea of connecting to bows in series.

There would be a line to fire the first, then each succeeding bow would be triggered by the release of the one before. A simple connection from bowstring to trigger was all that was needed. Then the initiating string was quickly tied around the midriff of the captured anteater.

For a few minutes, the animal investigated this new addition and even made a few abortive attempts to throw it off. But in the end, feeding took priority and it returned to the line of ants, steadily moving away and drawing out the long length of the first trigger cord that Kobus had deliberately left overlong so as to increase the expectant wait.

The bow-women watched with frantic eyes as the men lay down to watch, and the string steadily drew out. Inexorably, the slack was taken up and the cord began to lift and take the strain. The mewling pleas rose to an all time high, and shards of reflected light flashed and glinted from the oil straining skins that had become supercharged with minuscule ripples and flicker movements of struggle. The anteater jerked on the line in an attempt to reach ants that were scurrying for cover. Instantly a rippling clap of thunder echoed around the enclave as the bows triggered in quick succession. It was an awe inspiring sight.

They had been winding up and firing all four bows with the anteater over a period of about thirty minutes when suddenly a cool voice spoke from the shadows.

“Having fun, boys?”

Guiltily they turned to see the whole Tembi tribe watching them abuse the girls, Kobus lurched to his feet having just reset all the bows. Both men faced the crowd nervously and searched frantically for a valid reason to excuse their dastardly deeds. But Francine just launched into a fiery tirade as she admonished the two men like schoolboys. As she was talking Kobus, saw the anteater trundling away, unnoticed by all except himself and the primed bow-women.

“But Frenchy the—I”

She just overtalked him and ignored any comment he had in his defence, He raised his hand and pointed, but was instantly battered by another verbal barrage, although he saw Francine's eyes flick to the straining bow-forms as the keening, eyeball-rolling warnings grew louder. There was no distracting this French helot once she got going.

The anteater came up against the end of the string and just kept on going.

The trussed women went off like a bombshell in the silence that ensued as a result of the first twanging release, and an angry murmur rippled through the crowd as the whole row of trussed bow-women exploded forward with unprecedented ferocity. They had been reset at a tension that threatened to snap the powerful bamboo. Kobus cringed as the echoing sound of multiple impact painted a mental picture of scarlet, throbbing bottoms.

Francine turned and addressed the angry Tembis and the rumblings of discontent faded to be replaced by sullen sulks. The crowd moved forward, and several minutes later, four very tender bottomed, cinch welted women stood glaring in their direction.

"Anyway, I've explained that you were responsible for saving them from the Shenka so they said they'll allow you to live."

"Oh! That's big of them," joked Kobus, regarding the four women with some disregard. The threat of being killed by these women seemed a bit hollow to him. He missed Francine's thoughtful flash of grim mirth.

Francine, however, had other things to think about. They had thirty slowly recovering Shenka prisoners to deal with. It was all right saying use them as slaves, but the old camp had no facilities for female slaves who were hardly going to become submissive. They needed time to build holding pens before they took them back.

She walked around the vacated bows, then swinging the light down the complete row of bamboo's designated and cleared as bows, she began to count.

"28, 29, 30, 31, 32. Perfect"

She instructed the other girls to lower and drag the Shenka filled nets over, then whilst they were doing that, she and several others went back to the storage sheds in the main compound. They returned with mounds of uncured hide strips generally known as rawhide. While all the women sat in a circle, they began to mass produce dozens of the adjustable tourniquet binders with the new hide. Each one they completed was instantly dumped in a bucket of water to soak. Then began the job of readorning the bows with female bodies, this time Shenka bodies! They were a heavier build than the Tembi's but nonetheless desirably shaped, and given the method to be used for securing, better equipped for the visual effect. They were more fleshy, an excellent qualification for enhancing the effect of over indulged cinching.

Kobus came over to find out what she had in mind, and stood shocked as she spoke out of the corner of her mouth in hushed tones.

"I saw the anteater, I knew what was going to happen. I just wanted to watch from close-up." She turned to face him with a thoughtful look.

"I suppose you'd like to get me on one of those bows, wouldn't you?"

Kobus flushed bright red and tried to hide the jerk in his pants as a completely spontaneous explosive reaction dampened his crotch.

"Well, we'll see. You never know what the future may hold."

With that she moved off leaving Kobus completely baffled. She had hinted at giving him the treat of his life, but he was unable to shake off the feeling of a veiled threat.

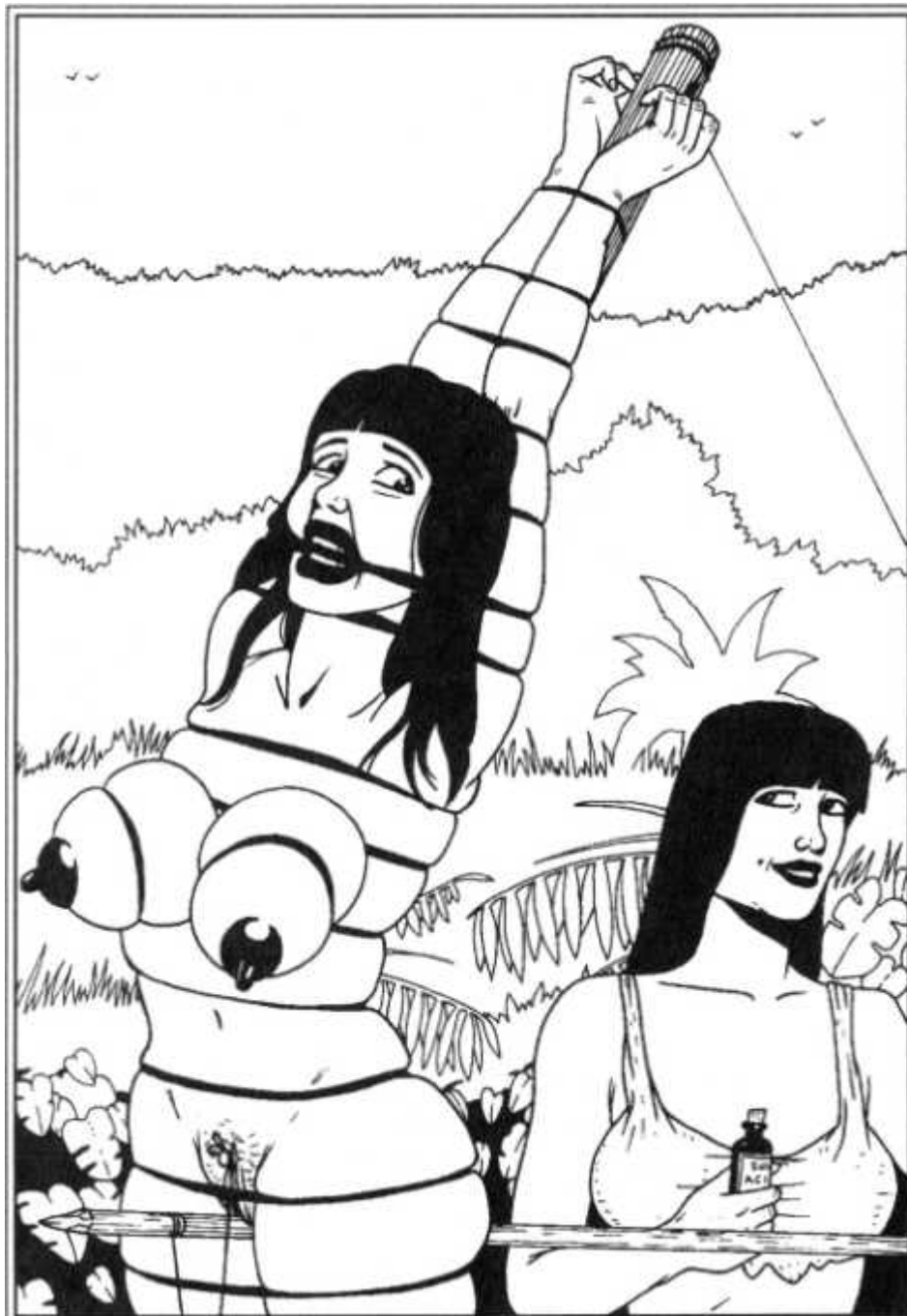
It took two hours to produce a full, thirty strong row of replacement female bows, and another twenty to reposition the releases to the same incredible draw back used by Kobus for his whiplash ejaculation. Eyes bulging and hardly knowing where to look next, the men walked back and forth along the line of mega-cinched Shenkas. Angry Tembis had no qualms about damaging valuable skins. They had screwed the tourniquets up with vengeance. Each Shenka had been reduced to a curving pile of inner-tube like protuberances as they quivered at full arch. Apart from that, their bonds were rawhide. A day

in the Sun and they would virtually vanish into helpless flesh with the tension. No-one had told the captives what was intended, so they were terrified about the unknown fate they faced. Francine added to it after hearing about the arrows and the clitoral connections, and within a very short time the whole row had sprouted arrows and had their tautly stretched clitoral nodules bound excruciatingly to the poised shafts.

The actual plan was to just leave them to ponder their fate for three days whilst the Tembi returned home and prepared a stockade. They taunted and pretended to be about to release them on many occasions, but finally it was time to go. Steadily, the clearing emptied and the women were left in the silence to contemplate the incredible turn of events.

Yesterday they had been cocksure and ruling the roost. Twenty-four hours later they were converted to strumming, tight curved atrocities of Tembi excess, cocked and ready to fire with devastating results. Their throbbing, cinched clitorises left them in no doubt as to the eventual outcome. Any release of the quivering forces in their personal bamboo stiffeners would be a disastrous event for their future sexual enjoyment.

