

Desert Camp – Book 1

Anguine

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Chapter 1

The desert had been a hot place to travel through the day. Freelance reporter, Jodi Carson, had dutifully been following the UN inspectors round the desert for weeks, looking in vain for the breaking news story that would make her a fortune. Her jeep was battered, desert weary, and she was tired from the heat. With increasing tiredness came carelessness and with carelessness, the risk of discovery.

The UN team had spent the last hour in the desert factory – a factory surrounded by a double fence of barbed wire. Jodi had known where the team was headed the moment they'd taken the dust track off the main road. She had followed at a respectable distance, together with a small convoy of interested natives. Now, perched on a sand dune overlooking the factory compound she had the field-glasses trained on the members of the team as they methodically set about the task of examining the factory.

She'd been lying out on the sand for nearly an hour and the sun was beating down on her body. The field-glasses were still trained on the compound but she was not really watching any more. It was just another surprise visit and another waste of time. The factory owners, curiously dressed in fatigues similar to those worn by the military, had obviously been tipped off about the visit and the team would find nothing of interest.

The sun was hot, even for the time of year, and Jodi's mind began to wander. At some point she became vaguely aware of a presence. Perhaps it was the smell of garlic or strong spices that made her mind click back from her reverie. Either way she was too slow. Even as she rolled over to look up at the sky through her dark sunglasses, she felt something sharp make contact with her chest. She opened her eyes to see the three rifles pointing at her. What she could feel was the barrel of one of the guns as it pushed against her chest, between her breasts.

"You, spy!" A face appeared close to hers and though dazzled by the bright afternoon sun, she could begin to make out the shape of the turbans and flowing robes of her assailants.

"No, no, no. I'm a reporter," she began. As she tried to straighten up, the gun was shoved back into her breastbone, forcing her back onto the ground.

"We watching you, you spy!" The voice snarled again.

"No, I'm a reporter. I can prove it. Let me prove it." Fear started to enter Jodi's thoughts. Shit! She thought to herself. She'd been warned about the sand people, warned not to even go to the country on her own, but she'd been headstrong and had been there for over six months now - six months during which she had survived more than adequately.

"Do not move, spy!" The voice snarled at her. "We take you as prisoner back to our boss. He like spies."

While the gun was pushed into her breastbone, the two other men, also wearing long, white flowing robes and turbans, stepped forward and turned Jodi over. Roughly forcing her hands behind her back they lashed her wrists together with a length of rope. Once secured, they made her stand up and walked her back up over the dune to where their camels sat waiting for them.

"Get on camel – we take ride." The snarling voice was obviously the leader and though he spoke with a heavy accent, Jodi could not help but admire the fact he spoke any English at all. Jodi, her hands still tied behind her back, was helped into the seat that the camel bore. Her captor climbed aboard behind her and placed a big, thick,

heavy arm around her waist, which was just as well because when the camel rose gracelessly into the air, the arm stopped her from being thrown onto the ground.

The ride itself lasted nearly an hour before Jodi spotted the camp nestled between two large dunes. She marvelled that the desert people could find their way so easily through such hostile territory but in the same instant she became even more concerned for her own safety. Her bag and glasses had been picked up by one of her captors and she hoped their boss would be a little more reasonable than they had been.

The camp comprised four small tents and a much larger tent that was surrounded by the others. It was into this tent, or more accurately, marquee, that Jodi was propelled.

"Sheik Mahmood Al'almira is waiting for you," her captor sneered as he untied the rope around her wrists.

Jodi stepped forward as the man rose from his chair.

"Ah, the British spy," his English was nearly perfect, even though there was a distinct Arab lilt to it. "We have been watching you for some days as you follow the UN inspectors around. Tell me, what have you discovered?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing – but surely that can not be. Your leaders were so sure they would find something!" His English lapsed into some Arabic dialect as he spoke to her captor. In turn, her captor bowed his head.

"You have identification with you?" The Sheik asked her.

"In my bag. The big guy took it." Jodi replied.

Al'almira spoke again in Arabic to her captor who this time shrugged his shoulders.

"Tariq says you had no bag. Either you are mistaken or he is lying. Which is it?"

"He's lying. I had a bag and field-glasses. The big guy took them." Fear entered her voice.

"I think not." Al'almira smiled at the pale-skinned, blonde-haired woman. "I think not only are you a spy but a liar as well. Do you know what we do to spies in this country?"

"Kill them?" Jodi tried to sound brave but failed miserably.

"Exactly. We cut off their head, or shoot them. Is that what we must do with you, spy?"

"N...n...no, I'm not a spy, I'm a reporter." Tears sprang to her eyes as the Sheik stepped forward.

"Tariq, have you searched the woman?" The Sheik spoke in English, if only so the captive would begin to understand what was happening.

Tariq, not so thoughtful replied in Arabic, in the negative.

Al'almira raised his hands, open as if in despair.

"Then do it now."

Tariq stepped forward and spoke to Jodi.

"His eminence wishes that I search you. Please, remove your clothes."

"No way," Jodi tried to back away but suddenly realised a third man had entered the room during the conversation. He placed his big, strong hands on her shoulders.

"Then we will do it for you." Tariq smiled, his yellowing teeth still pale against his tanned flesh.

"No, no, I'll do it. Keep your filthy hands off me." Jodi started unbuttoning her blouse.

Two minutes later she was standing there in her bra and knickers while Tariq pretended to examine each article of clothing she had discarded.

"No identification," Tariq finally noted.

"I told you, it's in my bag."

"But you have no bag," the Sheik intervened. "Please, spy, remove the rest of your clothes." He leered at her and Jodi was sure something had stirred under his robe just below waist height.

"But I couldn't hide anything under what I am wearing," she protested lamely.

"Nevertheless, you will now remove the rest of your clothes." Sheik Mahmood Al'almira was still smiling benignly though his erection was now showing clearly through the lump in his robes.

"No, this can't be right," Jodi protested and suddenly felt the strong hands on her shoulders again.

"Tariq," the Sheik uttered with a more severe voice.

Tariq knew what to do. He didn't waste time looking for clasps. Instead, with a dagger he slit the front of the woman's bra right between her breasts before similarly cutting the shoulder straps. He barely waited for the torn garment to hit the floor before he slit up the side of her knickers. On the second cut he nicked her pale skin with the point of the knife.

"Careful Tariq, we do not want spoiled goods yet."

"Yes, excellence. My humble apologies." The men were speaking in Arabic, a language that Jodi knew nothing of.

"Accepted, but be more careful in the future. You may leave my tent now and prepare." The last sentence was spoken in English. The two men bowed in deference to the Sheik and backed out of the tent.

"Come here, my little naked spy."

"I'm not a spy," Jodi started as she walked over to the seat offered her by the Sheik.

"But you are not prove that, and a spy is not a good person to be out in the desert alone. I am in two minds whether to kill you now or to give you a chance."

"A chance?" Jodi queried, "a chance for what?"

"A chance for freedom, but one so pale – I do not know. I doubt you will survive the night let alone the training."

"I don't follow."

"Ah, well, white women are a delicacy out here. Like a fine wine they carry a high price – and as they are strictly off-limits, like wine, they are a rare treat and men will pay a handsome tariff for the pleasures of a white woman."

"You don't mean..."

"Yes, but I am not sure you would survive even the first test, let alone the full course before you have earned your freedom. Sit down, naked spy." The Sheik suddenly sounded more serious and his final statement was in response to the fact that Jodi had attempted to stand up.

"You can't mean..."

"Oh yes, I can, and do. Now which is it to be, death this afternoon or your entry into my training program for white women?"

"I don't want to die so I guess I have no choice."

"No, I don't suppose you have. In that case stand up and let me look at you." Al'almira sat back and put his first fingers to his lips as he made Jodi stand and turn slowly for him.

"Very good. You have very pale natural skin and no doubt when you have been prepared we will find you are pale between the legs also. You will be a positive feast for me later on but for now, you must be prepared." Al'almira clapped his hands twice, loudly and Tariq and a woman wearing dark clothes and a veil appeared.

“Prepare her,” Al’almira ordered in Arabic. “Thrash her first so she knows what will happen if she disobeys me later.”

“Yes, Excellence. How many strokes?”

“A dozen should do.” Al’almira continued to speak in his native tongue. “When she has been thrashed, prepare her for the first test, make sure she is clean-shaven and that her pussy is softened by the spices.”

“Yes, Excellence,” Tariq replied. In turn he clapped his hands and the woman in the black dress walked up to Jodi, grabbed her arm and ushered her out of the tent. Tariq followed, leaving the Sheik to get on with the business of the day.

Outside the tent, Jodi was made to lie in the sand between four stakes. Her wrists were tied to two of the stakes and her legs to the remaining two so that she was completely spread-eagled. The sand was still hot but the main heat of the day had passed.

With horror she saw the flogger that Tariq brought out of what she presumed was his tent. He knelt beside the naked woman and raised the flogger into the air. The dozen strands of thin leather crashed into her naked back for the first time, making her struggle futilely with her bonds in an attempt to escape.

“Yeeooowwww!” she howled when the second lashing made contact with her flesh. “Yowch!” She howled even more loudly when Tariq brought the straps down across her back again.

After the third stroke he stopped to examine the damage he was inflicting. She was showing red marks from the strokes but he had not cut her. He raised the flogger into the air again.

“Yeeeaarrggghh,” she groaned as the leather straps landed half-way down her back, cutting into fresh territory. The man inflicting her injuries was being systematic, moving from her shoulders to her backside. A second stroke cut across her mid-back, causing her to howl again. The next stroke landed a fraction lower, the ends of the straps now curling round her side into the soft flesh of her abdomen.

“No, please stop, it’s killing me,” she pleaded though her cries landed on deaf ears.

The seventh stroke of the flogger cut into the tender flesh at the base of her spine, adding its fiery sting to her growing agony.

“Yearrgghh!” She cried out loud as the tails of the flogger struck the top of her buttocks on the eighth stroke. A similar cry followed the ninth stroke and again Tariq stopped to examine his work. She felt his clammy hand on her buttocks, kneading her flesh as he looked closely at the red marks that were forming.

“Hey, what are you doing, you bastard,” Jodi cried out as she felt his hand slip between the crack in her buttocks. His fingers sought out her pussy, fingering her indelicately as they did so. Then his fingers felt the flesh between her cunt and anus before resting on the anus itself. Here, he palpitated the tightly closed muscle, pushing against the woman’s resolve to keep him from entering her.

“Silly fucking bitch whore,” he spat at her after a moment. “You will soon open up for his Excellence.”

“Don’t bet on it. Yeearrgghhh!” She howled as the tails of the flogger bit into her buttocks again. Tears of pain welled up in her eyes as he continued the punishment. The tenth, eleventh and final strokes were all delivered across the pale, naked cheeks of her buttocks. Each stroke she screamed at as much in anger as in pain.

“Wait until I get out of here. You just caused yourself a major diplomatic incident.” Jodi sounded a lot more confident than she was feeling.

“I not understand what you say. His Excellence will answer your questions later. Now, though, you are to be prepared.”

Tariq stood back and waited. The woman dressed in the black dress and veil stepped forward. Without ceremony she knelt down next to Jodi's waist. In a moment the spread-eagled Jodi felt the woman's delicate hands on her buttocks. As Tariq had done, they kneaded her flesh, teasing the bruised areas. Then the woman applied a dollop of sweetly aromatic oil to the flesh that had been burned. For a moment it was cooling and soothing, but as the woman worked the oil into her flesh, the heat from the flogging seemed to intensify as the oils aggravated the fiery bruising. Just when Jodi was about to complain about the increasing heat in her arse, she felt the oil trickle onto her anus. In a moment the woman had palpitated her sphincter muscle and gained entry to her rectum. The oil was slippery and her fingers slid easily into the cavern beyond the muscle.

The woman spoke excitedly in Arabic. Tariq bowed, disappeared into a tent and returned a moment later. In his hand he held two small, hemp bags of mixed spices and a cylinder that was about ten inches long and an inch and a half in diameter. The cylinder was formed from wood, around which had been glued a piece of smooth leather. In some ways it resembled the handle of a whip, but smooth and without a grip.

The woman took one of the small bags of spices and the cylindrical tool, placed the sachet at the entrance of Jodi's anus and then used the tool to bury the bag deep into her body.

Jodi howled at the rude intrusion of the tool into her rectum as it stretched her sphincter muscle, ripping it slightly.

When the woman had withdrawn the tool, she turned her attentions to Jodi's cunt. More oil was dripped onto her pussy lips, making it easy for the woman to slide her fingers deep into Jodi's vulva.

In Arabic the woman muttered, “the bitch is tight. She will be a lot of fun for his Excellence tonight.”

Once the woman had fully explored the intimate areas inside Jodi's cunt she took the second small bag of spices and inserted it into her vulva. With the cylindrical tool she pushed it high up into Jodi, ensuring it would not pop out again.

“Done,” the woman said as she pulled the device out of Jodi's cunt.

As the spice bags started to react with the natural fluids in both her anus and cunt, Jodi felt the heat beginning to rise. It was like a burning sensation but not quite.

Still staked out on the ground she could not resist what was happening but as her discomfort grew so she started to writhe on the ground, as if trying to expel the bags from her body.

The black-dressed woman left the scene, her dark robe swirling in the sand as she walked away. Jodi could feel the heat rising and with it a strange desire. Impossible, she thought, that she could become aroused, but it was happening! Sure enough there was the first contraction as the pleasure mounted inside her tight cunt.

“Oh, shit!” She exclaimed out loud as her abdomen contracted with the first spasm of orgasm. “What the fuck are you doing to me?”

Tariq stood there smiling at the hapless woman.

“You are being prepared for his Excellence.” When the spices have all gone from inside you, you will be ready, bitch.”

“Oh, shit, not another one.” This time the orgasm swept through her body with greater speed.

“How do you mean – prepared?” She queried when the orgasm subsided.

“When you can not resist no more you will be ready.” Tariq was picking his teeth with a small piece of wood. He smiled as he watched the white woman climax again. The spices were getting to work now.

“Oh, fuck, fuck, fuck.” Jodi desperately tried to lift her stomach off the ground as she contracted again and again in the throes of orgasm. “Oh, fuuuuuuccckkkkk!” The power of her climaxes was increasing with each fresh wave of pleasure.

Ten minutes later the pleasure, which had been a relief after the brutal flogging and the rude intrusions into her body, had become more painful than the injuries previously inflicted. Instead of expressing her pleasure, Jodi was now pleading for an end to the orgasms.

“Oh no, oh God, not another one. Please stop, please, I can’t take any more.”

“Nearly there,” Tariq smiled again. Then he knelt beside the naked, spread-eagled woman and put his hand between her legs. Her pussy was soft, liquid, supple, and easily entered. She was hot down there, from the effects of the spices and from her own arousal.

Tariq felt the bud of her clitoris, swollen, excited, engorged and stroked it gently with his finger. “Nearly there, bitch,” he smiled again. Her body convulsed as a fresh orgasm flowed through her, causing the nerve endings around her clitoris to tingle and making fresh beads of perspiration appear on her chest, beads that dripped onto the sandy ground beneath her.

“You ready now,” said Tariq. He clapped his hands twice and the woman in the dark dress reappeared. Tariq spoke quickly to her in some Arabic dialect. The woman knelt down in the sand, prised open Jodi’s buttocks and examined her anus. It was soft, pliable, ready to be violated. With her left hand she felt between Jodi’s legs. Her cunt was open, wet, ready to be penetrated.

The woman made a gesture and spoke quickly to Tariq before returning to her tent.

“I tell his Excellence you are ready.” Tariq smiled wickedly. “Soon you see what he does to spies.”

“I...I...I’m not a spy,” Jodi pleaded with an exhausted sounding voice. “I...I...I’m a reporter.”

“You captive spy – you learn lesson of all captive spies.”

Tariq left for the larger tent and reappeared two minutes later, his smile even wider.

“Excellence is ready for you, white spy woman.” Tariq set about the task of untying Jodi from the four stakes in the ground. Even with her bonds gone, she lay still, afraid and exhausted. “Come, Excellence is ready for you.” Tariq made a motion as if to get Jodi to stand up.

“I can’t move,” she complained.

“Excellence ready - move now, please.”

“I can’t fucking move, you pig-shit.” Jodi wasn’t kidding. Her body was limp from her exertions. She also knew Tariq would not understand what she was calling him.

“What is that – pig-shit?” Tariq’s smile thinned.

“It’s a term of endearment.” Jodi looked up at her captor.

“What is endearment?”

“Oh God, we could do this all day. It’s asking you to help me,” she continued.

Tariq offered a hand and Jodi took it. Slowly she lifted her bruised and painful body off of the desert floor. When she stood up she almost collapsed so Tariq scooped

her up in his big, strong arms and carried off to the tent of his Excellence, Sheik Mahmood Al'almira.

"Excellence, the white spy is ready and prepared." Tariq dumped Jodi on the Persian rug that covered part of the tent floor.

"Good, you may go." The Sheik clapped his hands twice and Tariq left the tent.

"Ah, you have learned not to be a spy. Let us hope you learn your trade just as quickly. Tonight we will camp here, but tomorrow I will take you back to my desert camp, where your training will truly begin."

"Training?" Jodi queried him.

"Ah yes, you have much to learn, naked, desert spy. You have many experiences to discover and then you will be set to work."

"Work?"

"Yes. Too many questions now, naked, white, desert spy. All will be clear soon."

"I'm not a spy." Jodi sat up.

"I say you are and you can not prove otherwise."

"I could, if you'd give me my bag."

"It's there, on my little table."

"Can I show you?"

"Of course." The Sheik helped Jodi to her feet. She stumbled over to the table and snapped open her bag. Everything was there except her passport and her identity papers.

"Where are my papers?"

"What papers. Come, did you not think we would check your story. You are a spy, plain and simple."

"No, I'm a reporter."

"Please, you must learn not to contradict what I tell you and the sooner you do that the better. Now, come here, white, naked spy."

Jodi looked up and saw the Sheik beckon to her. She took the two steps over to him and stood there while he examined her body. His hand started on her face. He caressed her sun-burned skin gently. Then he walked round to look at her back. He caressed her shoulders and then moved his hand onto the bruised and purple marks made by the flogging she had received. She winced as he touched the marks.

"These hurt?" He questioned her.

"Yes."

"Too bad, but they are only a trifle compared to what you will feel if you are disobedient or say you are not a spy again."

Al'almira touched her buttocks, her soft, pale flesh, marked by the tails of the flogger so that her buttocks were criss-crossed by angry red and purple streaks. Again Jodi winced as he touched her.

In a moment he was back standing in front of her. He caressed her breasts, admiring their fullness and the dark areolas that surrounded her pert, pink, erect nipples. These he caressed between his finger and thumb in turn. Jodi gasped as he touched her, the burning in her cunt renewed by the attentions of this strange man.

"You are a typical white woman, tender and soft." Al'almira admired the woman's tight, flat belly and the crop of short, dark hair that covered her labia.

"Come, lie on my rug," he said and guided the woman onto the rug. She lay down and felt his hand between her legs. His arousal of her body continued as he examined the puffy lips around her vulva and the stiff bud of her clitoris.

"What...what are you going to do to me?" Jodi asked as she gasped under his hand.

"Take you and see if you can be trained. Now, open your legs for me."

Jodi did as she was asked and closed her eyes. The next moment she felt something cold against her naked sex-flesh. It was hard, like steel. A moment later, Jodi felt the first stroke of the blade as the Sheik used his blade to dry-shave her pubes. With small strokes he continued to divest her of her pubic hairs until he was satisfied. She lay there motionless, not daring to move in case he cut her.

