

CITY OF SHAME AND PAIN – THE AFTERMATH

by
Brian Khast

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CHAPTER 1

Lord Rotherton was sexually roused and deliriously happy. Never in his long, illustrious and pleasant life could he remember a moment of more joyous, anticipatory excitement. He knew that in the next few seconds that pleasure would become positively explosive.

His wife, Alma, Lady Rotherton was in a similar state of near ecstasy and the echoes in the darkened chamber were magnifying her trills of orgasmic delight.

Both were stark naked and writhing with lust.

Lord Rotherton thrust forward and the sperm shot out of his straining penis. At exactly the same time Lady Rotherton's voice rose to a scream as she felt the spatter of spunk hitting the inner walls of her cervix.

Husband and wife enjoyed that most perfect of rendezvous-a simultaneous orgasm!

There was a long silence as husband and wife savoured the wonderful feeling of sexual release. The musky smell of testosterone dominated the room.

A tall, virtually naked, olive skinned woman who was standing behind Lord Rotherton smiled briefly and stepped forward, gently cupping his slackening testicles. A dribble of sperm exited onto her hand; she regarded the mess benevolently then calmly cleaned the hand on her high, conical breasts before looking benignly at the white body of Lady Rotherton, sprawled naked and somnolent on the floor, the thick black penis still deeply imbedded in her vulva.

She tapped the naked black man on the shoulder and whispered something in his ear, causing him to stir reluctantly and withdraw his member from the soaking, female sex hole. There was a murmur of repressed laughter from the half dozen other men, all black and all naked, who stood around the chamber. Their eyes fixed sardonically on the dangling figure of the husband who had just watched the multiple fucking of his wife.

Lord Rotherton was chained to a rigid metal rectangle, legs and arms spread wide. His spare, naked, sixty eight year old figure looked weak and puny compared to the splendid physique of the young Negroes.

The olive skinned woman strolled to a nearby wooden bench and selected a long black, Turkish cigarette from a gold case that rested on it. She lit the cigarette with gold lighter and inhaled deeply. She was an attractive woman aged somewhere in her mid forties and was clad in nothing but a tiny suspender belt, mesh stockings and high heeled, well polished riding boots. Her black hair was drawn back in a ponytail which accented handsome, if somewhat, severe features.

There was a third woman in the room; a long-haired blonde of above average height, in her early twenties and strikingly lovely. She wore only stiletto-heeled shoes and knelt just behind the hoisted and helpless figure of Lord Rotherton, her white skin seeming luminescent in

contrast to the dark skins of the blacks, some of who were eyeing her hungrily. A broad silver band was affixed into the inner lip of her vulva and glinted from the reflected light.

“Did you enjoy it?” The olive skinned woman addressed Lord Rotherton.

“Oh God! Yes. It was marvellous, Zia! Quite marvellous.” His voice was hoarse and cracked with emotion.

“And your little bitch of a wife? Do you think our black friends satisfied her at last?”

“Yes-yes. I think so. Ask her?”

“Did you count how many times she was fucked?”

“Eight,” his lordship replied eagerly.

“Nine actually,” Zia corrected. “I suppose my little slave distracted you. She licks arse rather well don’t you think?”

His chest heaved at the memory. The blonde had stimulated him expertly as he had watched his wife ravaged, caressing his nipples and penis with slender, knowing hands; her tongue had searched and moistened his testicles and penetrated unhesitatingly into his anal crevice. She had kept him roused yet had held his orgasm back until that final, perfect moment.

“God, yes. Marvellous!”

“You will remember her. She’s very memorable. Her name is Deborah and you may send for her at any time.”

Her eyes shifted to the still kneeling blonde. “You’ll be honoured, will you not?”

The blonde girl was apparently contemplating the floor and her answer was little more than a murmur.

“Yes, Madame.”

The quiet tone of voice did not conceal the cut glass accent.

Zia laughed. “She comes from a noble family. Third daughter of an Earl, I believe. Only a lady is suitable for a Lord. Not that she’s much of a lady now.”

Very deliberately she bent towards the blonde, took a shapely breast in her hand and stubbed her cigarette out on it. The blonde shrieked in pain and fell over on her side, claspng frantically at her damaged mammary.

Lord Rotherton shivered. It was an act of sheer wanton cruelty. He wondered by what route the blonde girl had travelled to end up here as a slave, but he had no intention of asking. One did not ask too many questions in Khastan.

Khastan was a small state situated on the southern tip of the Arabian Peninsula where slavery was legal and rich and powerful people from all parts of the world came to enjoy their most extreme sexual fantasies. Here, in conditions of great luxury, they could use and abuse slaves without let or hindrance.

Yet there were rules, which all visitors had to abide by.

Guests - as the rich visitors were called - had to accept, unquestioningly, the institution of slavery; moral scruples must be totally subordinated to the pursuit of pleasure and confidentiality and discretion regarding what happened here was an imperative.

Alma, Lady Rotherton, had long ago subordinated any scruples regarding sex. She enjoyed it and she was good at it, far better than most; though even from a short acquaintanceship, she did privately concede that Madame Zia might give her a run for her money. It occurred to her that a copulation competition might be fun, just to find out who had the strongest staying power. Zia, who had once owned a chain of Middle East brothels, would probably start as the favourite, but Alma thought that she herself might prove to be more of a stayer.

The room they were in was large but sparsely furnished and designed for sado-masochistic practises. The leather covered black walls were hung with a variety of whips, dildos, electric prods, enema equipment and other sex aids. The ceiling was completely mirrored and large mirrors also slanted down from the corners of the room so that participants could watch every move. A toilet of transparent plastic was fixed against one wall and next to it was a small washbasin and urinal. The black painted stone floor gently shelved to a small drain in the centre of the room. There was a rough, vinyl covered table with adjustable manacles at each end and two chairs whose seats were covered with small tacks.

Zia rubbed her vulva with slender, long nailed fingers and smiled thinly. "So, dear John. Do we end your fun now-at least for the time being? You've cum and your slutty little wife has been well shagged. What a happy couple you must be."

He nodded weakly. He was easily satiated at his advanced age and the expertise, which had been used to draw his pleasure out, had come close to exhausting him.

"I can imagine. Yes. Yes - it's enough for now. I'm tired and I've got a bloody sore cock."

Alma Rotherton stretched herself like a cat, then rose from her kneeling position and turned towards her husband. Obscenely, she reached down and her fingers scooped up some of the Nubian jism welling from her sex hole. She pouted, and then cupped her full but not particularly firm breasts, teasing the nipples and rubbing the oozing semen into her soft skin.

Despite what had been a hard and unrelenting session, her body tingled pleasurably. Her vulva felt grossly distended and the thick sex lips were a trifle sore from the friction of penises thrusting repeatedly into her willing body. Alma enjoyed the feeling despite the soreness-it made her feel more alive-more deliciously female! Her mouth tasted of spunk. It had become a familiar taste over the years and she boasted -when in suitable company - of being something of a connoisseur. Languorously she decided that black man's spunk was harsher and stronger-tastier perhaps - than that of white men. But it occurred to her that perhaps she might be making a misjudgement. The blacks that had just fucked her had been young and active, whereas most of the white men in her life had been older. 'I need a bigger sample to make a definitive judgement,' she thought-and giggled out loud.

Lord Rotherton and Zia looked at her enquiringly. So too did the group of blacks, still standing around with boastful expressions, obviously proud of the endurance they had shown in ejaculating into the white woman's spread hole and eager mouth so many times.

Alma stood like a statue, excited by the scrutiny, glorying in exhibiting her curvaceous body with the thick white sperm dripping out of her sex lips and the wet residues glinting on her breasts. Small, foamy white dribbles frothed out of the sides of her mouth. It was a deliberate and much practiced ploy on her part; after fellating a man she usually kept a large blob of semen in her mouth, then dribbled it out slowly, well mixed with her own spittle to inflate the apparent volume.

Certainly the 'slutty little wife' had no objection to continuing if a fresh consignment of erectile males could be produced. In spite of the mildly aching vulva she was raring for more. It was always the same with her; once sexually roused it took ages for her to turn off.

She posed erotically for the watchers; one knee pushed forward model fashion, her eyes bold and challenging. She smelled of a combination of female lust, expended semen, and perfume and body lotion. It was a heady mixture.

Alma was a good-looking woman, not much over twenty years of age. She was of average height and possessed a fleshy, voluptuous body. Her bust and hips were slightly too large for modern aesthetic tastes; indeed her breasts tended to gyrate wildly at the slightest movement,

but it was the very ripeness of her figure that appealed to men. A small waist accentuated the extravagant curves of bust and hip and her arms and thighs were smooth and rounded. Her belly was convex though not excessively so and she had shapely legs. Her pubic hair was trimmed to accommodate a modern swimsuit and shaved back to better display the thick lips of the vulva, but what remained was profuse and curly. She was lightly tanned. It was the sort of body which would run easily to fat if she did not take steps to prevent it but self-denial figured very low in her sense of priorities.

Her dark hair was cut short and straight like a glossy helmet. She possessed 'come hither' cat like eyes that were large, dark brown and sparkled challengingly. They suited her mobile, elfin shaped face and she smiled easily. It was a pretty but not beautiful, though sexually compelling face.

Alma Rotherton had a formidable lust for the good things in life; she, ate, drank and spent money copiously without apparent thought for the morrow and was generous to a fault.

She was also an enthusiastic nymphomaniac and exhibitionist, lucky enough to have a husband who was an avid voyeur and who loved observing and encouraging her often outrageous sexual behaviour.

Alma's history was vastly different from that of her wealthy, blue-blooded husband whose ancestry could be traced back to the Norman Conquest. An American, born to a poor family in Washington DC, she had left home at an early age and made her way to Las Vegas where she had first made a living as small time thief. Already possessed by a driving need for sex, the selling of her body was inevitable as soon as her body matured sufficiently, though she sought to maintain more regular employment. She was too short to become a Vegas Showgirl but as her curves ripened, she graduated to becoming a strip tease dancer and lap dancer. Typically, she remained a part time prostitute because that was merely cashing in on a much-loved hobby. So great was her sex-drive that she needed men as an addict needs drugs.

During her strip tease shows she laughed lasciviously down at the mostly male audiences, obviously enjoying herself, while flaunting her indulgently fleshy body. She always received an especially loud roar of applause.

She had met the then recently widowed Lord Rotherton when he had been on a visit to Las Vegas. It was certainly an unusual pairing, the wealthy Peer and the Vegas whore, but they had married after a remarkably short relationship. Yet no one who saw them together could doubt their affection for one another.

It was a relationship based on both liking and mutual needs. Alma was an exhibitionist who needed lots of sex. Lord Rotherton was a voyeur who particularly enjoyed the bizarre. In short, he liked watching and she liked doing-and being watched.

It was, as a wag had remarked, 'A marriage made in Heaven!'

Now Zia smiled at Alma. She had only met the American girl the previous evening but, as with most people, she immediately liked her.

"I'm sure that John wants a rest. How about you and I having a drink and maybe conjuring him up another scene?"

Alma stretched her hands high above her head then gave a magnificently sensuous wiggle of the hips. It was a performance that could not have been bettered by a trained belly dancer. She did not miss the flash of lust in Zia's eyes.

"Why not," she murmured. "I'll just get a shower first."

"There are better showers upstairs," Zia said meaningfully. "Why not wait until then?"

Alma, still holding her hands over her head, sashayed her hips once more. "Why not?" She repeated.

"God bless you, ladies," John Rotherton said fervently. He was happily satiated and had no idea of the sexual charge flashing between the two women.

Half an hour later, Alma and Zia were sharing a bottle of champagne. They drank directly from the bottle, not because it was the way that either normally preferred it, but because it was gross and they were both in that sort of mood.

They were in one of the Guest suites, which was decorated in contemporary Western style. Neither could have cared less about the décor except for the bed, which was twice King size and the huge mirror built into the ceiling above it.

Both women were naked, having worn just cotton wraps in making their way from the room where Lord Rotherton had enjoyed his 'scene' to the present suite. John Rotherton had returned to his own suite loudly declaring his need of a good rest and obviously pleased at the friendship between Alma and Zia.

The two women had fallen rapidly into each other's arms as soon as they had entered the suite and quickly based themselves on the huge bed. They kissed passionately; mouths open with eager tongues searching and exchanging saliva. Frantic hands explored the bodies, a scene reflected in the overhead mirror. Zia's dark skinned body, slightly angular but honed by exercise contrasting with the Barbadian, rounded figure of Alma.

There had been desperation of mutual lust in their writhing. Zia had bent and sucked and licked at the swinging breasts and erect nipples of the still unwashed Alma, sucking up the dried Nubian sperm that the American girl had so sensuously rubbed into her skin.

Both had reached expertly for the other's clitoris and their first orgasm had exploded quickly and almost simultaneously. Almost immediately their sweat soaked bodies had entwined again.

Now they drank from the champagne bottle. They were two practised sensualists, each sexually roused but knowing that, having satisfied their initial needs, they had all the time in the world to satisfy their deeper lusts.

Zia raised a hand and stroked her normally sleek but now somewhat disordered, short dark hair. She was usually a very controlled woman who gave little away in her relationships but with Alma she was being almost unguarded.

"Believe me, Alma, I still think of myself as primarily a whore even though in the end I owned the brothels. When I retired I found myself rich but bored and that's why I came to Khastan. Princess Lala asked me to act as a consultant to the 'Pleasurepalace'. It suits me."

"I'm not a bad whore myself," Alma said easily. She took the bottle from Zia and licked around the neck with her wet tongue, eyes teasing. "But nowadays I pay men to fuck me rather than be paid by them."

She laughed with a flash of white teeth. "Well, John pays them that is. But I give him a great show for his money!"

"Your husband's a very lucky man," Zia said, sincerity in her voice. "Most women don't bother to fathom their husband's needs. But it's a woman's primary job to search out-and satisfy-her husband's tastes."

"Hey, you must know a lot about John," Alma said. "When we met at dinner last night he was raving about you. Come on, honey. Tell-tell?"

A dark smile suffused Zia's features.

"Well, years ago he used to come to my House in Cairo."

"I know," Alma said lightly. "He told me. And you and he became great friends. Lucky lady."

Zia looked at her seriously.

"Do you mind that he came to my brothel?"

Alma trilled with laughter and her fingers went between Zia's legs. The Egyptian woman opened her thighs, gripped the searching hand and pushed it into her body. She threw her head backwards and closed her eyes, her face ecstatic. She moaned with pleasure.

"Honey - for me, a man going to a brothel is no different from him going to a new restaurant. And for the same reason; to savour different tastes." Alma laughed. "I've taken him to brothels in Vegas, Paris and Madrid. I encourage him. Did you fuck him yourself?"

"I did," Zia said, breathing hard but recovering a little. "And I was sorry for him."

She straightened up, shook her head at Alma's offer of the champagne bottle and lit one of her Turkish cigarettes. She clasped a hand over Alma's thumb that was still gently massaging her clit; while the fingers were embedded in her vagina. She exhaled a stream of smoke through her elegant nostrils. "He was tortured by strong sexual urges but he'd been repressed by his parents, by the society he moved in and above all by his wife. He's a very decent man. It was difficult at first to get him to tell me what he really liked."

"In the beginning I had the same problem. So I listed some of my hang-ups, including a love of being gang banged. At first he didn't know whether to be shocked or pleased at what he was dating."

"I'm sure," Zia nodded. "He really believed that women didn't enjoy sex. He thought that he was degrading them by just asking for normal things. He had a complex about it"

Alma nodded. "I've finally got him to realise that I like being fucked and he thinks that's marvellous-more than that, he thinks it's miraculous."

She gulped down some more champagne while keeping three fingers buried in Zia's wet vagina.

"There's one problem, though. He's got reservations about the slavery here."

"Really! How odd. And you? What do you think?" Zia straightened up but tightened her vaginal muscles around the exploring fingers.

"It doesn't bother me at all. I've told him to forget it," Alma said firmly. "I don't spend any time worrying about what's right and what's wrong. I've known plenty of people begin life in the shade and end it in the sun - and vice versa. Mostly people get what they deserve in the long run. I'm not in the League for Moral Purity - and certainly not in the League for Emancipation. I'm very much in the League for Having Fun."

She frowned slightly. "Though burning that poor bitch's tit with your cigarette was a bit vicious."

"But it excited you?"

"Yes," Alma nodded frankly. "The rest was play but that was serious. And yeah, it was kind of exciting. A power play."

Zia offered the American girl her half smoked cigarette. "It was intended to be. I wanted to see how you'd react. Do you want to pay me back? Do it on both tits if you'd like."

Alma shook her head vigorously.

"Hell no. I'm not into inflicting pain. Not yet anyway, though if I stay in this place much longer that might change. It jarred a bit because I thought the poor bitch had done a good job. But it's no big deal and yeah, it even gave me a bit of a thrill. When in Rome-shag the virgins and all that! In any case I don't reckon slaves' lives are all that bad. They get well fed, fucked

housed and looked after. No worries, no responsibilities - an occasional singed tit is a small price to pay.”

Zia could have told her that the lovely blonde was a masochist and enjoyed pain but decided that it really did not matter either way. She had her own plans for Deborah, which she was not inclined to discuss for the time being. She slid down the bed, gently disengaging Alma’s fingers from her vagina and began tonguing the other’s vulva. It still tasted of male spunk and she lapped at it enthusiastically. She never could understand why so many women laboured incessantly to keep this area tasteless and odourless. A little seasoning never harmed anyone.

Alma gasped languorously; laid back on the bed and watched the dark head burrow between her legs. The head moved a little and Alma arched her thighs considering whether or not to turn on her back for she knew that the Egyptian was seeking her anus. Alma was intensely anal sensitive and the black kiss was a favourite caress; though one that many otherwise sophisticated lovers were hesitant to bestow without a thorough scrubbing of the area first.

Zia’s tongue touched the slightly protruding bud then pushed sharply upwards.

Alma squealed loud in delight.

They were certainly a pair of soul mates.

Much later they were sitting in a small cocktail bar situated outside the great Banqueting Hall of the ‘Pleasurepalace’. They had showered and were now expensively dressed, made up and perfumed. Alma wore a grey silk dress that showed off her opulent curves, Zia was in a white silk shirt and mid calf black skirt bearing Yves St Laurent initials. The American girl was lavishly jewelled, the Egyptian far more conservatively so, though the pieces that she wore were exquisite.

They regarded each other with knowing eyes.

“That was marvellous,” Alma murmured. “You really do have an utterly depraved mind!”

“Which just about matches yours.” Zia returned the compliment. She regarded the American curiously. “Is there anything you won’t do?”

“I’m not into animals,” Alma said briskly.

“Excepting human animals,” Zia smiled. “Those Nubians are savage illiterates - and you loved being fucked by them.”

“Yes, darling. But I’ve never seen a connection between literacy and fucking. Besides, just a little later you were licking their gooey residues out of my cunt so you’ve no cause to gloat.”

“Me, gloat? Never!” Zia pulled her face into an expression of mock shock. “Remember, it was me that stopped you from showering off all that lovely stuff.”

“Yes.” Alma sipped at her scotch, then raised her glass and gazed reflectively at the Egyptian. “Well, here’s to satisfied husbands and lecherous lesbians! May they both have plenty of what they most enjoy!”

A few moments passed in silence, then Alma spoke again, this time seriously.

“This place - Khastan - is great. But I don’t understand how it keeps going. Slavery and all that! You’d think there’d be an almighty international fuss!”

Zia shook her head. “Hardly anyone in the outside world knows anything about Khastan. Over the centuries it was just desert scrub, which interested nobody. It had a mixed population of Nubians, wandering Arabs and a few Indian traders. Ten years ago a latter day brigand made himself the Prince of Khastan. He established English as the state language, institutionalised slavery-which has always been practised on the Arabian peninsula anyway-and fought a long legal battle with Bahrain claiming that some of the oil they were extracting came from oilfields

actually in Khastani territory. He won the legal battle, which made Khastan very rich. The oil is still extracted through Bahrain but royalties are paid to Khastan. In addition, slave labour makes industries like mining, quarrying and textiles highly economic. It's a wealthy little place, Khastan."