Fifteen minutes down the trail, Francine halted.



"Kobus, keep going I'll catch you up in a while, I left my favourite blow pipe back there." He acknowledged her leaving with a wave. She was safe now the threat was gone.

Francine moved swiftly back to the vibrating row of Shenka bows and confronted the cinched captives. It took her several minutes to get over her point using a mixture of Tembi and pigeon Shenka. In the end they understood and set up a pitiful keening chorus as she pulled out a secreted

bottle that she carried in her loin wrap. IT was something she had picked up at the compound stores. Her face lit up as she read the label.

SLUPHURIC ACID

CAUTION: UNDILUTED

Going behind the straining bows, she bent to each release mechanism and counted ten drops of the fuming liquid onto each set of lashings holding the crude triggers together. The faint hissing and rising curls of smoke as they met creased her face with an evil grin. Finally she was done and, walking round to the front of the row, she contemptuously tossed the empty phial away. It gave her great satisfaction to run her eyes along the doomed row of clitorises and, just like the men, she was enjoying the view of all that incredibly cinched flesh and impossibly strained arching. Even now, with the prospect of an awesome apocalypse clearly established, the captives couldn't move a solitary muscle to change the course of events. Francine thought her justice poetic! She caught up to the men as they reached the cliff top. Pausing, they all looked down on the scene of thirty primed bows glinting in the early morning Sun. It was an impressive display of poised, unimaginable revenge, and the fuse was already burning on that ticking vengeance bomb. Within the hour the cinches would contract powerfully as the rawhide reacted. But unbeknownst to the men, the acid would by then be only hours from severing the releases. Had the men turned then, they would have been witness to an awesome array of female vengeance glinting in the eager eyes of those jungle maidens. Everyone except the men knew. They would only get to know when they returned in three days time, an event that Francine and the women had plans to prevent anyway.

It was only as they were almost home that Kobus got to discuss the various poisons used on the darts.

"So there's two types then, lethal and none lethal?" Francine shook her head.

"No — three. One lethal, one none lethal and one that is both."

"Both? What do you mean?"

"The third type paralyses instantly — permanently - but it doesn't affect the heart and lungs. So you're paralysed, but not dead. But there's no cure, so you may as well bell'

Kobus stopped dead in his tracks.

"Which one did you use for the attack?"

Francine eyed him defiantly.

"The one I just told you about. Those beasts raped me and the others. They left us to die slowly as the ants ate us. Now they can die slowly of thirst as they lie unable to move."

Kobus cleared his throat.

"Er! Technically, we raped you as well," he pointed out.

Francine just tossed that off

"No! You took me. You knew I really wanted you to have me. They raped me. There is a big difference."

Kobus was going to argue the morals of the issue, but after having it explained like that, he just shrugged and accepted the terrible fate those men had earned themselves by messing with the Tembis.

The return to the camp was a sombre event. The bodies had gone as the denizens of the forest cleared up another human mess. Francine suggested that to raise spirits they should have a party and get wild drunk. Kobus and Jacob went along with that like a shot. Lots of drunken women and just two randy men seemed a good combination, with great promise of a night to remember. Something to carry back to civilisation as they started the long trek home in a couple of days. As it later transpired, they would remember it with vivid clarity, or at least the first ten minutes before the drugged darts thunked into their wildly bonking asses. Two girls on heat had proved irresistible bait, and loaded with a couple of stiff drinks of Tembi hooch, they had climbed into the willing girls without questioning the strange, sly looks all around.

* * * * *

Chapter Nine

Consciousness and locomotion returned slowly to the curare drugged Kobus, only to find that Jacob had been awake for some time. Time enough to survey the situation and assess their status. What he saw he found most disturbing.

"Hey! Boss! You awake? Come on, wake up you big *Crunchie*, I think we're in deep shit, man!"

But Kobus didn't want to wake up. He was in the middle of a marvellous dream that entailed silky soft, highly experienced female hands wanking his bursting shaft. Not powerfully, but enough to maintain a rock hard quivering pole of vibrant manhood and suspend him in a drifting, nebulous sea of ecstasy. His eyes snapped open. This was no dream, he was being yanked off. Kobus tried to raise a shielding hand as the bright light arrowed into his eyes. Nothing happened. In fact, nothing happened whatever part of his body he tried to move. In a panic, he realised that he was tied down in a face up mode and bowed over something hard and solid. He turned his head, cords grating against his throat and recoiled as he perceived Jacob alongside him, naked and spread-eagled tautly backward over a polished and obviously well used tree trunk. His body was expertly tied and cinched down with a veritable festoon of cords that ensured he stayed right where he was. Jacob's eyes were frantic as he swivelled to look at his partner's midriff

A perfectly proportioned Tembi woman was standing by the trunk calmly milking his massively aroused member as if she hadn't a care in the world. She was chatting to someone else in the room just as two white women in a laundromat may pass the time as a washing machine processed their dirty linen. Kobus strained his head upward and groaned as he saw that she was

talking to another girl who was in the process of jerking his own uncontrollable erection, noting as he did that his own bonds were every bit as secure as his partner's. His first thought was that the Shenkas had mounted a revenge attack, but a second look dispelled that idea. Only a Tembi woman had that superb sleek shape and bearing. He relaxed and considered the options. Ah! well, they may as well lay back and let the girls get their own back. Perhaps, after they had enjoyed themselves for a while, they would be allowed to get on with the long trek back to civilisation. A sound to his right had both men looking to the door as Frenchy strolled in, naked as when they had first seen her, and at ease with her nudity.

She walked over to Kobus and flicked the helmet of his throbbing pole with a look of mock amazement in her eyes.

"Monsieur! What a Beeg Boy we are today!" She emphasised the big in a way that only a French accent could achieve with such impact. "Adia will be pleased."

"Adia? What do you mean Adia? I thought the Princess was reserved exclusively for the man she chose as a husband" Then a worrying thought crossed his mind. "Yesus! She's not chosen me has she?"

"Oh! non-non- non, you do not understand. We all have - and Jacob as well, We are all going to marry you both!"

The men lay bug eyed as they tried to grasp this latest concept of marriage, and then Frenchy broke into their scrambled thoughts.

"I'm sorry, mon cherie, I lied to you." Her hand stroked Kobus' hair soothingly. "You see, the Tembis haven't had any men of their own for centuries. All the men you saw being killed by the Shenkas were Tembi captives, brought here for breeding and sex. The Tembi women are the dominant sex of the species. Even when they had their own men, they ruled - not the men. So now they have chosen you. You must serve them all and make them happy - produce lots of babies." Her voice trailed off as Kobus interrupted.

"But surely if this has been going on for centuries they would have men from

their own offspring?

Frenchy smiled. "All the men babies are sold to other tribes. They only keep girl babies."

Kobus groaned again, part in desperation, part in pleasure as the expertly milking hand squeezed a little tighter and drew his manhood upward with exquisitely pleasurable skill. The grip grew tight as strong fingers clenched fist-like, and then the girl laughed and shook his pole like a dead rat as she rattled off some Tembi. Francine grinned wickedly and looked down.

"She says that the big magic man-worm belong to the Tembi now. Remember, they have never seen *men things* these colours before — white or black," she added nodding at Jacob. "To them they must seem sent from the Gods."

The tethered men were at a loss for words. Then Kobus had an idea - not one with much hope of success - but at least it was worth a try.

"Okay! So let's get on with the marriage ceremony then. You untie us and we'll get ready."

"Oh! But you are ready monsieur! Both of you are ready for the wedding now." She laughed at the suggestion that Kobus had considered her stupid enough to fall for that ploy. Two pairs of eyes considered their own naked, upward bowing bodies and stiffly erect penises as they struggled to understand.

"To marry the whole tribe, they must all have sex with you on the same, how you say? Erection? That means one after the other without it going down.

They are then joined by sharing the same!"

The listening faces registered total incredulity at the thought of servicing nearly sixty women in a non stop orgy of sex. Nice thought granted, but one that didn't bear thinking about in terms of wear and tear on their jutting manhood. Francine saw their concern and then dropped a bombshell that was intended to ease their troubled minds. Instead, it had quite the opposite effect.

"Whilst you were asleep we wrapped your penises in the leaves of the Baca-Baca tree — now they will stand up for weeks, so you not need to worry about

them going soft.”

Jacob laughed out loud.

"Yesus! Boss, we could make a fortune in South Africa with a tree like that.”

Kobus had to smile himself, although an extensive grounding in the anatomy of male mammals was already telling him that a permanent erection could only result in an extremely painful cock.

"Ah! what hell. I fancied staying here anyway, I was just kidding when I said we should go back.” His voice had a false ring to it, and Jacob knew that his friend was kidding for sure. He saw Francine standing red faced and rubbing her crotch with obvious arousal.

"Hey! Frenchy, we getting you randy just seeing, eh!°`

She snapped out of her trance and grinned wickedly.

"No, not you! Not yet! I was just thinking- the acid I put on those release ropes will be burning through about now. I'd love to be there and watch those Shenka bitches being fired. The men lapsed into silence as the enormity of the Tembi revenge was revealed in full and both men almost exploded prematurely as the image of the Rawhide cinched forms firing off at random and watching their clits vanishing into the distance roused the sadistic beast in their bodies. The whole room was silent as the vision played havoc with libido arousal. Then Francine added the final touch.