Then she felt the oil on her stubble. He massaged it into her skin before using the same sharp blade to scrape the stubble away. Finally, after about five minutes she was totally bare between her legs, every last hair having been removed.

"Excellent, you have such a nice, white cunt." The Sheik was already preparing for the next part. He reached forward and used one hand to part Jodi's labia. She lay there, fearful of what was going to happen, wishing this day had never got started. She felt the object entering her vulva. It was not particularly large, but it felt exquisitely sharp. It scraped against her inner walls as he penetrated her with it.

"What's that?" She asked, still unwilling to open her eyes.

"The end of a quill. It will prepare you fully," he replied.

"What for?"

"Me," he replied simply. At the same time he twisted the device inside her.

"Ouch," Jodi moaned, "that hurt."

"It always does, the first piercing."

"The first what?"

"Piercing. I am scratching your inside to make it more of an experience."

"Ouch," she complained again as the tip of the quill ruptured her vaginal wall again. "That really hurts. Why are you doing it?"

"To teach you a lesson in obedience. Lie still or it will hurt more."

For the next five minutes the Sheik played with the quill, choosing his moments to drive the tip of the device into her muscle walls, causing her pain. After a minute a faint trickle of blood appeared on her clean-shaven labia. Throughout, Jodi tried hard not to move, desperate to avoid further pain.

"Good, you are nearly ready. Turn over and come up onto your knees with your legs wide apart." The Sheik removed the quill to allow Jodi to take up the new position he demanded. Though very afraid she knew she had no choice in the matter so she complied.

The quill was rammed into the flesh between her anus and vulva, causing fresh blood to appear and making Jodi howl with the pain.

"Yeowch," she shrieked as the quill pierced her again, its sharp tip entering her body a fraction of an inch from her anus. Al'almira pierced her round the anus ten times, each tiny prick brining a droplet of blood to the surface of her skin.

"Excellent, now please stay very still."

"Uh-huh," Jodi mumbled. She felt the Sheik change position so he was right behind her. "Oh God, no, please not that way," she pleaded as soon as she realised what was going to happen.

He was huge. As his cock rubbed against the already sore and bleeding backside of the woman, the heat of his thick, dark-skinned manhood only made her more afraid.

"It will hurt only for a minute," he said quite simply as he placed the tip of his manhood against the sphincter muscle and rammed it home. He slid his ten inches into her, her muscle opening easily as he forced himself upon her. He rammed his cock into her several times, each time causing the woman more pain, both from the bruising and cuts on her backside and around her anus, and from the residual effect of the spices in her rectum. Those same spices only served to heighten the Sheik's own arousal, making

his cock grow even larger while it was embedded in her body. After ten strokes of his cock inside her, Jodi started snivelling like a little girl. The pain was excruciating.

Al'almira withdrew and let her slump onto the rug, tears streaking her sun-tanned face.

"Ow, that bloody hurt," she protested.

"It was a warning for you to do all that you are ordered.

"Some warning."

"Turn over please." Al'almira had been to wipe the sticky, bloody streaks off his cock and now he stood once again in front of the woman. "Now, I am going to take you like a spy should be taken. Lift up your legs and open them wide for me."

Jodi knew better than to argue. She lifted her knees up and opened her legs so that she was as wide open as she could manage and her upper legs were pointing straight up to the ceiling of the tent. Al'almira came and knelt behind her and lifted her feet onto his big, broad shoulders. Then, with a deft movement he lifted her upwards and impaled her cunt on his cock.

"GGggrrrrrgggg," she groaned as her breath was forced out of her by the force of his entry.

"Now I will ride you like the whore you are."

"No I'm not... arrggg!" She howled as he lifted her up, partly withdrawing his cock, before dropping her back down on his thick shaft.

She cried aloud as he forced himself ever deeper into her vulva, as his cock rubbed angrily against the cut muscle walls of her vagina. She felt him as his manhood pushed those walls to their limits. Then, after ten such deep thrusts he withdrew.

"It is time for you to be obedient. Kneel and face me."

"Christ, you're huge," Jodi exclaimed when she was face to face with his engorged cock.

"Large, yes, but others are bigger, as you will soon find out."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, this is only your trial. If you pass tonight you will be taken to the camp tomorrow where you will begin training."

"And if I don't pass?"

"You will have your head cut off for being a spy."

"Okay, so what do I do next?" Jodi took only one second to weigh up her choices and realised that she had none.

"You will suck my cock and make me come."

Jodi took his manhood in her hand. He was huge and his shaft was streaked with the blood from her pierced vulva. She kissed the head of his cock and felt his hand on the back of her head.

"Suck, little white spy," he chided her.

She opened her mouth and felt him thrust his cock into her until it touched the back of her throat. Even as she gagged with the reflex reaction to this intrusion, he held her head firmly in place.

"Suck," she commanded her and she obeyed. She wrapped her tongue round his shaft and sucked. She continued sucking until she felt the twitch of his cock at the back of her throat. A few seconds later she tasted her first Arabian come as his salty fluids spurted into her mouth. He grabbed her hair as the moment of ecstasy arrived, pulling his cock deep into her mouth making her choke as the come spilled into her throat.

"Make sure you swallow everything," he said when the moment of orgasm had passed. Slowly she let his manhood slide out of her mouth, careful not to let the precious, white liquid escape for she was determined she'd give him no cause to have

her beheaded. She felt the end of his head slide out of her mouth and sucked hard to extract every last drop of come from him.

When he was fully out of her mouth, Al'almira looked down and smiled.

"Ah, perhaps the white spy values her life. We shall see. Open your mouth, white spy."

Jodi swallowed hard, screwed up her face as she did so for the salty white fluid mixed with her own blood and whatever else had been on his cock was not particularly palatable. Then she opened her mouth wide to allow the Sheik to check she had in fact swallowed it all.

"Good, so you are doing well." Al'almira clapped his hands twice. In a moment Tariq appeared from behind the flap, together with the other man who had helped capture her. Jodi's heart sank when she realised that both men had been playing with their members, preparing themselves for the next part of the evening.

"White spy," Al'almira distracted her, "you will do exactly what I tell you. You will be taken by both these men, here on the rug and you will let them do whatever they want. If you satisfy them and also please me with the entertainment I will let you live – if not..." he motioned with his finger that he would slit her throat.

Tariq and the other man approached the woman. Tariq motioned for Jodi to get on all fours on the rug and for her to look up to the ceiling of the tent.

In the same moment as Tariq stood in front of her and removed his gown, so the other man took up position behind her. Tariq motioned for Jodi to open her mouth which she did. As she saw tariq's cock for the first time she almost had a panic attack. If the Sheik had considered himself only large, then Tariq was on a scale of bordering on enormous. His cock was two inches in diameter and nearly a foot long. As she took the end into her mouth, stretching her jaw as wide as she could to try and accommodate him, she felt the other man part her buttocks. Immediately she felt the huge knob being pressed against her already-bleeding anus and in a moment he was plunged deep in her body, ripping her anus even more as she felt the flesh tear under the pressure of his forced entry. For a moment Jodi wondered if the hole would ever close again – perhaps she would have a dysfunctional back end. The moment of panic departed in the same moment that the pain of his rude thrusting overtook her.

She was exhausted from her previous treatment that day and Jodi was past resisting. They could do anything to her and she would take it. They could even kill her and she'd hardly notice. But somehow, she didn't think they'd do that – she knew they had something far worse in mind for her – their naked, white, spy –their desert captive.

Chapter 2

Jodi Carson stirred with the painful memories of the previous day – the day she had been taken as a desert captive; the day her life had been turned upside down; the day when her captors had raped her and tortured her pale-skinned, blonde-haired body.

Now, as she stirred, she realised the bruising in her buttocks and back from the flogging was as painful as it had been the previous night when she had fallen asleep, exhausted from the sexual demands of her three captors. Her wrists were still tied together and from them a length of rope secured her to the solid-looking stake in the ground.

She opened her eyes and realised she was naked apart from the simple loin-cloth that had been tied around her waist, barely covering her swollen and battered vulva and anus. Outside the tent, the sun had risen above the horizon, though the air was cool and evidently it was still early morning.

Jodi rolled onto her side and let out a gasp as the pain returned to her anus, the tears from the enormous cocks and other tools that had been used on her the previous evening, still sore. Her vulva still felt tender and her pussy lips swollen as she remembered the acts she had been made to perform in front of Sheik Al’almira, Tariq, and the other Arab whose name she could not remember.

She rolled back onto the rug and closed her eyes, trying to make the soreness in her sex and buttocks go away.

“Ah, the little, white spy has woken up.” The voice was that of the Sheik. He was already dressed, making preparations for the day’s journey. “Are you sore this morning?” He smiled at her.

“Yes, very sore.”

“It is of no importance for it is only a trifle compared to what you will feel once we have you back at the camp. There we can train you properly in the art of your new role in life.”

“Which is what?”

“As a desert captive, as a slave to your new masters, as a sexual plaything to the rich and infamous.” Al’almira laughed out loud.

“Oh God,” Jodi began.

“Do not, ever, take the great name of the Almighty in vain. It is instant death for a slave. This time I will forgive you, but never, ever blaspheme again.”

“Sorry, it’s just that we use it as a form of surprise in our country.”

“Which is why you Western dogs are so weak and need to be trained properly. And, young lady spy, you can be sure we will train you very thoroughly indeed. Only when you are properly trained will you begin your new role in life. Until that time has arrived you will do well to learn quickly, for it will save your life and save you from severe punishments.”

“Sorry – I will do my best. I don’t really have a choice do I?” Jodi remembered the blow jobs and the huge cock that had ripped her anus the previous evening and considered obedience might be the expedient way to self-preservation.

“No, you have little choice. Now, in half an hour we will leave this camp and return to where I reside in, I might add, a good deal more comfort than this. I will untie you now and you will put your clothes back on. Do not try to escape, I warn you. Tariq is an excellent shot with his rifle and I believe he will be able to ride after you a lot quicker than you can run.”

“Okay – no escaping. Anything else?”

“Yes, only talk to me if I talk to you. I do not like idle talk. Now, it is a long ride so it will be better for you to simply do what you are told, or I will make you walk it and drag you behind my camel on a rope if necessary.”

“Okay.” Jodi waited while he untied her wrists. Then she sat up and gingerly touched her bruised and battered body. The pain in her vulva, where he’d used the tip of the quill to rupture her vaginal muscles, returned as she sat up. The pain mixed with the pain in her backside and in her muscles generally, so Jodi moved very slowly and carefully. The journey was not one she was looking forward to. She dressed slowly and carefully, trying her best to keep the sand of the desert out of her clothes and well away from the more intimate areas of her body.

Half an hour later, Al’almira and Tariq had helped Jodi onto the back of a camel and were leading her along a track through the sands of the desert. They had left behind the mysterious Abdul and the woman who had ministered the spices to Jodi the previous evening.

They journeyed for an hour until a small oasis appeared before them. The sun was getting hotter, beating down on their heads. At the oasis, the Sheik ordered the party to stop and rest under the shade provided by a couple of trees. Gratefully, Jodi allowed Tariq to help her off her camel. The jolting ride on the beast had aggravated her sore bottom and somehow her underwear must have had some sand in them for the grains had rubbed against her clean-shaven pubic mound, irritating her skin, causing her labia to swell and become puffy with the aggravation. She made to lie down under the shade but was immediately pulled back to her feet by the man called Tariq.

“Water, bitch-slave, you provide water first. Take this.” Tariq handed her a water carrier and pointed in the direction of the well. “The bucket on the rope will reach to the water. Use it to collect water.”

Jodi knew Al’almira was watching so she obeyed without question. When she was out of earshot she started cursing. She reached the edge of the well and tossed the bucket that was on the length of rope into the abyss. She heard the splash as the container hit the water and then hauled it out again. She carefully filled the container she’d been given and then lugged the container back to her captors.

Al’almira was now lying on a rug under the shade of the tree. He sat up and waited while Jodi handed the container to Tariq. He took it and smiled.

“You want water?”

“Yes, please,” she replied.

“Then go and get your own, bitch-slave.”

Jodi felt like thumping him, or kicking his meaty manhood with her foot. Instead, she grimaced and headed back for the well. She lowered the bucket again and struggled to haul it back up from the water. Finally, she had the water in her hands and started lapping it up as she splashed the water up from the bucket. She drenched her head with the cooling liquid and looked back to where her captors were lying. It was, she considered, probably going to be her only chance at escape. She had no idea where she was but, she reckoned, if she could get over the dune without being spotted, and if she covered her tracks as she went, she might get away.

Slowly she backed away from the well, scuffing the sand to cover her tracks. She’d not gone ten paces before Al’almira called out.

“Hey, spy, where are you? You should be back here by now.” Al’almira did not look up, which was a blessing. Jodi suddenly realised her chances of escape had been reduced. He was keeping a closer check on her than she had thought. Quickly she returned to her captors.

“Sorry, but that bucket is really heavy. I nearly couldn’t get it up out of the well.”

“Okay, but be quicker next time. Now, we must make a move. In one hour we will be at another resting place and by then the sun will be hot. Let’s go.” Al’almira gave his instructions to Tariq in Arabic and in a moment Jodi was being helped back into the seat atop of her camel. Two minutes later they were leaving the haven of the oasis behind as they continued their journey along what appeared now to be an imaginary trail, though Al’almira and Tariq seemed to know where they were travelling.

In her activities in fetching water, Jodi had not realised she had picked up more dust from the desert. Only when the beast she was riding was set in motion did the added aggravation of the sand return. The grains had clearly found their way into the loin-cloth she had found she was wearing that morning. She’d wondered what it was made of. The cloth was clearly made of some animal hide. Goat? The thought had crossed Jodi’s mind several times during the first part of the journey. Certainly the hairs on the small piece of cloth were too fine to come from an animal such as the one she was riding. Nor was it from any large animal such as a horse. It was hairy rather than woolly so that ruled out sheep. It had to be goat!

Then, for the next part of the journey, Jodi wondered what was going to happen to her. She had, of course, heard about the alleged existence of desert camps where white women would be taken and subjected to all kinds of torture and rape. She’d often laughed to herself when her male colleagues had come up with such stories. Surely, she’d argued, such places couldn’t exist in a civilised twenty-first century world. Now, as the sand aggravated her cunt while she rode on the back of the camel, she began to believe the world was not so “civilised” as she had once thought it was.

The sun was getting hotter now as it rose high into the sky. The camels ambled on their journey and as Jodi’s well-battered buttocks bounced angrily on the camel’s saddle, perspiration began to drip into her eyes. She began to long for the next resting point and the chance to rearrange her loin-cloth and extract the grains of sand that were irritating her so badly.

Evidently the wise Sheik could see her discomfort for he spent much of the journey keeping a close eye on her, smiling whenever she winced. It was as if he knew what was causing the pain. Finally, in the distance a small, fertile area of ground appeared, much like the one they had rested at earlier. The sun was nearing the top of the sky now, beating down its rays of intense heat. Again, a small clutch of small trees provided a sunscreen and, as they approached the oasis it became clear the Sheik was preparing to stop. He talked in rapid Arabic to Tariq. It was a dialect Jodi knew nothing of and she rode on towards the resting place unaware of what was about to happen.

After they had dismounted, Tariq led the camels to the small pool of water. He left them there and returned to Jodi and the Sheik.

“Come,” Tariq ordered the woman. She followed him to the pool. He made her kneel at the water’s edge and then he grabbed the back of her hair and forced her head into the muddy water. He pulled her head up again and she emerged from the water, her face streaked in mud, spluttering and trying to get the taste of the foul water out of her mouth.

Tariq repeated this action three times, each time holding her head under water for a little over ten seconds.

“Bitch-spy, that is your refreshment. Now, come.” He held her arm and pulled her to her feet. He took her over to the tallest of the small trees. Perhaps it was fifteen feet high and clearly it belonged to one or other of the palm-tree families. Tariq backed the woman up against the trunk of the tree until the coarse bark bit into her flesh through the blouse she was wearing.

“Arms behind the tree,” Tariq ordered her. She obeyed and felt him pull her arms back, stretching them behind the tree trunk. Then she felt the hemp rope as he tied it around one wrist and then the other. With her wrists secure, he began to tie the length of rope up her arms, tying them securely, forcing her back harder and harder into the tree trunk. When he’d finished, he took her legs, pulling them backwards, behind the tree, forcing her legs open and her buttocks forward as they scraped against the tree trunk.

“Silly, bitch-spy, trying to escape last time we stopped. Now, you will be secure here. His Excellence will be with you in a moment.” Tariq grinned his wide, toothy grin and Jodi knew she was in trouble.

His Excellence the Sheik Al’almira wasted no time. Jodi watched as he walked towards her, the riding crop he used on his camel in his right hand. He stood three paces from the woman and tapped the flat end of the crop in his left hand menacingly.

“You, white spy, were told not to try to escape.”

“I haven’t,” she protested in vain.

“At the last stop you were observed walking away from the well. Fortunately for you, you changed your mind, or you would have been shot. Now, instead, you will be punished. I will teach you, once and for all, that escaping is not looked upon kindly.”

He walked forward, ripped open the blouse Jodi was wearing and grunted with satisfaction when her bare breasts were exposed. The Sheik stepped back and raised the riding crop, letting the flat end drop lightly on Jodi’s right breast.

“Have you been cropped before?”

“N...n...no,” Jodi stammered. She tried struggling with the bonds holding her arms behind the tree but Tariq had secured her well – there would be no escaping the wrath of the Arab. He raised the crop.

Slap! The flat end swished down and landed square on top of Jodi’s breast, just above her nipple.

“Yeeeoowwww!” She howled as her tormentor raised the crop again.

Slap! The second sting of the flat end of the crop landed on top of the first and was greeted by a second howl of pain. Al’almira landed four more strokes of the crop on the top part of Jodi’s breast, each one causing her to howl with the stinging pain. Then he repeated the action on her left side. He had a good aim and all six strokes of the crop landed more or less on the same part of the tender breast, making Jodi howl with each fresh contact.

“Come, come,” he said. “We’re only just getting started.”

He stepped round to the side of the woman and placed the flat blade square across her right nipple. Then he pulled the crop back sideways and allowed it to swish through the air, bringing the leather flat end of the crop back into contact square across the pink flesh of her nipple.

“Argggghh,” she groaned as the tears continued to fall down her cheeks. The Sheik pulled the crop back again and delivered a second, stinging slap across the nipple, making the tender flesh look angry while, at the same time, making the nipple stiffen. Jodi was panting now from the pain he was inflicting on her. The third swat across her nipple was no less painful and Al’almira wasted no time in delivering the fourth.

“No, no more, please, it’s killing me,” Jodi gasped as the fifth stroke landed on the nipple.

“You will not die, though you will wish you had soon enough,” Al’almira said after he’d landed the sixth swat on her right nipple. He walked round behind the tree and then continued to treat her left nipple to the same stinging punishment he’d delivered to her right one.

Jodi yelled each time the flat end of the riding crop smacked into her nipple, the stinging pain making her wish she had not even thought about escaping earlier that day.

“Ah, so the white bitch spy is wishing she had not tried to run away,” the Sheik had walked back in front of the bound and helpless woman. “Soon she will never want to escape again.”