"Must be." Alma glanced around the luxurious room.

"Several years ago, his health deteriorated and he ultimately became comatose," Zia continued. "His wife, Princess Lala, became ruler and the 'Pleasurepalace' is entirely her concept though it's been more successful than she ever anticipated. As you know, it costs a huge amount to stay here so only the very richest and most powerful people can afford to become Guests. It's a unique concept—absolute luxury combined with total sexual freedom. Every kink ever conceived is available here. Naturally it's in the interests of the Guests to ensure that what goes on here remains completely secret. Fortunately, Guests own, control or influence vast amounts of the world's media." She raised her glass. "So nothing ever gets reported."

Alma wrinkled her brow. "What about escaped slaves?"

Zia laughed. "They don't escape!" she said calmly. "Ever!"

"What's the Princess like?"

Zia laughed again. "Like all rulers she's now removed from reality, but she had a hard time when her husband had all his marbles. He beat her and womanised at will. Sometimes he threw her out of the Palace to make way for a current whore. They say that he sometimes used to exhibit her naked to his friends when he was drunk—which was quite often. He was a complete pig and she was scared to death of him. But once his health deteriorated and she ruled in his name, everything changed in her favour. In those days she was a good-looking woman and she really let herself go. The 'Pleasurepalace' was initially conceived as a monument to her sexuality but it soon became very successful and has become a sort of sexual theme park. She's supposedly a bit more circumspect nowadays but, in brief, she's put on a lot of weight, is a voracious lesbian and has her own Nubian stud."

"Haroun?" Alma asked diffidently.

"Obviously you've heard the stories," Zia nodded. "Haroun is said to be hung like a horse and to have the staying power of a Pagan God. The problem is that Khastanis are very race sensitive and they don't like Nubian studs fucking their Princess. That particularly goes for the Arabs and Indians who have all the wealth. But the biggest complication is that the Nubians—the largest part of the population—revere the memory of her husband, the Prince, and they believe that she was fucking Haroun in front of him when the old man died. Rumour is that he regained consciousness, saw what was happening and suffered a heart attack. They blame her for his death."

"So everyone has it in for the Princess?"

Zia nodded. "It's a mess," she said. A frown crossed her handsome features. "It could become a very dangerous mess."

CHAPTER 2

"They'd have ravished us for sure if it hadn't been for the mercenaries," Erika Bock told Alma Rotherton. Erika a tall, middle thirties, pretty but somewhat anaemic looking blonde, was the wife of Heinz Bock the aged but hugely powerful German billionaire.

Erika, together with several other Guests, had appeared in the cocktail lounge not long after Zia had left.

They brought with them a tale of disaster. Earlier in the day they had attended a well-publicised event, which had been intended to underline the authority of Princess Lala. It involved the punishment of a slave convicted of having passed information to the rebel forces.

The event had badly misfired. Baka, the rebel leader had turned up with a number of his men and been hailed as a saviour by the crowd of Khastani citizens. The Palace guards present, who had been designated to defend the VIPs, had also joined his banner.

The Arab and Indian dignitaries present had been seriously ill-treated but in the end, the Guests had been released and allowed to make their way back to the 'Pleasurepalace' on foot. It had been an unpleasant journey in the humid heat, constantly hemmed in by the hostile crowd and they had been jeered at and jostled, though not physically harmed. Now they were frightened, sweat stained and horrified at the dangers that they had so narrowly avoided.

They ordered and consumed several rounds of drinks in double quick time. Most were discussing leaving Khastan as quickly as possible.

Their stories were certainly disconcerting hearing for those Guests who had not been present at the ordeal.

It appeared that the Grand Vizier, nominally the second most important person in the State, had been publicly seized, stripped naked and whipped. The Arab and Indian notables present had also been seriously mistreated and their womenfolk violated. Hair-raising stories of the debauchment were being bandied around the bar.

Erika's manner was relatively composed compared with most of her companions but even she was sinking great draughts of vintage brandy.

"It was nasty, Alma. God! The things they did to the Arabs and Indians. Tore off their clothes and threw them naked to the mob. It was bloody touch and go for the rest of us! It was only when they realised that mercenaries were arriving that they let us go."

"Might have been interesting. ravished by muscular black marvels."

Most Guests were aware of Alma's proclivity for frequent sex. Now she licked her lips lasciviously and played up to the part expected of her, though in reality she was still comfortably mulling over her session with Zia, which was far more significant to her. The Egyptian woman was a marvellous soul mate. "So sorry the mercenaries turned up and spoiled it all."

Her levity was not well received.

"It wasn't like that at all," Erika said with a flash of real anger. "They weren't playing games. They brought on all the beggars and filth from the gutters and made the Arabs and Indians - Oh, God! It was horrible!"

"We could have been bloody massacred! " A short, balding pot bellied American strode up and intervened. He was obviously as badly shaken as Erika. His name was Felix Fenton and his father was the President of a huge US conglomerate. Largely through the urging of Felix, his father had partnered Heinz Bock in recently purchasing a large and expensive stake in Khastan's slave based economy. Given stability within Khastan that stake would be worth a fortune but a successful revolution would render it worthless. Now he seemed on the verge of hysteria.

Alma shrugged. Ever optimistic, she thought that the fuss was probably exaggerated. Women got assaulted in this place on a daily basis. So this time the Indians and Arabs had suffered a little - so what? In spite of all the wailing and gnashing of teeth, no Guest had actually been harmed. And after all, if mercenaries had arrived to protect them then any danger was already over.

She refused to bend to their mood.

“Well, darlings, we’re supposed to come to this place for excitement, so we can hardly complain when we get some. And if we’ve got some nice handsome mercenaries to protect us - where’s the problem?” she remarked brightly.

The dishevelled, alcohol flushed Guests gazed at her aghast.

But Alma was sublimely unconcerned. She had decided the outlines of a new ‘scene’ to please her husband and wanted to discuss it with Zia.

Quickly!

Because her panties were soaking!

The high walled Palace complex was swarming with grim faced, uniformed men. They were not the usual Nubian guards in their picturesque dress of loose pantaloons and embroidered waistcoats; these were white men wearing camouflage battle overalls with purple berets. Moreover, whereas the Nubian guards usually carried only canes within the complex walls, these men were heavily armed.

The Palace complex contained within its walls, three major buildings, the Palace itself which housed the Princess and her immediate retinue, the ‘Pleasurepalace’ where Guests revelled in all the luxury and sexual depravities that were available to them, and the barracks where the Nubian guards were housed. All were swiftly being converted into defensive bastions.

Not far away from the north wall of the complex was situated the small but modern airport of Khastan and that too was being heavily fortified.

From a luxuriously furnished room in the upper reaches of the Palace, the Princess Lala, ruler of Khastan, peered down at the bustling activity below.

She was in an unhappy mood for she had finally recognised the vulnerability of her position. The sworn assurances of loyalty and support she had received from leading members of the various communities in Khastan had been shown to be entirely worthless. Most seriously, every one of the Palace guards who had encountered Baka had gone over to him. There was no reason to believe that the rest would remain loyal.

The circumstances of the debacle in the very centre of Khastan City had been terrible.

At Baka’s order, the Grand Vizier had been stripped and whipped like a common slave in front of a jeering crowd. The high dignitaries of the Arab and Indian communities had suffered humiliation and sexual assaulted at the hands of beggars. Her leading Indian councillor, Shar Mutani, together with his lovely young wife, had been attacked, stripped and kidnapped. Their fate was currently unknown.

Reports from her spies told her that VIPs and Guests alike had begged for their own lives and safety and had forsworn any form of support towards her regime. The huge crowd of onlookers had cheered the rebels and shown complete sympathy for Baka.

The power that she had wielded for so long had collapsed like a pack of cards.

Only the mercenaries now stood between her and a fate that she could only shudder to contemplate.

And it was Heinz Bock, not she, who controlled the mercenaries.

Shar Mutani was tired and apprehensive; his head ached and his limbs felt leaden.

The night was dark but the atmosphere was hot and humid for it was the middle of the Khastani summer.

He was still in a daze. He had been on the gaily-decorated VIP stand in the main square of Khastan City, watching the punishment of a female rebel. His young wife, Samia and other Indian and Arab dignitaries plus a number of the foreign Guests had sat around him. Slaves had been serving cooling drinks and Palace guards had stood sentry over the VIPs.

All had changed in a trice with the unexpected arrival of the rebel leader, Baka, with a band of his followers. To the horror of the dignitaries, the Palace guards deputed to defend them had instead immediately joined the rebels.

The astonished but furious Shar Mutani had resisted and been knocked unconscious. He knew nothing more of what had happened.

When he had regained consciousness he had found himself naked and slung face downwards over the back of a donkey. Even his jewelled turban had gone and his long dark hair spilled down untidily, trailing in the sand. He had soon realized that he was in the midst of a rebel column, which was making its way southwards through the desert. Angrily he had shouted for help, but as soon as his captors realised that he had regained consciousness, he had been unceremoniously flung off the donkey, manacled to a group of other naked captives and driven by vicious blows into a stumbling walk.

Since then, for hours on end, he had been dragged across the desert, naked but for the soft shoes, which were all that remained of the elaborately jewelled clothing that he had worn when captured.

The daylight had faded away into darkness. Unaccustomed to exercise, he was soon exhausted and the contemptuous treatment he was receiving made his ordeal worse. His hands were manacled in front of him and he was chained at the rear of the file of other captives. To add to his humiliation, a rope had been tied around his testicles and was jerked whenever the Nubians wanted to vent additional spite upon him-which was quite often.

He recognised some of the other prisoners as slaves who had staffed the stand before Baka's men had arrived. To be chained to such lower orders was a further blow to his already damaged ego. Moreover the other captives were treated less brutally than he and they were undoubtedly fitter, moving forward easily while he staggered along with increasingly aching muscles.

He was horrified at his situation. Shar Mutani was one of the great men of Khastan, the most distinguished and richest member of the Indian community within the Principality, a member of the ruling High Council and a respected adviser to the Princess Lala. In his opinion he deserved special consideration - even from enemies.

Raising his voice he demanded to see the rebel leader - then yelped in pain as a cane lashed across his bare buttocks. He cursed his aggressor, threatening dire retribution. His reward was two more lashes on his buttocks and a shrewd slash across his testicles that made him scream out in agony and fall to his knees. A foot kicked his sagging buttocks and the rope around his testicles was jerked hard. He grunted thickly, struggled to his feet and staggered painfully forward, refraining from making any further outbursts.

He bitterly regretted having taken part in what had been intended as a salutary demonstration of the power of the Princess. Brought to his present ignominious pass, Shar Mutani cursed Lala's under estimation of the rebels and conveniently overlooked the fact that he himself had offered assurances that the rebels were an insignificant danger.

At the time he had been happy enough to add his presence to the spectacle involving the public thrashing and humiliation of a slave girl who had been accused of connivance with the rebels. Shar Mutani had known that slaves were not important enough for 'connivance' with anybody but in his view the public pillage and thrashing of a slave was a cheap price to pay for

the maintenance of the regime, which suited his business interests and looked benevolently on his accumulating riches.

Having been rendered unconscious early in the fracas, he had no knowledge of what had followed, but the fact that he had been stripped naked and was being mistreated made it clear that his position was precarious. Nevertheless he assumed that these men who guarded him were lower orders who did not realise his importance.

He did not lose hope. Sooner or later the rebels would realise whom they had captured and negotiations for his release would inevitably follow.

His thoughts turned to his beautiful young wife. The last time that he had seen her, she had been standing beside him, magnificent in her splendid sari, sparkling with jewels, her lovely features burning with contempt for the rebels. He had stepped forward to defend her and been knocked unconscious.

Where was she now? he wondered.

The Nubian guards aimed their curses and blows far more at Shar Mutani than at the others. Overweight and unused to physical activity he found the going increasingly hard. By nightfall the rebels had travelled a fair way from the city but they were avoiding the primitive roads and travelling through soft sand that impeded their progress. Despite the difficult terrain, Baka had set a relatively fast pace, assuming that the mercenaries might give chase in the hope of scoring a quick victory. Shar Mutani's chest was heaving and his breath whistled hoarsely, while his legs felt as though they were filled with lead.

A few times he begged permission to rest but was answered only by vicious blows from the whippy canes and torrents of abuse.

"Walk faster, you fat slob, or we'll kill you and leave you to the ants," snarled one big black.

"And remember that when we do stop we'll all be fucking your woman," growled another.

Shar Mutani's eyes flared with surprise and fear. "My wife -where is she- please tell me?" he begged.

"She was sucking Baka's prick when I saw her last," the first man jeered. "Looked as if she was enjoying it too. Is she a good cocksucker? If she is, she can do it for me."

Shar Mutani gaped at his tormentors. Although the words were not conclusive it was a shock for him to realise that they possibly did know who he was and were still treating him with disrespect.

And there was an equally serious possibility that Samia was a captive!

He frantically hoped that such forebodings were misplaced. Shar Mutani had seen no sign of the Guests or the other Arab and Indian dignitaries who had been present when Baka had struck, and he hoped that Samia was somewhere safe with them. The thought of his wife in the hands of this scum turned his blood cold.

Once again he inwardly cursed Princess Lala for causing this misfortune.

Shar Mutani was a big man in his forties, bearded, running to fat, with woman like breasts and a hanging belly. His skin was pale and his long, oiled black hair descended halfway down his back and was already flecked with sand and dirt. Stripped of his dignity enhancing garments he was a less than imposing figure.

Tears of self-pity began to pour down his cheeks as he contemplated the uncertainty and helplessness of his position.

One of the black guards booted the pale, fat backside of the erstwhile Councillor of the Princess with so much force that Shar Mutani fell, still crying, onto his belly in the sand. The man holding the rope secured to his testicles gave it a savage pull.

The once powerful magnate screamed with pain. His tormentors laughed.

Shar Mutani's wife was, in fact, not very far away and in an equally precarious situation. Unlike her husband who had been knocked unconscious at an early stage, Samia was aware of the full, terrible circumstances of Baka's raid. Like the other Arab and Indian woman she had been stripped naked in front of the howling crowd but unlike them she had not suffered immediate assault.

While the other women had been thrown to the assembled scum of the community as sexual playthings, Baka had ordered the lovely Samia to be pinioned and held at his pleasure. He had indicated that his men could fondle her as much as they wanted provided that she was not actually penetrated. Thus the bared body of the spoiled and arrogant beauty had been shamelessly exhibited and publicly groped before thousands of pairs of mocking eyes.

Samia's distaste for blacks had been life-long. She had been born in India of an aristocratic family but had been educated in Western Europe. She had attended Chelsea College, one of the great British educational institutions for young ladies and then spent a year at a Swiss finishing school before passing effortlessly into Oxford where she took a first in Modern History studies. On her return to India her family had betrothed her to Shar Mutani, a man who had extended his Khastani commercial empire into the Indian sub continent and was very rich. It was a marriage of convenience but no different, given her culture, from what Samia had always anticipated. The marriage offered a luxurious life style and high status. Shar Mutani owned large properties in both Khastan and India but he lived in the former since Khastani taxes were virtually non existent for men of his wealth. This did not altogether please Samia since Khastan was a somewhat drab place apart from the dwellings of the rich, but she had to admit that her new husband's homes there were palatial by any standards and slave labour made their lives incredibly luxurious.

Although Samia was not in love with her husband, he absolutely doted on her. She was a strikingly beautiful woman in her early twenties with a firm, well-tended; golden skinned body and was possessed of a near regal dignity. She was also bad tempered, arrogant, abusive and demanding to her unfortunate. She was also a racial bigot. In her view anyone possessing a skin colour darker than her own was unmistakably inferior, created by God to be mere beasts of burden fit only for hard labour. She refused absolutely to employ black slaves or servants except in the stables and gardens.

In Samia's opinion, Princess Lala herself was excessively dark skinned though the Nubians were far worse-little better than animals. The recent revelation that Lala had sex with one of her Nubian guards was, Samia thought, utterly repugnant.

She believed passionately in slavery and applauded Khastan's legal tolerance of it, particularly rejoicing that white slaves were commonly available. She surrounded herself with white female slaves-and treated them abominably. Slaves would be whipped for not cringing sufficiently in her presence or even daring to look at her without adoration clearly etched on their faces. A slave was once brutally flogged for letting a cushion drop to the floor while she was reading.

Intensely vain, she worked hard to maintain her beauty. Every day she was massaged for hours on end by relays of female slaves who toned her muscles and rubbed aromatic oils and

precious perfumes into her soft skin. She rode, though sparingly, because she did not want to increase the size of her bottom-and she was not keen on the pervasive smell of horses, which persisted even though she had them specially perfumed. Her hair was tended and dressed daily by a hair stylist who had once owned her own Hairdressing Salon in Paris. Samia, on honeymoon with her husband, had visited the Salon and been mightily impressed. She had mentioned her longing for such a woman to be continuously at her service and Shar Mutani had arranged both the kidnapping and transportation to Khastan.

Samia had rewarded him by allowing him to visit her bed for several nights in a row-though, as was her practice, she showed him very little ardour.

The hair stylist had been somewhat difficult at first but a series of thrashings had brought her round and she was now meek, obedient and very painstaking.

Samia's clothes and jewels were magnificent. She dressed to show off her perfect figure, usually wearing rainbow hued, silken saris; underneath she wore the most exquisite hand made Parisian underwear. To have men-and women-gawping admiringly at her-pleased her immensely and she played up to their admiration by ensuring that she was always swathed in exquisite fabrics and glittered with valuable jewellery. A pair of her silken knickers alone cost more than most Khastani citizens earned in a year. It intrigued her to learn from a simpering Indian servant that her husband sneaked her used panties from the wash and slept with them in his solitary bed. It confirmed her impression that he was a filthy brute-though she thought that about most men.

She hated unpleasant smells and bodily excretions. Because she disliked perspiring, she undertook little formal exercise and the slaves and servants around her were compelled to douse themselves in perfumes and colognes of her choosing. Plentiful massages however kept her body taut and supple.

Given her general, outlook it was unsurprising that she found sex, smelly, demeaning and humiliating. She hated the idea that she should open her legs, flaunting her least attractive feature, and receive his ugly penis into her exquisite body. Even worse was the realization that she was supposed to simulate a degree of pleasure in the act. The very thought made her feel sick. Even on her honeymoon she had avoided indulging her husband very frequently, usually by pleading some sort of indisposition. Since the honeymoon she had insisted on separate bedrooms. Her stratagems had worked because her husband was still in awe of her beauty and seemed to feel guilty at desecrating such perfection. He took his pleasures with the slave girls but Samia turned a blind eye to that. Men, she knew, were beasts and as far as she was concerned her husband could have all the sex he wanted-but not with her.

Occasionally she experienced a need for sexual release but she solved that problem with her own fingers. Relaxed, she could reach a controlled orgasm thinking beautiful - if mildly erotic— thoughts in luxurious surroundings.

She had even gone so far as to borrow porno videos-gentle ones showing handsome men and beautiful women in provocative but aesthetically pleasing action— from the well stocked Erotic Library of the 'Pleasurepalace'. She watched them while stimulating herself to orgasm. It was the only really rewarding type of sex, completely personal and private, where one could keep one's dignity while still achieving a lavish orgasm.

She had required nothing more.

But now panic surged within her as she was hauled, naked but for soft slippers, through the humid night. She was appalled to be in the hands of black savages, creatures whom she

regarded as being more animal than man, yet who now could gaze their fill on her bared and vulnerable body.

Like her husband her hands were manacled in front of her. A rope halter had been tied around her slender neck and the guard holding the other end of the rope, strode in front of her, occasionally giving it a hard tug, causing her to stagger and even cry out.

She could smell the guard's rancid stink and was unpleasantly aware of the perspiration on her own skin, running between her shapely, bouncing breasts and down the small of her back, trickling uncomfortably into the crevice of her buttocks. Her silken hair, which had been so elaborately styled before she had left her mansion earlier that day, hung loose and bedraggled. It had originally been carefully decorated with a myriad of tiny pearls, all of which had been stolen. The hairstyle had been destroyed in the process. Even the small diamond worn in her left nostril had been stolen.