"I put the spiked plates back as well.”

Both men gasped and their seed jetted a full ten feet to hit the ceiling as they contemplated the quivering, vertical spectacle of the fired Shenka women. Cinches invisible, bodies swelling and bulging through the gaps like obscene, taut black encircling melons - bottoms spiked, flattened and nailed to the bamboo. breasts pressurised to bursting, the only sign of movement as those taut balloons shimmered and vibrated with the massive, fully contained struggles to escape. It was a hell of a way to spend three days. Kobus gasped out loud.

"Then do us one favour, Frenchy, bring one back, as she is, I must see her.

Pick a good one.“

Frenchy chuckled. "You can see the lot. We intend to transport them as they are - just cut the bamboo off at the base. And after that we've got our own bamboo; bigger; stronger, and lots of new ideas to improve the whole thing. You'll see the Shenka bow-women many times, big boy. The Tembi girls with first hand experience as living bows had recommended a lot of additions to spice up the fun.”

The revelation was like a slap in the face to both of them.

Jacob made as if to say something when the initial shock began to subside, only to have his face gripped in an expert pair of fingers. Unable to resist as the strong, slim fingers pressed into the hinge of his jawbone, he found himself wide mouthed as a wooden pear-shaped bung was forced in. A thin cord soon encircled his head and drew the silencer in still further. Kobus had even less success in refusing the gag. Glaring at Francine, they fumed impotently as she revealed the full extent of her treachery.

"By the way, I told the Tembis that when a woman took a man in your society, it was customary for the man to be kept captive and gagged as a sign that his is taken. You see, they think that women rule men all over the world, so they don't even question that. The Shenkas were regarded as a renegade species. Somehow, during the mists of time, the old theory that a man became controlled by a woman after marriage became distorted. To them it is no longer a joke that men tell with their friends. They think that is the way it has always been], She gave a little chuckle of mirth as another thought struck her. "I even managed to convince them that you would be insulted if they didn't respect your ways at all times. They seemed quite happy to go along with that, and even agreed that I should be responsible for feeding you both.°` She sniggered as both trussed men showed utter defeat. She had effectively dashed hope of the last possible way of them gaining freedom.

Francine waved away the girl tending Kobus' throbbing monument. He was powerless to resist as she revelled in her new found power over two strong

men, and experimented with his rampant rod. First she pushed down with one finger and cooed as it sprang to quivering attention on release. Then she took to flipping it so that it whacked his belly with loud slaps. Kobus seethed in impotent fury and strained against his bonds with zero effect. The trunks they were secured to were a result of many years of modification and upgrading. Every notch, every groove, and every anchor point had been calculated to shape and hold cords in exact and inescapable precision. Francine was enjoying herself and added even more weight to the misery of her captives.

"I'm really going to enjoy having you two strung up like you had me on that first night. I've already got the Tembi out in the forest selecting the finest twigs for returning the favour."

She moved away and gave a signal to her helpers. Frozen with fear, the two men watched as they approached with some odd looking tackle made from stiff hide, and swung identical sets over both offered forms.

"Tembi mating saddles." she informed them.

No further explanation was needed. With their cocks poking rigidly up through a hole in the pre-formed seat and clamped by some sort of gland that gripped the root, it left little doubt as to how they would be used. A saddle seat shaped suspiciously like a female rump, and a pair of crude stirrups hanging down each side of their hips made it pretty damned obvious that the Tembis intended to test their rodeo skills on the two new broncos in town. Humiliation hardly did justice to the feelings coursing through the cinched men.

Srrapped down, artificially erected by a plant, gagged and, judging by the hide blindfolds nearby, blinded as well, they were going to be used like a pair of breeding studs. just a pair of carefully arranged erection foundations for the girls to play on at their leisure!

Everything seemed ready, then the men tensed and began to thrash violently as the two girls approached with what could only be fresh Baca-Baca leaves. Unable to resist in any way, they Fell back and surrendered to the cords as the leaves were wrapped and tied tightly to their throbbing shafts. Francine

chuckled again.

"Adia wants her men king sized. The longer they are on, the more you expand. If we leave them on for a few days your cocks will eventually burst. But don't worry, you will only have them on for an hour or two now, and then we will all be ready."

With that they left the two men straining and begging silently for mercy.

At first there seemed to be no effect. An hour later both men were groaning as their rigid, thrusting shafts ached and throbbed with extreme pressure.

Expanded to elephantine proportions, they had grown to immense girth and length as the juice of the leaves had its effect. Had it not been for the hopeless situation they were in, it would have been an erection to brag about in every bar they visited.

A swishing of grass curtain heralded the return of the tormentors as both men turned their faces towards their approaching doom. Their eyes widened and efforts to escape stilled as the vision of exquisite beauty approached. It was Adia in her wedding clothes, or perhaps better described as beads.

She was wearing the necklace of royalty around her slender graceful neck, her hair drawn up into an amazing creation that was secured by a series of similar but smaller bands that held the long black tresses in a column of stacked balls atop her head. A superb mons they had both studied at length with binoculars was highlighted by single beads, threaded through tiny piercings in each labial mound, the glittering ornaments outlined and accentuated her lush desirable womanhood. She was highly aroused at the prospect of the ceremonial joining - that was evident in the swollen protuberances of her jutting nipples, surrounded and framed by disks of polished bone, and the veined pulsing engorgement of her heaving bosom. She had been oiled from head to foot with aromatic balms extracted from the forest plant life and glistened like a surreal fantasy doll as she approached her first steed. Polished wooden high heeled strap sandals — no doubt inspired by Francine as a token of contrition to the white man's fantasy concept of woman - had been fashioned with loving care

and fitted to her feet. She had obviously practiced at walking on these strange shoes, but still showed a slight unsteadiness as she moved across to claim her prize. It was a defect that merely added to her girlish charm and desirability.

Kobus, even though he was offered like a prize bull, could not suppress the immense longing she generated in his captive form. If this was captivity, then hopefully he had been sentenced to life imprisonment. The only thing that marred the whole proposed scene was a brief glimpse through the lifted bead curtain.

A queue of Tembis headed by Francine were waiting outside the door. The French girl herself seemed to have entered into the spirit with gay abandon. Hurriedly fashioned hide chaps on her legs, high heeled sandals and carved wooden spurs, with Bougainvillea thorns for goads, left little doubt that she intended to ride her stallions with style and panache. He had to admit that the chaps with her whole crotch exposed, a silly cowboy waistcoat that parted to reveal her pert breasts, and that crazy woven palm cowboy hat promised an interesting interlude. If he were to be honest, he didn't begrudge her the pleasure she was sure to extract from his helpless body - he just fervently hoped that she went easy with the spurs. It was a forlorn hope and he knew it. She was French through and through, and Gallic blood in her veins demanded that she address all sexual matters with a fierce passion, an obsessive devotion to savouring her lustful release in full. Food and sex were the same for these people, They dined and made love with an empathy that inspired all who witnessed their commitment.

Kobus heaved a sigh of relief as the leaves were removed from his bar taugth manhood, and he saw Adials eyes sparkle with anticipation as the object of her arranged impalement was revealed. Kobus strained up for a look and almost died with shock as he saw the tree trunk of manhood he had spawned, It was almost blue with tension and certainly twice the size it had ever been before! The curtain swung closed behind the departing helper as the Princess circled her first marital match. Then, almost in haste, she placed her left foot in a

stirrup and swung herself aboard. Locating her right foot in the other stirrup with practised ease, she steadied herself as her mount accepted the full weight of her lithe body on his saddle.



Standing in the stirrups, she lowered herself downward, targeting her oiled love tube on his vibrating, overstressed column and toying with his helplessness as she slid it back and forth in her rapidly lubricating cleft. The movement stopped and Kobus could feel the pressure of her fleshy mons

either side of his turgid, pulsing tip. The absence of touch on the extremity informed him that his monumental erection was centralised in her tunnel - the pressurised head prizing her apart and forming a funnel of hot flesh that would guide him faithfully into her depths. He sensed her tensing and looked up to see her steeling herself for what had to be done. He saw a flash of fear in her eyes and, for the first time, realised that she was afraid of his massive, oversized manhood. Then it was his turn to feel fear. She was going to take it in one savage thrust. Kobus strained mightily and tried to stop her, fearful that his overstressed skin would peel back like a banana as it gave up the battle to contain the pent up pressure, and split from tip to root.

"AAAAAArrrrrggghh!"

The Princess screamed out loud as she literally lifted her feet and plummeted onto his shaft, bouncing in the saddle as she came to rest, stretched and impaled by his massive pommel. Sweat poured from Kobus as he fought to accept a grip of iron on his shaft. Girth was a two way weapon. The immense forces required to stretch the maiden open to such levels had pushed her elasticity to the limit. Kobus felt like his rod had been drawn into an unyielding steel tube that was two sizes too small.

For a while. Adia simply sat there allowing her body to accept this massive invader. Then, slowly at first, she began to explore her new found limits by rocking slowly in ever increasing arcs.

Soon the arcs had given way to a steady milking motion as she used the stirrups to yo—yo on his offered shaft. Kobus ejaculated again and again. He couldn't help himself, although the friction was excruciating in its exquisite intensity. The fleeting thought that this was just the first of many riders sent shafts of fear lancing through his body. He was powerless to resist, no matter how many women wanted to use him. No matter how many turns they demanded, he would provide whether he liked it or not.

Between his third and forth jerking eruption, he opened his eyes and looked up. A fourth explosive burst immediately tagged on to the tail end of the last.