Al’almira stepped forward and yanked the animal-skin loin cloth away from Jodi’s waist, leaving her naked, clean-shaven Mons exposed to his attentions. They were attentions he wasted no time in delivering. Almost before the useless piece of animal skin had fallen onto the desert floor, Al’almira had stepped back and placed the riding crop at the very delta of Venus.

The way Tariq had tied up the woman had forced her backside up against a bump in the tree trunk. This had pushed her buttocks forwards and with her legs pulled back behind the tree, she was wide open.

Al’almira tapped her labia with the flat blade of the riding crop four times. Then he lowered the crop only to bring it up sharply, the flat surface smacking into Jodi’s already sore and swollen pussy lips.

“Yeeearrrgggghhh,” she howled as the pain seared through her sex. The second screech of agony followed a few seconds later as the Sheik brought the crop to bear again.

He cropped her a dozen strokes between her legs, each stroke landing on the soft, tender, swollen flesh protecting her vulva. Each time the crop landed, Jodi tried to lift her whole body upwards as if trying to escape the stinging pain, but in reality she moved less than a couple of inches, so securely was she bound against the tree trunk.

“Yeeeeooooowwww!” She howled for the twelfth time as the last stroke of the cropping was delivered.

“Your pussy is sore?” Al’almira smiled wickedly as he stood in front of the woman.

“Y..y...yes,” she spluttered, still gasping for breath after the infliction of so much pain.

“Good. Al’almira came up close to the woman and she sensed him playing with his white robes.

“Oh, God!” She thought. “He’s going to fuck me as well.”

Sure enough, after a few seconds, Jodi felt the Arab’s manhood between her legs. He squatted down to get the angle right and then fairly lifted the sobbing woman off the ground as he rammed the full length of his cock into her hot, swollen, mutilated cunt.

“Urrgggghhh, yeeeeeeooooowwww,” Jodi screeched as the hot flesh of his manhood tore into her unprepared and tortured body.

“You like it, white bitch-spy,” Al’almira grunted as he rammed his cock in as far as it could go.

“N...n...not much. Ow, it hurts.” Jodi protested. She was dry between the legs and in a lot of pain. His rude, uncaring intrusion was only adding to her pain, at his evidently increased pleasure.

He thrust into her body with a strong, rhythmical motion, each stroke becoming easier as Jodi’s vagina finally started to emit its lubricants. He was a strong, powerful man, with a large cock and as he thrust into her, his body pushed hers against the trunk of the tree, causing her pain as her soft flesh grated against the hard bark.

Suddenly, after about five minutes, his battering ram twitched as the Sheik grunted. Jodi felt the girder inside her spurt forth the white liquid as he fulfilled his own desires. When his orgasm subsided he pulled his cock out of her body and stepped back to rearrange his robe.

He stood there for a moment looking at the tear-streaked face of the woman he had just raped and smiled to himself. She would, he thought, make an excellent slave, given the right training.

Al'almira left Jodi sobbing, still bound to the tree, and walked the short distance back to where Tariq had prepared some light refreshments. Jodi could hear the two men talking in the distance, the fast flowing Arabic totally unintelligible to the woman. Evidently Tariq was being given his instructions for a minute later, after the refreshments had been taken, Tariq returned to where Jodi remained slumped against the tree, her bruised and battered body barely covered by her ripped blouse.

"His Excellence wishes me to untie you and to say he hopes you have learned your lesson."

Jodi, still sobbing from the humiliation and the pain, nodded her head but was unable to speak.

"Good."

Tariq stepped forward and bent down. He grabbed a handful of the fine desert sand and stood up. He placed his clenched fist close to Jodi's face and then slowly he let the sand trickle out, so that it fell onto her breasts and then bounced back onto the ground.

"His Excellence wants you to know that your life is now in his hands and, like this sand, he can either hold onto you or let you flow away – a poetic term for dying in our culture. Do you understand?"

"Mmm," Jodi's eyes were wide with fear.

"Good." Tariq bent down to the ground and picked up more sand in his right hand. This time he placed his open hand, with the pile of sand, in between Jodi's legs, forcing the grains into her ravaged sex. The Sheik's semen was starting to dribble out of her cunt and as Tariq pressed the sand into her labia, it mixed with the liquid. When he'd rubbed the sand against her labia, Tariq used a couple of fingers to push some of the grains into her vulva.

"His Excellence also does not want you to be comfortable for the rest of the journey."

"Mmmm," Jodi moaned as the sand aggravated her swollen, torn and bruised sex-flesh.

When Tariq had rubbed as much of the sand as he could into her vulva, he began to untie the woman. He released her legs first and then her arms. As her arms broke free of the tree, Jodi slumped to the ground. She reached between her legs to try and remove some of the grit but Tariq stopped her.

"No, white bitch-slave. His Excellence says not to touch down there. Put on the loin cloth again and do what you can with your blouse, then we ride."

Jodi looked up, horrified that these men could expect her to ride on the back of the camel with a cunt full of sand! Did they not know the pain it would cause her, especially as her flesh was already beaten, cut and bruised from the previous evening and the events of the past few minutes!

"Oh, shit," she muttered under her breath.

Chapter 3

The next hour was one of excruciating discomfort for Jodi as she rode on the back of the camel. Each time she was bounced up and down her sex made contact with the rough saddle. As it did so, the sand and grit bit into her flesh. Also, the sand in her cunt began to dribble out with the Sheik's semen, further irritating her tender flesh.

Finally, they rounded a dune and it was there.

"Welcome to my desert camp," Al'almira smiled.

The complex was large, like an army barracks. A double perimeter wall of wire fencing, topped with razor wire, surrounded the entire complex. There were a number of huts arranged like barracks in neat rows and to one side were three larger buildings – one of which was the Sheik's private accommodation. At the entrance to the compound was a sentry post, and double gates guarded the entrance itself.

"The guards are on duty twenty four hours a day and at night they use spotlights. You will, in any event, be locked in your quarters in between training sessions."

"Training sessions?" Jodi queried.

"Yes – you must learn the role of a slave. You will be shown to your quarters by another slave in training and a guard. The slave will give you a bath, clothes to wear and instructions. There will be no questions asked and any disobedience will be met with severe punishment."

The camels walked down the road to the entrance of the camp. As they neared it the howls of a woman in pain could be heard.

"Ah, Tariq, it seems like someone has broken a rule." Al'almira laughed as a fresh scream of pain greeted their ears. Jodi's demeanour fell as she suddenly realised the full horror of her predicament. "White bitch-spy," Al'almira continued, "you hear that sound? It is the sound of a slave learning the hard way. We have a punishment room which you will not wish to be taken to. The guard will show it to you, but you will not want to go back there."

"I understand," Jodi was looking at the ground. Her mind was working fast – she had to escape, for she could only start to imagine the horrors that awaited her once she had gone through the gates. Yet, she knew, she had no chance to get away from the men. She could barely stay on the back of the camel, yet her captors were seasoned and expert camel drivers. She shrugged her shoulders with the resignation of defeat.

The gate to the camp's compound opened as they approached it. The guards were dressed in fatigues similar to those of the military in the country. One stood to attention and saluted as Al'almira passed him. The camels came to rest outside in a compound that was at the back of the camp. Here, other camels lazed in the shade provided by a few leafy trees. Even before Jodi had dismounted, two guards appeared, between them a young, pretty, blonde-haired girl of Western origin. She looked frightened and bore the signs of past bruising on her scantily clad body.

"Hi, I'm Chris," she said. "You are?"

"Jodi," the girl between the guards looked at her evenly.

"You have to come with me. The guards go everywhere, but you'll get used to them."

"Go with you, why?" Jodi asked softly.

"It's the rules. You'll understand in a day or two. Now, we must get you ready to meet the guy who's their boss?"

"But isn't that the Sheik who brought me here?"

"No, funny that."

“What is?”

“Well, I thought it was him too. No, he’s just the fucking prodigal son. The real boss, the real Sheik, is his father. He must be about sixty, but he’s the one in charge and no mistaking it. Now if you do as you’re told you have a better chance at survival.”

“Okay, then lead on, Chris.”

Chris looked up at Al’almira and waited for him to dismiss them with a perfunctory waving of his hand. Jodi followed Chris round the side of the camel-pound to one of the smaller huts.

“This is the washroom,” Chris began. “Let me guess, you’ve been beaten, raped and had sand forced up your cunt – am I right?”

“Yes – how did you know.”

“It was the same for me and the person who introduced me to camp life. I think the prodigal has a thing about that sort of stuff. Now, the guard will be with us all the time but so far as I can tell, he doesn’t speak English.”

“Oh. So, why are you here, Chris?”

“I got caught photographing one of their desert factories. What about you?”

“Freelance reporter following the arms inspectors.”

“Right, you can strip bare and we’ll get you washed.”

“I can wash myself, thanks.”

“It’s not allowed. I have to wash you – it’s part of my training. They check you over afterwards and if you don’t pass – I get flogged. So – please – let me wash you.”

“Okay, I guess.” They entered the hut. “Christ,” said Jodi, “is that all there is?” The small, metal tub sat in the middle of the floor with about two inches of cold water in the bottom of it.

“Yep – all the conveniences of modern desert life. Now, the guard will report back on things, so please, let’s just get a move on. You stand in the tub and I’ll wash you.”

Jodi did as she was told. Standing in the puddle of cool water, stark naked, she felt the other woman’s hands as they rubbed soft soap into her flesh. Jodi winced when the hands rubbed gently over her bruised areas.

“God, he gave you a good seeing to,” said Chris when she examined Jodi’s breasts. “Are they sore?”

“Yes,” said Jodi as she felt the soapy hands washing the grime off her bruised breasts. “Ow, they’re really painful.”

“Mmm,” Chris responded as she moved on to wash Jodi’s abdomen. Jodi felt Chris’s soapy hand between her legs and involuntarily moved her feet apart as far as the tub would allow to allow the other woman to gain access. Gently, oh so gently, Chris washed away the sand around Jodi’s labia. Suddenly Jodi felt Chris insert a finger into her vagina.

“Hey, what are you doing?” She asked quickly, though Chris was much gentler than the Sheik had been.

“Trying to get the sand out of your pussy. Believe me, it’s best for both of us if I succeed.”

“But, the Sheik’s man pushed it well in.”

“I know. Now. I need you to squat down in the water for me.”

“Okay. Ow, it’s so painful,” Jodi complained as her aching buttocks and vulva touched the water. “Will that do?”

“Perfect,” said Chris. With Jodi bent down in a squat position, Chris splashed the water up into her more exposed cunt. Slowly the sand began to come away from the inner walls of Jodi’s vagina. Chris worked her finger round the entrance and then deeper inside Jodi, until she was sure the sand had all gone. By this time Chris was getting

worked up – touching the other woman in this way was arousing her. She could tell also that Jodi was finding the experience pleasurable for the freelance reporter turned bitch-spy was moaning softly from the gentle ministrations of the person washing her.

“Hmmm,” Jodi purred as Chris entered a second finger and began a rhythmical motion of insertion and withdrawal. After a minute, Chris found the soft pad of tissue that was Jodi’s G-spot and she palpitated this with her finger tip until Jodi shuddered and clamped her vaginal muscles around Chris’s finger as she climaxed.

It was a gentle climax, an act that went unnoticed by the guard who stood waiting with apparent disinterest by the door to the hut.

“You’ll be all right,” said Chris when she’d removed her fingers. “You’re going to fit in here just fine.”

“You think so?” Jodi looked at her new friend and gave her a watery smile.

“Yeah, just do what they tell you, learn by your mistakes, and be one of the girls and you’ll be okay.”

“You said girls. How many of us are there?”

“Four in a dormitory and there are four huts they use to keep us locked in, so there are sixteen of us maximum, but I reckon there are only about ten here at the moment. We come and we go. Once our training is over we’re moved out of the camp and taken to work in one of the bigger towns.”

“Doing what?”

“Fulfilling the needs of the rich – prostitution really, except we don’t get paid for it, other than a bed and food to keep us alive.”

“Christ, so what do we have to do for these rich people?”

“You’re naive, aren’t you?” Chris sounded scornful though she knew Jodi was just terrified. “We suck, fuck and take it all the way up wherever they want to put it. We let them treat us like dirt, slaves, or whatever they want to treat us like. Do you understand?”

“Yes.”

“Oh, and one other thing. Where ever you end up going don’t forget most of your customers will be military bods, and they are used to being obeyed. In this country if you question authority you get shot or have your head cut off. So, I suggest you learn quickly. There, you’re washed. Now, step out of the tub, I’ll dry you down and then get you ready for inspection. On the way to inspection we’ll show you the punishment room and you’d better pray you don’t ever get ordered there.”

“Why?”

“Because it’s like hell on earth. Now, step out of the tub.”

Jodi did as she was instructed and waited while Chris blotted her dry with the large, thick towel that was waiting for her. When she was dry, Chris handed Jodi her new clothes – a thong made out of some animal’s hide, a simple piece of linen that Chris showed Jodi how to fasten around her breasts, and a pair of flip-flop slip on shoes. Thus attired, Chris attracted the attention of the guard standing by the door. The door was opened and the two women were ushered out. Once in the compound, the guard led them to one of the huts. He opened the door with a key and they passed inside.

The inside of the hut reminded Jodi of her school gymnasium. At the far end was a sort of wooden horse contraption and on one of the walls was a series of bars. A metal box, the shape of a water cooler occupied one of the far corners and nearest the door was a table around which four chairs were arranged.

“Strange room,” said Jodi. “Why is it like hell on earth?”

“That horse over there. They strap you over it when it is time for punishment. Then, when you are in position they beat you.”

"I see."

"It gets worse. Once they've softened you up they apply the electrodes and torture you more."

"Christ."

"And if your crime is really serious then they take you to the bars and torture you further. See the fixings on the ceiling?" The young women looked up and for the first time Jodi saw the pulleys, chains and the bars that were hanging from the ceiling.

"Yes, what are they for?" Jodi sounded scared.

"They are for the really bad people. You don't want to go there. If you do, your cunt will be sore for a month, such is what they do to you."

"Oh, shit," said Jodi, her imagination working overtime.

"Right, you've been warned. Oh, sometimes for a punishment session they bring some of us in here to watch the victim – sort of breeds some discipline into us. Okay, time to meet the real Sheik then you'll be shown the manacles."

"What?"

"They put rings round your legs and chain them together to stop you running away."

"But you aren't wearing any," Jodi protested.

"I'm trusted now, but I had to wear them for some time first off when I came here."

"Bugger."

"It's the rules. You'd best not complain or you could end up in here. Right – time to go."

The guard opened the door to the punishment hut and waited while the two women left before carefully locking the door behind him. Once outside, the trio marched quickly across the quadrangle to the first of the larger buildings. Whitewashed on the outside, it was a fairly unobtrusive and unimpressive affair, but once the young women had walked through the front door they could see the owner of the desert camp was indeed wealthy.

"You leave your shoes at the door," Chris commented as she stepped out of her regulation flip-flops. "It's the rules. Something to do with respect, or so I was told."

"Yeah, that figures," replied Jodi as she slipped hers off. The marble floor was cool despite the hot sun outside.

The guard that had accompanied them pushed past. Jodi noticed he continued to wear his jack boots. He knocked on a door at the side of the hallway and was summoned by a deep voice from within. A few words in some Arabic dialect were exchanged before the guard returned.

"You, white bitch-spy," he snarled at Jodi, "are to go inside. You," he pushed Chris on the shoulder, "are to go back to your hut."

Chris turned and whispered, "good luck", to Jodi, before replacing her flip-flops and following the guard out of the building and back to her hut. Hut was a euphemistic term for what was really no more than a prison cell, a cell shared by up to four inmates.

"Come, come on in," the face that appeared in the doorway was smiling, a sickly, false smile.

"Why am I here?" Jodi asked as she responded to the invitation.

"You are a spy – we caught you watching one of our special factories."

"You mean the chemical plant?"

"Yes, if you say so. We could not risk you telling your government anything you might have seen."

"I didn't see anything. Just a few trucks coming and going."

“Exactly, but you are still a spy.”

“No, I’m not. I’m a freelance reporter.”

“You were a freelance reporter. You are now a slave in my country.”

“By whose authority?”

“Well, mine actually. I own the factory you were spying on. Anyway, it is irrelevant. You are now in my custody and your choice is either to have your head removed as we do to spies in this country or to comply with what you are instructed to do.”

“Not much of a choice is it?”

“No, but it is a choice.” The elderly Arab had been standing close to Jodi as he spoke but now he backed away a couple of paces. “So, my son tells me you have spirit and a supple cunt.”

“Did he? Well, your son is a rapist and a coward. He tied me to a tree and forced me to take his cock in side me. I call that rape.”

“I call it something you can’t prove and anyway it is something you will get used to soon enough. Jamal,” he called out slightly louder than he had been speaking.

The side door to what was evidently the Sheik’s office opened.

“This is Jamal,” the Sheik said unnecessarily. “Jamal is a big man. He is your first assignment – to let me assess what training you need.”

“What...no you can’t surely mean...you don’t mean...” Jodi stammered as the reality dawned.

“Yes, now, in here, in front of me and you would be wise to do your best.”

“No way.”

“Then you will lose your head this evening at dusk.”

“Well, if you put it like that – what must I do?” Jodi looked fearful as the Arab called Jamal fully entered the room. He stood fully six foot four tall and had the physique of an American footballer, except that he didn’t need to wear any padding.

“Jamal, she is all yours.”

“Yes, Excellence. White woman, come over to this couch. Stand behind it.”

Jodi did as instructed. She had no choice and somewhere in the thoughts that were flashing through her mind she remembered Chris’ advice that she should simply comply.

“Good, white woman, now take off your thong and bend over the couch, grabbing the rail at the front with both your hands.”

Jodi obeyed, lifting her backside right on top of the back of the couch so she could reach the rail. She grasped it and waited.

“Ah, you have soft, white flesh, a little marked by your captors but we can make it much brighter for you.”

Jamal took up position behind Jodi and she felt his bare hand on the middle of her buttocks. His hand was warm and clammy. For a moment, Jodi thought he was going to prise open her buttock cheeks and force his cock into her back passage but those thoughts disappeared as the hand was lifted off her flesh for a moment, only to come crashing down with the full force that Jamal could bring to bear. The sound of his hand slapping her naked, pale flesh, filled the room as he brought his hand to bear time and again on her backside.

“Yeeeeooww, yeeeeooowwww, yeeeeooowwww,” Jodi cried out as each fresh smack landed. After the fourth stroke she tried to stand up and escape the barrage of pain but to no avail. Jamal evidently sensed what she was going to do and she felt his free hand on the back of her neck, pushing her back down, preventing her from moving away from the other hand that continued to spank her.

her legs and tears down her face, when she felt the jack boot of the guard forcing her legs wide open. His boot against her ankle brought her more pain until, through the fog of her mind, she realised what she had to do and shuffled her feet apart.

“Ah, Jamal, she has soft, white pussy flesh.”

“Yes, Excellence,” Jamal agreed at the same time as Jodi felt the tawse caressing her labia. Then, she felt the leather straps stroke the inside of her legs.

A moment later the tawse was flicked back upwards, the straps flicking painfully into Jodi’s already sensitive crotch, bringing a fresh wave of pain to the labia that had already been tortured much over the past twenty four hours.

“Arrggghhh,” she groaned, more out of instinct than anything as the straps of the tawse landed square across the middle of her crotch. This contact was not as painful as the three strokes which had ripped open her buttocks and the tender flesh surrounding her anus. That area, Jodi knew, would hurt good and plenty for some time to come.