She cursed her husband in her mind, using obscenities which she would never have uttered out loud. The fat fool had got them into this mess by insisting on attending an event that had been crude, vulgar and, most disastrously of all, lacking in organisation and security. Samia had resisted tenaciously, correctly anticipating the uncomfortable humidity and the stench of the crowd. Ultimately she had been forced to concede when her husband had, with furrowed brow, told her that it was her duty, as the wife of Khastan's leading Indian Councillor, to attend.

Thus had begun the series of events that had brought her here; naked in the power of black rebels who could abuse her at will.

The rope around her neck tightened and jerked her forwards. She yelped a protest and nearly fell to the ground but just managed to recover her balance. She felt a rough hand slip over her buttocks and a finger tested her anus.

No man had ever touched her there before.

She shrieked with fear and outrage.

The commotion had its effect. The column stopped dead and a big, broad shouldered, shaven headed Nubian strode back down the line, seeking the source of the commotion.

When he arrived, Samia was squatting down on the ground, her bottom touching the sand. It was the only way she had to protect that part of her body.

His voice was thick with anger. "What's going on?"

The guard who had been walking behind Samia replied. "I touched her up. The bitch screamed like a stuck pig."

Samia glanced up at the newcomer. It was quite dark but the light of the moon was sufficient for her to recognise Baka, the rebel leader. She yelled at him.

"He had no right to touch me! I am the wife of His Excellency, Shar Mutani -"

Baka bent and grabbed her long, loose, disordered hair and roughly jerked her upright. She emitted another scream, this time of pain.

"You're not anyone's wife!" he shouted and his spittle rained in her face. "You're a whore. Nothing but a whore!"

Tears of pain and anger poured down her face. "I'm not a whore, you black bastard. You'll be hung for what you've done today!"

"But first I'll teach you your place," he snarled. He looked around at the guards. "Where was she touched?"

"Her arsehole," came the quick reply.

"Then we'll teach her what her arsehole's for."

There was a ragged cheer from the onlookers and Samia's blood ran cold.

Baka's expression deepened in thought. The party had made good progress and was close to a Nubian village where his party could conceal themselves for a few hours. He had spies in the Palace who would tell him the strength, number and movements of the mercenaries. He decided that he and his men would hide up here and await word from those spies. In the meantime Shar Mutani and his wife would provide an interesting diversion.

"Get that fat Indian slob and we'll reunite this devoted married couple," he ordered.

Samia tried to cover herself as best she could with her hands and knees as she sat on the ground, her nude body erotically illuminated by the flickering oil lights which cast a dim light over the large but bare, dirt floored shed, which was normally used for storage. Her crouched stance was unintentionally rousing to the watching men for it indicated both her fear and her vulnerability. Concealment of her private parts was difficult though she did her best. Men surrounded her; mostly guards but there were some black and mixed race males from the village who showed curiosity at the presence of this naked, disordered but still beautiful Indian woman.

The shed stank of rotting vegetables and heavy body odours. The most awful thing was the way that the men were staring at her. Their gloating faces showed evil, undiluted lust and several were fondling their crotches in a way that was both obscene and threatening. There was no doubting their intentions.

One guard suddenly pushed his black pantaloons down around his hips, proudly exhibiting an erect, cut penis, which he flourished towards her. She gasped in shock and looked quickly away, flushing at the guffaws that echoed around the slum like room.

She had been hustled to this place just a little time before and her manacles and the neck halter had been removed. She had also been relieved of the badly worn slippers, leaving her without an iota of covering of any kind. Fearfully she had sunk to the dirt floor, sitting on her buttocks, knees raised with her arms clasped around them. Her eyes were wide with fear and she was trembling uncontrollably.

Inwardly she prayed that succour would arrive. Surely the Princess would make an effort to rescue her leading Indian councillor and his wife? Yet the red pantalooned Palace guards who had originally been present to protect her and the other dignitaries had all joined the rebels. Several indeed were in this room now-and their eyes were showing lust just as clearly as those of Baka's black pantalooned rebels.

Several of the men around her were sniffing appreciatively. They were like hogs snorting, she thought resentfully. Samia's body smelled of expensive body lotions and heady perfumes. Each day, female slaves had massaged oils, perfumes and soft unguents into her body. Even after her uncomfortable journey, the rich odours were still very discernable-and now blended erotically with the sharp smell of her perspiration. It was that combination of odours which was sexually stimulating the men.

Deprived of her clothing, hair unkempt, eyes wide and fearful; she still looked beautiful. Despite her intentions, her squatting posture emphasised the stunning sensuousness of her figure. Her breasts, though squashed hard against her knees were clearly high, full and firm and her thighs and legs were long and shapely. Those who had watched her before she had assumed her defensive posture had remarked that her body was hairless; her pubes were as bare as those of a baby. Each day she meticulously shaved her pubes and once a week she had a wax treatment so that the roots were controlled.

Her sex slit was just that - neat, clean and seemingly untouched.

The testosterone in the room increased in intensity. Another of the guards rolled down his loose pantaloons and stepped out of them. Now two men were deliberately exposing themselves to her. The second man bucked his large, black phallus obscenely towards her and blew her a kiss, his heavy lipped mouth pursed in mockery. A tiny fleck of jism landed on her thigh and her eyes flared in alarm. His penis stuck out at an angle of some forty-five degrees and he carefully massaged it while keeping his eyes fixed firmly on her.

The other naked man also moved closer.

Samia regarded the threatening erections with a slightly open mouth. Never before in her life had she felt so vulnerable.

She was familiar enough with nakedness. She had come to marriage as a virgin, but naked slaves were a routine sight in Khastan where nude carriage slaves - who physically hauled carriages about the city - were both male and female. They wore only heavy boots and high plumes on their heads. The male slaves rarely had an erection and their penises seemed merely soft and floppy pieces of loose flesh, which she found silly rather than erotic - although some of her female friends sometimes commented lewdly about them.

But she had never before seen a sexually threatening black man.

She was suddenly conscious of the fact that she had not even seen her husband's penis all that many times and it had never been as stiff - as aggressive — as those now menacing her. Both of the anonymous blacks standing just a few feet away from her possessed organs that were much bigger than that of her husband.

Yet Shar Mutani's penis had felt tight when inserted into her vagina. If these black men took their will of her, she feared that it would hurt abominably.

Realising that she was gaping and that the crowd of men had recognized her momentary fascination with the erect organs, she looked quickly downwards. She heard the crude guffaws which spread through the crowd and her face flamed.

She knew that she was on the verge of being despoiled and it was something she feared beyond death itself. She wanted to swoon - even to die.

Soon, very soon, one of those huge, black, ugly things would be forced into her sex and would spurt its contaminated filth into her. And the room was full of men, all of who were ready and anxious to mistreat her the same way. It would be not just abuse - but gang abuse.

Her breathing became ragged.

Afterwards she would be disgraced forever. The narrow minded, upper class Indian society believed that a violated woman was at least partially responsible for her own desecration. Such a woman was soiled for life. Unclean! Such a woman could only seek a degree of redemption by serving in some religious institution for the rest of her life.

Her body trembled even more. There was nothing she could do to stop the terror that was about to engulf her. She would be helpless against so many. She feared not only the assault but also the risk of bodily damage and serious mutilation.

At that moment she recognised her husband being hustled through the crowd with Baka close beside him.

It was the most humiliating moment of her life.

With a gasp she tightened her arms around her knees, trying to conceal a few more inches of bare flesh. She could not meet his eyes. No shame could be greater than to be found by her husband in this situation, naked among savages who would shortly prise open her legs and pump their loathsome seed into her.

Only when she forced herself to glance briefly at him did she realize the extent of his own degradation. He was stripped of his fine clothes, a rope tied around his slack penis, mouth agape and the fear in his eyes palpable. She recognised the tell-tale red marks and bruises on his bare body and saw that his dignity had gone. He was just a fat, scared man.

Despite the gravity of the predicament she felt a surge of anger. It was he and he alone who was responsible for her being here in this dreadful place, waiting to be plundered by animals. His arrogance had led inexorably to this disaster.

Yet he was also her only hope, her legal protector.

“Stop them! Do something! Tell them who we are!” she cried but there was no confidence in her voice.

“Yes - tell us who you are,” shouted one of the naked blacks, moving his pelvis forward and backwards obscenely.

There was a raucous laugh from the crowd and Shar Mutani looked down at the ground. When the rebels had first appeared he had offered resistance, not from courage but in the belief that such people would dare not lay a hand on a man of his eminence. Such fantasies lay in the past as his hangdog demeanour indicated. There was no more fight left in him.

The confrontation with his wife further sapped his already failing confidence. He could not judge whether or not she had been ravished already. Certainly her naked, sweaty body and unkempt hair plus the shrill tone of a voice, presented her in a light that he had never seen before. Whatever happened, she was soiled goods. Nothing would ever be the same again. He would not meet her gaze.

Samia deduced his thoughts from his avoidance of her eyes. Fear replaced the anger surging through her.

Just behind Baka was another figure, a tall, white female with short red hair, clothed in jodhpurs, high boots and a blue man’s shirt.

Desperately Samia attempted a direct plea to the woman. “Please. We are both women. Don’t let them hurt me.”

It was quickly obvious that she would get no joy from the newcomer.

Elizabeth Berisford’s lips twisted into a sardonic grin. Kidnapped in Britain a few short weeks earlier, she had been brought to Khastan as a slave. From the first moments of arrival, she had been subject to the most appalling treatment. Samia and her fat husband were part of the elite who ruled this hell-hole. There would be no pity from her.

“We were both women back in the square as well,” she said scornfully. “There was precious little female solidarity shown there. Nor when I was assaulted on stage in the ‘Pleasurepalace’. Both times there were plenty of your sort of women around but not one of them was interested in helping me. I hope you enjoyed yourself today, ‘cause I think it was the last enjoyment you’re likely to experience for a long while.”

“I was forced!” Samia cried desperately, tears trickling down her cheeks. “My husband forced me. I have no interest in such things -”

Elizabeth smiled sardonically. “It’ll be nice to be watching rather than providing the entertainment.”

Samia looked at her husband and saw that he was crying as well. Her fiery temper flared.

“You cowardly fat fool!” she shouted at him shrilly. “This is all your fault. I am to be shamed for your idiocy!”

The naked Shar Mutani looked and felt ridiculous enough with his big belly, fleshy breasts, soft skin and limp penis. To be berated by Samia in front of the blacks was a further blow to his fragile ego.

The sight of his beautiful young wife, naked and being eyed lasciviously by a score or more of men had shocked him to the core of his being. He had never seen her so utterly diminished. Her long, blue-black hair, which had always been so elaborately coiffured, now hung in a disordered mess. Her usually perfect make up was smudged and marked by tearstains. The air of sophistication and even mystery, which had surrounded her, had vanished; she was just a naked, frightened, pretty girl almost unhinged by fear.

Whatever she had suffered up to now - and he did not want to reflect on that - would be as nothing compared with the night that lay before her. He had no doubt that Baka would reward his men for their loyalty in the only currency presently available; a soft, young female body.

Shar Mutani was a practical man. Samia would no longer be an asset to him after this experience. She would be totally dishonoured. The rules of his community were strict. Either a woman was pure or she was sullied. There was no in between.

"Is she a good fuck?" Baka asked ironically. "Does she like fucking?"

Shar Mutani tried to assume a degree of dignity. "I will not discuss my wife with you."

Baka moved with lightning speed. He bent forward and grabbed Samia's slender neck, forcing her face onto the dirty floor. Her body was thrust forward and, involuntarily, her buttocks rose from the ground. One of the guards gripped her around the belly and kept them elevated.

Fearfully, Shar Mutani tried to repair the situation. His intentions were good though in practical terms he demeaned both his wife and himself even further.

"Yes," he yelped. "Yes. She's very good -"

Raucous laughter erupted around the shed and the plump Indian reddened as he realized that he had achieved nothing other than further humiliation.

Baka's hand caressed the smooth, golden skinned globes then his fingers slid smoothly into the crease. Samia shrieked in protest and the man holding her waist slapped her bottom in a way that resounded around the dingy room. She howled again, wholly disorientated by such contemptuous treatment.

Baka smiled at the sagging features of Shar Mutani whose horrified gaze was now fixed on the unfolding drama. Baka's finger touched the tiny bud of Samia's anus; she went mad. Her struggles redoubled but another guard stepped forward and gripped her arms; she wriggled her body but was helpless against the strength of those holding her. Another man ensured that the audience had a clear view of what was happening by pulling her buttocks apart so that the audience could see into the deep cleft.

Shar Mutani was distraught. He had seen his wife naked though not very often. But never had he seen that most secret orifice which was now being viewed by the crowd of men.

Baka's finger entered her anus, sliding in with deliberate, calculated slowness, inch by inch. She screamed in a combination of disgust, anger and outrage. The finger penetrated to his knuckles and Baka withdrew it equally slowly, finally removing it from her body and looking down at the brown-flecked digit. He sniffed at it gently and the men clustered around the room laughed and cheered.

"Shitty," Baka remarked loudly. "Just shitty. Like anyone else's." He turned towards the shocked Shar Mutani. The men holding Samia easily restrained her violent struggles.

The fat Indian shrank back but Baka stood up and seized him by the scruff of the neck, waving the discoloured finger under his nose.

“You like the shitty stink of your wife?”

Shar Mutani drew back but Baka kept hold of the scruff of his neck and rubbed the soiled finger into the skin under his nose. The Indian squealed like a pig before slaughter.

“Smells the same as any other slut’s,” Baka grunted then released the Indian who staggered back to be brutally manhandled by several of the crowd. Rough fingers grabbed his nipples and testicles, squeezing hard and making him to bellow with pain. He dropped to his knees.

Baka turned back to the inviting buttocks of Samia. She was wriggling and shouting protests but she was helpless against the combined strength of those holding her. The inviting crease was pulled open again, exhibiting the now slightly distended anus. This time he shoved two fingers into the small hole and pushed hard. She bucked with pain as the fingers drove home right up to the knuckle, her mouth opening in a horrified ‘O’.

Baka withdrew his fingers with a soft plopping sound and held them upwards for a moment, exhibiting the thick brown stains to the watchers. Then he cleaned the soiled digits in her long hair.

Samia no longer looked particularly attractive. Her body sagged limply on the ground and the long limbs seemed flaccid and uncoordinated. Tears were pouring down a face that was convulsed with disgust and fear.

Baka had not finished with her. He pulled down his baggy, black pantaloons and revealed a large, thick, erect penis.

Two of the guard, grinning broadly, pushed her back on her knees and several vicious slaps compelled her to raise her bottom in the air. Once again Baka pulled open the shapely buttocks but this time it was his penis that touched the slightly sagging anus.

Samia guessed what was going to happen and her screams of hysterical panic filled the dingy room. Shar Mutani tried to look away but a hand tightened its grip on his testicles and compelled him to watch the ravaging of his wife.

With a sharp jerk of his buttocks Baka penetrated his victim, the thick penis forcing its way through the delicate membranes of Samia’s most private hole.

Her howl of pain split the air but was drowned by the coarse bursts of laughter from the watching audience. Elizabeth Berisford’s face had whitened and her head turned away, but she made no move to intervene.

It would have been a waste of time anyway.

With an impressive display of both sexual control and penile strength, Baka pushed his body forwards and upwards; the impaled woman wriggling like some stricken insect.

Shar Mutani turned his face away from the irrevocable disgrace of his wife, his mind seething with anxiety - about his own situation. Her desecration would rebound on him unless he could concoct a story that showed him a more heroic light. He would be almost as disgraced as her if it became known that he had stood by and watched as the rebel leader buggered his wife. Somehow he had to make a deal with Baka, for the Nubian leader was the only man who could put a different gloss on what was happening.

Baka was now reaming Samia enthusiastically, his thick erection ramming its way into her anus and then pulling back with equal force, creating a thick sucking sound that occasioned very well with the obscenity of the scene. The thick black penis was slicked by a thin coverage of excrement that provided a degree of lubrication but it was doubtful if the Indian girl appreciated that minimal piece of good fortune.

Samia was in considerable pain. Her anus had been tight and virgin and Baka's blood engorged penis was thick, long and hard. Entry had only been achieved by the most brutal of brute force. Samia's high-pitched screams resembled the squealing of a sow being butchered.

He rode her for a long time but eventually his eyes flicked upwards to such an extent that, at a moment, only the whites were showing. He spasmed with one last great heave forward and his sperm thudded into her bowels with such force that many of the watchers later claimed that they had heard it.

Grunting and breathing hard, he jerked his penis from her body and let her crumpled figure fall prostrate to the dirty ground. She lay in the dust sobbing loudly.

Panting a little, Baka cleaned his wet, excrement-soured penis in her hair

"She'll need a lot more than that," he growled thickly. "Who's next?"

There were plenty of takers. All over the room men were pulling off their baggy pantaloons. Samia was dragged to a nearby rough wooden table and flung, face downwards, across it. She was begging weakly for mercy but no one was taking any notice.

Shar Mutani turned away in despair. She had disgraced him. Their marriage was over!

Elizabeth Berisford, who during her sojourn in Khastan had several times been used as the unfortunate Indian girl was being used, was probably the only one present who really understood the torture of the mind as well as the body that Samia was experiencing.

Elizabeth had suffered horribly in Khastan; she hated the country and its peoples. Most of all she hated the so-called 'Guests' for some of those had once been her friends and acquaintances-yet had done nothing to help her in her extremity.

Her private strictures did not exclude the Nubians, though for the moment she had no intention of antagonising them. They too had shown her little but callous brutality in the past and only a long overdue swing of good fortune had improved her situation.

Over the past few weeks, Elizabeth had longed for -hungered for - revenge on those who had abused her. Yet watching the grotesque scene being enacted before her eyes was giving her little pleasure. Indeed she found it difficult suppress a degree of pity for the unfortunate girl.

A third man was now bugging Samia and both bodies were thick with sweat. The once potent smell of expensive body lotion was now faint; it was being replaced by an increasingly strong odour of dung.

As the man shot his spunk into the ravaged female body, Baka stepped back into the action. He grabbed Samia's ankles and held them up to the full extent of his arms. She lolled upside down in his grasp, head a few inches from the ground. One of his men pulled the soft nates apart and, grinning, exhibited her spread buttocks to the watchers.

The once tiny button of her anus was now yawning open, with streams of white mucous dripping down the reversed crease of her buttocks and slithering down her slender back. She hung limply, eyes closed, her long hair, badly matted with filth, pooling on the floor. She was moaning tonelessly.

Sadistically, Baka opened his hands and the girl's body crashed heavily to the ground with a crash that shook the room. She could easily have broken her neck, but was lucky and just lay sprawled, limbs akimbo, on the dirt floor. She emitted a weak yelp and blood welled from scratches on her body.

"She needs more bugging - and then she'll want a really good fucking," Baka stated loudly. "She's beginning to like it. "

Elizabeth could not close off the sense of pity but she resolutely fought it. This woman was one of those for whom Khastan's slave society had been created. It was poetic justice that she was suffering as countless slaves had suffered in the past.

The Nubians hated the Khastani Indians. The Indians were the richest of the country's population; they owned the largest properties and businesses and arrogantly flaunted their wealth and social position.

And Shar Mutani had been the most arrogant of them all.

To have his wife - a very high cast Indian herself - in their absolute power was an opportunity, which they meant to enjoy to the uttermost.

Eventually they lost interest in bugging her and turned her on her back, pulling her legs wide apart and playing with the neat, shaven lips of her vulva. All the time they looked and laughed at Shar Mutani and forced him to watch his wife's ordeal.

She was little more than semi-conscious but occasionally she still made feeble attempts to avert her body from the searching hands. The Nubians brought into play the slender canes used so frequently on slaves. The once cosseted body flexed and screamed under the shrewdly aimed lashes and she quickly surrendered to the will of her tormentors. She parted her legs at their will and moved her body as they commanded. Like countless slaves before her, she accepted degradation rather than suffer further pain.