Perched above him was a sight that defied all attempts to resist reaction. A pair of the most perfect female orbs were bouncing and jostling like demented melons, and the Princess, eyes closed with passionate feeling was fondling her oscillating, silly cowboy hat as she horsed up and down with her taut stretched bursting pussy. As he watched, she erupted into orgasm again and her massaging love tube clamped tight with the power of her paroxysms of pleasure. The stunning face became endowed with an ethereal quality that only a woman can express, and he was pleased that she had experienced the ultimate high by using him.

The Princess used him for an hour. He lost count of how many times she had succumbed to her own cataclysmic internal pleasure. For that matter he'd lost count of his own responses as well. Yet, even as she eased herself off his well used shaft, he felt sadness that she was going. Everything about this woman was the ultimate in femininity. She was truly a Princess of all she surveyed and all she did. He watched jealously as she moved to Jacob, and then turned his eyes away as she mounted with poise and dignity before impaling herself for a second time.

Quietly he lay listening to the sounds of extreme enjoyment, and after a time the jealousy faded. Jacob was a fine man - worthy of such an experience and he couldn't find it in his heart to begrudge him something so special.

Kobus didn't even notice when the Princess left. Suddenly, he was shocked back into the land of the living as the chatter of excited voices penetrated the mists of fulfilled contentment. Jacob gasped past his gag, and turning to look he saw that his friend had already been mounted by the first commoner Tembi. A movement on his other side alerted him to his own problems.

Francine was just lifting herself up in a stirrup. Triumphant, she stood in both stirrups looking down at her conquest, then slapped his aching tool from side to side to emphasise her mastery. The love juice drenched pussy hovering above his poised and defenceless shaft was drooling streamers into the saddle in eager anticipation.

“Wake up big boy, Annie Oakley's in town!” She reached out and, before he could even express a protest with his eyes, she slipped the leather blindfold over his head and completed the conversion to totally helpless sex toy.

Unlike the Princess, Francine chose to wriggle herself down onto his throbbing penis in a series of lurching thrusts, coupled with many side to side excursions that were designed to impress upon him that she intended to take him anyway she wanted. Using his painfully bloated tool as a crowbar to ease her sex tunnel open was her way of saying that his thoughts on the matter were of no concern. He just happened to be the keeper of something she wanted and now she was borrowing it. With gasps and groans, Francine worked her youthful pussy down the shaft, mentally likening the task to pulling on a tight riding boot.

At times she despaired. There was no way her relatively unused love shaft could open up enough to accept this throbbing, monolithic beast. She halted, took a deep breath then resumed her attack. For ten minutes she persevered with a stubborn determination. Wriggling her pretty bottom and literally jamming herself down onto the leviathan that was filling her to bursting point, she gradually engulfed the beast then sat gasping and red faced as her strumming, stretched membranes expanded to accept the inevitable.

She had bottomed out on the saddle. Waiting patiently, she savoured the feeling of fullness as her tube stretched and adjusted, then did a few practise bounces in the saddle that had Kobus huffing and puffing with the violent compression of his mid section. Sharp pains lanced his upper thighs just below the crease of his buttocks as she tested the spurs. The movement became strange and he perceived that she must be skewing sideways for some reason. His assumption was correct. She had adjusted the spurs to point in at forty-five degrees and slightly upward. The next folding of her legs buried the sharp spikes deep into his squeezed buttocks on either side. Francine was ready, and without warning she was off on a frantic gallop.

They weren't actually going anywhere, but an experienced, aristocratic French horse woman didn't need an actual horse to mimic the motion of a

gallop.

Kobus was soon appraised of the fact that she had loosened the cinches holding his hips tightly down. The result was an unsolicited and unavoidable upward jerking reaction each time her spurs urged him to greater effort. If she wanted him to thrust she simply spurred him and he reacted instantly, boring her out like a weightless toy as he jerked violently upward. His hot hard shaft punched into her with indescribable force. Francine was riding with panache. Rolling and yo—yoing, she goaded her stallion on, savouring each plundering thrust, her breath coming in short sharp gasps as the invading monster deep within her belly worked and routed in her super slick grasping channel. She horsed herself wildly on the neatly captivated saddle horn, great surges of elation surging through her hungry mons as a long held dream came true. At last she had a real man where she wanted him.

For years she had lived with the Tembis as they shared out the poor quality, easily subdued pickings of the Amazon. An Amazon Indian simply gave up the fight and seemed to inwardly die as soon as he was captured. Perhaps it was the humiliation of being controlled by women - whatever, they all performed like damp squibs. Now she had a real fighting man under her crotch, a thoroughbred stallion with spirit and fire, and she intended to savour the victory in full.

Her yo—yoing antics became rabid as the tidal wave of lust reared to a Gargantuan crest - so savage and demanding that she was actually leaving the massive living pole of her saddle pivot and plunging back down from far above, splitting her pussy as if with an axe and driving herself down like an express lift. She was groaning and wailing with each pummelling impact as her lush mons buffeted and bounced on the saddle, the massive pulsing rod jamming powerfully against the deep internal end of her dilating love shaft. Several times she missed in her fury of orgasmic ecstasy, impaling her puckered anal ring in a scream of pain that instantly translated to excruciating pleasure in the storm of wanton lust. It was magnificently carnal to feel the

bulging bulk of her conquered male foe racing up her tight back portal, exploding the tight muscular tube outward with such force and commanding energy that her pain was completely overruled - swamped by an experience that threatened to destroy her with its potency.

Kobus was screaming into his gag as the abuse rose to horrendous levels, but the unseen phantom rider callously spurred her mount to greater effort.

Francine was into the final straight of an imaginary Grand National and the winning post was hers for the taking. Kobus found his body bucking in one continuous cycle of torment as the spurs raked and stabbed at his hide. Hot rivers of her copious pussy secretions seeped through the saddle gland encircling his helplessly presented manhood - her demented pistoning sex cylinder scouring up and down with unbridled fury. The winning post loomed before her, and in a desperate attempt to suck more pleasure from the jutting shaft she threw herself from side to side in frenzied jerks, relishing the increased friction as his stiffened shaft raged from side to side in her body.

Burning lashes seared his thighs as a riding crop she had carried unnoticed was brought into play and she flayed her mount mercilessly to greater effort.

Kobus became a jerking mass of helpless reaction, his manhood levered sideways, bludgeoned, bent, and battered as she lunched and rolled the last yards into the blazing light of the ultimate eruption. Suddenly, the weight went off the stirrups as she launched herself upward, hovering for a second as the paralysis of ecstasy stiffened her form in an uncorded bondage; a self engineered rigour that held her helpless and shuddering as she plummeted down towards the waiting shaft.

Legs split wide, she dropped like a stone, spearing herself with a loud squelch as her love lips exploded apart and swallowed the monolithic penis in one cataclysmic gulp. Kobus tensed and bore the pain as her pussy crushed his tortured dick with powerful pulses of contraction, and he endured as she shuddered and screamed in an endless whirlpool of ecstasy. His fear was that any movement would spoil her event and result in him being spurred

mercilessly to rejuvenate the lost moment.

Francine was being pulverised by unleashed forces that threatened to tear her limb from limb. She slumped forward, crushing her turgid clitoris and rocking her spasming bottom lobes in the saddle. Her hands clawed fists full of his chest flesh and hair, then yanked backward as her unending fury of

orgasmic power hurled her to an arched, wailing statuette of quivering sexual power.

Then, as quickly as it had come, the storm passed.

Kobus marvelled at her imaginative powers as her pussy began a gentle yo-yoing, supplemented by a steady raising and lowering of her weight in the saddle. Frenchy was living the fantasy to the letter. She had won the race, and now she was trotting her stallion to the winner's enclosure, basking in the warm glow of a slippery sliding monster pumping deeply inside her body. A hand reached down and patted his extruded left buttock, now showing signs of heavy wear and tear. Then her silky, satisfied voice permeated the room. "Well done, big boy. Sugar lumps for you tonight?"

Kobus felt himself relax. It felt strangely comforting to be complimented by a woman he could kill with one blow had he been free. How odd that he should feel pleasure at the thought that such a beautiful creature now controlled his superior strength and abused him with such uncompromising selfishness. He listened as Francine spoke again, and instantly his contented world evaporated like a puff of smoke.

"Now we'll try it side saddle, first one way, then the other. Perhaps I'll follow that with some trick reverse riding, and finish off with another race with me mounted in the other hole. Yes! Come to think of it, that was nice; now my bum has got used to you, big boy."

She swung her supple form out of the saddle and slapped the steaming, abused pole from side to side as she stood by her mount. It really turned her on to see that fearsome male member tamed and collared as it reared from the gripping

saddle gland. And even more so when she studied the necked-in, tightly squeezed grip created by its swelling beyond the size of the hole. She whacked the purpled bursting shaft with the crop and chuckled contentedly to herself as it swayed violently and beckoned her. After three or four swings, the immense blood pressure pulsing its hugely exaggerated bulk returned it to a vertical column of inviting flesh. Unable to resist the lure any longer, she slid her foot into the stirrup with a final jibe.

"Never mind, Kobus, only fifty three jockeys to go, and the ceremony is over. Then, for you, it's a seven day a week slog for the next few years."

Kobus groaned as a side saddled pussy slid over his shaft and settled in with it bent to one side and a firm sensuous female buttock creasing down against the saddle gland.