Swish! It was the final stroke and it lashed upwards into her labia, the straps bouncing off the white, soft flesh that still bore the marks of the torture she had suffered so recently. Jodi screamed again, her knuckles now pure white from the intense grip on the rail.

“Is the bitch-spy a tight one?” Al’almira enquired of his henchman.

“She looks tight but it is difficult to know for sure.”

“Find out, Jamal.”

“Yes, Excellence.”

Jodi heard Jamal arranging his gown behind her and then, in an instant, the burning flesh of her buttocks was being pressed upon by a warm, rigid pole of cock-meat.

“Noooo, please noooo,” Jodi pleaded as soon as she felt the cock against her flesh.

“She is tight,” Jamal affirmed as he pressed his manhood against her puckered anus.

“Then she shall be made less tight.” Al’almira spoke without passion.

Jamal pressed his manhood harder against her anus and gripped Jodi around the hips with both hands. As he pushed against her, his hands pulled her towards him, preventing her from backing away from his intended intrusion. His manhood was large, long and thick and Jodi knew he would tear her flesh more if he persisted. She pleaded again.

“No, please don’t do it, I’m already torn down there and you are just going to make it worse.”

“Do it, Jamal,” Al’almira ordered his henchman. “Teach her obedience. Relax and it will not hurt so much,” he continued to address the victim.

Jodi didn’t relax. Something that felt far too big for her tiny anus was pushing hard against her sphincter and there was no way she wanted it inside her. She clamped up but reckoned without Jamal’s persistence. He pulled back from her slightly then, with one flesh-tearing thrust he rammed his cock straight into her anus. Even as Jodi let out a piercingly loud scream from the shock and the searing pain, he partially withdrew only to thrust his manhood deep inside her again. The action of his thrusting became slicker as the blood from the fresh tear in the flesh around her anus lubricated his passage inside the woman.

Jamal grabbed her hips and stood his ground as he pulled the woman back and forth onto his cock in a steady, powerful, rhythmic action.

After a couple of minutes of this painful thrusting, Jamal forced Jodi back against the couch, pinning her in place so she could not move against the pounding torture

being inflicted by his cock. Jamal now placed a hand on her back and reached forward to grab her hair. He yanked the hair backwards, pulling her head up as he did so.

“White bitch, tonight you will have a big cock inside you like now and then you will also have one in your mouth. Remember this position for you will please two men. If you do not, then you will be punished. Do you understand?”

“Y...y...yes,” Jodi sobbed. The thought of having another cock up her arse and at the same time having to work another one in her mouth filled her with dread. Suddenly her head was released and she felt the cock that had impaled her being withdrawn. She was left slumped over the couch while Jamal rearranged his attire.

When he had finished, he returned to the battered Jodi. She felt him kick her legs back together and she made no protest. She felt him attach the metal hoops around her ankles, hoops that were snapped into place like handcuffs until they were just tight enough not to slip too much.

“What Jodi didn’t realise was the fact that the two hoops were connected by about a foot of chain.

“Stand up,” Al’almira ordered her.

Painfully slowly and with her arse still burning and bleeding, Jodi did as instructed, but she was not quick enough.

“Quicker, quicker,” the Sheik chided her.

Jodi straightened up, trying to mask the rush of pain she felt.

“Good. Now you can go to your barracks and let the others look after you. This evening you will attend the punishment room – we have to administer some justice to one of our less well behaved slaves and I think it would serve your learning abilities to see what we do. A guard will take you there. Afterwards you will be brought back here for the next part of your training. Now, go and get yourself cleaned up.”

Al’almira clapped his hands twice and a guard appeared in the doorway. Al’almira spoke swiftly and in an Arabic dialect Jodi did not understand.

The guard saluted and marched forward. He grabbed Jodi by the arm and led her out of Al’almira’s presence.

Chapter 4

The barracks, or hut, where Jodi was to be housed was like all the others – four beds arranged as two sets of bunks, a couple of simple cupboards, a sink, shower and some basic cooking implements and whatever food that had been provided for them. Jodi was pushed into the room and had barely recovered from her stumble before she heard the key in the lock outside as the door closed behind her.

“Christ, what have they done to you?” The voice was familiar – it was Chris.

“Huh, I think they called it softening me up.”

“You’re bleeding and God, you look sore.”

“Yeah.”

“Did you do something wrong in there?”

“No – they had it all worked out before I got there. That guard, Jamal, he’s big isn’t he?”

“Yes, but not the biggest prick on camp. Oh, before we go any further, this is Mel and Saff.”

The woman in her thirties on the top of the nearest set of bunks propped her head up on her arm. She had short, blonde hair and her pale skin had been tanned lightly by her time in the country.

“Hi, I’m Jodi,” she looked up as she spoke.

“Hi, Jodi, why are you here?”

“Don’t know, just got caught doing my bit as a freelance reporter.”

“So you’re a spy too.” Saff jumped off the top bunk against the far wall and walked forward. She, like Mel and Jodi, wore the manacles around her legs.

“You guys been here long?”

“A couple of weeks.” Saff walked a couple of paces towards Jodi as she spoke.

“And what happens?”

“We get taken places on the camp and made to fuck strangers and things. You’ll find out. The main thing is to get you cleaned up and rested for this evening.”

“Why this evening?”

“That’s when the guests turn up.”

“Oh – and will I be involved tonight?”

“You sure will. If you’re lucky it will be a guy who’s addressed as Captain. If it’s the Commander you’d better be careful.”

“Why?” Jodi was intrigued.

“Because the Captain is short and thin and the Commander is even bigger than Jamal. I take it you’ve met Jamal?”

“Yes, up my arse.”

“Yep, we have all had Jamal that way. What about down your throat?”

“No.”

“You will and soon. Just don’t bite him!” Mel jumped off her bunk and joined the others on the floor. “Come on, let’s get you cleaned up and then get some rest.”

“You mean, you’re going to help me?”

“Yes, and you must cooperate,” Chris spoke very softly. “They have cameras everywhere, so be careful.”

“Christ,” Jodi whistled. “In which case, thanks.”

Jodi was led over to the shower, little more than a tiled area with a hole in the middle and a crude shower arrangement hanging off the wall. For the second time that day she allowed Chris to wash her body. She winced as the cool water of the shower

touched her burning, swollen, tender flesh. She sobbed as the shower head was directed between her legs to clean her cunt and then she sobbed louder as Chris asked her to bend over so she could wash her backside. As Chris washed her, Mel and Saff observed.

“Okay, girls,” Chris said finally. “She’s yours now.”

Saff stepped forward with a towel and started to pat Jodi dry. She blotted the water off all the sensitive areas of her skin and then led her to the bed – the lower bunk by the far wall of the hut.

“Lie down and relax. We’ve got some lotion they give us to help heal the wounds.”

Jodi did as she was instructed, vaguely aware a camera would be watching her and fearful that any signs of disobedience would be noted and result in punishment later on.

Jodi lay on her back as Mel and Saff sat beside her on the bed. Mel started first with the little pot of lotion. It was cooling, soothing and had a fragrant aroma – mint mixed with something else. Mel rubbed it into Jodi’s forehead, her fingers lightly massaging Jodi’s scalp. The sensation was pleasing after the brutality of Jamal and Jodi closed her eyes and visibly relaxed.

“This is how we survive in here,” Mel said after a moment. “Helping each other through the rough and the smooth. Do you like it?”

“Mmm, yes, thanks,” Jodi murmured as she felt Mel’s fingers working down onto her neck. At the same time Saff started on Jodi’s legs, rubbing a little lotion into them, massaging the muscles.

Mel moved further down Jodi’s body, massaging the lotion into her breasts. For a moment it startled Jodi to be touched like this, but after the cruel torture of the Arabs this latest attention was most welcome. As Mel massaged around her areolas and then on her nipples, Jodi sighed and involuntarily her legs opened a little.

Chris stood back and watched as Mel and Saff continued to massage and caress Jodi. Saff was moving up her legs now, concentrating on the inner thighs. Then, just as Mel reached forward and kissed Jodi on her right nipple, Saff reached Venus. The lotion was cool and soothing on Jodi’s labia. As Saff looked at what she was stroking she let out a gasp of surprise. The tawse had caused the labia to swell significantly, puffing up the tender flesh into a pink, angry tortured and very sensitive mass of flesh.

“Does that hurt?” Saff asked Jodi softly.

Jodi was already responding to the massage, her arousal waking within her.

“It’s sore but I like what you are doing, You are so gentle after the brutal men.”

“It’s what we’ve found helps us to heal after one of their sessions. Now, just let your body relax and go with the flow.” Saff applied another dollop of lotion and began to work it into Jodi’s vulva. She was wet down there now, her own arousal mixing with the lotion as it soothed her.

Mel was now caressing both of Jodi’s breasts at once, the lotion making her nipples stiff with the arousal caused by the reduced friction and smooth contact with this other woman’s hands.

“Kiss me,” said Jodi without thinking.

Mel reached forward and obliged. What started out as a peck on the cheek soon turned into a full French kiss as the women’s tongues found out each other’s. When Mel sat back up to get air, Jodi continued.

“That’s so good. Oh God, I want to come. Is it allowed?”

“Yes, in here it is allowed.” Saff inserted two fingers deep into Jodi’s vulva as she spoke and immediately set up a rhythmic, stroking action – a gentle action designed to arouse, not hurt. Jodi was climbing to her peak now, her back arched in arousal as the

waves of sensual pleasure flooded her body. Suddenly she was there and with a great gush of relief she came, her climax causing her to groan loudly.

Jodi's orgasm subsided and gently Saff helped turn her onto her stomach. Then the two women began to massage Jodi's shoulders and the backs of her legs. After a few minutes, Saff came to Jodi's blistered, swollen and ruptured buttocks. Gently, she prised the buttocks apart, gasping at the sight.

"Christ, he's ripped you badly. What did he use?"

"Some sort of leather belt thing and then his cock – or I assume it was his cock, but it could have been some kid of pole."

"Yes, that's Jamal's cock all right – built like a pole and thicker than just about anyone can take comfortably in their cunt let alone up their arse." Mel sounded sympathetic as she continued to rub the lotion into Jodi's shoulders.

"Okay, Jodi, this may sting a bit, but it should help." Saff spoke as she dropped a dollop of the lotion right between Jodi's buttock cheeks. Jodi winced as the cold cream met burning and ripped flesh but Saff was so gentle as she massaged it into Jodi's anus and round the swollen buttocks that in a very few seconds Jodi began to relax and feel the relief the cream brought to her.

"How much of this lotion do they let us have?" Jodi purred.

"As much as we want. They know we won't be able to satisfy their evil customers if we're too sore and no-one wants to take a girl that already looks badly beaten."

"What's in it?" Jodi murmured, enjoying now the sensations of Saff as she continued to rub her buttocks.

"Don't know. Smells of mint and some herby thing, but it could contain just about anything. The main thing is it takes away the pain and makes you feel less sore.. Also, whatever it is, it does take the fire and sting out of you after a sound thrashing."

"I'll say – it's really helping back there."

"Good. Right – this is your first night. Probably you're going to have to undertake some simple tasks tonight." Saff stopped massaging now and the tone of her voice changed.

"Yes," said Jodi, "they've already said I've got to take two cocks at once, one up my arse and the other in my mouth."

"That will be for dessert. First though, they usually make the new girls pay homage to some of the other captives."

"How do you mean."

"They get you to show you can be a slave to a woman as well as a man."

"Like, what?"

"Well, they might get you to lick one of us out, front or back. Have you ever done that before?"

"No, of course not."

"Well, you probably will have to learn pretty fast. Do you want a lesson?" Out of sight of Jodi, Saff winked at Mel. Chris was watching in the background and realised what the two women were plotting. She smiled to herself and felt the first arousing lubricant form round her vulva.

"What?" Jodi asked, still feeling relaxed after her massage.

"Do you want a lesson with us here, before you get made to do it tonight?"

"Well, I guess it wouldn't hurt. What do I do?"

"Lie down the bed a bit, in the middle and put your hands by your sides. Bear in mind that they will probably lie you on the floor tonight and your hands will be held outwards by guards." Saff waited while Jodi shuffled down the bed and then she climbed aboard, straddling Jodi just below her breasts.

“Nice tits, young lady,” Saff said, beginning to sound wound up over something. “Now, I’m just going to sit on your face and all you have to do is stick your tongue up my cunt and lick me.”

“What?” Jodi sounded bemused.

“It will be better if you know what it’s like before tonight.” Saff sounded a little frustrated at the delay.

“Okay, but if I tap your legs I want you to get off.”

“Yeah, yeah,” said Saff, kneeling up and shifting her body so her labia were right over Jodi’s face. “Open your eyes and tell me what you see.”

Jodi did as Saff asked her to.

“I see your cunt, a clean-shaven pussy, swollen and pouting lips which are glistening a little where they meet up. Also, I see a ring that looks like it goes through your clitoris.”

“Excellent. That ring is a sign of slavery. Yours will come soon. Now, I want you to give me pleasure.” Saff had barely spoken the words before she lowered her cunt right on top of Jodi’s face.

Faced with no choice, Jodi opened her mouth to receive the pouting lips and then, with an inward sigh of resignation, she plunged her tongue into Saff’s mons. Her tongue pushed the labia open and suddenly she gained access to Saff’s vulva. She tasted salty, her lubricants already making entry to the passage easy. It was not as unpleasant as Jodi had feared and in a few seconds she began to earnestly probe Saff’s love tunnel. She licked her and flicked her tongue around the tunnel. As she did so, Saff started to moan. Though Jodi could not see, she guessed Saff was caressing her tits, stroking, squeezing and playing with her small but firm breasts as she became more and more aroused. The smell of Saff’s sex grew stronger as the lubricants increased. Suddenly Saff lifted her cunt off Jodi’s face a few centimetres.

“Chew my clit,” Saff gasped as she approached her climax.

Jodi did as she was instructed, finding the ring and licking all the way round it. Then she reached her neck upwards and pulled the whole clitoris into her mouth, bringing her teeth down on it gently, chewing it in the way she hoped Saff would want her to.

Evidently Jodi’s ministrations worked, for in a few moments Saff was groaning loudly and lamped her legs round Jodi’s head as she reached the peak of her pleasure. Saff came long and hard, and at the peak of her pleasure a small quantity of clear liquid flowed out of her sex onto Jodi’s face and into Jodi’s mouth.

“You’re a natural,” said Saff when her orgasm was over. “You’ll do okay here if you just remember to be obedient.”

“Thanks,” replied Jodi after she had swallowed the liquid in her mouth and cleared what was on her face away with the back of her hand.

“No sweat, but I think you should do the same for your other friends in this room now, don’t you? We don’t want them to feel left out or not part of the scene, do we?”

“No. So, who’s next?”

“Me,” said Mel, as she climbed onto the bed and occupied the space vacated by Saff.

Mel was not clean-shaven, but had a small, neatly-trimmed area of pale pubes. As she climbed over Jodi’s face, Jodi noticed that she too had a ring through her clitoris. In a moment, Mel was straddling Jodi’s face, her moist pubes lightly brushing against Jodi’s lips. Suddenly Jodi darted her tongue out into the middle of the cunt lips that were waiting for her. Mel gasped as the tongue parted her lips and found her bud at the top of them. Jodi arched her head up and took Mel’s clitoris in her mouth, sucking it and

nibbling it with her teeth, aware that the musk coming from the sex of the woman on top of her was getting stronger by the minute.

Mel started to gasp and lowered her body fully onto Jodi's face so Jodi had to stick her tongue right into Mel. With Mel's labia flat against her mouth it became difficult for Jodi to breathe. Not only that, but Mel's bush was tickling Jodi's nostrils. Feeling like she might well suffocate if Mel's personal lubrication system went into overdrive, Jodi started to nibble at the flesh being pushed against her mouth. She nibbled gently at first and then started to bite a little harder until Mel pulled away from Jodi's teeth.

Mel's orgasm was fast approaching now and she responded to Jodi's tongue which was now circling the other woman's clitoris. The gentle, wet tickling of the tongue brought Mel to the edge of her climax. Feeling the need for something deep inside her, Mel sat down on Jodi's face again and gyrated her hips as best she could on the probing tongue that once again found itself buried in her vulva.

With a gush of release Mel climaxed – her love juices flowing out of her cunt into Jodi's mouth. Buried under Mel's orgasming body, Jodi could do nothing but swallow the clear liquid and hope she did not choke on it. Mel came good and strong, her climax lasting maybe forty seconds or more. All the time she was grinding her way through the orgasm, pushing her labia firmly onto Jodi's mouth, filling the same mouth with her free-flowing orgasmic fluids. Finally the climax subsided and after a few seconds Mel sat up off Jodi's face and hauled herself off the bed.

"Now, Jodi, what did you think of the taste of a real woman?"

Jodi was still gasping for breath, aware that she was highly aroused herself.

"Wet!" Jodi managed to gasp after a moment.

"Well, you were very good. If you perform like that later on you'll do okay."

"Thanks," said Jodi, wondering just what lay in store for her.

"Okay," said Chris. "That just leaves me. Are you ready?"

"Yes," said Jodi as she lay back on the bed.

"Not there," said Chris. "I want it from you while I lie on the table."

Chris moved over to the small table, removed the three cups on it and proceeded to lie on the surface. She splayed her legs wide open revealing her clean-shaven cunt for all to see. She was not embarrassed in the slightest – after all, her genitals had become public property since the time of her captivity and any timidity he had once felt had long since vanished.

"Now, Jodi, do your best."

"Okay," said Jodi as she walked over to the table and looked at the pink, slightly swollen sex that was awaiting her attentions. Jodi reached forward with her right hand and lightly stroked the labia. He fingered Chris until she felt the dampness on her labia. Then she inserted a finger and felt the inside walls of Chris' vulva. She inserted two more fingers and started stroking the increasingly aroused woman's cunt.

"N...n...no," gasped Chris in the middle of her arousal. "Fuck me with your tongue." Jodi obliged. She removed her fingers and leaned forward until her mouth reached Chris' labia. Then she pushed out her tongue, inserting it as deep as she could manage into the other woman's sex. A moment later, Jodi felt Chris wrap her legs around her head, pinning her mouth to Chris' vulva.

They remained this way until Chris gasped loudly with the onset of her climax. Unlike the two women before her, Chris did not ejaculate. She groaned loudly and Jodi felt her leg muscles tauten as they contracted around her head, pulling her ever deeper into Chris' sex. Then, after a minute it was over.

Chris sat up, smiled at the other two women.

“Your turn now,” she said quite simply.

Before Jodi could react, the other two women had taken hold of her arms and lifted onto the table Chris had been lying on. They lay Jodi on her back and while Mel held Jodi’s hands above and behind her head, Mel went to work on Jodi’s right breast. As she sucked the nipple and tenderly bit round the areola, Jodi felt her legs being pulled apart as Chris went to work on her sex. She was still sore and swollen from her encounters with the Arabs but the sensation of having a woman down between her legs was soothing and something new for Jodi. She began to respond. From deep within her the waves of pleasure began to flow, sending tingling messages from her sex and her breasts to her brain. Jodi began to arch her back and pant loudly as the women continued to minister to her. Then, and quite suddenly, she was climaxing. Her orgasm was long and satisfying, making her feel a whole lot better than when she had been subjected to the ravages of her captors.

In the depths of her mind, Jodi knew she needed to keep her three fellow prisoners as friends, for they could be the answer to her survival in whatever lay ahead.

“Did you enjoy that?” Chris’ face was still wet with Jodi’s excitement.