They pulled the lips of her vulva wide and discussed the inner pink wetness with her cringing husband.

"Is she always as wet as this?"

"How many times a night do you usually fuck her?"

"Does she prefer her cunt or her asshole used?"

"Does she swallow when she sucks you off?"

They thrashed Shar Mutani until he gave them answers though in truth they cared not a jot whether those replies were true or false - but they did expect them to be obscene and degrading to both him and his wife. Shar Mutani surrendered to pain more quickly than had his wife.

It gave the Nubians pleasure to hear the fat Arab dignitary talking about his wife as if she were a common whore. He moaned out whatever he thought would please his tormentors and the men laughingly mocked the sobbing woman.

"He says he fucks you six times a night. He says that you're insatiable."

"He says you like the taste of his come. He says he wanks into a bottle and you drink it down before he fucks you."

"Black come will taste better, eh?"

"He says he knows you enjoy big pricks because you fuck all your male slaves."

The distraught Samia knew that vaginal assault would soon follow. She was filthy and frightened and desperate. Her anal passage hurt so badly that she feared she had been permanently crippled; feared that she would not be able to walk again. Her churned bowels felt liquid, as if they were going to betray her; she prayed desperately to be spared that degradation.

A nude Nubian threw himself on her and his erection drove into her vagina, though not without difficulty. The extensive fingering of her clitoris had been more than countered by her fear and she was poorly lubricated. The penis drove into her, lacerating the febrile inner passage and causing her to scream in fresh agony. His sex juice spat into her within a few seconds.

It was a little easier with the second man for the sperm of the first man had marginally increased the lubrication and her sex passage was now dilated. He rode her hard and for longer

than his predecessor, in desperation aided by instinct she adjusted her body movements to his thrusts. It was much less painful.

Yet the saving in physical pain was balanced by increased mental anguish as the watchers cruelly exploited her forced cooperation.

“That’s better. Keep pushing - there’s a good whore!”

“Bet you never moved like that with fatty here!”

“Come on, cunt! Enjoy yourself!”

She was succumbing to their will but there was little other course for her to take. Whenever she showed the slightest resistance the thin canes slashed across her body, which was already crisscrossed with painful red welts.

The avoidance of pain became her main preoccupation and, thrashed into submission, she surrendered. Despite the mocking jeers she opened her legs to each new aggressor and thrust her pelvis in time with the penile invasions as rapist followed rapist.

Periodically she came, though it was the last thing she desired and was not enjoyable. She could not control the tell-tale shudders or the visible tensing of her body, so the orgasms could not be hidden from her violators.

“She’s loving it. Coming like a bitch on heat.”

“This piece of meat’s too good for you, fat pig!”

Momentarily she found herself looking into the slack face of her husband who was leaning against the wall a few feet away, gazing at the ravishment of his wife with a bemused expression on his face. Part in anger, part in shame, she turned her face away from him.

When this day had first dawned, she had been not far away from virginity. Now that state of grace was just a futile memory. Despite her now feverish attempts to cooperate the constant assaults on her previously little used vagina brought first soreness, then real pain.

Her fresh screams impelled the men to once again change their point of interest

They queued up and masturbated themselves between the shapely breasts, sending sperm gushing over her torso and into her face.

She was thoroughly despoiled. Her limbs jerked like those of a stuffed marionette and her voice was weak and hoarse with exhaustion.

Elizabeth Berisford had long since turned away from the scene, her face unable to conceal her distaste.

Ultimately even Baka lost interest and retired from the scene, taking Elizabeth with him. She went with him with some relief.

Samia continued to serve the basest inclinations of the crowd of sex-crazed men but the pace slackened. Most of Baka’s men had used her one way or the other. Some of the village men joined in her despoliation but she was now only semi conscious and literally filthy. Bored and growing sullen, the men turned on Shar Mutani. His wife was left to lie inert on the floor while they wreaked their frustrations on his podgy body.

He cringed as he was ordered to kneel on the floor and raise his buttocks in the air. He obeyed, though guessing what was to follow, he begged for mercy. He received none, being buggered by several of the Nubians while others urinated and masturbated on his face and body. Tears poured down his fat cheeks and the assembly mocked him mercilessly. It did not miss the notice of the Nubians that his anus was far more easily penetrated than had been the case with his wife.

“He’s been buggered before,” someone shouted. “And plenty of times by the look of it.”

“His shit hole is bigger than her cunt,” howled another.

“No wonder she’s so randy. He gets all the fucking in their family.”

Without a shred of dignity left, Shar Mutani cried with shame.

After the men had taken their sport of him, they cleaned their soiled penises on his body. One guard even risked a desperate snap of the teeth by making the Indian clean him with his mouth. Shar Mutani was far beyond such aggression and without resistance sucked his own filth from the proffered penis.

The fat Indian was so anxious to comply with his captors that he provided poor sport and after a while they turned back to Samia, this time with her mouth as the target. The respite had revived her somewhat and, hysterically, she screamed defiance and abuse at them.

None of the blacks were prepared to risk their penises near her sharp white teeth and the problem was only solved when someone produced a small dental vice. Powerful hands held Samia’s head rigid while it was inserted into her mouth and the adjusting screw tightened.

With her mouth clamped wide open, her contorted face resembled that of a sex doll. She could emit only grunting sounds and her eyes were dilated, telling of the awful fear that surged through her body.

Calmly, a shaven headed ruffian wearing the baggy red pantaloons that indicated that he had been one of those designated to protect her when this day had first dawned, bent forward and spat accurately and deliberately into her mouth.

Her eyes rolled with utter disgust and she shook her head from side to side but nothing could stop the thick globule from sliding down her throat. She made a choking noise.

There was a yell of triumph from the crowd of men and then the captive mouth was subjected to the same uncaring, unrestricted and sometimes painful assault that had previously afflicted her anus and vagina.

Most men used her as they would have used a sex doll. She choked as the first man’s penis blocked her oral passages and hurt the back of her throat; she actually felt relief when the man finally spurted his jism in her mouth, enabling her to at least breathe once more.

A few men merely squatted over her and masturbated between the opened lips, intently watching her expression as she was forced to swallow their semen.

Samia had never tasted semen before. Now she experienced the slimy texture and unpleasant taste for the first time - and in bulk.

At Shar Mutani’s bidding she had on two occasions taken his well-washed and perfumed penis in her mouth but had found the act demeaning. She had angrily refused subsequent requests. She had never actually sucked his penis and certainly would never have tolerated him ejaculating in her mouth.

But that was then and this was now.

The horror seemed never ending. Soon the whole area of her mouth, from her nose to the tip of her chin, was white and creamy with oozing spunk sliding about and dripping on to the floor. Some of the men rubbed the residues into her breasts and between her legs. Her body, once joyous in its scent of expensive body lotions, now reeked of semen.

The virtually ignored - and happy to be so - Shar Mutani watched the seemingly unending degradation of his wife. Not that he cared about her any longer; his immediate fear was that these monsters might turn their attentions back to him. Whatever they now did to her was irrelevant; she was ruined beyond redemption. She would probably have to spend the rest of her life in some religious institution, praying for forgiveness.

But he knew that he had cut a sorry figure in this episode and his reputation would be totally destroyed if the full story ever became known.

CHAPTER 3

Princess Lala was relaxed. For the moment at least her many tribulations were subordinated to the pleasures of the moment.

She lay naked on the bed, her dark skinned, heavy limbs splayed, breathing hard as a welter of sexual sensations trembled through her.

The blonde, nude but for a velvet choker, servicing her, was an artist. She knelt between Lala's legs, her mouth working expertly. Her hands lay, one on each heavy thigh, detecting and reacting to the tremors of ecstasy that guided her tongue in its task.

Lala had a long, very well developed clitoris and the blonde slave massaged it skilfully, sometimes with fingers and other times with an eager tongue. Cunnilingus was rarely performed well in Lala's opinion. Most practitioners were more enthusiastic than knowledgeable. Men were often useless, some unable to even find the clitoris, never mind caress it competently. The best practitioners were well-trained female slaves whose tongue and fingers cunningly applied that delicious combination of regularity and lightness of touch, which was necessary for the recipient to achieve a violent and fulfilling orgasm. Fortunately the Ruler of Khastan had several such women in her service, but this one was among the best.

Cunnilingus, if performed for the absolute pleasure of the recipient, was an arduous task. The mouth and jaws of the practitioner could easily become tired and perhaps lose fervour. That was where a slave was preferable; a properly trained slave never dared to succumb to such idleness.

The woman working so skilfully and industriously between the legs of the Princess was named Helena. She had once been known as Lady Helena de Barrie and had been the beautiful wife of a billionaire and one of the most photographed women in the world. In those far off days she had never been particularly interested in sex and had shown actual distaste for even the most basic erotic practises. It had taken a lot of time, training and the application of considerable punishment to bring her to her present level of accomplishment.

It gave Princess Lala particular pleasure to recollect that this lovely woman now servicing her most depraved requirements had on one occasion treated her with insolence. That incident had been paid back a thousand fold.

Revelling in her power, Lala raised her hips and widened her thighs, opening her buttocks to the slavish tongue.

Helena knew exactly what was required. She hated this task but had learned to perform it with apparent enthusiasm. She breathed deeply, taking in the reeking sexual odour of the Princess, wet her tongue with her own saliva and moved her face into the odorous cleft, seeking out the button of the Royal anus. Skilfully and without reserve her tongue pressed into the slightly open crevice, tasting the musk enhanced flavour, breaking through the flimsy crust of dried excrement, knowing perfectly well that the soiling was deliberately planned to humiliate her. Her active, probing tongue pushed upwards into the anal passage and Lala, who was hugely anal sensitive, began to sweat heavily and mutter obscenities. Helena's slender fingers continued to stroke the blood-engorged clitoris while her mouth carried out its less pleasant task.

The big, raw-boned body thrashed around and Helena, ignoring the discomfort of her aching jaws, continued her task, using her fingers to stimulate the rigid clitoris as her tongue drove up into the anal orifice. Praying that Lala would soon orgasm, Helena began to emit her own gasps of simulated passion; sounds intended to help inspire her Mistress's passion.

It came within seconds, a great tidal wave of sexual pleasure that resulted in Lala losing control of her body, which jolted and heaved about like a rag doll subjected to fierce crosswinds. The blonde slave felt a web of moisture, which resembled a continuous wave of gentle spittle, spatter her face; her nostrils were overwhelmed with the fishy female odour.

Even though Lala was coming convulsively in great heaves of uncontrolled emotion, Helena kept stimulating the clit and licking at the anus, which was discharging its own damply odorous waste.

She prayed that she had satisfied her mistress for she knew the consequences of dissatisfaction only too well.

After the violence of the orgasm Lala lay for some minutes as if in a trance, eyes closed and breathing heavily. The blonde slave remained with her face buried in the thickly haired crotch; tongue gently alternating between anus and vulva. Her hands were now extended up the body of the Princess, stimulating the hard nipples of the large, sagging breasts and stroking the erogenous zones within her reach. She would continue to caress the heavy body until Lala's passion had subsided.

Lala did not want to move. She was physically relaxed and her mind was dreamy and pleasant, far removed from the serious problems which would assail her when she left this quiet room.

But even the passing thought of those problems broke the spell.

"Shit!" she said - and sat up abruptly.

The woman between her legs froze with fear as she sensed the anger and energy that suddenly flowed through the powerful body of her mistress. She doubted she was responsible for that anger but a slave did not need to be responsible to suffer the consequences.

Lala sensed the other's fear and it pleased her. She liked people to be frightened of her.

She looked down at the cringing body.

Although the slave had given her pleasure, Lala was tempted to order punishment. Even better, she played with the idea of applying it personally. She remembered the first time she had seen Helena, then a famous society hostess, mistress of a fine house, exquisitely dressed and perfumed-and coldly impudent.

Lady Helena de Barrie had fallen precipitously since that time. Now she was just a body slave to Lala who never forgot or forgave a slight.

Lala's eyes caressed the fading but still livid brands on the curvaceous white buttocks. Helena had suffered pain even before being shipped as a slave to Khastan. She had been branded, letter-by-letter on her left buttock, purely for the pleasure of her estranged and cruel husband, the ultra rich Sir James de Barrie. C.U.N.T. Lala knew how she must have screamed and could guess at the terrible pain she must have suffered.

Lala wished that she could have been present to watch it done!

Her eyes took in not just the branded flesh but also the six ugly red welts, bisecting the cruelly mocking letters. The latter had obviously been applied both recently and with a heavy hand. Lala had noticed the welts much earlier but had refrained from enquiring how they came about until her immediate sexual needs had been satisfied.

“You’ve been punished,” she remarked calmly.

Helena raised her head and for a brief moment her eyes met those of the Princess. She had the most beautiful aquamarine eyes but now they were filled with abject fear. “I was impertinent, Highness,” Helena whispered. It was not actually true but a slave had no alternative but to accept that, if beaten by a superior, she had been at fault.

“Then you certainly deserved punishment. What exactly happened?”

“Mistress Yona sent for me last evening but I had been already allocated to a Guest.”

Lala nodded thoughtfully. Lala’s personal slaves - which included Helena - were sometimes loaned to important Guests for sexual use but were not available to people like Yona who was merely a secondary slave mistress. Yona was a lesbian with extreme and sadistic tastes and a cavalier approach to personal hygiene. She was certainly not a woman with whom Lala would deign to share bed partners. The slave mistress had greatly exceeded her authority and would have to be reproved.

“You have pleased me,” she said matter-of-factly and saw the relief enter the lovely eyes.

“You used your mouth well.”

She hesitated savouring the blow she was about to deal. The good news and bad news syndrome. “You will be my toilet slave for the rest of the week.”

The beautiful blonde hid her shock very well but a slight shudder ran through her body. Licking the more intimate and often unclean parts of the human body in a sexual context was just about bearable. Many lovers did it voluntarily. But the bleak task of toilet slavery had no redeemable aspect.

“I shall be honoured, Highness,” she said.

It was the only answer that a slave could possibly give.

When Baka had taken Elizabeth Berisford by the arm and led her from the scene of Samia’s desecration, she had gone willingly. She was relieved to be spared the ordeal of watching any more of the sickening scene.

There was more than that to it, however. For some minutes Baka had shown signs of boredom and had been shooting appraising glances at Elizabeth. She had glanced back languorously and had pushed out her breasts so that her rock hard nipples were clearly visible through the thin material of the shirt she was wearing.

Amazingly, Elizabeth felt a real sexual passion for Baka.

There was something about his physical presence and even his cruelty that drew her like a moth to a candle flame. He was the first man she had encountered on her arrival in Khastan and his early assault of the unfortunate lawyer, Sally Stone, was still etched vividly into her mind. It had been an action designed merely to encourage the other newly arrived slaves into compliance but it had also been a stunning example of masculine power. During Elizabeth’s period of slavery, she had watched him commit all manner of cruelties on his hapless victims. On one occasion, merely as a casual gesture of his power, she had watched him attach electric terminals to the genitals of a particularly lovely slave girl and send a violent charge through her body, reducing her to a squirming, stinking mess. Several times she had watched him dishonour, thrash and humiliate women slaves, coldly, ruthlessly and without showing the slightest compassion for his victims.

Elizabeth Berisford had no illusions regarding Baka. He was a savage.

Yet he attracted her.

It occurred to her that in the past she had often been attracted to cruel men. In London Society she had often been called a 'ball breaker', infamous for diminishing her male suitors with cutting quips and rudely offhand behaviour. Yet the men to whom she had succumbed were often those who treated her as some gutter whore.

Apart from a degree of sexual selfishness, Elizabeth had always been considered good in bed. Yet now she was afflicted by anxiety. She knew that Baka was no ordinary man. He would require a great deal of satisfying—and her own safety would depend on pleasing him.

Baka led Elizabeth to a small hut, which had clearly been vacated by one of the villagers. It was lit by a smoking oil lamp, smelled musty and of stale cooking. There was a single bed in one corner and well-worn cushions scattered on the dirt floor.

"Strip!" he ordered roughly and a thrill shivered through her. Issued in the tone that he used - that of a master to a slave - it was the most exciting word she knew. Demurely, she lowered her gaze and, by her demeanour, indicated her acceptance of his mastery.

Her own hormones were racing. Her inner thighs were already wet and becoming wetter by the second. Once stripped, her sexual arousal would be obvious. Her odour, the bullet hard nipples and the beads of moisture in her pubic hair would tell him all he needed to know.

He did not wait for her to obey, slipping off his leather waistcoat and sliding his black pantaloons down to his ankles before stepping out of them and kicking off his sandals in one easy movement. Despite his recent anal assault of Samia, his penis was hard again and he fondled it, staring meaningfully into her dilated green eyes.

In the confined space of the room, his thick smell was very apparent but that no longer repelled Elizabeth. In these last weeks she had almost forgotten the efforts made by western society to eliminate body odours. She slipped off the blouse confirming, if such confirmation was necessary, that she wore nothing underneath. Moving quickly she pulled off the boots then removed the jodhpurs, leaving herself nude. She stood naked and once again dropped her eyes to the floor in an act of conscious submission, offering her trembling body for the use of her master.

Baka regarded her appraisingly.

It was a magnificent body, exhibiting marvellously high, firm breasts, a small waist, and a swan-like neck; wide curving hips and long shapely legs. The deeply tanned flesh was marked by extensive whip-marks but somehow that added to the erotic picture, which she presented.

Her face was truly beautiful; with a high forehead, classically straight nose, firm, dimpled chin and those marvellous green eyes. The short red hair was repeated in a slightly darker tone at armpits and pubis.

He stood in front of her, dark eyes gleaming, his blue black body seemingly oiled by its light covering of sweat; the large penis reared towards her body as if attracted by some unseen magnetic current.

For a moment they made a silent tableau, then Elizabeth dropped gracefully to her knees, put her hands lightly on his hips and, bending forward, and kissed the rearing pink head of his black penis.

"Master," she said softly. "My master."

The smell of his penis filled her nostrils - that and the fainter odour of Samia's anal residues.

Elizabeth showed no hesitation. She had performed far worse acts during the last few weeks and pleasing this man was crucially important for her fate lay in his hands. She bent forward and took the rearing cock into her mouth, sliding much of its length towards the back of her throat, her tongue caressing and cleaning it at the same time.

He grunted and moved closer, forcing his penis further down her throat so that she coughed slightly. His arms clasped the back of her head and pulled it closer to his body. Had she not been so thoroughly trained in the art of fellatio over the past few weeks she might well have choked but as it was she relaxed her throat muscles, swallowed and took him even deeper. He was big - very big - but she handled him with all the skill that had been so painfully thrashed into her.

He came quickly with great gushing spurts of thick, creamy spunk some of which shot down her throat. She contained the rest in her mouth, allowing it to act as a slimy barrier between the delicately membraned interior and the now semi-hard male member.

She pulled her head back gently, alternately sucking and blowing gently on the penis; it began to harden again almost immediately; she marvelled at his virility.

He withdrew his penis from her mouth, leaving several translucent fronds, combining saliva and jism, swinging between them. She leaned forward and swallowed the snail-like trails, her full lipped, eager mouth reaching towards the stiffening cock. He leaned right over her, bending and her lips engulfed the penis again; his thick, stubby black finger ran down her shapely back, halting at the cleft of the buttocks before continuing down to her anus on which it pushed insistently.

Grasping his intentions, Elizabeth pressured her buttocks backwards and gasped seductively as she felt the finger break through into her rectum. Her anal muscles had slackened as a result of heavy anal usage since she had first arrived in Khastan but they still retained a high degree of elasticity - and she had been taught how to use them.

She impaled herself on the thrusting finger with such force that Baka could have no doubt that she was doing it willingly. She gurgled with exaggerated pleasure as the thick digit entered her body and slid in up to the knuckle joint. She flexed her anal muscles so that they tightened around his finger like a vulva around a penis.

Clearly excited by her reaction, he slowly withdrew his finger from her anus. She kept her anal muscles taut and the finger exited accompanied by an obscene sucking sound. Face convulsed with lust he shoved her roughly towards the bed. She sank back on to it and opened her legs while smiling lewdly up at him. Khastan had trained her to be a whore and now she was reacting like one. Yona and the Ranees would have been proud of her, she thought cynically!