* * * * *

Chapter Ten

Lying on a comfortable bed of luxurious furs, and basking in the warmth of low level arousal, Kobus cast his mind back over that traumatic day. He looked down at the stunning, naked Tembi girl anointing his ravaged manhood with healing balms, and likened her to a proud owner polishing a new car.

It was a weird feeling to be the keeper of an object worshipped by others. And that is precisely how the Tembi saw him. It was his manhood they wanted.

The body attached and the feelings of the man were irrelevant.

He couldn't argue with that really; after all, the girls cinched to those bows had been little more than toys that couldn't complain. Francine was different. Often she would come in and stroke his body as she chatted. For the moment, he and Jacob were parted; secured in separate huts and kept apart for most of

the time as they performed their thrusting duties in catering to the never ending demands for fulfilment.

That had its bonuses. Francine would often sit for hours opening up her most private thoughts to him; something she would never have done if Jacob had been present.

Increasingly, it became clear that inside this tough, strong-willed female, there was another side trying to get out. Although he was a captive, she still tried to please him although she had no need to even make the effort.

True to her promise, she had presented one of the reclaimed Shenka captives, maintained exactly as she had been when they returned. Everything planned to happen. had happened. The Shenka woman was well and truly cinched, bottom-nailed and clit-less. Francine was positively glowing as the living proof of Tembi retribution was carried in for his inspection. But Kobus perceived there was more to her flush and agitated appearance than just the pleasure of revenge. She was behaving more as if the silent, stiffened Shenka was an idol to be worshipped.

For days he pondered as the jigsaw of unexplained pieces floated around in his head. even more puzzling for that fact that Francine switched from caring jailer to callous user - day by day. It was as if she didn't even know what she wanted, and was wrestling with decision that refused to be made.

A couple of times she had steered the conversation back to the time when she had deliberately ignored the impending release of those Tembi bow-women.

And each time she backed away as he probed deeper to understand her motives. Now, a week on, she seemed to be resolute and moving towards some sort of major decision. Not only that, but judging by activity outside, something was going on that was directly linked to whatever she had decided. Each visit to use his facilities seemed tinged with a building, nervous tension, although no amount of probing could get her to reveal what was going on. The girl had finished, and reverently laying the precious, half aroused shaft down, she cleared away her equipment and left.

Kobus propped himself up on one elbow, cursing as the chain on his right

hand snubbed and brought his stretching arm to a stop as he reached for a drink. He swapped elbows and lifted the earthenware cup to his lips, gasping as the raw bite of Tembi liquor skinned his throat.

At first he had thought of escape. The trouble was he was always chained or bound when he was conscious. Any time they wanted to alter his restraints they simply drugged him with a low level paralytic dart. A side effect of constant use was that the accompanying insensibility became annulled as his body adjusted to the drug. That left him paralysed, but conscious, as he was rearranged for some new game. He found it most annoying to see everything that was going on, unfettered, and yet unable to move a muscle. The two hour effect always gave the women plenty of time to do what was necessary; and by the time feeling returned he was safely restrained again.

He was still mulling over that when the door eased silently open and a blowpipe snout appeared.

Phut!

It was a faint sound and a sharp prick in his exposed buttock, but enough to tell him the Tembis had plans for him. As his muscles relaxed into useless hunks of flaccid meat, he groaned out loud with his last, faint vocal effort.

Oh! Shit! Here we go again - and just when I was enjoying a break!

He flopped back and stared fixedly at the ceiling as a ring of grinning faces appeared around his bed. Vision dimmed as a blindfold went over his eyes.

Aha! This was different. Normally they didn't care if he saw what they were up to. He had the distinct feeling he was about to discover Francine's big secret.

* * * * *

Kobus flopped and sagged as willing hands from all around slid under his form and lifted him clear of the furs. He could feel movement and then the heat of a midday Sun warming his naked body as they carried him outside. The distance placed him somewhere in the middle of the clearing before the carrying stopped and he felt himself supported with his back to a pole.

Cinching bands of leather began to creek up his Hopping form, starting at the ankles and steadily smoothing him out into an erect stance as he was welded to the massive trunk of what he now knew to be the punishment post.

With dread, he considered all the screaming Shenka woman who had graced this pole in the past weeks, and wondered just what was in store for him. He could hear lots of movement and preparation, and strangely a lot of sniggering and giggling that was most uncharacteristic of Tembi girls about to extract retribution. Cool hands cradled his sagging shaft, and leaves were bound around it. It looked like they wanted him rampant and hard for whatever torment they had in mind.

Suddenly, the blindfold whipped away and he was left blinking in the fierce sunlight. He bowed his head to allow his pupils to adjust, then blinked and stared in amazement as the vision at his feet swam into focus. It was Isha.

She had been converted into a rug!

At first he felt overwhelming sadness then slowly, with dawning realisation, he pieced together the wondrous deception. Her head was angled upward just as Helga's had been. Yet strangely, although she was flat and stretched *front dawn* in a stringent spread-eagle, her gloriously desirable body exhibited none of the gross distortion of being opened out into a single sheet. It was then that he understood. She had been neatly recessed into the hard earth and the ground carefully snugged up around her form so as to hide the buried roundness. Isha was alive and well, and judging by her twinkling eyes, enjoying being the source of carnal thoughts. He heaved a sigh of relief and lifted his head to the sky as the drug finally passed of. Obviously, they had given him a very mild dose.

His gaze never reached the azure ceiling of that tropical sky. It froze at the

horizontal as the clearing unfolded. All around were silently watching Tembis, and at the far side of the clearing was Jacob, still chained and watched over by two attendant girls, but relatively free and wearing an enormous grin. Even that wasn't enough to have stunned him with a second paralysis. The vision before him was.

Francine had finally revealed her dream. Francine the bow-woman surpassed anything they had seen in all the recent weeks, and he had no doubt that the design was hers, and hers alone, given that she had admitted to having lustful thoughts about these bows. He looked at her eyes and could see the doubt forming as she had second thoughts. But it was too late now.

The bamboo she had selected for her debut was a colossus. The girth had to measure at least four or five inches, and it was immediately obvious that release of the power stored in that powerfully retained arch was in the order of ten times that of the Shenka bows. Indeed, the winch that had cocked the thing would have successfully de-bogged a floundering truck! Then there was Francine herself, save for her piercing blue eyes, unrecognisable due to her choice of preparation.

She was a gleaming, black ebony figurine of astounding beauty. Carefully blended herbs and root dyes had sunk deep into her pale skin and changed her to a glistening, coal black effigy of astonishingly desirable form. He remembered mentioning his affinity for rubber clad females, and realised that it was more than a dye. The Amazon rain forest was the birth place of the rubber plant. She was actually coated with a diaphanous membrane of raw latex based dye, some of which had remained on the surface of her skin, to give a surreal sheen that defied description.



That was a mere detail compared to the rest. She had chosen to forgo the leather strip and rawhide ligatures used by others, and had instead opted to go for broke with materials lilched from the Dutchmen's defunct camp. Her entire form was a network of small, diamond shaped cinches created by the painstakingly arranged loops encircling her form. Each loop was distanced at one inch, so that her whole body was in effect a living quilt of extruded, vibrant woman. It was the thin wire used to bind and cinch her that imparted

the staggering quality of her hugely enhanced and impossibly secure plight. Unlike hide, rawhide or cord, it was unstretchable, unbreakable, and would never deteriorate. The revelations continued to flow as he studied her closely. The straining bamboo had been drilled along its entire length, and he could see that the wires were all threaded neatly through these tiny holes. There was no chance of movement or slippage, and further scrutiny revealed that each wire was twisted to a partner in neat right spirals with a small bisecting nail that served admirably as a means to form the twist. Each twisted pair emerged from the bamboo, past the twister, and then split into a 'Y' as the wires went their separate ways. This was how each and every wire had been adjusted to mind-boggling tension.

Francine was cinched tighter than any woman had ever been cinched! Even the fulsome, latex-blackened cannonballs on her chest had received the same incredible treatment. Spherical though they were, each boob displayed ruthlessly deep cinching grooves, progressing outward to her nipples in a series of searingly bulbous steps. Her nipples, in their turn, had been extruded into cylindrical turrets as encroaching coils of tight wire had moved from the base in touching spirals, terminating in odd loops that extended beyond the fleshy nodules. Only the purpled, bursting tips were visible as they daggered forwards like mini erections and half filled the loops.

A quick return look at her crotch revealed a jutting wire wound clitoris with its own loop. It was a vision of incredible beauty; awesome in the savage potential for torment she had designed into her carefully planned surrender to the lure of total helplessness. He raised his eyes to her face and marvelled at the measures she had taken to remove any possibility of a change in heart. Her cheeks were bloated and packed to bursting with hidden silencing, which he suspected was raw hemp fibre. Once exposed to moisture, dried hemp expanded, a reason for its lasting use for caulking a leaky boat seam. Francine appeared well caulked. Not surprisingly, her strained cheek lobes were cinched cruelly by encircling wires.

Two deeply cutting wires passed immediately above and below her sensuous

lips, trapping and extruding them in a lush red pout that was oddly indented. They seemed to be exhibiting the same bulbous extrusions as the test of her cinched form. His eyes nearly popped as he saw the shining, telltale vertical stitches of wire. The skilful hands of the tribe needleworkers had carefully sewn her lips shut with excruciatingly tight metal stitches of the thin wire, no doubt as she slumbered under the effects of the mild curare. An ominous, bulging mons that was also wired shut made him suspect that she had instructed that her other openings received similar packing. Given the obvious arousal generated by her predicament, he had no doubt that her pussy caulking was already swelling to generous proportions.