“Yes, thanks. Was I okay with you guys?”

“Yes,” they all replied one by one.

“Well, after such a session I could do with some rest. Which is my bunk?”

“The wet one,” Saff laughed. Jodi climbed off the table and flopped back down on the bunk bed where she’d tongue-fucked Saff and Mel. In a few minutes she was asleep, her mind far from what she would face that evening.

Chapter 5

Darkness had fallen before Jodi stirred again. She felt better after the rest but as soon as her eyes opened she began to fear what might happen that evening.

The other three women in the prison hut were already for the evening. They now wore only the regulation thongs made of some dark material, a piece of similar material wrapped tightly round their breasts and the flip-flops on their feet. They also wore the manacles about their ankles.

“Come on,” said Chris, “you’d better get dressed. The guards will be here in a few minutes.

Jodi pulled herself out of bed and spent the next thirty seconds getting herself ready. She’d more or less finished when the key turned in the outside of the door, the door was pushed open and a burly Arab, dressed in khaki stood in the doorway. Silently the other three women formed a line and Jodi simply joined in behind them. The guard came in and clipped lengths of chains to the manacles around the women’s ankles, so they had to walk one behind the other, each attached to the next person in line. When the chains were in place, the guard returned to the doorway, smiled lasciviously and took out his tawse.

Saff was at the head of the line of four and she took a step forward. The others followed suit and slowly they began to walk out of the door. As they did so, the guard flicked the tawse so that it landed on each of the women’s backsides in turn. The tawse hurt, but not as much as the flogging Jodi had received the previous day. When the guard had hit each woman once he regained his place at the head of the line and marched them towards the punishment hut.

“You, white bitch-spy, are to go in here.” The guard spoke bluntly as he released the chains from Jodi’s manacles. “You are expected inside.”

Mel and Chris looked back and shrugged their shoulders knowingly. It was the ritual – it was all part of the control.

“You other three - your guests await you in the main building.” The guard knocked on the door of the punishment hut, turned round and spoke to the other “March!” He said and played the tawse across Saff’s arse one more time when she did not respond quickly enough.

As the other three women were led away in chains, Jodi heard the door to the hut open. A light was on inside and immediately it was clear the room was occupied. In fact there were five men, all Arabs, sitting on chairs that were in a line down the far wall.

“White bitch-spy,” the guard who’d opened the door spoke. “You come in and you pay homage to these five men. Do it now.”

Jodi watched as the men, all dressed in white robes, stood up and exposed their manhood. They were all erect, obviously all expecting Jodi to give them blow jobs. Jodi stood bemused at the spectacle and then, at the end of the room she saw the elderly Sheik Al’almira watching her. She walked forward to the first of the Arabs, knelt on the floor in front of him and took his cock in her hand. He was circumcised – the purple head of his manhood, rigid in its arousal.

Evidently these men had enjoyed some hospitality before coming to this room and now they were in need of release. Jodi took the cock, opened her mouth and stuffed it inside as quickly as she could manage. It tasted strange, unwashed and definitely Arabic. The pungency of the manhood almost made Jodi gag, but the owner of the meat had his hand on her head, forcing her onto him. He grabbed her hair and thrust his cock into and out of her mouth in the rhythmic action he wanted. Jodi sucked hard,

determined to get it over with as quickly as possible. The Arab did not last long. In less than a minute from having his cock inserted in Jodi's mouth, he came, squirting his semen down Jodi's throat. He kept his manhood in her mouth until his spurts had ebbed. Only then did he withdraw a self-satisfied smile on his face. He re-arranged his robes and sat down.

Jodi looked round and saw Al'almira wave her on to the second guest. She had no idea who these men might be, but their attire indicated they held positions of importance either in the private sector or, more likely, in the military.

The second Arab was wanking himself gently as Jodi knelt in front of him.

"Open your mouth, bitch," he hissed as he held his cock out in front of her.

Jodi obliged and was about to try and take his manhood inside her when he climaxed, his ejaculate spurting all over her face.

"Ha!" He exclaimed. "The white bitch has become whiter." He laughed and the others laughed with him. Like the first Arab, he rearranged his attire and sat down.

Jodi shuffled across the floor on her knees until she reached the third cock that was waiting for her. It was the largest cock of the three and it was also possibly the longest. Jodi took it in her hands and stroked it firmly with her hand. As she held the phallus in this way, she reached forward and placed the tip in the entrance of her mouth.

"Down your throat, bitch," the thick Arabic accent was evident. Jodi obliged and opened her mouth wider to accommodate the monster that had been presented to her. She slid his cock into her mouth until she could feel the tip on the back of her throat. She nearly gagged but shifted position until she felt it actually sliding down her throat. Holding him this way, Jodi tickled the balls that were in front of her, now having to breathe through her nose. She tickled the balls until she felt the first twitch of the Arab's orgasm. She felt his cock pulse as she held him in her throat. He pulsed six times and groaned as he did so. Only after the sixth did he start to withdraw his member, allowing Jodi to breathe more naturally. His cock came out of her mouth and, like the Arabs before him, he rearranged his attire and sat down.

"White bitch, come over here." The voice was Al'almira's and he had moved over to where the wooden trestle sat waiting in the middle of the room.

Jodi looked with horror at the trestle.

"I said come over here."

"But I have to attend to two more of your friends."

"You will, but over here."

Jodi realised it would not help to argue so she stood up and walked over to the trestle.

"Gentlemen, she is yours," Al'almira said.

The two Arabs who remained standing came forward. One of them pulled her thong down so that it fell about her ankles.

"Over the trestle, bitch," one of them said. Jodi did so and felt her legs being pulled wide apart, her thong sliding across the floor as it was kicked away from her.

"Such white flesh, and no doubt a typical white arse," the same voice was beginning to suffocate her.

Jodi felt her manacles being tied to the trestle legs, so she was completely spread-eagled. Then she felt one of the Arabs come up behind her. A moment later she sensed his hands on her buttocks.

"Ah, a perfect white arse, just waiting to be taken." The Arab wasted no time. His manhood was as stiff as a pole and almost as big as the one Jodi had felt when Jamal had taken her earlier. He pushed hard against her sphincter muscle and in a moment had

ripped it open as his cock dived deep into Jodi's back passage. As he did so, the other Arab walked round the front of the trestle and offered his cock to Jodi's mouth. She took the length of meat and began to suck on it, aware of the pain in her rear as the Arab behind her pumped in and out of her arse without any mercy whatsoever. She knew he had ripped her – she'd felt the muscle tear as he'd ploughed into her – and she knew there must be blood to be seen, but it made no difference to the man who ruthlessly continued to bugger her.

The cock in her mouth tasted stale and unwashed, as if the owner had come straight from a day's work. It made her feel ill, but Jodi knew she had no choice. She continued to suck on the cock until she felt the first twitch – the sign of impending ejaculation. With the second twitch, Jodi tried to back away from the Arab's manhood, but to no avail. The Arab behind her chose that moment to thrust really hard into her, forcing her forward onto the cock in her mouth. The two Arabs exploded simultaneously, filling her arse and her mouth with their white liquid. The Arab in front of her pulled away and rearranged his attire. The Arab behind her commented,

"Hey, Kaled, she has a white arse. We should make it glow a much healthier colour, don't you think." His command of the English language was impressive and Jodi knew he'd not used his native language purely so she would know what was about to happen.

"Agreed." The voice was Al'almira. "As I said, she is yours to use."

"In that case, I will continue with her." Jodi felt the cock being pulled out of her arse and she tried to stand up. As she did so, she felt the hand in the middle of her back pushing her right over the trestle.

"Not so fast, white bitch, I haven't finished with you yet."

Holding his hand on the middle of her back, the Arab walked round the trestle. Al'almira stepped forward and handed the Arab a set of wrist cuffs. With the skill of one practised in such matters, the Arab soon had the cuffs in place. It then took him just a few seconds to pull Jodi over the trestle so he could clip the cuffs onto the small hoops at the bottom of the trestle legs. Manacled in this way, Jodi's arse was perfectly presented and in full view of the audience.

"Let's see how she turns red," the Arab said. He walked over to the wall, picked up the tawse of his choice and took up position beside Jodi. He made two practice swings in the air and then placed the two straps of leather across the frightened woman's arse.

"Count, bitch, after each stroke."

Crack! The first stroke landed a few seconds later, the straps of leather cutting cruelly into Jodi's buggered and bleeding rear.

"Yeeeeooooowww!" She shrieked and then followed it with the single word: "one".

Crack!

"T...t...wo!" Jodi shrieked back as the straps cut again into the flesh that was still sore from the previous punishment it had received.

Crack!

"T...t...t...h...rrreeeee!" Jodi howled as the Arab mercilessly brought the straps down over the same patch of flesh as the previous stroke.

Crack!

"Four," Jodi replied, stuttering as the pain of the straps shot through her body. She tried to shift position but found, with her legs and arms pinioned at the bottom of the trestle legs that she was unable to move.

Crack! The tawse landed again.

“Ffffffiiiveee,” Jodi stuttered, her voice quieter now as she sobbed with the pain.
Crack!

“Yeeoowww. S...i...x!” The strap had landed lower down her buttocks, at the top of her legs, sending fresh, searing pain through her body.

The thrashing stopped as the Arab stepped forward to examine his handiwork.

“She needs further training, but not today. See, she is bruising too easily. Kaled, I will inspect her again in a week – see that she does not bruise so easily please.”

“Yes, Emir, I will do,” Al’almira responded.

Jodi felt her bonds being loosened as Al’almira spoke. She was helped back up into a standing position and found two of the Arabs she’d blown standing beside her. They lifted her away from the scene and took her stand by the back wall of the chamber.

Even as they frog-marched her into her new position, there was a knock at the door.

“White bitch,” said Al’almira, “you can observe what happens next. Let it be a warning to you what will happen if you ever cause disgrace to come up on me or if you try to escape from this camp. Come in,” her added in Arabic. The door opened and the burly guard who’d escorted Jodi to the same room appeared in the doorway.

There was a brief conversation in some unfamiliar dialect and then Jodi, standing naked, her back against the wall, saw the thin young white woman behind the guard. The guard stood back and propelled the young woman into the room. Jodi reckoned she could be no more than twenty years old. Like Jodi had been, she was dressed in a thong and a piece of linen over her breasts. She also had manacles around her ankles and Jodi noticed her legs were chained together. The woman had short-cropped blonde hair and as she looked with fear in her face at Jodi, it was evident she had been crying.

“White bitch, this woman, Carol, tried to escape from us yesterday. She received 10 strokes of the tawse as immediate punishment – now she is going to be properly punished. Abdul,” Al’almira looked at the guard, “you are to shoe the white bitch how we punish people who try to escape.”

“Excellence,” the guard replied. He was already propelling the young woman who was called Carol towards the trestle.

“Gentlemen, I hope you will enjoy what is going to happen,” Al’almira smiled at his guests, added a few more words in his native tongue and stepped back to watch what the guard did.

The guard pushed Carol against the trestle. He untied the chain from her leg irons and ripped her thong from her body. It was still falling to the ground as he used his feet to spread her legs wide apart. When they were aligned to the trestle legs he secured her leg irons to the hoops on the trestle. Then he walked efficiently round to the front of the trestle and pulled the woman over it so he could secure her arms in the same position Jodi had been tied in a few minutes previously.

Jodi watched as the guard took his tawse from the side of his belt and lay it across Carol’s exposed rear – a backside that already looked bruised and swollen from the punishment she’d been handed down upon her recapture. Now, Jodi feared, it was about to get worse. It did.

The guard showed no mercy and no concern for Carol whatsoever. The straps were pulled back from her flesh and brought crashing back down with such force that the trestle moved forward.

“Yaaaaaarrroooo!” The woman screamed. “You fucking pig-bastards. You just fucking wait till my fellow Americans have bombed the shit out of your country. Then you will all fucking die.”

Crack! The second stroke landed.

“You bastards. You may kill me, but you can’t hide what’s going on here. Someone, one day, will find out and you will all get your fucking Arab bollocks cut off.”

Crack!

“Aaaarrggghhhh, you piece of pig-shit.” Carol was evidently more strong-willed than Jodi had initially given her credit for. Her American accent as, Jodi thought, from somewhere South in the country. The drawl was somehow familiar to her.

Crack! The tawse made a fourth connection with the woman’s arse. Now, she stopped yelling at the Arab guard who was thrashing her. Instead she started to sob – he was beginning to break her spirit.

Crack!

“Yeearrggghhhh,” she responded. She responded in a like manner when the sixth stroke landed on her buttocks. From her vantage point, Jodi could see the welt marks forming where the straps had landed – fresh welt marks to add to the bruises from the previous day’s thrashing.

Suddenly Al’almira stood up and spoke loudly in Arabic to the guard. By way of response, the guard shifted position, now standing directly behind Carol’s upturned arse. Parting his own legs, the guard swung the strap between them and then back up between the young woman’s so the straps cut into her labia.

“Yeeeeooooowww,” she shrieked as the straps stung her good and plenty right at the point where her legs met. The guard repeated the action and again the woman shrieked. This time, more prepared for what was going to happen, she tried to avoid the straps by standing on tip-toe. However, the way her legs had been tied to the trestle made movement virtually impossible and the straps cut into the tender flesh of her cunt lips. A third and fourth stroke followed and each time Carol shrieked with the sheer pain as the guard continued to inflict the torture on her sex.

After the fourth stroke had been delivered, the guard stopped and bent down to examine his handiwork. The area was swelling nicely but he deemed it warranted further attention. He patted the swollen area with his hand and stood up. Having resumed his position, he reeled off four more strokes with the tawse landing directly on the prostrate woman’s cunt each time. As each stroke landed, Carol yelled out from the sheer pain and even Jodi started crying at the sight of a fellow woman being so cruelly treated.

After the eighth stroke, the guard stopped and looked again at the area he had been punishing. Now, the swelling had increased and in two areas, one on the woman’s left labia and one at the top of her right leg, a small trickle of blood had appeared.

Smiling, he stood up. As he turned to look at the Arabs who’d been watching, Jodi was shocked to hear the faint ripple of applause from the appreciative men. The guard mock-saluted before untying the sobbing, limp, Carol. He picked her up off the trestle and pushed her towards the bars on the wall. Once he’d manoeuvred her into position he tied her legs to the lower bars using two short lengths of rope and the irons around her legs, ensuring they were wide apart. Then he reached her arms up until they were level with her shoulders and likewise tied them to the most appropriate bar. Carol appeared only semi-conscious, such was the effort she’d expended in yelling and crying during the session over the trestle. Her head hung to one side of her neck. In a moment, the guard walked over to the small cupboard in the corner, opened the lower drawer and selected the ball-gag he wanted. He returned to Carol, forced her mouth open and inserted the ball between her teeth. Once in place, he secured the ends of the gag to the wall-bars thus holding her head back against the bars and in a vertical position. The gag

was tight and Jodi guessed the woman would be unable to call out in pain from behind it.

Next the guard pulled the piece of linen that had been covering Carol's breasts away from her body, exposing her small breasts, breasts that had large, dark areolas and pink nipples jutting out from the dark area. The guard squeezed each breast in turn before walking back to the little cupboard. This time he returned with a small flogger in his hand. The handle gave way to a dozen or more thin straps of leather, each strap about half a centimetre wide and nearly half a metre long. He played with the flogger as he walked back up to Carol. As he did so, her eyes went wide with terror and she started to screech behind the gag. All that came out was some muffled expletives that Jodi could not discern. The guard was still walking back to Carol when he raised the flogger in the air. With his final step he brought it back down, the dozen straps coming to bear on Carol's right breast. She struggled to no avail with her bonds and at the same time a muffled screech came from behind the gag.

The guard wasted no time. He considerably stood slightly to one side of the woman so his audience could watch and admire his skills. Standing there he flogged her breasts with alternate strokes of the instrument of torture he held in his right hand. As each stroke landed across Carol's pale breast-flesh, a muffled cry came from behind the gag and she struggled uselessly with her bonds. The guard swished the flogger over one and then the other breast in rapid succession, delivering in all fifteen strokes to each breast.

When he'd finished he stood quietly listening to Carol gasping for air behind the gag. Tears were streaming down her face and her eyes were now closed as if she thought by not looking, the torture would stop. Now, in the lull, she opened them - eyes that spoke of fear and pain.

Again the seated Arabs applauded the guard politely. He, in turn, stepped forward and examined Carol's breasts. She winced as he touched each mammary in turn, probing it, examining the nipple and the areola. He seemed satisfied and returned to the little cupboard that was on small castor wheels. He trundled the cupboard towards Carol, leaving it standing to one side of her. Then he pressed the catch on the top of the cupboard, releasing the table top which he then lowered into position. Behind the enclosure was a panel containing two dials and a number of buttons. To the right side were two electric leads, one red, and the other black. They disappeared into the panel at one end, and on the other end of each lead was a medium-sized crocodile clip.

For a moment Jodi wondered why the guard would be taking out a set of jump leads in the middle of the room and then the realisation of what they were for dawned.

The guard took the red lead and pulled it out until the clip reached the woman's labia. He spat on the connection and then opened the jaws of the clip. A moment later he released the clamp so that the teeth bit into the flesh of Carol's labia.

Then he took the black lead. Onto the end of the crocodile clip he secured a thin metal probe about six inches length. He pressed a couple of buttons on the panel, watched as the lights came on and then set the dial to the setting he wanted. He walked over to Carol and held the probe an inch from her right nipple.

If Carol had been frightened before, her eyes now indicated she was scared out of her wits. The crocodile clip was heavily insulated and the guard made sure he was not touching anything metal. Standing to one side so the audience got a good view, he touched the probe against Carol's nipple. As it touched her skin, her whole body shuddered as the electric current passed through her – not enough to kill her, but enough to inflict serious pain.

Again the muffled scream came from behind the ball gag. The guard removed the probe after a second and touched it onto her other nipple, with the same effect. Then he took the probe and touched it onto the end of Carol's right earlobe. Again she shuddered as the current jolted her body and the reaction was the same when the probe touched her other earlobe.

The guard took the probe and returned to the cupboard. He played with the dial and pushed some more buttons before returning to Carol. He touched her right nipple again, this time holding the probe in place. She shuddered for a moment as the current jolted through her body and then she relaxed before a second and then a third wave of current hit her. The guard stood there for a full minute while Carol was jolted at least a dozen times. Each time the current flowed she shrieked from behind the ball gag and when the minute was up and the probe was removed, there was a faint smell of burning flesh where the contact had been made. Jodi, standing a few feet away could see a small burn mark on Carol's breast.

The guard switched off the current and fished around in the lower drawer of the cupboard. He pulled out a dildo, about twelve inches long and two inches in diameter. Down the outside surface on one side was a thin metal strip that went right from the tip of the dildo to a couple of inches from the base. The guard smeared some jelly like substance on the dildo and walked over to Carol. In one hand he held the dildo and in the other a clamp. He put the clamp on the floor, used his free hand to open the woman's labia and then he inserted the end of the dildo. It was a very tight fit and Jodi could see from the look on Carol's face that its rude insertion was causing her great discomfort.

With the dildo fully inserted the guard attached the clamp to the insulated base and then fixed the clamp in place on one of the wall bars, thus ensuring the dildo could not come out of Carol's cunt. On the very base of the dildo was a small screw set into the base. To this the guard attached the clip on the end of the black lead. When he was satisfied it was securely in place, he returned to the control box and pressed a couple of buttons. As he did so, he spoke a few words in his native tongue to the assembled guests. They, in turn, sat forward in their seats, peering more closely at the hapless victim strapped to the wall bars.