She had been taught to gauge the circumference of a man's penis and adjust herself so that her vulva fitted tightly around it. Men disliked feeling their penises wallowing around in huge wet holes. She had seen him naked several times before and knew that he was well endowed but faced by the immediacy of being penetrated by him; her scrutiny was keener than hitherto - and more calculating.

As Baka's triumphant penis drove into her warm, wet orifice she closed her legs slightly and her vaginal muscles tightened around it.

He started to groan and began riding her fiercely, their bodies slapping together like hand claps. Her fingers searched out his rectum and pressed fiercely into it. He was spewing out words but they were an incomprehensible mumble of obscenities.

"Fuck me," she moaned. "Please, lord, fuck me!"

It pleased her that she could think so clearly. She wanted him to fuck her and enjoy her both for her own pleasure and to secure his approval. She was combining necessity with inclination, expediency with pleasure.

And that could be one step to the ultimate objective.

Escape from Khastan!

The dim light of dawn was beginning to show outside. The oil lamps still shone dimly in the big shed but natural light was beginning to make its presence felt.

Samia lay on the dirt floor. She was a sorry sight, vastly changed from the immaculately garbed, Indian beauty who had posed so haughtily before a host of admiring watchers those few short hours earlier.

Nothing had been spared her during the long night of shame. At the lightest whim of her captors-and before the frightened gaze of her cowardly husband - each of her orifices had been thoroughly used and abused.

Finally the satiated and bored men had urinated on her face and body, even pulling open the lips of her vulva so they could fill her vaginal passage. There had been a search for a funnel to be used to irrigate her bowels but that had failed. It was a very small mercy in the scheme of things.

She sprawled in the dirt, unable to do more than twitch, hoping against hope that they had finally finished with her.

She had no idea how many men had used her. Her anal passage felt swollen and painful; when she tentatively touched her anus it felt badly distended. Her vagina was sore and aching. Both orifices were continually oozing jism. Her body was covered with a thick slime of drying semen where men had ejaculated on to it. Her hair was stiff with her own all sorts of filth.

Shar Mutani was on his knees a few feet away. He also was in a state of despair. Husband and wife avoided looking at each other, both immersed in feelings of shame.

Baka looked down at the ravaged pair of Indians. Despite a night of untrammelled sex with the red haired beauty, he was in a bad mood and it showed in his grim expression.

He had just received word that there were some two hundred mercenaries in all and that they were taking up defensive positions within the Palace Complex and at the airport. The actual numbers were quite heartening - Baka had expected that there would be many more - but their armaments sounded formidable. M16 assault rifles-better than his few old AK47s; heavy machine guns and light field guns and mortars. They also possessed two armoured cars and a small helicopter.

Given that sort of equipment, Baka knew that he could not even consider risking a head on clash with the newcomers.

He stirred Shar Mutani with his foot and the other grovelled disgustingly.

It was obvious that the woman would have to be carried when the march south continued. She had been fucked into near immobility. But in the experience of Baka a good hard fucking never incapacitated a woman for long! Given a modicum of rest she would recover during the day and would probably be fit enough to service his men again later on in the day. She thus, still served a useful purpose.

The man was different; he was merely a drag on the progress of the column.

Baka had been tempted to slit Shar Mutani's throat but reluctantly had decided that he might be better kept alive. The Indian was a useful hostage and Baka needed all the advantages he could pull together. For although Baka still radiated confidence before his men, he was beginning to worry about the outcome of this revolt.

In the beginning everything had seemed easy. Many influential people in Khastan believed that Princess Lala had outstayed her welcome. For the past few years she had spent most of her

time and money on her own creation, the 'Pleasurepalace'. It had been to the detriment of Khastan's people. In spite of the oil and slave trading revenues that poured into Khastan's already bulging Treasury, nothing had been done to improve life for the lower echelons of society. Recently Lala had become even more autocratic and had actually cut subsidies to the lower classes.

Even the rich Arabs and Indians had recognised that if some reform was not undertaken then trouble would ultimately result.

Lala had ignored all warnings.

Since Baka had raised the standard of revolt, he had received confidential approaches from surprisingly influential sources - including Arabs and Indians— within the Principality, offering help and support to a new regime that did not make too drastic alterations to the status quo. Provided that he became ruler, Baka was not disposed to destroy the source of wealth generation and his replies had been conciliatory.

It had seemed that the tide was flowing inexorably with him and just a few short hours before victory had seemed within his grasp.

The arrival of foreign mercenaries had introduced an entirely new factor. It was not something that he had expected for mercenaries were notoriously easier to hire than to discharge. The riches of Khastan - and the temptations of the 'Pleasurepalace' - would present an irresistible lure to men who were infamously lawless. Moreover Baka knew that all sections of Khastani society were against outside interference. Princess Lala was playing a dangerous game, though in the short term it was certain that disciplined, well-armed and trained men could easily sweep aside his brave but less well-armed and inexperienced Nubians.

Provided that there were enough of them.

As things were, Baka dare not attack Khastan City but the mercenaries were currently insufficient in number to maintain order over the whole country.

Thus, for the moment it was a stalemate.

With a grunt Baka vented his frustration by slashing his whip hard across Shar Mutani's big, bare, hairy bottom. The naked Indian whimpered.

"Please, lord - spare me!"

Baka appreciated being addressed as 'lord' by this once great personage who in the recent past had treated him with condescension. It was gratifying to have the fat Indian crawling like an abject slave.

Nevertheless he answered Shar Mutani's plea by kicking him in his shrunken testicles and laughing out loud at the resulting scream of distress.

CHAPTER 4

Princess Lala was clad in an expensively embroidered, black Caftan, which served the purpose of being both regal and comfortable whilst camouflaging her ever-blossoming figure. Having left the comfortable refuge of her bedroom she was in a notably bad humour.

Furious that Heinz Bock had ignored her refusal to countenance the hiring mercenaries and had brought them in on his own authority, she nevertheless was not actually happy about discussing the issue with him. Lala had closed her eyes to the possibility that the revolt might have considerable support and had been proved wrong to the extent that only the arrival of the mercenaries had prevented the overthrow of her regime. She should have been grateful to Bock

- instead she resented his perspicacity. Even worse she dare not upbraid the old German who was one of the richest and most powerful men in the world.

Like most rulers, Lala hated being faced with the limits of her power.

Thus she was berating the Ranee who was the senior Slave Mistress but who was a subordinate, subject to her lightest wish.

“The slaves are not here to be treated liked valued pets! They are here to serve. These bills are ridiculous. What do you feed them on - caviar and champagne? And they certainly don’t merit the space of a luxury hotel guest!”

Lala was ultra-mean when it came to spending money on slaves. Despite ordering more space to be found to accommodate additional Guests plus a new designer shopping area, she had refused to countenance any new building. The extra space, she decreed, must be obtained by reducing the area currently allocated to the slave living quarters-which were already inhumanely over crowded.

The Ranee was not noted for her compassion but she was scared that serious disease might result if conditions deteriorated any further. Not that she was particularly concerned about the slaves, but she knew that if her worst fears materialised, it would be she who would be blamed. Lala, like most rulers, never took responsibility for her own mistakes.

The influx of new slaves over past weeks had worsened the situation. The Renee had recommended that such necessities as washing and lavatory facilities should be upgraded somewhat and that a degree of variety should be introduced into the food.

She had picked a bad time to bring the matter up. Lala, worried about Baka’s rebellion and looking for a scapegoat, had flown into a towering rage, which included a torrent of abuse.

The Ranee hated being personally castigated and visibly shrank from the flood of invective being aimed at her. She had arrived in Khastan several years previously, claiming to be the widow of a deceased Rajah who had been immensely wealthy before being dispossessed, for political reasons, by the Indian government. Whether or not the Princess had believed the story was uncertain, but she had recognised in the other woman a desire for power over others. The Ranee had been appointed as the first Slave Mistress of the newly opened ‘Pleasurepalace’.

She had proved to be meticulous, honest and a hard taskmaster. She perfectly understood her main task, which was to ensure that slaves were trained to abject obedience. The Ranee placed a high value on her own dignity and realised how salutary it could be to deprive others of theirs. Though possessing a low sex drive herself, she recognised how powerful it was in others. She concluded that sexual humiliation and the destruction of dignity were the best way of breaking her victims. Her finely tuned imagination told her what experiences would destroy her own ego and she inflicted those on her victims. It had worked well and in the past the Princess had often congratulated her on her achievements.

But recently Lala had abruptly tightened the purse strings and become hypercritical about all areas of slave-based expenditure. Whereas before she had praised the Ranee, now her attitude was critical and even threatening.

The Ranee was psychologically vulnerable when faced by unfair criticism. Ruthless though she was with her charges, she craved respect from her equals and - more importantly - from her superiors. She found the crude abuse to which Lala was now subjected her, unbearably humiliating.

Nevertheless she had no choice but to listen, face strained and ashen, eyes filled with tears, to the stream of invective.

The Princess seemed obsessed by the expenditure on slaves.

“And why do we spend so much on sanitary towels and tampons?” she demanded.

“We supply such items to the Guest bedrooms, Highness,” the Ranee replied. “Once used by the Guests they are washed and used by slaves. Some Guests do not like to see menstrual blood -”

“Of course not! They have no need to see it. When a slave has a period she should be sent up to the slave camps in the mining areas - the male slaves won’t care if they bleed as long as they fuck!”

“We do that, Highness. But sometimes there are too many menstruating at the same time -”

Lala shouted: “I have no use for people who can’t handle minor matters. Now - tell me. How many times are the old tampons and sanitary towels used?”

“Until they are thoroughly worn out, Highness,” the Ranee faltered miserably. ‘And even beyond that’ she thought to herself. The tampons were often still being used when little more than hard, dirty sticks and the sanitary towels just transparent strips of gauze.

“I want their usage extended by twenty five per cent. And I want food costs reduced by twenty five per cent. I want all that reflected in next month’s figures. Is that understood?”

“Yes, Highness.” The Ranee did not possess the courage to argue further although the demands could not be achieved. Any cuts would cause problems. Many slaves would just have to weather their periods without any sort of towel or tampon. Nor would reducing the already low food bills be easy. The slaves who directly served the Guests and the Princess must be given an adequate diet to maintain their health and looks. Thus the cuts would fall particularly on the new slaves who were abominably fed even now.

“Very well,” the Princess said. “You may go. You have much to do, Ranee - but if it’s too much for you then I’ll find another Slave Mistress to replace you as senior. Perhaps Yona?”

To be replaced as senior Slave Mistress would be a gross humiliation; unbearable, particularly if it were by the uncultured, odorous Serbian woman. The Ranee shivered at the thought of being ordered about by the sadistic Yona and bowed her head in miserable submission.

“All shall be as you desire, Highness.”

“I shall think further about this matter. I am not pleased! You may go.”

The order was barked and then the Princess fluttered a dismissive hand. It was the final insult to the Ranee who was contemptuously dismissed like some lowly servant.

“I can’t do any more than hold this complex and the airport. I have only one hundred and eighty men all told,” Colonel Otto van Krueger said sharply. “And even that presupposes that the enemy have no heavy weapons.”

“You’re not expected to do more,” Heinz Bock said caustically. “And they don’t have anything other than a few AK 47s and maybe some old fashioned machine guns. I wish only a defensive posture. I’m not looking for an all out war. What is most required is time.”

Princess Lala scowled. It was she who had asked van Krueger when he intended to take the offensive against the rebels. His reply and Bock’s comment disconcerted her. She recognised the dangers of being bottled up like a prisoner in the Palace complex.

“Time for what?”

There were only the three of them present. Heinz Bock was the billionaire paymaster of the mercenaries who, on his own authority - indeed in defiance of Lala’s wishes—had hired and flown in the mercenaries whose arrival had so narrowly saved Khastan from falling immediately under the control of the Nubian revolutionaries. He was a large, bulky man of

advanced age with a craggy face and the terrible demeanour of an ancient pagan God. Van Krueger was the commander of the mercenary detachment; a tall, heavysset man with dark but greying hair brushed straight back from his forehead and tanned saturnine features. He wore a shapeless camouflage uniform and a purple beret with a roaring lion insignia on it. A webbing holster at his hip contained an automatic pistol.

“Time to decide a feasible strategy,” Bock said sharply. “We have a mess here, Madame, and no easy answers.”

“How many rebels are there?” Van Krueger showed no interest in the politics of Khastan, only the military situation.

“A few, not many,” the Princess stated dismissively. “Your forces are large enough. Allied to my own loyal forces you would quickly overwhelm them - and that’s what I expect you to do.”

“You are still deceiving yourself, Madam,” Bock growled. “I doubt if you could raise twenty men to your own standard if the Colonel and his men were not here. Personally I would not trust one of them.”

He was conservatively dressed in a dark blue suit, white shirt and sombre tie. His wife, Erika, together with a few other Guests, had been briefly in the hands of Baka and it was clear that he was in no mood to humour the Princess.

Lala flushed. She was unused to being so brutally contradicted and particularly resented it in front of van Krueger. “My councillors were strongly against the intervention of outsiders - as I told you. Many hitherto loyal servants may now sympathise with the rebels, fearing that foreigners have invaded us for their own profit. No disrespect to you, Colonel.”

“Madam!” Bock rumbled fiercely. “If Colonel van Krueger had not arrived, then I suspect you would now be suspended from the walls of this complex, naked in a cage. I gather that’s what Baka had in mind for you. There’s no doubt about the facts. When Baka arrived, the crowd greeted him like the coming of the Messiah. Your Grand Vizier was thrashed on Baka’s orders. That was before Colonel van Krueger’s men even set foot in Khastan.”

There was no denying the facts and the Princess temporised.

“The crowd undoubtedly got a little out of hand. I have chastised Haroun -”

Haroun was the commander of the Palace guard. Only a few days ago he had assured her of the absolute loyalty of his force.

“Haroun might be a splendid stud but that’s all he’s good for. As a leader of men he’s a laughing stock,” scoffed the old man. “Face facts, madam. Every man you’ve sent against Baka has gone over to him.”

Lala’s eyes bulged and she went white with anger. Her husband, the Prince, who had been comatose for many years, had recently died of a heart attack. It was open knowledge that Lala and Haroun had been copulating before his supposedly helpless body. In what had probably been an extremity of rage the old man had momentarily revived prior to finally expiring, panicking the errant lovers whose cries of fear had attracted the arrival of various witnesses including slaves and guards. Caught naked their secret affair had been cruelly exposed to the world.

The revealed affair between the Arab Princess and the black Nubian guard had scandalised all the major factions within the country. Race was as harsh an issue in Khastan as in many other places and disgust at Lala’s behaviour had triggered off general condemnation.

“Haroun is loyal!” Lala snapped defensively, trying to recover her dignity.

"Maybe," Bock growled. "For what he's worth. But one man is not going to help Colonel van Krueger. Haroun can't knock rebels down with his cock - even if it is as big as some claim."

Again Lala's eyes flared in anger but the old man was obviously in no mood to be diplomatic.

"How many men are in the guard?" Krueger asked impatiently. He obviously found the bickering tiresome and unconstructive.

"In total? Maybe two thousand men in the whole of Khastan. They perform custom duties and act as border guards in addition to their Palace duties." Lala said. "Many will certainly be loyal -"

"I have to assume they're all hostile," Krueger grunted. "All of them! I intend making my dispositions on the assumption that I can rely only on my own men. I want every one of those 'guards' outside the Palace complex. They'll be no loss anyway. They look more like extras in a comic opera than soldiers!"

Lala frowned. "If we show we don't trust them they'll certainly go over to Baka."

"If it comes to a fight, I want only men I can rely on," Krueger said firmly. "I prefer my enemies in front of me. There, I can deal with them."

"He's perfectly right," Bock agreed. "Moreover, Madam, you must think of the safety of the Guests. Those who were caught up in the episode in the square are scared to death. You know what happened to the Arabs and Indians who were there. They violated them all-men and women. Gave them over to the beggars and lower scum of the city. For a time my wife thought that she and the other Guests were going to suffer the same fate. This is a very serious situation and must be dealt with as such. I suggest that you leave everything to the Colonel."

"I know, I know!" Lala felt herself trapped and vulnerable and there was a touch of hysteria in her voice. Everyone was turning against her and Heinz Bock controlled these mercenaries so whatever she wanted was unimportant. She resisted an urge to stamp her foot in anger. "Oh well," she said. "Do as you think best. I'll tell Haroun that Colonel van Krueger is now in supreme command."

Then, trying to exude some dignity, she turned and exited the room.

When she had left van Krueger looked across at Heinz Bock.

"How long am I expected to be here?"

"Just until I can sort out some sort of settlement with Baka. Between you and I, I think it can be done quickly but the Princess must not know anything about it-until the deal's done," Bock answered. "Baka knows that his men are no match for yours but he'll be worried that you'll pursue him-which, of course, you won't. But he's no fool, so be vigilant, Colonel, and guard against any surprises."

"I'm not a bloody amateur!" van Krueger responded sniffily.

"No," Bock nodded. He thought for a moment. "You'll need the rest of today to sort out your problems and get your men in position. Tomorrow night, circumstances permitting, a number of the Guests would like to entertain you for dinner. They are eminent people whom it would be in your interest to meet."

Van Krueger nodded. "Tomorrow night would be fine." He cleared his throat.

"I understand that you have a most attractive Administrative Officer," Bock said. "Naturally she would be welcome as well."

Van Krueger raised his eyebrows though he was not particularly surprised. He had worked for Bock before and knew that the old man would have brought himself up to date with the state of Krueger's command.

Including the presence of his current mistress.

"I am sure that she will delighted to attend," he murmured.

As the youngest daughter of the Earl of Keiley, Deborah Lascalle had enjoyed a privileged upbringing-or at least that was the theory. Deborah did not necessarily see it in the same light.

Deborah had been a beautiful baby and her loveliness had increased steadily as she grew older. Her mother had been a famous model, her father was unusually handsome and all of their good looks had been passed on to their youngest daughter. The rest of the family, two overweight boys and two very ordinary looking girls, were inevitably jealous of their stunning younger sister. Deborah was five years younger than the nearest sibling and that, combined with her stunning looks, made her the favourite among the adults, family and otherwise, whom she encountered. It was not a recipe for a good relationship with her brothers and sisters.

Deborah was a 'good child', which meant that she conformed to what was expected of her. She was well mannered and polite in a restrained way, kept her person and clothing clean, was never loud or argumentative and deferred totally to the wishes of adults. As a result of such perfection she grew up a solitary child, disliked by other children generally and having no close relationships with anybody. She not particularly clever and showed no outstanding talent apart from horsemanship.

She attended public school but was not clever enough to make the grades for university. Since she was so beautiful, her family cared little about her lack of scholastic accomplishments and assumed that she would make a splendid marriage.

What nobody suspected was that underneath the cool, composed exterior lay a highly frustrated female. Deborah certainly had a passive nature but she seethed for adventure and the exploration of the forbidden. She was sometimes shocked at her own perverse longings. Always immaculate, she would like to sometimes be filthy dirty; well mannered, she longed to scream out obscenities; obedient, she dreamed of shocking those pious people who cooed over her beauty and her lovely nature by performing the grossest of sex acts in public. In short, she wanted to rebel-but her nature did not allow her to do so.

Riding was her only natural pleasure and she indulged it full bloodedly. She was a very fine horsewoman - and it was that which finally brought things to a head.

Her father insisted that when she went riding - which did most days - she should be accompanied by one of the grooms as a safety measure.

Deborah did not relish the company but, in her dutiful way, she accepted it. Sexual awakening had come late to her and she had only just started masturbating. Nevertheless the groom, a thirty year old, dark haired gypsy named Thomas was hardly the stuff of female dreams. In truth she took little notice of him.

Until a month after he had commenced his duties.

She was riding through a copse of trees through the Keiley Estates in Buckinghamshire when Thomas brought his horse up besides hers.

"Begging your pardon, Miss Deborah. Do you mind if we stop for a moment?"