Kobus' incredulous inspection was interrupted as a large yam gag was forced into his mouth and fastened. But he hardly noticed and almost subconsciously opened his mouth willingly to facilitate the insertion. He was too busy staring at the eyes of that magnificent creation. Francine was chickening out. He could see the frantic, searching stares as she tried to attract attention. Anyone's attention! Unfortunately, she had already foreseen that possibility and had included a blindfold as a precaution against her own failing nerve. The same girls who had gagged him mounted a convenient podium and removed her final means of communication by slipping a black leather blinder over her eyes. Her awesome fate was sealed, whatever that might be! Kobus returned to her loaded crotch and stared wide eyed at the protruding arrow that nestled between her wire cinched thighs. It was a beast of thing, and for some reason fitted with a huge smooth, hand carved dildo, shaped like a massive penis. It was at least as big as the monolith he had managed on the first night, if not bigger. The odd thing that he couldn't figure were the two, thin six-inch arms jutting out sideways from the base of the phallic arrow tip. Perhaps they were to guide it in flights Perhaps it gave Francine a thrill to imagine her helplessly cinched body being used as a tool to throw a projectile like that. There was no other reason he could see for that decorative extravagance.

The two girls stepped down and gripped the primed bow, and he was amazed

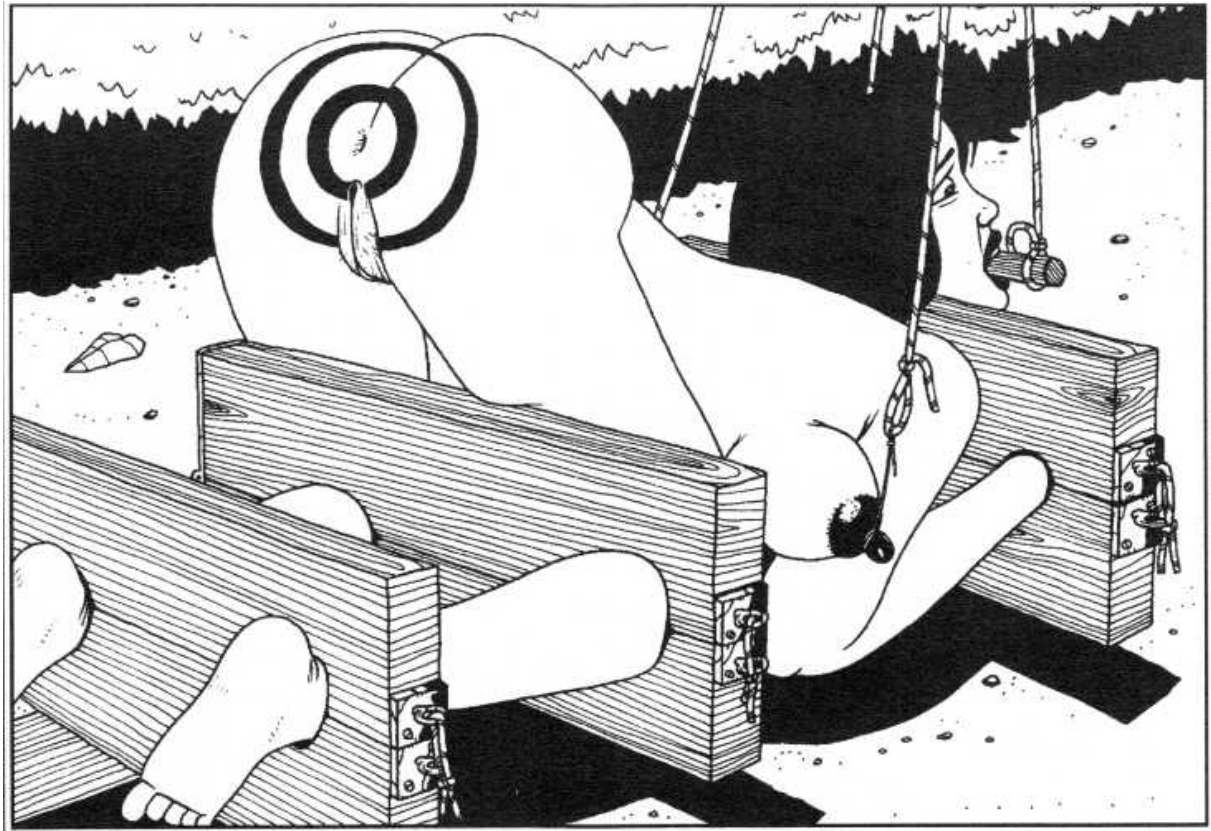
to see that bow, woman, winch and release were all cleverly mounted on a swivelling base. It was incredible! Francine had even added an aiming device. The bow turned, revealing unseen new wonders as the quivering, arched ebony figurine rotated slowly for his inspection. A side profile proved to be a staggering sight as the full extent of her vibrantly arched, superbly contoured wire encapsulation was revealed. It was breathtaking in its sheer tortuous impossibility. The motion stopped as a pair of massively cinched, super sculpted buttocks faced fully towards him, and he was allowed to savour the full genius of Francine's self imposed Waterloo. Her shiny black bottom was a masterpiece of quilted extrusion and taut, super sensitive diamond bulges. The massive forces imposed by the wire binding had squeezed her unprotected nates well beyond the protective bamboo pole, and they were virtually shouting to be attended to. Realising just how perfectly they were presented, he ran his gaze along the sprouting back section of the arrow to the bow string. Kobus swallowed hard as he saw the item poised to service that deliciously targeted and prepared bottom.

This was no crude flat board used by Shenka women, and later himself. Francine had designed a wicker woven, custom built carpet beater surface that would have no slowing effect created by air braking as the bow string fired it forward. Given the immense power of this bow, and the lightness and aerodynamic perfection of this vented device, he was sure that saucy French derriere was going to be subjected to the most excruciatingly painful assault imaginable.

He then caught sight of the three vertically arranged spikes in its surface, and understood her need. They were arranged to miss her vulnerable buttocks, but nail the beater firmly to the pole, so maintaining the patterned impression of squeezed, extruded, super sensuous feminine putty in stark relief. He groaned past the gag as the mental image of her flattened, beater embossed bottom impinged on his lustful thoughts. Embossed was a good word! There was no doubt Francine would carry the embossed, welted design of that thing for a

long time once the bow was triggered. His eyes travelled back to the targeted lobes, and he could see the quivering expectancy shimmering in the taut projections. Francine's mind must be screaming at the mental image of their total vulnerability. Like a sacrificial offering to the patiently waiting ultra powerful wicker Hail, they were offered on the alter of her own helpless folly. The bow swung smoothly back to point at the other end of the clearing, and Kobus had little doubt that the human part of this monstrously tensioned weapon was by now screaming for release as she felt her emasculated and thoroughly controlled form being moved to the ready position. The total loss of nerve revealed itself in the myriad twinkling flashes of minutely animated rubber diamonds as they twitched and strained in that merciless prison of unyielding wire. There was an explosion of frantic desperation going on inside that stiffened form, and yet only his trained eye could interpret the signs. Poor Francine! Armed with the intimate knowledge of its design, only she could fully understand the magnitude of what that super powerful, primed beast was going to do to her.

Kobus spotted Jacob being led across the clearing, and at the same time saw a blanket being removed from a suspicious lump at the far end of the camp. As the blanket slid off, his eyes nearly fell out. Princess Adia was mounted in the same kneeling stocks they had used on the balance beam. Her delightful bottom rearing, legs splayed wide, her most private openings offered for all to view. But it was the roundels of the target painted on her rump that shattered his mind. Her tight vulnerable pink ass ring was the bull's-eye. Instantly the massive dildo and side arms on that arrow made sense. When that rocketing dildo exploded into her rear hole, the arms would impact on her taut stretched



rump and prevent it from going straight through her. It was ingenious in its diabolical intent. She was another Tembi woman who wouldn't be sitting down for a long time after this day was done. Had he known, Adia had agreed to allow her abuse in order to repay him for her rescue. But now, strapped down and unable to move a muscle, she was having serious doubts as her naked, firmly positioned bottom hole clenched in nervous anticipation. The Princess was more than a target. A dowel gag with cord leading up into the tree, and a big dangling rock just below the foliage promised other delights if she should release her self maintained gag. The rock was suspended by her tenuous grip on the dowel, but an additional two cords from the rock had another function. They vanished into the tree, probably over a crude pulley, then reappeared to meet the ground under her dangling breasts. At ground level they reversed direction through small wooden hoops staked firmly down, and finally terminated in loops on her nipples. Nipples that were wire wound just like the unwilling archer on the other side of the clearing. He thought about that for a bit, and was quick to grasp that when receiving a high

velocity dildo up her bum, she was highly likely to lose grip of the dowel. The rock would drop, and her poor titties would catch its weight as it plummeted earthward.

Heath Robertson would have been proud of this setup!

Jacob arrived and greeted him with a non committal grunt. Kobus nodded in reply. He could do little else trussed like a turkey and gagged.

"Great setup, hey Boss?" He gestured to the mind—boggling array in the clearing . and Kobus umphed in agreement.

Suddenly, Kobus realised that his friend was directly in front of him and about three feet away. He cast his eyes downward and saw that he was standing on the Cute bum provided by Isha the rug. Jacob looked down and grinned.

"I got one in my room, just like this. It's her sister. It was all part of the deal." Kobus squinted at him, hoping for an explanation.