The current began to pulse through the dildo, into the walls of Carol's vulva and then back out through the other cable – a relatively short length of electrical torture being applied to a very sensitive area of her body. The pulses of current were painful, but had a similar effect to the vibrations of a normal vibrator, so the pain was mixed with a growing sense of pleasure, a pleasure Carol could not control or resist.

The guard turned the dial slightly and increased the intensity of the current. As he did so, so did the pain Carol was experiencing increase. With the increased current came an increased arousal and it was not long before Carol started struggling with her bonds as the combination of pain caused by the pulses of current and her own fast-approaching orgasm made her body react involuntarily.

Behind the ball gag she was breathing heavily now, the pain in her arse and breasts from her thrashing seemingly insignificant when compared to the sensations going on between her legs.

Of course, the more aroused she became, the wetter she became, and the wetter she became the better the current flowed through her vulva, thus increasing both the pain and the incredible sensations of arousal. After a few minutes of electro-therapy, she was climaxing. The juices from her vagina had started to trickle down past the dildo onto her legs and onto the floor of the hut. Carol was struggling ever harder against the bonds holding her in position at the mercy of the dildo. Her abdomen started to contract

as the waves of pleasure finally outweighed the pain and she went over the top with a shuddering climax that had Jodi standing with her mouth wide open.

After the contractions of her orgasm had passed, Carol went quiet and stood limp against the wall bars. The pulses of electricity continued unabated, jolting her body back into a state of involuntary arousal. Slowly Carol stirred as the pleasure began to build once again within her.

“You, white bitch spy,” the voice of Al’almira broke the awe-filled silence in the room following Carol’s orgasm, “come over here.”

Jodi turned to look at the Sheik and walked over to him. As she walked, Al’almira addressed the guard in their native tongue. Leaving Carol tied to the bars with the dildo and the electric current bringing her towards her second orgasm, the guard walked to the back wall. Hanging on it were a number of pole-like devices. He selected two and walked back to where Jodi was standing.

“Open your legs, bitch,” he snarled. “Open those fucking legs wide.”

Jodi sensed danger and was suddenly very afraid, but knew she had no choice. She opened her legs, wincing at the pain in her buttocks from her earlier thrashing. She felt the guard behind her as he attached one of the poles to the manacles around her ankles. When he’d finished adjusting the clasps, Jodi found she was unable to bring her legs back together.

“Put your arms up level with your shoulders and straight out,” the guard commanded her. When her arms were out straight to her sides at shoulder height the guard lined up the second pole and lashed her arms to it, preventing her from lowering them or moving them. Strapped like this, Jodi wondered what was going to happen. She was not kept waiting long. Even as Carol reached her second orgasm and her muffled groans indicated she was involuntarily responding to the dildo and electric current and heading for another climax, Jodi was picked up by the guard and turned to face the audience.

Some more Arabic was spoken by the guard as if telling the assembled group what he was going to do next. When he’d finished all eyes turned from watching Carol to Jodi.

The guard walked behind her and out of sight. Jodi heard him somewhere near the trolley cupboard. While he was there, the guard turned up the current a notch, intensifying the sensations Carol was feeling – her tired, beaten and electrocuted body no longer resisting the torture taking place in her cunt.

The guard picked up what looked like a rivet gun and returned to Jodi. With a thumb and forefinger he rubbed the nipple on her right breast until it stood stiffly to attention. Then he took the gun and inserted the nipple between the guide plates.

“Arrggggghhh,” Jodi screamed as the guard squeezed the trigger, sending a thin, hollow tube right through her nipple. The nipple was bleeding before the guard had put the gun on the floor. Then he took a small, metal hoop, inserted one end through the thin, hollow tube and pulled it right through her nipple. Then he pulled the thin tube through, causing Jodi to scream some more. Finally, with a pair of pliers he bent the small ring until the ends met.

Satisfied with his work, he turned to her other nipple, squeezing it until the sensitive flesh responded and became stiff. Then, and unable to look, Jodi felt the plates of the gun around her nipple and a moment later she let out another scream as the nipple was pierced. Again the guard pulled through a small metal hoop and bent it into shape once the guide tube had been removed.

Then, and to her horror, the guard knelt down and started probing the area around her vulva. He prised open her labia and rubbed her clitoris until it too responded to his

touch and stiffened. Pushing back the hood, he located the very centre of the bud, placed it between the guide plates and squeezed the trigger.

Jodi yelled as the third thin tube pierced the most sensitive part of her body. She opened her eyes and saw a thin trickle of blood seeping from her nipples and she knew her clitoris was bleeding too. The pain was excruciating and Jodi was crying openly. She yelled more when he pulled the guide tube out and then tugged on her clitoris as he shaped the little metal ring.

Then he went back to the trolley. He was gone for two minutes, time during which Jodi could hear Carol's muffled groans as her body stirred to yet another involuntary climax. The assembled group looked back at Carol and one pointed excitedly at the pool of liquid that had now formed on the floor of the hut. Carol had started to ejaculate with her orgasms – something that fascinated the Arabs. As she climaxed again, another trickle of fluid dripped from the base of the supported dildo and added to the gathering pool on the floor.

The guard returned to Jodi after a couple of minutes. He held a hot piece of metal the shape of a poker in one hand, and a soldering stick in the other. The end of the poker had been heated by a small gas burner on the cupboard and the heated end glowed a dark, ruby red. He touched the metal to the ring on one of Jodi's nipples and then applied the solder, fusing the open ends of the metal ring together. Jodi screamed some more as the ring through her nipple got hot. She screamed again when he soldered the ring through her other nipple. Then he went back to the cupboard to reheat the poker.

Carol was screaming her own, muffled sounds from behind the ball gag. Her body had poured out her own juices through a number of orgasms and now the reservoir was empty. Yet the current and the dildo still demanded more from her exhausted and beaten body. The effects of the tingling current as it passed through her vulva was more evident now for her abdomen twitched at regular intervals as the muscles went into involuntary spasms.

The guard returned to Jodi after a minute and knelt down between her opened legs. With a deft movement he pulled the ring forward with a pair of pliers and held it in place while he applied a blob of solder to the open ends. The solder fused the ring in place as the red hot poker warmed the metal. Jodi gasped as the heat began to rise in her clitoris, the metal getting hot very quickly.

"Arrrgggghhhh," she yelled as the heat became too much for her. The guard finished the soldering job and then, almost accidentally but not quite, he move the poker to within a fraction of an inch of her puffy labia. He looked up at his master briefly, saw the almost imperceptible nod of the head from the Sheik, and raised the flat end of the poker so that it nestled in the crack between the fleshy parts of Jodi's labia.

"Arrhhhhhssssssshhhhhiiiiitttt!" She screamed as the searing heat from the poker melted her pussy flesh. The smell of singed flesh wafted into the room as the guard held the poker in place for five seconds. When he removed it, the flesh it had touched was red, fiery, branded.

"White bitch you are now a full Arab slave. You have been branded as such and you wear the marks of my slavery school. That branding will serve as a warning to what will happen if you ever try to escape or if you do not perform well here." Al'almira was walking towards the small cupboard on wheels next to Carol.

"Arrrrgggghhhh, you fucking bastard," Jodi screamed again, when the guard brought the poker to rest across the middle of her buttocks. Her pussy had already taken much of the heat out of the metal rod but there was enough heat left to inflame her already tortured arse.

“Mmmmmdddddhhhhuuuu,” Carol screeched from behind her ball gag. Al’almira had turned up the dial, increasing the current flowing through her vulva to the point where it brought her real pain. He held the dial at full for ten seconds and then dropped it back to zero.

“This stupid bitch tried to escape. Now we have sapped her strength a little and taught her a valuable lesson in slavery. Okay bitches, the five gentlemen seated in front of you are now going to have some fun at your expense. They will choose what they want to do to you and you will obey them without question.”

Al’almira continued to speak in his native tongue and Jodi could tell the five men were pleased with what they were being told. At the same time she felt the guard release her from both the pole holding her arms in position and also from the leg-spreaders. When her arms were released she looked round to Carol – a pathetic, limp figure, sobbing behind the ball-gag.

When he’d finished with Jodi, the guard went to release Carol from the wall bars. Jodi bent forward to inspect the tortured, swollen flesh that had been her labia. She touched the branded flesh gently – God it hurt! Jodi looked round and saw Carol slump to the ground, still sobbing from the pain of her torture.

Al’almira and the guard made for the door to the hut. At the door he turned and spoke.

“You bitches had better not disgrace me. Gentlemen they are all yours.” With that he left the hut followed by the guard who took up his position outside the door.

The five guests stood up and held a brief discussion before advancing to wards Jodi.

“Stand up when you are being inspected,” the strong, thickly-accented voice said. Jodi obeyed. “Put your hands on your head and do not move.” Again she obeyed and waited while each of the Arabs in turn touched her breasts, inspecting the new nipple-rings. A small trickle of blood was still seeping from the right nipple but it didn’t stop one of the Arabs tugging on it playfully. Jodi fought with her instincts to lash out and managed to control herself.

“You,” the same Arab was now standing near Carol. “Stand up and be inspected. You have been here for a while so you should already know what to do.”

“I can’t – the pain is too much and I am exhausted.”

“Stand up or I will call your master back in.”

“Call who the fuck you want – I’m nearly dead anyway.”

“Very well. Guard!” The voice was raised to attract the attention of the man outside the door. A moment later the door opened, some Arabic was spoken and the guard disappeared. The gathered assembly waited until a somewhat flustered and angry Sheik Al’almira returned a few minutes later. More Arabic was spoken and Al’almira walked over to Carol

“You are no use to me if you are like this. Now stand up and do what you are told.”

“Go fuck yourself,” she replied, still sobbing. Evidently the torture had left her in a great deal of pain.

“Take her to the post,” Al’almira commanded the guard. If his use of English was intended to intimidate Carol it failed. Either she didn’t know what the post was, and Jodi certainly didn’t, or she was beyond caring.

The guard stepped forward and picked up Carol, tucking her under one arm. Carrying her this way he walked out of the hut.

“I am sorry, bitch, but your friend needs further therapy. You will have to attend to the needs of these gentlemen on your own. I trust you will not let me down.”

Jodi smiled thinly. She was already in pain and didn't much fancy the idea of being left on her own with five Arabs.

For the second time that evening, Al'almira left the hut. As the door opened, Jodi heard the sound of what seemed to be a large whip being played through the air, the thin end of the tail cracking as its owner whipped the end in mid flight. Jodi shuddered and the door closed.

A minute passed and the Arabs held a discussion in muted voices in their own dialect. As they talked in quiet tones a loud wailing sound pierced the hut from outside. It continued as a constant, high-pitched scream for well over thirty seconds before silence returned once again – an unnatural, almost deathly silence. Even the five Arabs stopped talking at the sound and two of them looked up with concern in their eyes. As the wailing sound decreased they picked up on their conversation. After a further two minutes the Arab who was evidently in charge turned and approached Jodi.

"We have decided what we are going to do." He clapped his hands and the other four Arabs joined him. Each took one of Jodi's arms or a leg and in a moment she was suspended in the air, held by the four men, her legs wide apart so they could all see her bruised and branded pussy.

The leader of the group rearranged his robe, taking his cock from behind the covers. Already erect, he approached Jodi between her spread-eagled legs and waited while the others adjusted their positions, allowing him to ram his cock straight into her vulva. There was no preparation, no foreplay, and no further communication. She was simply impaled on his ten inches of manhood. The four Arabs then proceeded to rock Jodi on their friend's cock, so it pumped into her with a steady, rhythmical motion. Jodi struggled a little at first, but the vulnerability of being suspended in mid air at the mercy of the four Arabs, while her cunt was plundered by the ten inches of rigid manhood, soon aroused her, though every time his cock was full inserted, she felt the pain in her stretched labia from the earlier torture and the branding.

The Arab rode her this way until he came, a quick gasp the only signal that he was about to explode within her. As he came, he reached forward and pulled Jodi onto his cock, forcing it deep inside her, hurting her as the full length, too much for her to handle, was rudely thrust right in up to the hilt. Jodi gasped as his cock pulsed within her. His orgasm was forceful, despite her earlier attentions with her mouth.

When he'd finished, he withdrew, rearranged his robe and took over holding one of Jodi's legs. Over the next ten minutes or so, each of the Arabs took his turn to plunge his cock into her sex, while Jodi remained supported in mid air, unable to resist the advances of the man between her legs.

After she had been fucked by the third Arab, the pain in her vulva began to increase again. She had already been tortured and branded, whipped and pierced and now her vulva was being ruthlessly fucked. Although her body had tried to respond and lubricate her tunnel, Jodi was spent and dry. The Arabs seemed to like her this way – it increased their pleasure and increased her pain. It made their thrusting more difficult – a real turn on for them.

The third Arab lasted only a minute, but it was a minute too long for Jodi, the dry walls of her cunt burning now with each thrust of the cock inside her.

"Arrgggg," she complained. "You're hurting me. I can't take much more."

"Silence, bitch. We will say how much you can take." The leader was still holding her leg, still directing operations.

The third cock exploded in her dry pussy, adding momentarily a little lubrication as the semen on the end of the Arab's cock clung to her dry walls as he withdrew. Then it was the turn of the man she'd heard one of them call Benadre. He was a smaller man

but Jodi remembered he had a thick, meaty cock. He advanced between Jodi's legs, his manhood fully erect and seeking entry. Without any ceremony he placed the tip of his cock against her gaping vulva and rammed it home. He was wider, thicker than the others and Jodi felt the pain as the entrance to her vulva ripped from the speed of his entry. He seemed not to care and instructed the others to help force her onto him. They did so and watched with fascination as the first drops of her blood dribbled onto the floor. The ripping actually eased the problem with lubrication and made it easier for the huge phallus to slide in and out of Jodi's love tunnel. The Arab shafted her until he reached his orgasm, his second release of the night. For a small man he made a lot of noise as he took his pleasure. At the point of climaxing he rammed his cock into Jodi, right up to the hilt. Again Jodi flinched and groaned as the pain in her vulva increased from having to take such a long, thick, cock up her cunt. She was feeling well and truly battered now – past feigning interest at her own arousal, wishing instead that this horrible evening of pain and torture would be over.

Her silent wish was soon answered. The fifth Arab took up his position and placed his cock in Jodi's cunt. He thrust inside her barely half a dozen times before he climaxed. Evidently he'd been so worked up at what had been happening, it took just a few strokes inside Jodi's well-battered, red-hot and bruised cunt to fulfil his desires. With his orgasm over, he withdrew and the Arabs lowered Jodi to the floor, letting her sit in the small pool of blood that had formed from the drips from her torn vulva.

"I think that is all we need from you tonight. We will be back in a few days and will want you again." The leader spoke on behalf of all the Arabs. "When we come back we will want more, but you are no more use to us now. Guard!" His voice was raised for the final word.

The door opened and a different guard stood at the door. The Arabs spoke in the native tongue for a moment and then the five visitors left the room. The guard stepped forward, signalled for Jodi to stand up and then motioned for her to leave the room.

Once the door was shut behind them, Jodi was led back to the hut where she was imprisoned. As they walked across the quadrangle, Jodi saw the post. It rose from the sand at the far corner of the quad. Strapped to it, her naked body visible to all who passed, was Carol. Her buttocks and back were on display, ropes around her legs and arms securing her in position to the post. Her back and buttocks were bleeding, vicious trails from the whip having left their mark across her body. The quadrangle was quiet, deathly quiet. The guard who'd taken her out for her punishment stood to one side of the post. He had in his hand the regulation tawse and as Jodi espied the situation he delivered one stroke straight between Carol's wide-opened legs. Jodi heard no response though Carol's body lurched upwards as the straps of the tawse stung her between her legs.

Chapter 6

Jodi had been in the living quarters for nearly an hour on her own, when the others returned. She'd already had a shower and applied the soothing lotion to the most painful areas of her body. She was slumped on her bed, looking up at the bunk above her when the door opened.

When it was closed again, Chris reacted first.

"What happened?" She asked. "What did they do to you?"

Jodi proceeded to relate her version of the evening's events.

"So, that was Carol out on the punishment post – poor bastard," Chris commented when Jodi had finished.

"Yeah. She was half dead before they took her out there, so God knows if she'll survive what they are doing to her now."

"Oh, she'll survive. They know just how far to take things – they are VERY good at that. Not only that, but Al'almira would kill any guard if the guard killed one of his sex slaves." Mel had obviously been crying at some point during the evening – her face was streaked with dried tears.

"So," Said Jodi, "what happened to you lot."

Saff hobbled across the room and went to the shower while the others sat down. Mel spoke first.

"Well, after you were taken into the punishment hut, we were marched up to the main house. Al'almira, or rather his son, had invited some of his friends over for the evening. They're just as evil as the prodigal himself. There were four of them plus Al'almira junior. There were three of us and they also brought in two other girls from one of the other huts."

Mel looked around their hut for a moment as if looking for support. She explained how they'd been led into the house. Al'almira junior had rubbed his hands with glee at the sight of the five sex slaves. He'd ordered them to stand in a row with their hands on their heads while he inspected them.

As if the women were prizes at a tombola, he stuck little post-it notes on each of their arses and then put five more slips in a dark, velvety bag. Each of the guests drew a piece of paper out of the bag and then Al'almira junior took the remaining piece. Mel had been led out of the room by one of Al'almira's guests. He'd escorted her to an upper room – obviously a guest room. Once the door had closed the Arab had turned into an animal. He'd ripped her thong, such was his haste to get it off her. Then he'd pulled off the flimsy piece of cloth covering her breasts. Then, he pointed to the lotions and oils on a tray beside the bed and, in reasonably good English, ordered her to give him a massage. He'd then stripped totally naked and laid on the bed while Mel had gone to work on him. She sat astride him, massaging some of the perfumed oil into his shoulders and back and then she'd turned to his legs and massaged the backs of them. After about ten minutes he'd ordered her to get off him while he turned over.

His manhood was obviously enjoying the sensual feel of the oils being rubbed elsewhere into his body, for it was half-erect. The Arab, whose name Mel found out was Abdul, laid on his back while Mel massaged oil into his chest and then his abdomen.

She looked up at his face when she reached his dick as if seeking approval but his eyes were shut. She bypassed his cock and massaged oil into his legs. Only then did she return to the now virtually erect and circumcised penis and take it in her left hand. She had barely touched him when his eyes opened and he sat bolt upright on the bed.

“Did I say for you to touch me there, whore?” His English was improving and Mel knew he was angry.

“No, sir,” she replied submissively.

“So why did you touch me?”

“I’d massaged everywhere else and I thought...” she began.

“You are not here to think, you are here to obey. Now, you have ruined my dreams, my relaxation and my pleasure. I shall have to punish you – it is the house rules.”

“I know, sir. What are you going to do?”

“A spanking to start with – until your buttocks are red and you are sorry.”

“I already am sorry – I just didn’t know what you wanted.”

“Well, you do now. Stand at the end of the bed, with your legs wide open and then bend over the bed so your breasts and face are down on the sheet.”

“Yes, sir,” Mel responded and took up the position require of her. As she moved to the position, Abdul got off the bed. He went over to the dressing table and opened the central drawer. There he found what he was looking for – a silver-backed hairbrush with a flat back on it. He picked it up and walked over to Mel.

“You will be spanked with this hairbrush for your disobedience and then we will see what else we must do. Please to count out the times I hit you.”