She frowned but assented.

He had tied his horse to a bush then gone to the back of a tree. His concealment was not very great and, to her amazement, he had dropped his riding breeches and urinated.

The continuous splashing sound and the sight of the hairy, white buttocks had sent a jolt of shock through her.

When he had finished, he waved his penis to expel the drops of urine and she was staggered at its size. It was the ugliest thing she had ever seen, red in colour, surrounded by spiky hair and threateningly erect. He had made no attempt at concealment.

He had glanced towards her and beckoned. Open-mouthed, she had hesitated, then slid off her horse and approached him.

Ten minutes later she had ceased to be a virgin.

“You’ll get as much of that as you want,” Thomas had told her afterwards as she sat naked in the grass afterwards “But it’s our secret. You tell a soul and I’ll use the crop on your arse. From now on you’re my fuck as and when I want it.”

She had dropped her eyes shyly at his words but her insides were seething with desire.

It had opened up a wonderful world, a world in which choice was denied her but where she got what she really, really wanted; to be controlled and abused.

Each day was a new adventure. She would mount her horse, heart thumping, glancing at Thomas as he respectfully bestrode his own mount. They would canter down to the woods until he ordered to stop and at that point their relationship changed. The beautiful young aristocrat stripped and knelt naked before her hairy arsed, stable smelling master and obeyed his every whim.

Very early on in the relationship he did use the crop on her. A pretext was used because Deborah never disobeyed him. He thrashed her until she screamed but the woods were extensive and Thomas always ensured that nobody else was in the vicinity.

Only once did she plead that he use a little less force. She picked a quiet moment when she was masturbating him between her large, firm breasts.

“I’ll do what you want anyway,” she promised. “There’s no need to hurt me so much.”

After allowing her to complete her task, Thomas had made her collect a very thick bunch of stinging nettles and had then thrashed her with them. She never argued again and it was several days before the unsightly rash of poisoned pimples subsided on her normally translucently white body.

Thomas had a small cottage in the woods, which could be used in inclement weather. A yard surrounded the cottage and one of his favourite tricks was to make her run naked around it while holding a heavy stone above her head. At the end she would be sweaty and exhausted - even on cold days. He also procured a pony trap from somewhere and fitted the shafts so that she could pull it while he lounged on the seat and cracked a riding whip across her taut buttocks.

In better weather he would take her to banks of a river running through the woods and make her crawl through the mud. Afterwards she had to wash herself in the fast running - and thus ever cold - river.

At night she would relive the experiences in her room at the family home; studying the whip marks in the mirror and hoping they would not fade too quickly. She masturbated while repeating the obscenities, which, each day, he forced her to use because he liked to hear her clear, crisp aristocratic voice spewing out filth.

He used her for a year, in fact until just after her eighteenth birthday. There was nothing forced about their relationship; she performed willingly knowing that she could terminate the relationship at any time.

In the end her ordered to meet him at a sleazy hotel in London and for a night subjected her to a night of the grossest humiliation, which raised her to new heights of ecstasy.

The following day he took her to an address in North London where Deborah Lascalle was placed under restraint and sold as a slave.

In due course she had been shipped to Khastan.

Soon after she had arrived in Khastan, Deborah had been spotted by Zia and taken under her wing. The Egyptian woman wanted to construct a brothel of highly trained and knowledgeable whores fit to satisfy the needs of especially important Guests. The selected women would be taught how to comport themselves in the most expensive clothing and jewellery and talk in a cultivated way about a variety of subjects - while being peerless in sex and sexual exhibitionism. The model Zia had in mind was of upmarket Geishas but far more sophisticated. Such women would need to have been high born and well educated to give them that initial poise and self assurance, women like Eileen de Barrie, Elizabeth Berisford and Deborah Lascalle. Such women would have a special status and would not normally be available for the barbarisms practised on ordinary slaves. They would have to be kept in some sort of special area and would not be available to the guards - or even casual Guests. They would be a special breed. Zia had not yet broached the subject with Princess Lala but she anticipated no difficulty in obtaining her agreement.

It had been an enjoyable afternoon for Madame Zia and Alma Rotherton. The two women were locked in an intense relationship that came close to blotting out the normal events occurring around them. They were consumed by a mutual lust which would undoubtedly burn out quickly but which was all enveloping while it lasted. They had spent much of the last twenty-four hours in bed together and were oblivious to the sarcastic comments of others, who could not fail to notice their passion. Later tonight they were due to be at the dinner party to entertain the mercenary commander but they regarded that as being far less enticing than the sweaty couplings which had taken up so much of the afternoon.

The gorgeous young blonde was present largely as a sex aid for the enjoyment of her betters.

Deborah Lascalle, now hopelessly vulnerable in a world that she could not have contemplated even a few short weeks ago, was on a learning curve and still not yet completely inured to group sex, exhibitionism or lesbianism. Just eighteen years old, the delicious Deborah was being speedily initiated into deviant behaviour, which would take her far beyond the humiliations inflicted upon her by the groom, Thomas.

She admitted to herself that she had enjoyed many of the experiences to which the two elder women had subjected her. As with her experiences with Thomas, there was a sense of freedom in being compelled to do things without the option of refusal. She need take no responsibility and feel no guilt-yet enjoy the pleasures of submission.

Privately she acknowledged that she preferred the ultimate mastery of the penis but both Alma and Zia were skilled in caresses and the Egyptian woman had exactly the sort of autocratic personality to which Deborah enjoyed deferring to.

Deborah was squatting on the table. She was stark naked and the open lips of her vulva were just touching the golden guinea coin that stood poised on its edge on the surface just below her; the stainless steel slave ring having been removed from the inner lips of her vulva to facilitate her task. It was an undignified posture but she was not attempting a dignified task.

There was an expression of rapt concentration on her face; her beautifully sculptured belly muscles were taut and there was a faint sheen of perspiration on her almost translucent skin.

“For God’s sake!” Zia exploded. “You look as if you’re trying to shit! You’re supposed to be giving a sexy exhibition. You should look as if you’re relaxed and enjoying yourself. Smile, damn you!”

“I’m sorry,” Deborah gasped. “It’s just - difficult.”

“Take it slowly. You need the lips of your cunt to straddle the coin. Then tense your belly muscles and once you feel the slight suction, then draw in your muscles. That creates a vacuum and the coin should be sucked up into your cunt.”

Deborah nodded and obeyed, her face red from the effort. After a second or so the coin faltered, then slipped over on its side.

Alma Rotherton, wearing only few scraps of expensive black lace underwear that emphasised rather than concealed her opulent curves, tinkled with laughter. One breast was fully exposed and Alma was caressing the hard nipple. She lay on a large, disordered bed, watching the endeavours of the young blonde and becoming increasingly amused at the sight of Zia’s growing frustration.

“Get down!” Zia instructed irritably.

Deborah gratefully vacated the table. The equally nude Zia replaced her; her dark angular body assuming a similar position perched over the coin, the thick, dark sex lips just touching it. She looked hard at Deborah then her abdominal muscles tautened and after a few moments tiny beads of sweat began to break out on her body. She assumed a seraphic and wholly false smile; then, almost magically the coin began to slowly disappear into her vagina.

“It’s easy,” Zia said impatiently, retrieving the wet coin from her vulva. “Every whore should have control of her cunt muscles. It allows you to give a man all manner of marvellous sensations - at best, makes them literally scream with pleasure. Now, try again.”

Alma sighed with admiration and her fingers slid down her body, pulling aside the scrappy material of her panties and searching for her clit.

“Honey,” she breathed huskily. “Will you teach me that trick?”

“One at a time,” Zia said tensely. She jerked her thumb towards Deborah who climbed back on the table and perched her crotch above the coin. She forced a smile then attempted to contract her belly muscles while trying to flex those of her vagina. It was hard holding her fixed smile but she managed until she felt her vulva begin to suck. The coin slowly but surely began to lift from the surface, sliding up between the thick lips of the vulva.

As it disappeared into her body she sighed with relief.

It was another milestone on her degrading journey into extreme eroticism but she had no regrets— and she liked to please Zia.

Zia nodded with satisfaction and shot a triumphant look at Alma. Now it was just a question of practice. Soon Deborah would be able to use her vaginal muscles to suck up liquid from a glass through a straw. That opened up all sorts of possibilities.

CHAPTER 5

Colonel van Krueger spent most of the day following his brief meeting with Heinz Bock and the Princess supervising the unloading of the three large C47 air transport planes that had brought him and his men to Khastan. After that, together with his senior officers, he had scouted the area becoming familiar with the terrain that had to be defended, placing machine guns and artillery in strategic positions.

He had no doubt that he could defend the walled Palace complex with ease. The airport was more complicated but it was situated on flat ground, offering excellent fields of fire and was close enough to the boundary wall to be additionally supported by heavy weapons situated on the Palace walls. His men were well deployed in good defensive positions and had a sufficiency of heavy weapons. With the one hundred and eighty men he possessed he could deploy only sixty in each eight-hour period - with the others resting though on call in the case of emergency.

Although he took the utmost pains with his positioning, the colonel regarded the enemy as being little more than a musical comedy outfit. Before the ANC had gained power in South Africa, van Krueger had served in the South African Army. He had been an avid supporter of apartheid and had been associated with several atrocities during that era. Deciding that discretion was the better part of valour, he had left the country just before the ANC took power and had set up his own mercenary operation.

Most of his subsequent actions had taken part in Africa and he was no admirer of black troops at the best of times. They were rarely either disciplined or adequately led and the Khastani guards, in their silly outfits, were the most ludicrous bunch that he had ever come across. He was too shrewd a soldier to make any absolute judgements until he had seen them under fire but his expectation was that they would break and run easily.

He had spoken to Haroun, eyeing the dreadlocked hair, 'Arabian Nights' garb and shining black skin with sneering disfavour. Tersely he had required the commander of Khastan's 'army' to order his men to vacate both their barracks and the Palace Complex immediately - leaving their automatic weapons behind them.

Haroun had objected strongly but Van Krueger had coldly choked him off. Faced by the overwhelming firepower available to the mercenaries, Haroun had no alternative other than to comply. He did however gain one concession, arguing that he was the personal bodyguard to the Princess and must stay close to her. Van Krueger sniffed but accepted that Haroun could keep six men in the Palace with the sole duty of guarding Lala.

It was actually a more important concession than van Krueger realised. The whole country was seething with anger over the arrival of the mercenaries and blamed the Princess for allowing them in. Haroun, widely derided as being a weak creature and the mere stud of Lala, would have been in physical danger outside the Palace walls.

And Haroun had plans of his own!

Van Krueger had ordered that the barracks vacated by the blacks should be thoroughly cleaned and fumigated to make them usable by his men. To his amazement he discovered that the order had been unnecessary for his men found the barracks to be spotlessly clean. His own quarters, previously occupied by Haroun, were in excellent condition.

It appeared that slave girls carried out a thorough cleaning routine daily.

That was a process which he put a stop to immediately. Near naked girls and horny soldiers were a potentially explosive mixture; he wanted his men to stay alert and concentrated on the job in hand.

The slave girls were banned from the area and his officers devised a normal routine of barrack room orderlies with the men instructed to keep their individual areas in order. Van Krueger refused accommodation in the Palace, taking over Haroun's quarters within the Barracks instead. It was certainly not slumming; the suite bordered on the luxurious and he was impressed

After an exhausting second day in Khastan, during which he had taken a score of heavily armed men on a lengthy expedition to explore those parts of the city close to the Palace walls, he arrived back in his quarters to prepare himself for the dinner arranged in his honour. He was happy with his military dispositions and the crowds of civilians outside the gates had looked at his men curiously but shown no sign of hostility.

As he entered his suite his eyes lighted on two shapely slave girls who were tidying the room. He eyed their exposed bodies with undisguised interest. It was clear that his orders had either not yet percolated through the system or had been considered not to apply to himself. With a slight shrug he decided to sort the matter out later. In any case there had to be some perks involved in being in command. The girls were very decorative and he calmly put his hand on the naked breasts of the one nearest to him. She straightened up and moved closer, smiling up into his face. It was perfectly clear that she was willing. He explored her body with eager hands, feeling her shiver at his touch.

After having accepted this assignment from Heinz Bock, he had been briefed on Khastan's slave economy by one of Bock's Personal Assistants. The PA was a smooth young man who had explained the realities of Khastan graphically though unemotionally. Van Krueger had been surprised to learn that white slavery was alive and positively thriving in the small country-and was widely exploited by the very powerful and wealthy people from supposedly civilized countries. Moral imperatives, however, did not rank high in van Krueger's horizons-and the assignment was well paid.

Having thoroughly groped the slave, he pushed her gently away. Paula would be arriving soon and would hardly welcome finding him embracing the lissom slave.

He was determined to enjoy his evening of glory particularly since the invitation included Paula who doubled as both his Administrative Officer and his mistress. An evening in such high-class company would delight her and give her the opportunity to show off her splendid body in an evening gown instead of hiding it in her usual camouflage fatigues. He guessed that it would make her even randier than usual after the event and, as she was always a hot piece, he looked forward to a night of pleasurable turmoil.

The South African was a lusty man but he was also a single minded one. Whatever the temptations he determined to keep his mind fixed firmly on the job in hand. Resolutely he removed his hands and eyes from the bared female bodies and marched into the bathroom.

Paula Volk arrived at the suite a few minutes later. She was dusty and dirty and her fingers were slick with machine oil. Her blonde hair was fastened up under her cap and in the shapeless uniform she looked positively drab. Yet a close observer would have noticed that she had a classically straight nose, intelligent brow, high cheek bones and a very decisive chin. She stopped short in the doorway, her blue eyes surveying the scene. She glared at the slaves.

"Out!"

They scuttled out immediately, keeping their eyes low. The immediate obedience agreeably impressed Paula, who liked to be obeyed. She sauntered into the room and heard the shower running in the bathroom. It crossed her mind, knowing van Krueger that he might have another of the slaves in the bathroom with him, but she did not hesitate. Calmly she began to strip off her soiled clothes, dropping them item by item on the floor.

Naked she looked wholly different from her original drab appearance. Tall, long waisted, with high swelling bullet-nippled breasts, shapely buttocks and slender thighs topping very shapely legs, she was a pretty woman. Her untrimmed pubic hair grew thick and was very dark.

She also had hair tufting from under her arms; not because she particularly approved of it, but because Otto liked it. Tonight, however, she was going to shave her underarms because she was intended to wear a low cut dress. Otto would just have to lump it.

She was sweaty from the day's work and runnels of channelled dirt ran down between her breasts and the centre of her back. Her feet were filthy. Paula Volk was not a just decorative plaything; 'Administrative Office' was a bland title covering a lot of duties some of which were arduous. She was a very hard working and effective member of van Krueger's force.

Calmly she walked into the bathroom and encountered the equally naked van Krueger emerging from the shower. He fondled a large erection and grinned at her.

"Nice, eh?"

"You mean for the slave tarts?"

Paula satisfied herself that the bathroom was empty except for the two of them and she was not quite certain whether or not she was disappointed. Two weeks ago, in Frankfurt, she had found Otto in bed with another woman whom she had sjamboked into screaming hysteria while he had watched with detached interest.

Paula liked inflicting pain - but, then, she liked most kinky things.

Paula was the daughter of a rigidly Catholic and financially comfortable household who lived near Hamburg. Until she reached the age of fifteen she had been a veritable ugly duckling, squat and fat with a placid, spotty cow-like face that hid a desperate interest in sex. Paula could not remember when she had first begun to masturbate but it had been very, very early. Ugly as she was, she did not attract boys and her first real sexual experience had been with a tramp who had settled down for the night near to her home. Paula had been desperate for sensation and had sneaked out and paid him a few D marks to rid her of her virginity.

She had been fourteen years old. That first sexual experience had not been very successful but it increased the hunger in her. Although far from being a beauty, she did possess the requisite female anatomical equipment always in demand and she became well known for being 'easy'.

'If you close your eyes she's not that bad,' the boys had said cruelly, though even her willingness did not result in her being overwhelmed by suitors - unless they were drunk, drugged or desperate.

It was not long before she had discovered the famous Hamburg sex area in the St. Pauli district, the infamous Reeperbahn. She had wandered up and down its streets, staring at the passers by, hoping that one of the many males would accost her. Even the whores had attracted her, their hard boldness and shameless exhibitionism striking a chord in her young mind. She had particularly been entranced by the public S&M area where the huge, masked and booted women with their long, vicious looking whips had waited for the submissive men to walk up on to their raised platforms in front of the watching crowd and publicly offer themselves for ridicule and humiliation. Sometimes, though underage, she had entered one of the myriad ill lit bars and ordered a beer, hoping desperately to be picked up. She was not, in the early days, successful.

The miracle happened when she was midway through her fifteenth year. Suddenly she sprouted upwards and the thick figure developed a lissom athleticism which changed her body from the gawky to the graceful in a matter of months. Her breasts became miracles of spectacular size and firmness. At the same time the spots cleared from her complexion and her face elongated into something close to beauty.

The boys suddenly flocked to her; in the beginning she indulged them without much discrimination. She loved heterosexual sex and indulged the new demands without cutting down on her established routine of masturbation. Yet she never quite rid herself of the conviction that she was ugly. Sometimes when she looked into her mirror she trembled visibly at the notion that it might all be imagination; that one day she would be suddenly be returned to her previous state. She searched herself constantly for flaws and was particularly aware that the heavy breasts, which her girlfriends envied, were already tending to sag slightly.

A psychiatrist would have explained that she had a low 'self esteem'. A sex therapist would have told her that the wild sexual fantasies, which so frequently dominated her thoughts, were widely shared. Since no such person was available to advise her, she wallowed in a pit of self reproach, considering herself depraved and disgusting, far less worthy than the outwardly normal people whom she met daily.

With her blooming attractiveness, her walks along the Reeperbahn became peppered with lewd invitations. She accepted many of them. Commonsense told her that the men who frequented the area might be dangerous but she took no heed of such fears. She took risks primarily because she was driven by strong sexual urges; she was also irrationally scared that each 'pick up' might be her last before men discerned that, in reality, she was still the unprepossessing woman of the past.

Her sexual encounters always took place in the alleyways and tiny side streets of St. Pauli; once committed she never held back or took 'precautions'. At seventeen she contracted syphilis and was forced to go to a public clinic to affect a cure. It became necessary to abstain from sex until that cure was complete.

That period of abstinence was like living in a nightmare, at night she would wake up sweating and no amount of masturbation could assuage her needs. She realised the truth of what she had long suspected. She was a nymphomaniac!

When, after having recovered from the syphilis, she resumed her 'sex walking' she realised that primitive fumbling and fornication in often-filthy surroundings was not enough for her. She wanted - had to have - a situation where she and whatever man was involved, enjoyed long, sensual, preferably depraved sex in comfortable surroundings. 'Quickies' had their place but most of the men who had merely shot their load into her had given her only minimal pleasure - and at least one had given her a 'dose' as well. There had to be something better than that.

After some wheedling she managed to persuade her parents that it was time to leave home. They gave her a small but adequate allowance and she rented a small, one bedroomed flat in the St Pauli district. Quickly she became a habitu   of the area. Many of those who greeted her politely during her frequent afternoon and evening promenades around the gaudy streets obviously thought that she was a whore.

It pleased her and, oddly, gave her confidence. She entered the sex shops, furtively at first but with considerable aplomb as her confidence grew. The sales assistants came to greet her with a sort of knowing politeness. She bought a few sex appliances as well as sexy underwear and her purchases were automatically discounted. She also watched the sex videos in the rental cabins and graduated quickly to the hardest. It was not difficult to pick up men in the bars and clubs for most visited the area for sex and were not too choosy. She took them back to her flat. She was not a naturally tidy person and her flat was a mess but the bed itself was comfortable and her visitors rarely complained. She did, after all, give her body free.

Her parent's allowance was not all that generous and was never increased in line with inflation. Deciding that she might as well turn pro, she dressed herself in a more risqu   way and

used heavy perfumes and eye catching make up. She dyed her naturally dark hair a golden blonde. Instead of rushing quickly around the area she sauntered, making certain that her bottom swung seductively, while at the same time cultivating a serene if slightly bored expression.