"It's like this Boss. They going to give us the option to leave after this - just for one day. After that we got no choice if we decided to stay on. I reckon they want us to stay. I been showered with living rugs and all sorts of gifts to try and make me stay. To be honest Boss, I already made my mind up, but don't tell them, I want to milk all the goodies they want to give first."

Kobus shook his head and then felt like a fool. How the hell was he going to tell anyone with his mouth stretched around a gag.

"They asked me to help setting this up, so I reckon they want you to stay to."

Kobus glanced over his shoulder at the black, quivering apparition. Held already made his mind up!

"Seems Miss Frenchy convinced them we become lifeless like all the others if they forced us to stay. They still going to keep us like pets, but it will be our choice."

It made sense. Choosing to be a pet wouldn't have the same soul destroying effect as being crushed into subservience. Francine was shrewd girl - except when it came to designing her own dream. Oh! Boy. She had really slipped up there. Jacob stood aside as two Tembi beauties came over and stooped to his vulnerable loins. The leaves came off and then they added two incredibly

tight ligatures right around his hips above and below his crotch. The pressure welded his hip area back to the pole and made even the slightest twitch impossible. Jacob grinned widely.

"Don't worry. Boss. It gets much better yet! Frenchy has a really inventive mind."

Kobus had visible proof of that. He frowned as he felt his manhood being touched. That was odd, it hadn't risen at all. Not a twitch. And yet he was faced with the most cock raising spectacle of his entire life. If anything, his manhood had shrunk to a thin flaccid useless finger of flesh. Fear that recent weeks had burned him out flashed through his mind. Then Jacob answered his prayers with a laugh.

"Frightened the shit out of you, hey Boss! It's the leaves, they not Baca-Baca leaves, they from another plant that makes it grow small."

The fingers fumbling with his deflated pride and joy were tying something to it, and Jacob was watching with a huge grin. The next thing Kobus saw was the girls paying out a thin string as they moved over to the tensioned bow. As the string jerked he felt a downward, not outward pull. It was clear that the cord ran through a ground hoop. He watched intently with the first inkling of understanding as the string was pulled carefully taut and connected to the release mechanism.

The next part had him gasping as three strings were carefully measured out to the distant Princess, stopping a couple of inches short of the bull's-eye, then carefully coiled up as they retuned. The three coils were laid before the ominously arched bow and taking an end from each coil, they tied them tightly to the quivering bow form by the loops on nipples and clitoris. The other ends were then gathered together and jointly connected to a ring on the arrow. The whole assembly was carefully checked and the bow aimed and wedged into a locked firing position.

Jacob, seeing that all was fixed and ready, turned back to his friend.

"Time to say good bye, Boss, you all set for the big show."

Kobus looked puzzled as he explained.

"Frenchy's idea. We all got to be out of camp and over there on that hill when it all happens. She don't want anyone to interfere, and I reckon it turns her on to feel that nothing can stop it."

Kobus looked to the distant hill and figured that once there, it would take them several hours to get back. Jacob confirmed that estimate as he gave him the final pieces of the jigsaw.

"Frenchy's turned you into a slow burning fuse, Boss. It'll takes us two hours to get there - you'll be able to see us all watching. By that time, the effects of the leaves will be wearing off What do you reckon is going to happen with you looking at this?" He gestured to the silent poised bow.

Kobus suddenly saw it all in a flash. In two hours his normal sex drive would be back. There was no doubt that the sight of Francine's impending doom, and indeed, the indescribably arousing sight of her cinched form, was going to generate an erection of enormous power. There could be only one outcome from that as his trigger-tethered cock rose and fired her off. It was a stroke of pure genius. Francine was firing herself-by remote control. Whatever she did, her fate was sealed!

* * * * *

Chapter Twelve

By the time he had recovered from the shock of revelation, Jacob was already leaving with all the girls. They paused momentarily and whipped off Francine's blindfold, averting eyes so as not to be swayed by her pleading looks. From the edge of the forest, Jacob turned and took a last look, and was then led into the gloom.

They were alone save for two other women completely powerless to stop the course of events.

Francine looked down and met his eyes, and even though his manhood was

disabled, his mental sex drive was going at full blast. The sheer, desperate pleading in that look seared into his libido like a blow torch. The hemp had already expanded to cheek bursting levels and forced the facial cinches even deeper. Her stitched lips were writhing impotently, bulging the pout to even greater levels as she begged for release from her own folly.

Kobus allowed his gaze to wander, traversing the obscenely strained arch of her form and marvelling at the glistening spectacle of all those wire crafted, pulsing bulges. The pleading eyes of the cinched woman were begging him not to look and casting fearful glances toward his crotch. The clock was ticking and that wire-rummified, minutely pulsing figurine could do nothing to stop it. When the time drew near, her dilemma would increase dramatically.

Faced with the imminent triggering of her vibrating prestressed form, Francine was guaranteed to increase her efforts to escape the inevitable. That, in turn, would generate incredibly pleasing animation of her quilted cinching and produce a humming tension in the bow, Such graphic and audible display of the leashed and inescapable energy stored in her superbly presented format could only hasten the rising finger of fate.

Time passed slowly as they stared helplessly at each other. Kobus found himself pitying her unthinkable predicament. He had vowed to try and stop the inevitable reaction in his body, but knew it was a forlorn hope when faced with this extreme provocation.

He turned his eyes away, and then started as distant figures began to appear on the hill. Two hours had elapsed, exchanging looks with that fabulously arranged vision of carnal pleasure. Francine saw his widening eyes and moved the only item she had that was still endowed with the smallest amount of locomotion - she turned her eyes to the hill.

When she turned her look back, her eyes were like saucers. They fastened onto his manhood with riveting power, and at the same time Kobus felt just the slightest thickening of his flaccid penis, A minute later, even Francine could

see a distinct growth. The wrinkled skin had begun to smooth out and life was stirring in the trigger of her dream—turned-nightmare! Kobus tried to tell her to be still, but it was useless. Her nerve had gone completely.

Stifled screams blocked by the massive expanding hemp, and sealed in by her stitched lips keened out of flaring nostrils. He could see her hyperventilating chest thrusting her ultra cinched tits into massively increased, bulging cinched prominence. It was a cyclically pulsing display that sent urgent messages to his awakening shaft. Her entire body seemed to be oozing through the steel wire diamonds in a frenzied attempt break free!

The stirring monster in his groin lurched and thickened with alarming speed, and Francine increased her efforts as her fixed, insanely pleading gaze saw the seconds ticking away.

She locked eyes — begging, pleading, imploring - but all to no avail. Her terrible plight simply enraged the rising beast of her doom. Her infinitesimally noticeable exertions became demonic, and Kobus marvelled that such extraordinarily explosive struggles could be crushed and controlled so ruthlessly. Then, suddenly, she was still. Her insane, contained thrashing ceased and she stared rigidly at his manhood as she prepared to meet her self engineered doom, her rump seething with the anticipation of what was to come.

Kobus tried to halt the mushrooming monster by closing his eyes. A crude attempt to block out the irresistible fuel of visual stimulus. It just made it worse. His mind instantly repainted the picture of her quivering, primed form. He gave up trying and decided to unleash his restraint. Better to get it over with than prolong her suspense.

His manhood exploded into action, rising like a drawbridge as it thickened and strengthened with the rising power of unchecked arousal. He concentrated on her arch-poised form and, ignoring her desperate entreaties for him to look away, deliberately pumped the beast full with volatile, erotic fuel as he visualised what was going to happen. The string was stretched taut and

beginning to move. He saw the trigger on her mounting begin to inch across. She felt it too. Being stretched, bound and bowed to the such staggering levels had converted her whole body into a tuning fork. She could feel the slightest thing like a bomb going off.

Her keening entreaties grew to fever pitch as the vibrations of the shifting release grated and ground through her form, tormenting her with the unknown distance to the point of release. She closed her eyes to try and shut out the image of what was only microseconds away, but the juddering trigger vibrations refused to ease her suffering. There was nothing to be gained by not struggling and trying to avoid the release , and in a last desperate attempt she treated him to a spectacular display of contained and totally helpless femininity at the brink of a cataclysmic event. Her whole rigidly presented form was alive with rippling exertion, so powerful that even the immensely strong bamboo flexed with her effort. It gained her absolutely nothing other than to speed her on her way as his throbbing shaft took on the properties of spring steel. Her eyes gave him a last, despairing look as she begged him not to look at her pitiful plight, and the beast of his loins simply fed on her weakness and gleefully jerked at her release. The impudent woman would be fired no matter how much she pleaded.

The trigger sprang free, and what happened next would live with Kobus until his dying day. He would relive the glorious sight over and over again, micro second by micro second, and in slow motion - analysing every excruciating detail of her punishment for daring to toy with the power of her own lustful masochistic fantasy.

The bow seemed to leap in the air as its awesome, impotently harnessed power exploded free and savagely whipped the straining bamboo into the vertical. Francine's bulbous, spherical breasts almost parted company with her body, the brutal forces of changing inertia, ricocheting and rebounding them like balls on elastic tethers. At the same time, the woven reprisal had launched itself forward and literally exploded her rump sideways with an impact that sent shock-waves through the air and rippling fiercely through the cinched

effigy. He saw her face almost burst as she screamed with searing, burn-blazing through her impacted and violently compressed bottom - a scream that was maintained as the huge arrow blazed its way through her crotch and took to the air. Kobus stared bug eyed at the incredible sight, ejaculating time after time as the black cinched image was forced to mimic every flexing vibration. It was a scene of superbly erotic, whiplashing fury, generated by the massive bamboo as it dispersed the shock waves of release. As she was jerked and blurred by the frenzied movement, he saw her eyes open, staring straight ahead and growing wider by the second. The arrow! He'd forgotten the arrow in his study of Francine's awesomely traumatic unleashing!