“Yes, sir,” Mel mentally shrugged her shoulders as she felt the back of the hairbrush being laid across her buttocks.

Abdul took his time, relishing the power he had over the white woman. From a nearby room the cries of another woman in pain could be heard – it only added to Mel’s foreboding and Abdul’s anticipation.

The hairbrush was withdrawn, only to be brought back onto Mel’s arse with some considerable force – enough to push her legs in against the base of the bed. The stroke stung her buttock flesh good and plenty and Mel gasped loudly before she could utter the number one – the first stroke had landed.

It was followed a few moments later by the second stroke. Again Mel was pushed into the bed where he legs pushed against the mattress. Again she gasped as the air was forced out of her lungs and then she said,

“Two.”

The third swat with the back of the hairbrush landed on top of the previous two and again Mel managed to compose herself to utter the count. The fourth, fifth and sixth strokes landed squarely on her right buttock, between them covering much of the fleshy area. Mel could feel the warmth in her rear building now – knew her cheeks were beginning to go pink.

The next three strokes landed similarly on her left buttock, balancing up the painful sensations beginning to flow through her arse. Now, as the swats continued to rain in at regular intervals, Mel found it difficult to keep stating the score.

“N..n..nine,” she stuttered as the pain became so much that tears sprang into her eyes.

Smack! The hairbrush landed at the top of her right leg, its stinging contact bringing fresh anguish to the victim.

“Arrggggg, t..t..e..n,” she stuttered.

Smack! The eleventh stroke landed at the top of her other leg. Again Mel groaned and winced at the pain. Still she managed to read out the count of strokes.

The twelfth stroke was no less painful as it landed just at the point where her legs joined her buttocks. Mel screamed a little more loudly as this swat landed right on some

very tender flesh – flesh that had been badly beaten and tortured over the previous few weeks – flesh that rapidly turned pink and bruised as the hairbrush was withdrawn.

With the sight of the reddening buttocks and the effects of the twelfth stroke, the Arab got excitable. Placing his left hand in the middle of Mel's back, he pushed her down to the mattress. Then, in a flurry of activity, he delivered the next twenty smacks with the flat end of the hairbrush in quick succession and with the same force as the measured strokes he had just delivered. There was no time for Mel to count them out loud, as she fought to breathe in between the strokes of the spanking. The Arab was a good aim and all the strokes landed across the broad fleshy part of her buttocks, each stroke adding to the stinging sensation, making Mel cry out louder and louder with the pain of each stroke.

When at last the Arab stopped, he was breathing heavily. Mel's buttocks were a seething mass of swollen, blistered and bruised flesh, and a dark, angry purple colour. So intense was the flurry of strokes and so extreme the pain that they delivered to her bottom, Mel herself was screaming uncontrollably by then end of the therapy.

When he had regained his composure and examined the woman's arse, the Arab took up position behind her.

"Now, I will take you," he said quite coldly.

Mel felt the heat of his rigid pole between her buttock cheeks. She felt him push against her and she screamed out again as he penetrated her anus. Unprepared for this rude intrusion, Mel had not relaxed and she felt the muscles at the entrance to her anus rip as he plunged his cock deep into her rectum.

He thrust strongly into her, slapping his thighs and his abdomen up against her body with each stroke. As he did so, the burning pain in Mel's arse grew more and more intense. With each thrust Mel let out a screech from the pain. The Arab had her pinned to the back of the bed and Mel was unable to struggle or free herself from what he was doing. She had no option other than to bend over and suffer the pain of the cock as it was rammed time and again into her arse.

Then, after five minutes of this torture, the phallus was removed. The Arab noted his cock was streaked in blood from the woman's torn muscles. He smiled.

"Now, you take me in your mouth – only wash it first." He lay on the bed and waited patiently for Mel to hobble over to the sink and get the flannel and soap. She returned, still hobbling, still crying, to his massive erection and cleaned him thoroughly.

When she'd removed all the mess, she returned to the bed and knelt on the edge of the bed. She reached forward and took the phallus in her mouth. She sucked him hard and nibbled his knob-end. He squirmed with pleasure on the bed and Mel tried hard to make him come, but the Arab had other plans. He waited until Mel was panting from her efforts from the blow job and then he pulled her head away.

"Now we fuck."

"What?" Mel sounded surprised.

"Now we fuck. Lie on the bed."

Mel did as she was ordered, grateful for the rest. The Arab came and knelt over her, his cock rigid as a pole. He positioned himself between her legs and thrust his cock into her sex. Mel gasped as he entered her and then groaned as he continued to force his shaft in and out of her body. After a couple of minutes he withdrew and lunged himself up the bed so his cock was right next to her mouth. Then his orgasm splashed out of him onto Mel's face, over her mouth, up her nostrils and into her eyes. Having shot his load he seemed satisfied. He got off the bed and began to dress again. Mel also sat up and made to swing her legs over the edge of the bed.

"Where are you going?"

"To wash my face, sir," she began.

"Did I say you could do that?"

"No."

"So why are you doing it. I have not finished with you yet."

"But you are getting dressed."

"Maybe, but you have not swallowed my juices yet. Only when you have done that will I let you get up."

"Oh," Mel sounded weary. She started to lick round her mouth. Then, when the Arab was ready he went over to assist. Using a finger, he guided the white liquid back towards Mel's tongue, forcing her to take it all back into her mouth. Finally he was satisfied.

"Now you can wash. I have finished with you." Leaving Mel to clean herself up, he left the room, shutting the door with a bang behind him.

Looking round the hut that was their living quarters, Mel seemed nervous.

"My arse is really sore. That bastard really laid into me."

"Hmm, it does look red," said Chris. It was true, Mel's arse was still glowing dark red, the colour clearly visible round the edges of the thong she was wearing.

"What happened to you tonight, Chris?" Jodi asked as Saff came back into the room. Mel, her story complete, went off to shower.

Chris explained that, like Mel, she'd been selected by one of the guests. The Arab who chose her number was a short man with a little moustache perched on the top of his upper lip. Behind the main house was a garden and in the garden a sort of summer house affair, made of timber and quite secluded. It was to this room that she was led. It was evident the Arab knew the house well and that he was a frequent guest.

Chris was led out into the garden at the back of the house and into the rather musty, wooden affair where she was to be the slave of the Arab.

"I'm Kalhim," he started, "but you can call me master. How well trained are you?"

"I'm progressing," said Chris.

"I've not seen you here before."

"I've been here for about three weeks now, but I have not had much contact yet."

"Good, good, well tonight you will understand why we are in this fine wooden hut." Kalhim laughed and Chris spotted the gold crown on his lower right molar.

"What do you want of me?"

"Everything. Now remove all your clothes and stand in the middle of the room."

Chris obeyed. The hut was not particularly large. A sort of pendant hung from the apex of the roof. She removed her thong and then the regulation flimsy piece of material covering her breasts.

"Ah, I see you have suffered before. Your flesh is still red around your breasts and on your backside."

"Yeah, I got most of those marks last night."

"Excellent. Well tonight will be a new experience for you. Put your hands out in front of you."

Chris obeyed, silently. She had already learned the art of polite conversation without rambling. She had also learned the importance of obedience without question.

Kalhim had brought a bag of things with him into the empty hut. Now he rummaged around in the bag for a length of rope. He found what he was looking for and proceeded to tie Chris' wrists together. When they were secure he spoke again.

“Now, put your hands above your head,” he instructed her. As she did so, he used a pole with a hook on it to lower the pendant hanging from the roof. The pendant had a hook on its end and Kalhim fed the hook through a loop he had made at the end of the rope. When the hook on the pendant was in place, he released the hook on the pole and a spring in the pendant made it rise towards the roof, taking Chris’ wrists with it until she was stretched vertically upwards. When she was stretched thus, Kalhim smacked the end of the pole against the pendant and Chris heard a click as the internal locking mechanism took effect. She tried to lower her arms a fraction but found they were held firmly in position.

“A little device my honoured friend had installed at my request some time ago. You are now unable to move your wrists. Open your legs as wide as you can, but so that you can still stand on the tips of your toes.”

Chris now felt alarmed but complied without hesitation. In some ways she felt this Arab would be fair with her if she did what he wanted. What he wanted right then was to tie Chris’ legs to the leg-spreader he’d brought in his bag so that her legs were wide apart and she was thoroughly open and exposed to whatever he wanted to do.

Once the Arab had finished immobilising his victim he stood up and smiled at her.

“There is much misunderstanding about what happens in this camp. You are here as a sex slave, to be used, abused and tortured by the guests of your owners. However, as you will soon discover, not all torture involves the infliction of severe pain on the slave – there are other ways of torturing you. Tonight you are going to experience a mixture of the different kinds of torture I am referring to.”

“Thank you, master,” said Chris. For a moment she was intrigued as to what kinds of torture he could be alluding to – though the thought of torture without pain appealed to her, especially after the events of the previous few days.

“We will begin with the humble feather duster. In itself a harmless object, but it can be used to inflict the most excruciating pain if used the right way.”

Kalhim returned to his bag and picked from it a feather duster on a short handle. The duster part was about a foot long and the handle another ten inches. The device was made with real feathers, feathers from a young ostrich. He returned to Chris and played the soft feathers over her breasts. They felt soft and warm and Chris’ nipples stiffened at the unusually pleasant sensations. Then the Arab played the feathers under her arms and over her abdomen, between her legs and around various parts of her body. The feathers tickled her and Chris started to laugh.

“Oh, ha-ha-ha-ha-ha” she giggled as he played the feathers over her lightly. He quickly located her weak spots, those areas that made her laugh the loudest. Before she knew it, Chris was laughing uncontrollably. Then, when she thought she would die from laughing, the light touches stopped.

“Of course, the quill of the feather is a different matter,” the Arab said while Chris continued to laugh.

Suddenly she felt a sharp pain as he inserted the specially sharpened quill of an ostrich feather straight into the fleshy mass of her right breast.

“Ow,” she squealed, “that hurts.”

“Yes, strange that. One end of the feather, so light and soft that it makes you cry with laughter. The other end, so hard and pointed that it makes you scream. See, I have many more of these feathers.”

Kalhim produced a handful of the specially sharpened ostrich feathers and proceeded to plunge four more straight into Chris’ right breast. Each one drew blood and such was the force with which the needle-like quill ends pierced her that they

remained in place, the weight of the feather pulling the end of the feather down under gravity, forcing the quill end in her breast to tear her flesh as it pointed upwards.

“Arrgggghhh,” Chris moaned as each quill was inserted. When Kalhim had inserted four quills in her right breast her repeated the action on her left one. Again she screamed with the pain of the quills being inserted directly into the flesh of her mammarys.

“Of course,” he continued as he picked up the feather duster, “the real art of torture is to mix pain with pleasure.” He played the feather duster over Chris’ weak spots again, making her unsure whether she should be crying from the pain of having the quills piercing her breasts, or laughing from the tickling action of the duster. When he played the feathers around her exposed labia, Chris felt the first waves of sexual arousal sweep through that part of her body. Her pussy responded involuntarily to the soft sensations of the feathers as they caressed her.

Her arousal did not last long. Just as she started to sigh with the overpowering effects of their arousal, the duster was removed. A moment later Jodi screeched from the piercing pain that flooded her body as Kalhim inserted one of his dreaded quills right into the flesh of her left labia. He followed it a few seconds later with the mind-numbing pain of having a second quill inserted straight into her right labia. Both feathers hung their by the quills, blood oozing out of the flesh at their points of entry.

Chris screamed again when he took a third quill and inserted it between her labia, right into her vulva. The quill passed the inner lips and started its journey up her love tunnel. Only when it had been inserted a couple of inches did the Arab change its path of travel, causing the quill tip to pierce the wall of her vulva somewhere deep inside her.

A second quill followed the first up Chris’ vulva and it too became lodged in the wall of her vulva as Chris let out another shriek from the piercing pain. Now she started to struggle with her bonds. She found the pendant was stronger than she had estimated it to be. Not only that but it was evidently fixed extremely securely to the roof of the hut. To add to her problems, Chris kicked her legs out as she struggled and lost her balance, leaving her swinging in the air by her wrists until she could once again get a purchase with the tips of her toes on the floor of the hut.

“Argggghhhh,” she moaned as Kalhim inserted a third quill into her vulva. As with the previous two, it found a purchase in the walls of the woman’s cunt. Kalhim stood back to observe the rather comical vision of the three feathers sticking out of the end of Chris’ sex.

“They look very pretty on you,” he commented, letting out a small laugh. “Who would have thought they could cause such suffering. Do you want me to go further?”

“N...n..no thank you, master,” Chris stuttered. Every time she moved one or other of the quills that had pierced her body jolted in its moorings, bringing fresh pain to the victim.

“Ah well, we will see. For now, I quite like the way they are arranged. Are they painful?”

“Yes, master,” Chris gasped.

“Good. But what I have in mind now for my pleasure will make all of this seem like a picnic in the desert. Have you ever experienced real pain, slave?”

“Yes, master, a number of times. I also think what I am suffering now, ouch,” she moved slightly, “is real pain. It hurts so much.”

“Maybe, but there is much more to come. Have you ever passed out with the pain?”

“No, master.”

“You will tonight, in just a few minutes.”

Kalhim walked behind Chris and picked up the feather duster again. Swinging it through the air, he brought the feathers down playfully across her buttocks. In themselves they did not inflict serious hurt, but Chris lost her balance and was sent swinging through the air, and the effect of that movement on her breasts and vulva was enough to inflict serious pain. In fact, all the pain sites reacted almost in unison and her brain was swamped with the signals that pain sends to the brain on such occasions.

“Yeearrrrgggghhh,” Chris howled.

She managed to regain her balance for a moment before the duster sent her spinning again, causing her to yell out even more loudly.

“That’s right. You scream as loud as you like. No one will come to help you.”

Swish! The duster landed again.

“Yeaarggghhh,” Chris responded as the quills bit into the bits of flesh they had collectively pierced.

Swish! The duster knocked Chris off balance again, causing her to shriek even louder. This action was repeated for the next ten minutes, minutes during which the pain in Chris’ breasts and vulva intensified with each passing motion. Then, after the ten minutes the Arab stopped whacking her arse with the duster. Chris was sobbing openly, gasping for breath. Both her breasts were oozing blood from the wound sites and a small patch of blood had formed on the hut directly under where she was standing.

“Ah, you have good resistance. Many would have passed out by now.” She sensed him close behind her. It does not matter, you will soon wish you had fainted.”

A moment after he had finished speaking she felt something soft, yet hard and warm being pushed between her buttocks. Slowly the reality dawned in Chris’ mind – he was going to arse-fuck her while she was standing with the quills still in her vulva. He’d rip her to shreds – in more ways than one!

“No, no please don’t do that. Not with the quills in my cunt,” she pleaded, but her cries went unheard. The Arab’s cock was pushing harder now, grappling with the woman’s sphincter muscle which was firmly closed, resisting all invaders.

Kalhim was not going to be stopped by a reluctant muscle, especially not one that belonged to a woman! He pushed harder and at the same time gripped the woman around her hips, forcing her back onto his manhood. Suddenly the sphincter relaxed and his cock plunged into the depths of her anus. He pushed hard now, angry that she had offered him resistance, determined that she should not enjoy the next few minutes. He rammed his cock deep into her, pushing against the thin wall of tissue that separates the front and back entrances. He could feel the feathers inside her cunt and he knew the quill ends were already embedded in her vaginal wall. Holding the woman by her hips he began the powerful thrusting action of arse-fucking her. He was not worried about tearing her anus, nor about any pain she might suffer as a result of the quills being moved in her cunt. He was out to teach this white bitch a lesson – the lesson of obedience. If he wanted to take her this way then she would learn to comply without question, and above all, without resistance. He was the master, she was the slave. The house rules were simple – she did what he wanted her to do. Right now he was content to pump his rigid pole in and out of her tiny, white arse.

For Chris, after the first intrusion and the pain of feeling her anus opened forcefully, the presence of his cock in her rectum was not quite as bad as she had feared. Then he’d started to pump her whilst holding her close to him. That had hurt, both from the power exerted by his hands as they gripped her hips, but also from the sharp needle-like pains of the quills inside her cunt. In addition, when the humping began in earnest, she found her breasts were bouncing up and down, the quills inserted in her flesh causing more sharp pains as they moved with her body.

Kalhim pounded his cock into her anus for five minutes – five agonising minutes during which he was in complete control and Chris was gasping for breath as he forced the air out of her lungs each time he plunged into her. After the five minutes were up, Kalhim reached down between her legs and pulled the three quills out together, ensuring the needle ends scratched against the walls of her vagina as he extracted them. Still with his cock up her arse, Chris could not move, and the pain of the quills being removed made her cry out again – a cry lost in the solitude of the hut and the darkness of the world outside.

Finally, Chris felt him withdraw his penis from her. He walked round to her front. He was still erect, hugely, and now he removed the condom he'd been wearing. With the protective device removed he picked up the pole and tapped the release mechanism on the pendant. Chris' arms suddenly dropped an inch as the pendant released her and then she brought them down in front of her.

Kalhim ordered her to lie on the floor of the hut – a feat he had to help her with as her legs were still forced open by the leg-spreader. Once she was lying on the floor, he took her arms over her head. Inset into the floor was a small metal hoop. Evidently Kalhim knew the room well for it took him just a moment to secure the rope around Chris' wrists to the securely mounted hoop. Now, lying down with her arms above her head and unable to move them, Chris felt even more vulnerable.

Kalhim wasted no time. He was like an Arab on heat. Kneeling down between Chris' open legs, he inserted two fingers deep into her vulva. She was sticky down there – a combination of her own lubrication and the blood that had trickled out of the quill wounds. The Arab stroked her vulva with his fingers, finding the woman's G-Spot. His hands were firm but soft and in a few moments Chris responded to his rhythmic devotions. Her vulva started to self-lubricate as she gasped her appreciation of the gentle attention. Kalhim was watching her intently. He watched as he brought her to orgasm, her little abdomen contracting as the waves of orgasmic pleasure coursed through her body. Somehow her vulnerability and her state of bondage added to her excitement – it always had done, even as a teenager when she and her boyfriend had experimented with tying up games. Now, though her body was in pain from the torture, she responded as she had done as a young girl. She felt the pleasure inside her swell again as he continued the rhythmic stroking of her vulva and the definite pressure exerted by his fingers as they rubbed over her G-Spot. This time the orgasm was even more intense and Chris felt something change in her vulva.

Kalhim noticed it too. It was as if the smooth lining of the vagina had become somewhat spongy. For a moment it also dried up as the orgasm subsided. Kalhim smiled to himself. This was what he knew would happen – though he was a bit surprised at how quickly the woman arrived at this moment. He continued his stroking actions undeterred.

Suddenly it was as if the floodgates had opened. The dry spongy walls became soaking wet as Chris reacted to his continued stroking. She cried out with relief as her orgasm flowed through her body and as it did so, she ejaculated the clear liquid of her climax onto the floor of the hut. Kalhim withdrew his sopping wet fingers and watched as she continued to spurt the clear liquid out of her cunt. Three, four spurts came forth with a significant volume of fluid in each and then the flow tailed off until by the tenth squirt of liquid, nothing more than a mere trickle seeped out from Chris' pussy lips.