The first time that she had assumed that new mode, a well-dressed man had accosted her. It had been a cold night and she was wearing a long, ankle length coat over a low cut blouse and very short skirt. She was desperate for her first client.

“How much?” he asked.

She had regarded him coldly as if deciding whether or not to reject his advance - though all the time her heart had thumped furiously.

“What do you want?” she asked languidly.

He had flushed. “A beating - humiliation -”

His voice had trailed off and he had looked as if he would bolt at any moment. Yet he looked prosperous and smelled of expensive cologne, cigars and French brandy.

She named an outrageous price and his eyes widened with surprise. He began to argue and she had silenced him cuttingly.

“I’m going to treat you like shit!” she snapped. “But I’m not interested in wimps or poseurs. You come with me and I own you.”

She had lit a cigarette, her eyes boring into his, then abruptly she turned away and walked towards a sex shop on the other side of the street. Her heart was beating fast. She had known that if he followed her she was going to have to live up to the ‘promise’ she had made. And although she had read about S&M and was excited by the concept, she had no direct experience of it.

Inside the shop she sashayed over to a rack, which contained a selection of whips. Only then did she turn her head casually towards the door.

He was there, white faced and sweating even though it was a cool evening.

Paula had looked across at the proprietor and indicated her new client.

“He’s my slave. I’m buying a few things for him and he’s paying.”

The shop owner smirked. “Naturally, Madam.”

She crooked her finger towards her victim and he approached her slowly. It was obvious that he was half inclined to run away. Paula opened her long coat, revealing the very low cut blouse and short skirt. The sudden movement wafted her perfume to his nostrils.

Sardonically she reflected that if he had smelled her pussy he could not have reacted more eagerly.

Calmly she inspected the whips and selected two, a long thin, swishy cane and a short thronged model whose handle obviously doubled as a dildo. She then bought several pairs of handcuffs and two more plastic dildos, one so enormous that she saw her victim’s eyes flare open in disbelief.

The man paid with a gold Amex card and the shop proprietor handed him the purchases in a plain bag.

“Enjoy yourself,” he said to the man. “She’s amazing. Very hard, though. You’ll enjoy it.”

By the time they arrived at her flat, Paula’s panties were soaked and she was excited and having difficulty breathing normally. He seemed in much the same way, breathing heavily through an open mouth, stumbling sometimes as if overtaken by giddiness and not attempting to meet her eyes.

She unlocked the door and stood aside to let him enter her flat. As he went through she deftly kicked his feet from under him and he sprawled on the floor. She stepped over him, shrugged off her coat and looked down at his shivering figure.

“Get naked. Quickly!”

He staggered to his feet as if in a daze, shrugged off his coat and struggled with his tie.

Paula rummaged through the bag of purchases, extracted the long cane and slashed it hard across his bottom. At the time he was removing his shirt and he yelped with pain but his movement quickened. The garments tumbled to the floor until he wore only a pair of y-fronts.

“I shall call you ‘thing’,” she said contemptuously and slashed the cane across his thighs making him cry out again. “You’re not worth a proper name.”

The tip of the whip poked at his genitals through the thin material of the underpants, which were stained and damp patched. She bent down for a closer look. The sharp smell of him invested her nostrils and her excitement heightened.

“Get ‘em off!” she ordered and he slid the underpants down his legs and stepped out of them.

She studied him carefully and laughed. He had no erection, his penis hung slackly and he was cringing away from her. For a moment she was surprised to see that he had no body hair. His testicles, crotch and underarms had been shaved smooth. His body was soft, spare and insignificant. Deprived of the expensive clothes he was a far from impressive figure.

“You’re a fucking queer,” she baited him. “I know a few men who’d give you what you want. Shall I send for a big black cock to ream that arsehole?”

He shook his head. “No - Madam. Just - just - you do whatever you want -”

Her laugh was calculatedly brutal. “Maybe I want to see you arse fucked. Maybe I want to exhibit you like the animal you are. Maybe I’ll take you down to one of the sleazier clubs and put you on stage.”

He was gibbering with excitement. She stripped off her blouse and skirt showing that she was wearing no bra and the tiniest - and wettest - of knickers, grabbed him by the hair and dragged him into the bedroom. There she pushed him on his back, sat on his face, pulled his legs back over his body and assaulted him with the small dildo which she had purchased, pushing it deep into his anus.

Trapped in an utterly humiliating position the young man had squealed and moaned but the wet buttocks that ground into his face had muffled the noise.

Paula had been in her element. Never had she been quite so aware of her vulva and anus and the wondrous sensations that could be extracted from them. She ground her buttocks into his face, glorying in the feel of rubbing them over his face, squashing his nose, her combination of perfume and sex smell monopolizing his senses. Her thick, hairy wetness soaked his features and the noises that he emitted were hardly human.

She continued to thrust and withdraw the dildo into his anus and was a little surprised to find how easy it was. Frowning slightly, she withdrew the wand of discoloured plastic and gazed hard at the distended brown orifice. It was the first time she had ever studied a rectum really closely. In the past she had often studied her own vulva, squatting over a mirror and opening and exploring the thick lips with close attention. On some occasions she had viewed her own anus but had never recognised it as being a serious point of sexual interest. Occasionally she had tested it with a probing finger but it offered nothing to compare with the marvellous sensations that could be engendered from the clitoris or the less stimulating but still pleasant feeling of a touched up nipple.

Many of her men - she could hardly call them lovers - had shown interest in her anus but she had usually managed to divert them to less embarrassing areas. She was only too well aware that the rectum was liable to be soiled and therefore could be a source of considerable embarrassment. Crudity she could live with, but she did not want to be considered physically dirty.

But it was obvious to her that ‘thing’ was massively excited by his rectum being reamed and examined. He was jerking about like a marionette and muttering a flood of words some of which she recognized as obscenities though most were unintelligible.

When she withdrew the dildo his anus remained open; the rim beginning to close very, very slowly until it stopped with what seemed like a half-inch gape.

The truth struck her forcibly. “You really are a queer. A fucking, dirty queer!”

She stood up and looked down at his face, which was covered with a thick mask of slimy gooeey liquid from her vagina.

His mouth was open and he gazed up at her. He looked like an imbecile, eyes glazed, mouth open, hair plastered to his forehead, face appearing to be lopsided as if the heavy rubbing of her buttocks had pushed it out of true. He was panting though she could not tell whether it was caused by embarrassment or by her having been sitting on his face and semi suffocating him.

She studied the vapid features carefully for a few moments then she bent and spat into them. The spittle hit his upper lip and began to trickle over his mouth. His eyes flared and, without urging, he opened his mouth and licked at her oozing saliva with his tongue.

Grunting she twisted her body and rammed her buttocks down even more heavily on his face and rubbed furiously though this time she positioned her clit so that it frictioned on his nose. Her hand caressed his penis which hardened slightly though not very impressively. He came suddenly, the cock still only semi hard and the semen just drooling out slowly.

She was genuinely angry. However imperfect, she had wanted his penis inside her when he came.

“You stupid, useless fuck!” she shouted. “I never gave you permission to come!”

She stared miserably at the miniscule dribble wetting her hand and wondered if he had finished. It seemed so little in quantity. The many men who had fucked her in the past had seemed to explode inside her and her impression had been of great jets of jism smashing through to her womb. Even when she had hand-masturbated men they produced more than this—though always less than she expected. But this - thing— was pathetic.

Paula was suddenly fed up with the whole business. He had orgasmed but she was left unsatisfied. It was clear that he would take hours - more likely days - to be ready to orgasm again. She wanted rid of him and she wanted a nice, long wank with a huge orgasm at the end of it.

She stood up and held her jism-stained hand towards his mouth. Without her saying a word he had raised his head and licked it clean. All the time he muttered: “Thank, you. Oh, thank you. That was marvellous!”

“Get out!” she shouted. “Out - out, out, out!”

She could not wait to be rid of him, shoeing him out of the flat like some naked Valkerie, not even allowing him to dress. He was still thanking her when she slammed the front door in his face, leaving him nude in the passage outside her flat. Ten minutes later she was cursing herself for her stupidity. With a submissive it did not matter that he had orgasmed. She could have made him lick her clit, taught him how to massage it and do all sorts of erotic things exactly as she wanted.

All sorts of perverse ideas and desires had begun to flow through her mind.

In the end she had masturbated in solitude, cursing her stupidity in letting such an opportunity pass by. With such a 'Toy Boy' in her power she could have experimented in all sorts of ways.

As it was she had even forgotten to collect payment!

The experience had inflamed her interest in sado-masochism. The memory of his pleasure in being demeaned lodged firmly in her mind. The whole subject fascinated her. She had enjoyed the humiliation she had heaped on her victim and regretted only that had not fully exploited the situation. She fantasised on how incredible it would be to let loose her most unbounded lusts on some totally servile male?

Or servile female? The new thought rose unbidden in her mind. She had never been interested in lesbianism before but the urge jolted through her like some electric shock treatment. Why should a masterful woman not have a softly voluptuous submissive female as a plaything?

She read the books written by the Marquis de Sade, taking particular interest in the two volumes entitled 'Justine' and 'Juliette'. The 'Story of O' entranced her. She read it - as indeed she read de Sade— stretched naked on her bed, masturbating while studying it and leaving it only when sexually satiated. Yet while such stories fascinated her, she was doubtful whether there were really women prepared to yield themselves to the lusts of another human being.

As a professional whore she sometimes played the submissive. A few of her clients wanted rough sex, or plunder fantasy, and she had no objection to that as long as they did not require anything too extreme. Having her bottom slapped was no big deal and kneeling in front of a client and accepting verbal abuse as a slave girl was hardly taxing. Fellatio she was good at and never demanded a condom. A number of other clients came to her for experiences in masochism but none were as wholly into it as that first man had been. In such cases she felt as if she was playing tightly scripted games rather than letting loose her more depraved inclinations.

The Reeperbahn was a competitive area to earn a living by sex because the local brothels soaked up most of the trade. For a time she considered joining a brothel or sex clubs but she knew that the girls in them were often little more than sex slaves and she was not prepared to go that far. Her trade fluctuated erratically and she often had to resign herself to using dildos and similar sex toys. It was not the same as real, live sex but it could be made to last longer and just about sufficed to keep her sane.

Her life had continued on its same, unplanned, dangerous, sex-dominated course. She joined a mid range escort agency in Hamburg and became accustomed to entertaining visiting businessmen. The deal was a very simple one; a quarter of the initial fee went to her and she kept anything she earned in addition. It was clearly understood that sex was available to the customer if he required it, though at an additional price. She was good at chatting up men and her dates usually ended up in bed with her.

But she still earned very little money and sometimes actually went hungry. There were a vast number of escort agencies and the business was cut throat. Two clients a week was doing well and often two or even three weeks would pass between clients. Her parents continued their allowance to her but did not increase it in line with inflation. Often she walked the streets in search of additional clients but the Reeperbahn was a hot bed of sexual competition and the prices for prostitutes were very low in the aftermath of the Aids scares.

Then, one night, on her escort duties she had met Otto van Krueger.

It was two years since Krueger had left the South African army and formed his own mercenary force. He had promoted himself from Captain to full colonel in the process. Heinz Bock had been an early patron and had given him several jobs in Africa. Krueger had done well and earned large bonuses.

Paula was vastly attracted to the self-confident Boer who was demanding in bed and lavish in his spending. He, in turn, admired the attractive blonde with big tits and driving sex needs. On the spur of the moment he invited her to join his 'force' which he had designated 'Kruegerpanzer'.

With no real occupation, increasingly fragile family ties which consisted of little more than a living allowance allied to rare and perfunctory home visits, she immediately accepted. It offered excitement and a sort of stable sex relationship.

Paula was nothing if not adaptable. She cared nothing for her sex's normal feminine interests such as décor, fashion, children or tidiness but she had a practical bent, which was very useful in a military unit. Without having received the slightest training she could soon strip, repair and reassemble all sorts of mechanical objects such as weapons, electrical equipment and vehicles. Nor was she particularly vain. She did not shun being filthy, tired or exposed to danger, nor did she care when the men japed about her sexual relationship with Krueger, which, in a small company was hardly something that could be kept secret. Krueger awarded her the rank of captain but she was never officious.

Masturbation, during which she could dwell on her fantasies, continued as a way of life with her.

If pressed about her unusual career, she merely quipped that she got fucked and fed regularly and that was more than a hell of a lot of women could say. She had learned to live with, and usually conceal, the sexual longings that gnawed constantly within her body. It was more than the question of appearances which was at stake; if the men had realized that they had a real live nympho in their midst their disciplined camaraderie would certainly have become strained.

The casualness of camp life meant that she often saw some of the mercenaries naked. She guessed that sometimes it was intentional. The sight of a nude man with an erection always affected her and she had to work hard at concealing her immediate lust. She became expert at giving a cool little smile and keeping well away from windward so that her smell did not reveal her desire. It was like a boxer laughing when he had received a punishing blow that had temporarily numbed her senses.

She was popular with the men and occasionally arranged things so that they saw her semi or completely naked. Besides giving herself something of a thrill and by showing no shame about her naked body, it helped define her as a good type.

One of the inevitabilities of living with soldiers was that there was always a lot of pornography around. In the beginning, some attempts were made to embarrass her by leaving it around where she was certain to see it. Far from being embarrassed she openly read it from first page to last, often holding onto it for several days. Having made it clear that she enjoyed pornography, the men quickly accepted that she was unusually open about sex. They liked her and were not disposed to be overly critical - though she was inevitably the butt of dirty jokes. Only van Krueger realized that she hovered on the brink of perversion.

The few campaigns in which she had been involved had been small scale but 'Kruegerpanzer' had acquitted itself well. On several occasions Paula had been in action and had demonstrated courage and a cool presence of mind.

She was just over twenty years old though she looked older. Her skin was becoming somewhat weather-beaten but she was intensely fit and looked a picture of health. She stayed blonde because Otto liked it though it was difficult to maintain when on campaign. There was a confident air about her.

In the field she fitted in well with her new comrades in arms but she was cruel and ruthless with enemies. If a captured enemy needed to be interrogated, she was often the interrogator. She handled the whip with both skill and relish and she rarely failed to extract what information she wanted. It was the only time that her desire to dominate was released from the leash.

Paula looked at Otto who was grinning at her and stroking his penis suggestively.

“Do we have time?” she asked.

“Probably not,” he said lazily. “Except for a blow job maybe.”

She wrinkled her nose. “Fine for you but not enough for me.”

“It’ll keep me from eyeing all the grand ladies during dinner.”

“I doubt it,” she smiled. “And frankly I’m more worried about all these bare arsed slave girls.”

“Well, I can see a bare arsed mercenary captain with a wet cunt and big tits who’s certainly going to get a good fucking if I’m not to get a good sucking.”

“Sounds like carnal abuse to me,” she teased, blew him a kiss and obscenely fingered her engorged clit.

He grabbed her by the hair and pulled her roughly into the bedroom. Tears of pain flowed from her eyes but she it stimulated her passion and she trailed willingly behind him. She opened her legs lewdly as he flung her on the bed then put her hands down and pulled the lips of her vulva open, displaying the pink wetness within.

“You’re going to keep the grand ladies waiting, are you?” she laughed up at him.

“I’m going to fuck hell out of a prostitute before I even see the grand ladies.”

“Pay me,” she begged.

It was a favourite game between them. When he wanted rough sex she always insisted that he paid for it. But on those occasions she never refused him anything!

He released her and walked to his camouflage jacket, which hung in the wardrobe. He removed his wallet, extracted a five-mark note and tossed it on the bed.

“A cheap price for cheap cunt!”

She arched her body and ran her tongue around her full lips. It was exciting to be thoroughly mastered sometimes and the urge was there now. She pulled the lips of her vulva so far apart that a dark hole appeared, wet and inviting.

He read her mood. Calmly he picked a swagger cane from the bed and walked towards her. His stiff cock jerked and rolled in a way that caused her to grunt with passion.

“First, I’m going to beat your big arse, then I’m going to fuck hell out of you,” he said conversationally. “After that I’m going to pee in your mouth.”

She wriggled sexily. “And then what -?” she asked thickly.

CHAPTER 6

Colonel van Krueger and Captain Paula Volk were indeed late for the dinner party but none of the exalted party gathered to welcome them was in a mood to criticise. After the wilder fears regarding the Nubian uprising, the knowledge that the mercenaries were present and operating

had calmed the fears of the Guests. For the moment, van Krueger, the hero of the hour, could do no wrong.

It was dark by the time they left the 'Pleasurepalace'. The colonel drove the short distance from the barracks to the Palace in his command vehicle with Paula lolling at his side. At the entrance to the Palace, which was surrounded by mercenaries, Haroun greeted them accompanied by two of his men; all dressed in picturesque baggy white pantaloons and embroidered waistcoats. The two visitors, gazing at the opulent décor and furnishings within, with open-mouthed admiration, were led to a leather lined lift, which took them up to the first floor. Haroun ushered them respectfully into a large private dining room, then withdrew discreetly, closing the door behind him.

The room was large and magnificent with high windows overlooked the floodlit, flowering Palace gardens. Five exquisite crystal chandeliers provided lighting. The walls were lined with polished rosewood and the floor was covered with a thick, dark blue Chinese carpet. The circular dining table had a heavily embroidered white linen tablecloth on it, spread with silver cutlery from 'Christofle', glassware from 'Baccarat' and bone china from 'Bvlgari'.

Neither Otto nor Paula would lay much claim to knowledge of such things but they could see that no expense had been spared.

The waiting Guests, headed by Heinz Bock, greeted the two newcomers with cheerful enthusiasm. There was a flurry of introductions, far too many to be retained in the memory of the two visitors. All the Guests were dressed in evening wear of a quality that made Paula immediately feel self-conscious. The men wore splendidly tailored dinner jackets and the women, the most exquisite designer gowns, which were further enhanced by an incredible array of expensive jewellery. Several women wore tiaras.

A small string band played popular music from a far corner of the room; the volume carefully calculated not to intrude on conversation.

Otto van Krueger wore a uniform designed by himself and based on that of the Second World War German Africa Corps but with American style rank badges and British type red staff collar tabs. A band on his jacket forearm bore the word 'Kruegerpanzer'. Paula wore the only evening gown she possessed, a sequined, long midnight blue garment which fitted closely to the body and very low on the bust. She guessed that the table napkins alone cost a lot more than her dress but everyone was courteous and not in the least condescending. The men looked hard at her and that pleased her. They might be disgustingly rich but they obviously appreciated big tits, she reflected.

Heinz Bock's wife, Erika, a pretty but somewhat washed out blonde, had clearly been deputed to look after Paula and she did so with the utmost pleasantness. She too was German and they mostly conversed in that tongue. To have the wife of a billionaire acting as her personal hostess pleased Paula immensely.

Pretty girls wearing nothing but red high-heeled shoes and a narrow red flap covering the pubis served champagne. They moved around the crowd dispensing and refilling the cut glass champagne flutes with smooth efficiency. Paula's eyes lingered on the perfect bodies. Ironically she was reminded that once or twice she had attended parties - not nearly as grand as this one, of course - as a topless waitress back in her escort days. They had always ended in orgies.

Erika noticed her gaze and put a well-manicured hand on her arm. "Just slaves," she said quietly. "You'll see them all over the place here. Just regard them as servants."

Paula smiled. "I've seen plenty of them already. There were two in our bedroom. I chased them out - I don't want women dressed like that around Otto. He's susceptible."

Erika laughed. "My dear, the best thing, is to just regard them as wanking vessels. If Otto is normal he'll fuck some of them during the course of the next few days. Just don't regard it as important."

Paula was taken aback by the frankness of the reply but she merely raised her eyebrows. She was not at all keen on Otto taking his enjoyment elsewhere when she needed all the sex she could get. She refrained from saying so but asked: "Why do they bother with the flap over their—thing?"

"It's considered by some that a display of bare cunt might put Guests off their meal. All those wet, wrinkled, hairy bits, you know. Silly, of course!"