His eyes swivelled to look down range, and watched the arrow's flight, cords streaming out behind it as it raced toward the target. He was torn between watching the impact, and turning back to see what had happened as the vanishing coils of flailing cord ran out. The target won. At the precise moment he turned back, the arrow plunged into the bull's-eye of the target. Even from here he felt the strike, and a split second later the sound of the side barbs meeting taut, raised tender bottom echoed around the clearing. The trussed form of the Princess seemed to explode as the massive dildo burst unannounced her tight rear channel. The dowel gag flew out, and instantly the rock began to fall. A few feet later it seemed to bounce in mid air, and Kobus saw the fabulously pendulous boobs elongating — and matching the rock, bounce for bounce!

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The bow seemed to leap in the air as its awesome, impotently harnessed power exploded free and savagely whipped the straining bamboo into the vertical. Francine's bulbous, spherical breasts almost parted company with her body, the brutal forces of changing inertia, ricocheting and rebounding them like balls on elastic tethers. At the same time, the woven reprisal had launched

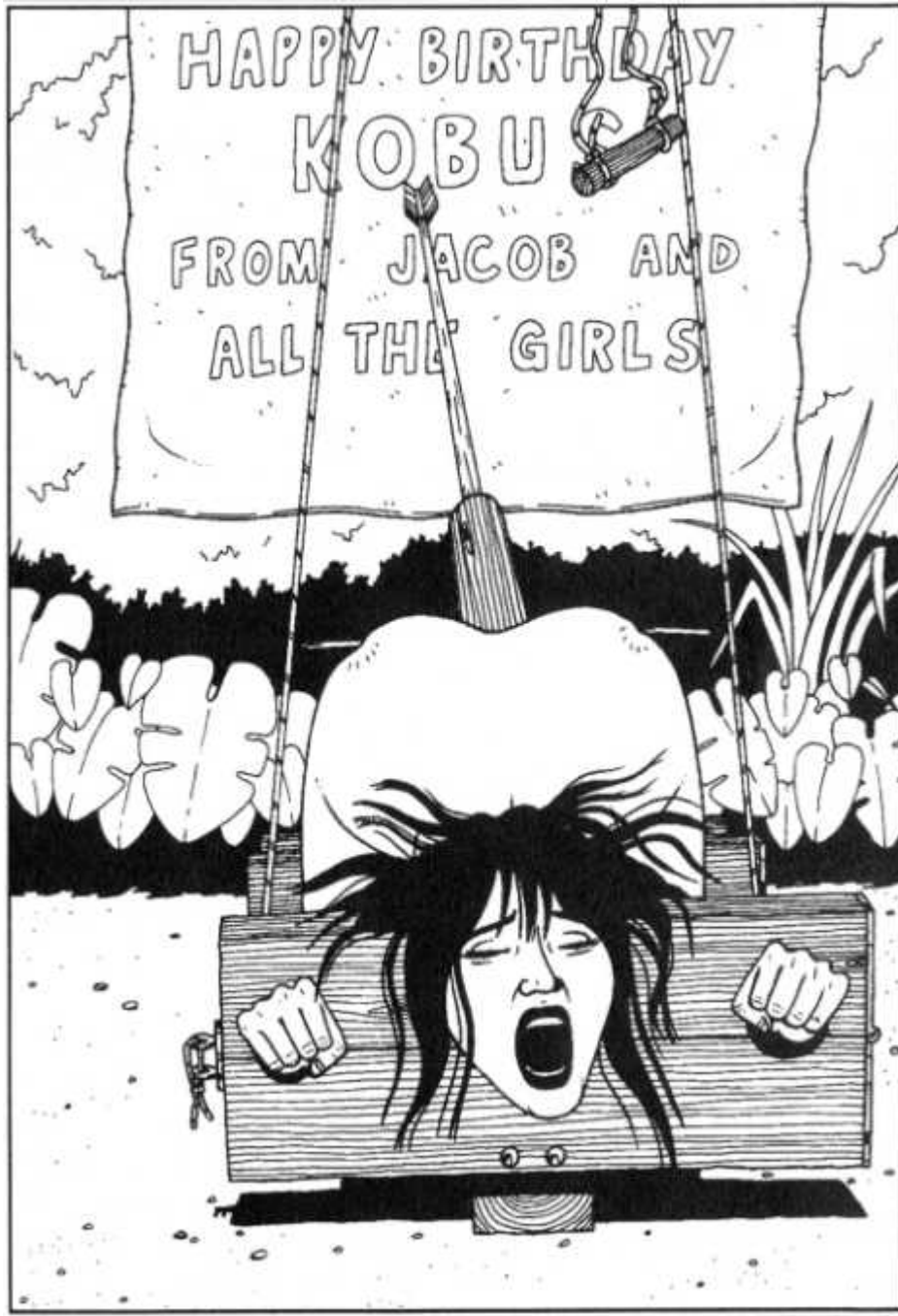
itself forward and literally exploded her rump sideways with an impact that sent shock-waves through the air and rippling fiercely through the cinched effigy. He saw her face almost burst as she screamed with searing, burn-blazing through her impacted and violently compressed bottom - a scream that was maintained as the huge arrow blazed its way through her crotch and took to the air. Kobus stared bug eyed at the incredible sight, ejaculating time after time as the black cinched image was forced to mimic every flexing vibration. It was a scene of superbly erotic, whiplashing fury, generated by the massive bamboo as it dispersed the shock waves of release. As she was jerked and blurred by the frenzied movement, he saw her eyes open, staring straight ahead and growing wider by the second. The arrow! He'd forgotten the arrow in his study of Francine's awesomely traumatic unleashing!

His eyes swivelled to look down range, and watched the arrow's flight, cords streaming out behind it as it raced toward the target. He was torn between watching the impact, and turning back to see what had happened as the vanishing coils of flailing cord ran out. The target won. At the precise moment he turned back, the arrow plunged into the bull's-eye of the target. Even from here he felt the strike, and a split second later the sound of the side barbs meeting taut, raised tender bottom echoed around the clearing. The trussed form of the Princess seemed to explode as the massive dildo burst unannounced her tight rear channel. The dowel gag flew out, and instantly the rock began to fall. A few feet later it seemed to bounce in mid air, and Kobus saw the fabulously pendulous boobs elongating — and matching the rock, bounce for bounce!

HAPPY BIRTHDAY KOBUS
FROM JACOB AND ALL THE GIRLS

He looked back to the cinched woman in amazement as he realised the day was February 2nd. It was the finest gift he had ever been given, and one that he could never repay in all the long years he intended to stay with the Tembis.

Now all he had to do was figure a way to get them to ungag him before they started to unwire that incredible, blackened effigy. He was certain that if



Francine was reloaded and fired a few more times, any slight misgivings he might have would evaporate. Looking up into her eyes he smiled innocently as he worked on the problem. He needn't have bothered. Jacob had already promised to demonstrate the device to the Tembis who had missed seeing it operate close up. Francine didn't know it but his demo included at least twelve

reloads, a number heartily agreed upon by the wickedly mischievous girls - many of whom had offered up novel ideas to increase the suspense of actually triggering it.

Upon the quivering, breeze rocked bamboo, a super cinched bulging and totally immobilised woman was consoling herself with the thought that it was all over now as she watched the distant figures start their trek back. Another two hours and she would be free to rub her inflamed bottom and expand her uncinched body from the crushing wire compression. There was no way anyone would ever get her to experience the firing of this awesomely powerful bow again.

Francine was a dreamer. Always was, and always would be. At the outset she had naively believed that it would be a one-off experience. It never even occurred to her that once converted to her dream of the ultimately helpless, used and abused sex toy, she would be powerless to reverse her demise as others decided to enjoy her plight for their own pleasure. At least now her dream would come true. She had become the ultimately constrained woman, and as a result was about to find out that ultimate was another word for vote-less. Her vote in how long she stayed this way, or how often she was re-tensioned and fired would never be considered.

Any watching jungle travellers would know doubt ponder over the thirty or more huge arrows that arched gracefully up in to the sky that day; never for one minute linking the soaring projectiles with the unseen spectacle of a super-trussed female who had been pressed into service as the latest Tembi defence weapon. A series of twelve test demonstrations by an eager and unsuspecting black lecher had quickly convinced them that this was a big advance in technology. With the lecherous male darted and safely deactivated they had acquired the weapon for free. Now the Tembi had three strangers to play with. Two men securely arranged for their pleasure, and one betrayed French woman who was still undergoing extensive testing for accuracy and maximum range. Once she was perfected, and the maximum tensioning drawback had been achieved, there were thirty unwilling Shenkas who could

add to their arsenal

They could have simply used bamboo on its own. But it suited their wilful nature to have a weapon that not only fired a devastating projectile, but also provided them with amusement at the same time. It was for that reason that they decided to retain the woven bottom beater as part of the design.

Tembi girls! Inventive little creatures!

* * * * *



CAPTIVES OF THE SHENKA

Written by Gord

Illustrated by Benson

A pair of free-booting adventurers stumble upon the female survivors of a lost South American tribe just in time to save them from the clutches of an evil slave-trader and his cruel minions.



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