Erika's outspokenness and use of the obscenity intrigued Paula. These rich, sophisticated people were decadent in a way that those who frequented the Reeperbahn could not even begin to imagine.

Paula reflected that she was learning a lot this day. Her bottom stung from the whipping that Otto had inflicted on her a little earlier but it was a pleasurable feeling. Certainly it had been considerably harder than the usual play beating. She had been angry and had screamed obscenities at him but he had held her down and continued whacking her; she had been surprised to find that the experience had aroused her. Their subsequent lovemaking had been unusually intense. The very recollection made her feel as if she were pissing herself slightly though she knew that the wetness was just a gentle ooze of body lubricants.

She noted that the champagne was Dom Perignon 1990 and reflected on the remarkable changes that life could so quickly present. Only a short time before, her throat had been the recipient of Otto's semen and, a little later, his urine. The latter had not been particularly pleasant but he had obviously been excited by her surrender to his demand and had even refused to allow her to wash out her mouth afterwards. Paula hoped that those she had spoken to recently had not noticed the smell on her breath.

Now she eliminated his taste with an exotic variety of liquid gold.

She raised her glass towards him and opened her mouth with touch of lewdness. He grinned back at her, obviously aware of what was going through her mind.

She drank and he raised his own glass in salute.

The babble of conversation was steadily increasing in volume as the alcohol freed inhibitions. Some of the slave girls were perspiring as they rushed around both to fill and refill glasses and continue serving the meal.

Heinz Bock presided over the event; a huge old German, supposedly absurdly rich and even more absurdly powerful. The other names were a jumble. Erika, of course and a short, curvy dark haired woman named Alma with merry eyes and a wanton mouth. Paula had never been good at name retention and it really did not seem to matter here. Immaculately clad men and women strolled up and spoke to her kindly and as a social equal. She soon forgot that her store dress was a very poor sister to the exquisite creations in this room.

She saw Otto talking to a strikingly lovely woman, tiny - not much more than five feet in height but beautifully formed. Erika, noting Paula's sudden interest, laughingly told her that the woman was the Contessa Maria di Letharo, a very famous beauty. Paula had heard of her but could not understand what a woman like that was doing in a sexually perverse place like Khastan. It occurred to her that she might well ask the same of most of the other Guests.

She sniffed appreciatively at the various perfumes used by the women and the expensive colognes of the men. Heinz Bock and several of the other men were smoking cigars and there was also a fug of expensive cigarette smoke. Clearly the politically correct 'no smoking while eating' rules had not reached Khastan.

Paula stuck with champagne even though the wines served were both rare and expensive. She drank several glasses, seeing no reason why she should not indulge herself.

Erika Bock was seated beside her and skilfully played her part as Paula's hostess. She pointed out the more notable Guests but Paula still had difficulty remembering all the names. The Contessa Maria di Letharo, of course and Lord and Lady Rotherton. Alma Rotherton, apparently American, was the merry eyed, curvy woman who been amongst the first to have greeted her. Madame Zia was a shrewd eyed Egyptian woman sitting opposite who apparently wielded considerable but unobtrusive power in Khastan and was a confidant of the Princess Lala. Paula's eyes widened with curiosity when Erika explained that Zia had once owned a chain of brothels. Lady Hengist, a willowy brunette in her late thirties was the heiress to a Supermarket fortune and was here with her toy boy, Peter something or other - who was half her age at most. Felix Fulton whose father ran a huge American conglomerate, was a short, red haired but fast balding man. He was one of the cigar smokers and held forth in a loud voice, encouraging Otto to get out of the Complex and 'kicked the bloody rebel black butts into the sea.'

"I'm afraid I don't have the manpower for that," Otto replied quickly. "I can promise you safety within the Palace Complex but no one should leave it."

Besides those whose names she remembered there was an attractive Scandinavian couple, both tall with golden hair. There was also a diminutive, plump Spanish count accompanied by a much younger and taller, sloe eyed beauty who spoke rarely.

The food was excellent and the wine memorable. It was by far the best meal Paula had ever eaten. The evening passed quickly and pleasantly. Liquors and more champagne were circulated and the fug of cigarette and cigar smoke became thicker.

It was Otto who called time. He stood up.

"I regret," he said. "That I must do the rounds of my men. There is still much to be done. But I would assure you that everyone within this compound is perfectly safe."

"We hope that you will be our guest again," Heinz Bock said formally. "We are happy to be in your hands."

There was a murmur of polite agreement but it was noticeable that people remained seated. The vigilant slave girls were refilling the glasses. It was obvious that the evening was far from over for most of the Guests.

Paula had watched several men - and the blonde Scandinavian girl - fondle the passing bodies of the female slaves and had noted the docile manner in which they had reacted. Paula herself, by now in something of an alcoholic haze, had been exchanging meaningful smiles with the golden haired Scandinavian male and the gusset of her panties was soaking. She had been enjoying herself and was not pleased at Otto's decision to leave. As far as she knew, all the defences were in place and Otto's second in command, Major Phillips, was perfectly capable of handling any emergency.

The Contessa Maria di Letharo suddenly stood up and smiled at Otto.

"Could I beg a lift to the 'Pleasurepalace'? I, too, am tired."

Otto nodded with obvious pleasure. He had conversed lengthily with Maria throughout the evening and was obviously smitten. "With pleasure, Contessa."

Paula, mind spurred by alcohol, had been wondering whether it was strictly necessary for her to go. The possibility of a brief liaison with the Scandinavian had passed through her mind. Moreover her wine affected mind was suggesting that it would be risky but interesting to go to Otto directly from fucking another man-and not hiding the fact! He would be furious and possibly react violently but that could be the ultimate in excitement. Now she dismissed such thoughts and rose from her chair. There was no way that she was going to allow Otto to be alone with the unbelievably attractive Contessa.

Accompanied by the Contessa, Otto and Paula left the beautiful dining room to a chorus of cheerful 'good nights'. As she stepped across the threshold Paula experienced a surge of regret. To have been treated as an equal by so many distinguished people and to have been so royally entertained had been a defining moment of her life.

Outside the dining room, they were greeted deferentially by Haroun who led them to the lift. He accompanied them in the descent. It was a small lift and Paula was standing very close to the big Nubian, so close that she could smell his cologne and the musky scent of his body blending together. The fumes of alcohol were still fuelling her desire and the familiar signals of lust were welling within her. She badly needed a man and a brutal black savage would do very nicely! She saw that Maria, though still chatting politely to Otto, was slightly red in the face and she suddenly divined that it was the closeness of Haroun, rather than Otto, which was causing it.

Haroun certainly exuded sexual magnetism. His male closeness was visibly exciting her. She wondered whether the size of his penis was reflected by the hugeness of his body and thought that it probably was. Surreptitiously she glanced downwards but there was no huge bulge in the loose white material that shrouded his crotch. For a brief moment she was tempted to put an exploratory hand on his cock but Otto and the Contessa were too close.

The lift came to a halt and the doors opened. The occupants moved forwards, then stopped suddenly. The lift doors had opened onto what seemed to be a dark tunnel lit only by dull, yellowish lights.

"Wrong floor," Paula said brightly, then heard the rush of feet and, too late, recognized the imminence of danger.

The Nubian assailants wore the baggy, white pantaloons of the Princess's Personal Guard and the initiative was wholly theirs. Haroun stood calmly to one side, a sneer on his face. His powerful arm swept majestically downwards and Otto went down from the rabbit punch aimed at the back of his neck. He slumped on the floor of the lift, completely unconscious.

The surprised women were grabbed and sticky tape stuck over their mouths, preventing any outcry. Their arms were taped behind their backs.

The lift was quickly vacated and sent upwards.

Haroun looked at the pinioned bodies and relief surged through him. It had all gone so smoothly!

As Head of the Princess's Guard, Haroun knew all the physical secrets of the Palace. He had long been aware of this secret passageway that led from the Palace to a small house just outside the walls of Khastan City. There were only two entrances to the passageway. The first was the one he had used; a concealed button activated the lift to descend to this floor which few even knew existed. The second entrance led from a hidden panel in the suite of the Princess and joined the passageway several hundred feet further on.

He knew that they must hurry to complete their task. Once the disappearance of van Krueger and the two women was noticed, then all hell would be raised and the mercenaries would pull the Palace apart searching for the escape route. It was quite possible that this secret passage would be discovered.

The future was suddenly bright. Now Haroun would undoubtedly be hailed a hero of the rebel forces, having captured the commander of the mercenary force. Not even Baka could gainsay such a brilliant success.

His service to the Princess was over. He believed that Lala was finished in any event. Nor was he concerned. He had been her stud for years but he had never had any regard for her. Indeed, no longer having the need to fuck that fat, cow like body would be a considerable blessing!

Heinz Bock had said that the rebels intended to see Lala hoisted naked in a cage outside the Palace where she could be subjected to the derision - and worse - of the mob.

Haroun looked forward to being part of that mob. And even hurling the first piece of dung!

Samia was weary, filthy and dejected. The final part of the awful trek to Port Khastan had been near unbearable for a woman who hitherto had been cosseted, spoiled and wilful.

During the second day's journey she had done relatively little walking. She had spent the greater part of the journey fastened, face down, across the back of a donkey, crying out periodically as the jolting movements sent spasms of pain shooting through her. Nor was she free from the attentions of her captors since her well displayed bare buttocks were a diverting attraction for the bored guards to slap or finger. It was a facility they indulged with some frequency.

At the midday stop she was released from the donkey but there was to be no relief from her shaming treatment. A heavy wooden yoke was fastened around her neck with panniers at either end. She was then forced to fetch water from a small waterhole in a deep hollow and carry it back to the main body of travellers. It was a struggle to carry the heavy water filled panniers uphill and the work was rendered more exhausting by the wet heat. She was forced to make several journeys and soon her body was slicked with sweat and her hair seemed plastered to her head. A red pantalooned guard accompanied her, slashing her with his cane whenever she showed signs of flagging.

The guard took his own reward at the finish, fucking her as she lay panting on the ground. She made no resistance, opening her thighs wearily.

When the march was resumed she was made to walk. It came as a relief in spite of her bone weary tiredness. Anything was better than the jolting discomfort of the donkey.

She became aware that her husband, still chained and naked, was staggering along some fifty yards or so behind, being caned regularly by the brutal guards. She had neither the opportunity, nor the desire to speak to him. The crack of canes on bare flesh and the sharp cries of the victim became a regular feature of the journey but she had not one iota of sympathy. There was room only for hatred and self-pity in her mind.

Elizabeth Berisford was finding life much easier after the hell she had endured during the past month or so. Physically, bruises and whip marks apart, she was in the peak of condition and had no problem in coping with the wearisome journey.

It was a sheer joy to wear clothes and to experience something close to freedom.

There was no privacy but Elizabeth had become used to that. After her long night of sex with Baka, she had washed herself, stark naked, at a small waterhole just outside the village making no attempt to conceal herself from the men since she knew that they would spy on her anyway. They laughed and pointed but did not attempt to interfere with her. She treated the process of relieving herself in much the same way though she sought out a reasonably concealed spot. When a man did approach she made no attempt to stop what she was doing. She had, after all, often relieved herself publicly and in far more humiliating circumstances during her sojourn in Khastan.

It was clear that her status as Baka's whore had been accepted. For the time being, at least, that rendered her relatively safe from his men.

The night of sex had not diminished her passion for him. The admired London society beauty, found it extraordinary that she could experience such pleasure in the arms of an ignorant black savage, who had whipped and humiliated her many times in the recent past and who had treated all the slaves with careless and obscene brutality.

In spite of all that she was happy to follow the yearnings of her body. A man like Baka would eventually tire of her-as indeed she would tire of him. It might create a new and dangerous situation for her. But that could be faced in its own good time.

CHAPTER 7

Port Khastan was little more than a dingy village standing on the shoreline of the Red Sea. It was the only seaport which Khastan possessed. Its facilities were ancient and the place exuded an air of decay.

Baka was relieved to have reached his base. He stood in the dingy office of the Harbourmaster and listened to the report of his second in command, a small, compact Nubian named Ali. There was one bit of good news; Shar Mutani's family had offered a large ransom for the return of him and his wife.

Baka knew that he was going to need money now that his initial plan of taking Khastan in one swift movement had been frustrated by the arrival of the mercenaries. He summoned the two prisoners to his presence. Both were still chained and naked but their demeanours were very different.

Shar Mutani dropped immediately to his knees when he arrived, then he shuffled forward and kissed Baka's sandals.

Samia remained standing, unsteadily but defiant. She had suffered a great deal of brutality. Baka noted that she stood with her thighs unnaturally parted, her left eye was swollen and half closed, her body heavily bruised. There were bite marks disfiguring her swaying, shapely breasts. The long, silken hair of which she had always been so proud was utterly filthy; quite apart from the sand and dirt resulting from the long journey, it was thick with dried sperm and excrement. To add to her humiliation, her shaven pubes now showed a fuzz of growing hair and her period had just commenced. There was menstrual blood on her bruised thighs and her buttocks were a red and blue conglomeration of welts and bruises where she had been soundly beaten.

Baka did not show the admiration that he felt for her courage, instead waving a hand at one of the guards who slapped Samia to her knees.

Shar Mutani had lost some of his plumpness and he too was plentifully whip-marked but he looked much the better of the two.

“You’re fortunate,” Baka growled. “Your family offers to pay for your useless bodies.”

Tears of relief poured down Shar Mutani’s cheeks. He raised his chained wrists into the air.

“Allah be praised!” he cried. “I promise you, Lord Baka, that I shall work to bring peace between our peoples. I shall speak of you with respect and praise.”

“More likely, you’ll demand my hanging!” Baka snapped realistically. His eyes switched to Samia. “You’ll miss all your lovers, lady.”

Her eyes were filled with fury but she had the sense not to answer. She tossed her head in a poor imitation of a once splendid gesture but her hair was stiff with filth and did not ripple with its old silky fluidity.

“May I speak to you privately, Lord Baka?” Shar Mutani’s voice was tone was wheedling but there was an undertone of urgency. He was still on his knees.

Baka had a shrewd idea of what was coming and he had no intention of sparing the Indian a last humiliation. At the back of the crowd, unknown to Shar Mutani, Elizabeth was recording the scene on a video camera.

“Speak here. I do not converse privately with slave filth.”

There was a long silence and Shar Mutani gobbled and shot sly glances at his wife.

“Without the woman, Lord. Please.”

Horror dawned in Samia’s eyes. “No,” she said quietly. “Not even you could -”

The Indian gobbled again then his words spewed forth desperately.

“The woman. She is not worthy - has shocked me with her behaviour. I shall divorce her -. There is no need for her release -”

He kept his face inclined away from Samia but she shrieked with anger and flung herself at him. Her chained wrists hit at his face, drawing both blood and a howl of fear. Guards flung themselves on the angry woman who kicked and shouted but was soon overcome.

“Your husband rejects you,” Baka told her cynically. “A woman who has been fucked by thirty or so men is no longer worthy to the wife of such an eminent lord. He does not wish to be tied to a disgraced wife - even if his own arse was fucked by some of the same men. Don’t worry, Samia - we’ll find employment for you here.”

His eyes flitted back to Shar Mutani. “Divorce her then. Now. Here. In front of witnesses.”

She screamed. “He is a pig! He likes boys! He -”

A guard clapped a rough hand over her mouth and silenced her.

Equitably, Baka waved a hand at Shar Mutani, indicating that he should proceed.

Under Khastani law it was necessary merely to repeat ‘I divorce thee’ three times, in front of witnesses for a man to divorce a wife.

Gritting his teeth and refusing to meet Samia’s hate filled eyes; Shar Mutani recited the phrase three times.

At the end Samia tried to fling herself at him but once again was restrained.

“Then I, Baka, your Lord and Master now pronounce you free of this woman,” Baka grinned. He knew well enough that Shar Mutani would not dare to mention this incident and its circumstances when he returned to the Palace. Baka however intended that the truth would out - and very soon unless the plump Indian did exactly what he wanted.

“There will, of course be an additional fee to be paid for my benevolence. I thought that twice the amount offered would be appropriate.”

There were tears in Shar Mutani’s eyes. “Lord,” he faltered. “I am grateful for your generosity. I beg only that this matter is kept private between us. Perhaps the woman could be -

disposed of - in some way. She is still quite pretty and there are many outside Khastan who would purchase her.”

In other words: sell her off as a slave. Baka reflected. He assumed a grim expression on his face as if weighing the matter up.

“I promise that I shall use all my influence on your behalf,” Shar Mutani whimpered.

“You most certainly will. And if you fail then your community will hear an interesting tale indeed.”

Shar Mutani rubbed his head on the floor in abject submission. He knew perfectly well that Baka held him in a vice. “I pray for the woman’s redemption, Lord.”

The outraged Samia cursed and struggled but she was helpless. Baka put his hand to his lips and considered the matter. He now had a powerful hold on this exalted leader of the Indian community. Shar Mutani would undoubtedly give a sanitised version of his captivity to his peers but the evidence of the camera would be damning if it were produced.

Baka nodded Shar Mutani.

“We would not wish you to leave your woman without a final act of love. Before you go, you may fuck her.”

Samia spat in rage. “Pig!” She hissed. “Black savage!”

Shar Mutani looked open mouthed at Baka.

“No - I don’t want -”

There was a burst of laughter around the room. Elizabeth Berisford stepped forward holding the video camera. The Indian saw her and his jaw dropped as he realised that everything he had said and done was on video. And to be filmed copulating with his wife before an audience of blacks would be the final nail in his coffin.

“You will fuck her. Here and now!” Baka snapped.

Shar Mutani climbed to his feet and stood as if turned to stone. There were tears in his eyes.

The manacles on both husband and wife were removed. Samia was struggling violently but Shar Mutani seemed paralysed. Four of Baka’s men stretched Samia on the floor, pulling her legs wide. Since her gang assault the previous night, she had made little attempt to defend her tarnished virtue but now she shouted with rage and disgust at the idea of copulating with the man who, only a few moments ago, had been her husband.

Shar Mutani, his penis shrunken and slack, was obviously horrified. The video would destroy him forever if it were shown to his peers. He shook his head desperately.

Elizabeth focussed the camera.

“I can’t,” he wept. “The mood is not in me. Forgive me, Lord -”

They forced him down on the woman and someone grabbed the shrunken penis and pushed it into the much used female gash as if it were the soft peeled skin of a banana.

It took time but at the end Elizabeth thought that she could produce a short video in the style that Baka wanted. They had forced Shar Mutani to simulate sex on his wife and Samia’s struggles could well be read to portray untrammelled passion. At the end one of the guards masturbated into Samia’s face while standing well out of sight of the lens. Elizabeth filmed the spunk spattering onto the contorted features. By not showing the guard, the implication was given that the semen was that of Shar Mutani.

“When I’ve finished with this,” she told the horrified Indian, tapping the camera, “it’ll be a film of you fucking Samia for the pleasure of Baka’s men. And wanking in her face. If you don’t do exactly as Baka wants, a copy will go to every dignitary in Khastan. From now on, you fat, greasy slob - you belong to the revolution.”

A thrill of satisfaction ran through Elizabeth. She had landed the first blow in her intended saga of vengeance against those who had abused her.

Baka too was content.

“When your ransom arrives you can go back to Lala. You can tell her what a hero you’ve been. And then you can wait until we send you orders about what to do.” He smiled. “Until then you can fulfil the duties of a slave. Take him away and make him work - very hard!”

He looked at the glowering Samia as the gibbering husband was dragged away to perform hard labour until his ransom was received.

“And you! We shall have to find something suitable for you to do. For now you can be Elizabeth’s slave. “

Elizabeth’s shapely mouth twitched into a quirky half smile. Suddenly she had become a slave owner. She was certainly going up in the world!

Only a few minutes later the extraordinary news arrived from Khastan City. The commander of the mercenary force plus two women had been captured within the Palace itself and spirited outside the walls of Khastan City.

By Haroun who was already on his way south with his captives.

Despite his previous enmity with Haroun there was a fiendish grin on Baka’s face.

The tide was again turning in his favour.

THE END