"Excellent – now we will do it again." Kalhim spoke softly and as he did so, he inserted his fingers once again into her vagina. Again he set up the rhythmical stroking motion. Chris had never been this far before. With her tortured body already sated from the ejaculation, she wanted to sleep, but knew the Arab had other ideas. Slowly her

body started to respond, new waves of pleasure flowing through her abdomen. Her vulva was dry now, the last of the lubricants having been discharged with her ejaculation. Slowly Chris rose to her next peak and her climax rippled through her body. Kalhim was in no hurry and continued to finger fuck her until she started to approach her next orgasm. Then he removed his fingers and replaced them with his manhood.

He knelt over the woman, his arms either side of her body as he pushed his cock into her cunt. She was slightly wet again now and he slid in easily. To Chris, who'd already come several times that evening, his cock felt huge. Also, the pain in her body from the quills came back to haunt her as his phallus stretched the walls of her vulva. He stroked her slowly and purposefully until she was writhing under him as her next orgasm shook her body.

Kalhim sensed the sponginess of her vagina against his cock and it excited him. He stroked her more forcefully, banging his body against hers with increasing vigour. Sweat began to pour off his dark-tanned body as he wound himself up for the final release.

Suddenly it was happening. Chris felt the juices of her second ejaculation as he banged the tip of his cock into her womb. As the juices flowed so did the pole of human meat inside her slide more easily until it stopped. Quite suddenly, Kalhim lost control of his arousal and he joined Chris in his own culmination. With a final thrust that Chris thought would rip her apart, he exploded inside her.

Gone was the pain of the torture in that instant of mutual climax and even as the Arab began to withdraw his now flaccid member, Chris felt herself drifting off into a sex-satisfied sleep.

Her slumber lasted only a few minutes. Somewhere in the foggy backdrop of slumber someone was slapping her face. The hand was coming back and forth across her cheeks and a voice was speaking angrily in her face at the same time.

"Did I say you could sleep?" The voice continued to call out to her as yet another backhand struck her face.

"Huh," Chris responded, finally coming out of her slumber. Her face hurt from the slapping and now she cried out as another slap landed. "Ow, what's that?" She mumbled, coming slowly back to consciousness.

"Did I say you could sleep?"

"No, but I am so tired."

"You will sleep when I tell you."

"Okay, sorry master."

"Sorry! Sorry! You will be, you white bitch." Kalhim was clearly angered at the woman falling asleep in his presence. "Did the quills not teach you a lesson?"

"Yes, master, but I am so tired."

"Tired – you offend me, white bitch. Now you will be punished." Kalhim released the woman's wrists from the hoop in the floor of the hut. "Stand up."

Realising she was having difficulty standing due to the leg-spreaders, the Arab assisted Chris to a standing position. When she was standing, he released her arms.

"Now, bend over and grab your ankles. I am going to thrash you for your insubordination and then we will say nothing more about it. Or would you prefer that I tell of your disgrace to his Excellence the Sheik?"

"No, no, I'll take the pain, thanks," Chris mentally shrugged. Since her first day at the camp she'd come to realise that pain and torture were going to be part of daily life. It was useless to resist, useless to argue and Al'almira would doubtless punish her far more severely than a sex-satisfied Kalhim. She bent over and waited.

The butt-plug was made of wood. It was smooth and shaped to fit snugly in an anus and yet prevent easy removal. Kalhim pushed the plug against Chris' anus and inserted it fully, leaving the grip protruding in between the woman's buttock cheeks.

Chris gasped and then groaned as the plug stretched her already torn anus. She knew what would happen next – it was obviously a common practice in the community in which she was held as a sex slave.

The paddle was made of stiffened leather. It was smooth, broad-bladed and could deliver a severe blow over a large area of buttock flesh. The Arab, Kalhim, placed the paddle directly across the middle of Chris's buttocks, right where the butt-plug end protruded.

Smack! The leather made contact with her flesh and pushed the plug against her tightly stretched anus.

"Ahhhhh!" Chris exclaimed.

Smack! The second swat was even more forceful than the first and pushed the plug harder against her anus. The already torn flesh around that entry ripped further and a small trickle of blood began to seep out and start its way down her legs.

"Arrggghhhh," Chris moaned as the third stroke of the paddle came crashing into her buttocks. The plug pushed harder into her, causing more tearing of flesh.

Smack! The fourth stroke landed and nearly knocked Chris off balance. With her legs open wide and held by the spreader there was not much she could do to regain her balance. To help, she straightened slightly and was immediately scolded for moving.

"Did I say you could get up?"

"No master, but otherwise I would have fallen over."

"Then fall over."

Smack! The fifth stroke was even more vicious and this time Chris lunged forward unable to keep her balance. Her hands hit the floor first and she ended up lying on her stomach. The butt plug held fast as she fell, her pierced breasts crashing into the rough wood of the floor of the hut.

"Arrggggghhhhh, yeeeeooooowwww," Chris shrieked. Kalhim was not finished yet. Kneeling down he paddled Chris' rapidly-reddening arse with gust. Smack after ferocious stroke blasted into her buttocks, each stroke forcing the butt plug against the portal into which it had been inserted. As he continued to paddle her, Chris' breasts, breasts that had been pierced by the quills, rubbed against the rough wood of the hut's floor – each movement bruising the pale flesh that had already been tortured that evening.

After maybe twenty strokes, Kalhim was finished. Breathing heavily from the exertion of his efforts, he stood up. Chris lay there, sobbing uncontrollably, her ruby-red arse testament to the pain she was suffering.

"Never, ever fall asleep on me again. I will ask his Excellence to have you again in a week's time. Make sure you are ready for what I want then.

Kalhim released the leg-spreaders, yanked out the butt-plug, packed up his little bag and left the still-sobbing wretch of a woman on the floor as he made his exit.

Chris stayed still for five minutes, afraid to move, so great was the pain in her buttocks and in her bruised, pierced and swollen breasts. Her sex felt painful too, the internal piercings now hurting her more than at any time during the session she had endured. Finally, the door to the hut opened and a guard was standing there. She had no choice now other than to get up, be led outside and then be taken back to her living quarters with Mel and Saff.

“Shit!” Said Jodi, when Chris had finished relating her experiences of the evening. No wonder you walked in here with such difficulty. Don’t these bastards have any sense of the pain they’re inflicting on us?”

“Yeah, sure they do,” said Saff. “It’s what they get off on.”

Chris, grateful the shower was now empty as Mel returned, hobbled off to clean herself down.

“Jodi, could you rub some lotion into me, please?” asked Mel.

“Sure,” said Jodi, glad she had found three people she could get on with in the camp. “What happened to you tonight, Saff?”

As Jodi started to rub the soothing lotion into Mel, Saff started her story. She’d been unlucky enough to have been the number left in the pot at the end of the draw so she’d ended up with Al’almira himself. She’d heard rumours about the prodigal son and had been dreading the day when she would find out for herself if they were true. Today was that day.

Al’almira junior smiled when he realised he had drawn by default the woman he had so long wanted to get hold of. Not since the day when he’d captured her had he had the chance to use and abuse her. Now he had that chance he decided quickly what he would do.

“Follow me,” he snarled at Saff when the others had left the room. Until that time she had not realised the house had an underground chamber, but he led her out into the hallway, into another room and then, behind a false bookcase, took her down a flight of stone steps into what looked like a dungeon.

“Oh, shit, it’s true,” Saff muttered to herself when she saw the dungeon.

“Strip off, slave,” Al’almira said. The room was elaborate, clearly built to the precise specifications of one or other of the Al’almira family. Along two walls, gas lights protruded like torches from the walls. They provided the only source of lighting in the room. The floor was made of marble and the walls of some building block material. The floor was cold to walk on and Saff noticed, when she stepped out of her flip-flops, that it was not as smooth as it first looked.

In compliance with the instructions Saff removed the piece of linen that barely covered her breasts. She slid the thong down her legs and kicked it out onto the floor. She stood there facing Al’almira, totally naked while he perused his prize for the evening.

“You have heard about me, from the other girls?” He questioned her as he walked round her.

“A bit.”

“What do they say, slave?”

“That you torture them.”

“Master, master, master!” He exclaimed. “Call me master!”

“Yes, master,” Saff demurred.

“That is better. Yes I torture them and I will torture you too. You white bitches are all the same and you all deserve to know what a real man can do to you. Now, put your hands behind your back. Saff did so while Al’almira went off to the far wall and selected a long length of rope that was hanging from a hook. He returned and in a minute, Saff’s hands were secured firmly behind her back.

The Arab passed the rope round under her armpits through to her front, doubled back and then returned the rope through the other armpit, and tied the rope securely in front of her. Then he doubled up a length of rope, passed it behind her neck and brought

the double thickness back to the front where he tied it to the same place as the other knots he'd made.

Taking a second length of rope he doubled it up and secured it around Saff's waist.

"Lie down on your back," he commanded.

No sooner was Saff on her back than Al'almira secured the length of rope that he'd looped round her back to the other knots he made. As he did so, he pulled the knotted structure upwards so that it hung just above her breasts.

As Saff looked up, she saw a large hook hanging from the ceiling, suspended on a pulley system. The reality of what was going to happen dawned just as Al'almira began to lower the large hook.

Carefully he secured the hook around the knotted structure of ropes and then he began to winch the hook back up towards the ceiling. As he did so, the ropes tightened around Saff's body until they lifted her clean off the ground. She hung there a few inches off the ground, suspended in mid air, lying almost horizontal as the ropes bit into the back of her neck and cut into the sides of her breasts. Leaving her dangling like this, Al'almira fetched another length of rope and a pole.

"These have to be precise." He secured the pole to the manacles that were already round Saff's ankles as her feet remained just able to touch the ground. The pole was telescopic with a click-shut arrangement allowing it to be adjusted to any length required. Once the pole was secured to both manacles, Al'almira adjusted it. He lengthened the pole until Saff could no longer keep her feet on the ground, until she was wide open and exposed. Then he locked the mechanism. Satisfied it was secure, he took the length of rope and lashed it to the pole. The free end he then attached to the hook on the winch, adjusting it so that Saff's legs were almost vertically above her head as she swung freely from the hook.

"Excellent," Al'almira commented. "Now we shall begin."

"Yes, master," Saff sounded defeated. The ropes were already beginning to her neck and her breasts and with her legs pointing to the ceiling and wide open she felt particularly vulnerable. Al'almira returned to the winch and raised her up on the hook until her back was about three feet up in the air.

The dungeon was well equipped and evidently well-planned and often used by Al'almira or one of his friends.

"Arrggghhh," Saff moaned as the first needle pierced her right nipple.

"Ah, a mere prick. You make too much noise."

"Y..y..es master," Saff stuttered as a second needle was inserted into the same nipple. She looked sideways at her breast, craning her neck to see what he was doing. Through the bottom of her eye she could just see the two hypodermic needles that had gone right through her stiff, pink flesh.

Al'almira walked round her suspended body and pierced her left nipple in the same manner. Again Saff cried out from the pain of the piercing.

"You white bitches are all the same. You can not take pain – even a little pain such as this. You are pathetic, but you *will* learn how to cope with the pain the longer you remain in this camp."

Al'almira went over to the bench by the far wall and picked up a few implements. On his way back he picked up the retort stand. It was a heavy device with a solid round base into which was screwed a half inch thick metal pole about four feet long. On the pole was an adjustable clamp. Al'almira adjusted the clamp on the pole so that it was about two and a half feet off the ground. He then positioned the stand behind Saff's

buttocks, about two feet behind her. Into the clamp he placed a candle about six inches tall. He lit the wick and watched as the flame came to life.

“Your cunt is not as clean shaven as some of the others. You know the rules and as you have disobeyed them that is your problem.”

“What are you doing back there, master?”

“We’re going to give you a singing lesson. It’s quite simple. I attach these two labia clamps to your body,” and Al’almira lifted up the clamps so Saff could see them. Attached to each clamp was a short length of chain. “Then I attach the chains to a rope. I stand back and pull on the rope to set you swinging. When you pass over the lighted candle you will feel the heat. In your case, it may singe your hairs.”

“Bastard,” Saff groaned.

“No matter,” he replied as he walked back to fix the clamps in place.

“Mmmm,” Saff winced as the teeth of the first clamp bit into her left labia. She groaned again a few seconds later when the second clamp was fixed round her right labia. For a moment the chains went slack while Al’almira adjusted the pulling rope and then Saff felt the teeth of the clamps bite into her tender flesh as her labia were pulled by the rope, setting her body in motion. Al’almira set her swinging gently at first, ensuring that the clamps continued to bite into her pussy each time he pulled on the rope. Gradually, and with the precision of one skilled in torture, he increased the amount of swing. After the tenth complete swing, Saff felt the first heat of the candle. With each progressive swing the heat increased until she knew the candle was getting very close. It was uncomfortable now at the top of the arc of the swing. As she approached the candle the heat rose until the flame seemed to be licking up the back of her legs and then into her short pubes.

“Ow, it’s hot,” Saff complained as the heat from the flame became uncomfortable.

“Like this?” Al’almira asked as he stopped the wing right at the top of the arc.

Saff’s pain increased as gravity caused the weight of her body to pull at the clamps attached to her labia. At the same time, the flame was very close to her pubes, the faint flow of air around the dungeon causing it to flicker and touch her flesh.

“Yeeoow,” she screeched as the flame burned the back of her leg slightly.

Al’almira adjusted her position slightly so that the flame now danced between her legs, playing fingers of hot light up into the short pubes that formed little in little clumps around her stretched labia.

“Arrgggghhh, so it’s killing me.” Saff screamed again as the flame touched her pubes, singeing them. The smell of burning hair permeated the dungeon.

“Enough,” said Al’almira as he lowered her back to the bottom of the arc of the wing. He was evidently pleased at the discomfort he had caused the woman. “We can warm you up in other ways.”

He blew out the candle and removed the retort stand some distance from Saff.

“You’re British, aren’t you?” He asked.

“American, actually,” she replied.

“No matter, you are a white bitch. I have always wanted to play cricket, but out here in the desert it is not so easy to play.” Al’almira walked over to the table and returned carrying a good old-fashioned cricket bat.

“Ah, the sound of leather on willow – it is only, in my belief, surpassed by the sound of a woman’s arse on willow. I fancy some stroke practice.”

“Oh, fuck,” said Saff under her breath.

With her legs hanging vertically upwards, her arse made a perfect target for some batting practice. Al’almira wasted no time. Wielding the bat like a club he placed the

flat end against Saff's buttock cheeks. Taking aim he withdrew the bat only to bring it crashing back on her white flesh a moment later with a resounding 'thwack!'

"Ah," he said, "a good shot. Might have scored a four with that." His mock-English public school accent was suffocating to the woman who let out a loud yelp as the bat connected with her backside, sending her swinging through the air again.

Al'almira waited until she had swung back to rest and then he lined up the bat again.

"Second ball of the over. Here it comes." He pulled the bat back and let it come crashing back into Saff's backside with a resounding smack.

"Hmm, not such a good shot," he muttered. Would have been stopped in the covers. Again Saff yelped as the bat made contact, but she was thankful for the fact that her position of being suspended in mid air meant that her body could move with the shot and thus reduce some of the pain. For a moment she wondered how much more painful it would be if she did not swing with the shot.

"Third ball of the over." Al'almira was clearly enjoying himself. He swung the bat back and brought it to bear on Saff's bottom with another resounding slap.

"Definitely a four," he mumbled to himself as Saff became lost in the agony that was rapidly becoming her battered rear-end.

Thwack!

"Six!" Al'almira exclaimed. The fourth swing of the over had gone unannounced, catching Saff by surprise. The bat hit her at a slight angle, catching mostly her right buttock and sending her spinning in a circle. Al'almira used the bat to stop her rotation and waited for her to settle down. Saff was sobbing loudly now from the pain in her buttocks. She had never been batted before and knew now this was why Al'almira's victims couldn't walk properly after a session with him. Her bottom was already in incredible pain and she knew her evening of torment had only just begun.

Al'almira waited a moment before taking aim for the fifth shot. For this he took a more conventional cricket stance and Saff could hear the sound of the bat as he tapped it on the ground beneath her arse. After what seemed like ages the tapping stopped. Saff braced herself for the inevitable. It came a moment later – a powerful stroke directed upwards and under her backside, crashing right into the bony top of her buttocks,.

"Arrggghhhh, you bastard," she screamed.

"A defensive shot – did it hurt you?" Al'almira sounded surprised. Saff was still bouncing around on the end of the suspended rope when he began to line up the final shot of the over.

"Ah, a faster pace to this one, but he's left the ball high."

Crack! The bat slammed into the middle of Saff's buttocks right where her anus and vulva met.

"Oooowwwwww!" She screeched a moment after the bat made contact, spinning her through the air again.

"Over complete," Al'almira announced and went to return the bat to the worktop. "Now, he said on his return, "let's see how we're doing. Oh yes, not too bad – a nice bit of bruising and a general reddening of the flesh. Time to open you up a little bit, I think." His tone of voice was suffocating.

A moment later, Saff felt his hands on her buttocks. She felt him prise open her cheeks so he could see her puckered anus properly.

"Ah, a typical white woman's anus. Soon have you opened up," he smiled. "This is a special device for doing such. It seems small at first but when I pump it full of liquid it expands to being really quite large."

Saff felt the hard tip of the device against her anus and then Al'almira simply pushed it in past the sphincter. As he'd said, she'd had bigger things, including Arab cocks, up her arse before now and this latest intrusion was barely unpleasant and definitely not painful. She felt the device being fed into her back passage until she estimated there was about ten inches of it inside her. Her buttocks were burning from the batting practice and far more painful than what was now happening to her.

A minute later her perceptions of pain changed. Al'almira had the end of the device attached to some kind of pump – a pump that was forcing liquid into the device, causing it to expand inside her.

"Mmm," she said as the first sensations of having her rectum stretched hit her. "That's beginning to hurt," she offered a few seconds later when the pain intensified.

"Ow, stop it, it's really hurting," she moaned as the device continued to expand. The liquid in the device was warm, and Saff was sure it was getting hotter. It was! Al'almira continued to pump the liquid into her arse, making the device expand inside her. Now the walls of her rectum were stretched and what was happening to her was causing great discomfort.

"Oh please, I can't take any more. It's too big already." Saff pleaded with the Arab to stop, but he continued. After a further minute, and the liquid was now extremely hot, the pump was switched off.

"Now we will stretch your anus," Al'almira smiled at the tied up woman.

"No, no, no, please don't. It's far too big to come out."

Al'almira chuckled again. He clamped the end of the device and removed the tube leading to the pump. Then he pulled on the end of the device protruding from her anus. Slowly the sphincter began to open up as the end of the device within her appeared. Placing one hand on her buttocks and pulling with the other, Al'almira increased the force with which he was trying to pull the device out.

"You are right – you have such a tiny anus – but not for long."

"Oh no, no, please don't rip me you bastard."

"Master yes, bastard no. For that I will tear you to pieces."

Suddenly Al'almira wasn't toying any more – suddenly he was angry. He yanked on the device at the same time as he pressed hard against Saff's buttocks. The device appeared at the entrance of her anus and the muscle opened wide as it tried to come out of her body. Saff screamed and yelled with the pain as the force of the device being pulled from within her ripped the flesh of her anal opening. Al'almira was strong and determined, his strength fuelled by his temper. He kept pulling the device long after he should have stopped. Suddenly a couple of inches had appeared, stretching and tearing Saff's bottom.

"Ah, see it comes out," he gasped.

The exertion of pulling the device out was evidently taking its toll on the Arab. He pulled again and suddenly the sausage-shaped tube plopped out of Saff's backside, falling with a thud to the ground.

"Yeeeeooowwww!" Saff yelled as the pain in her arse became unbearable. She knew she must be bleeding – no anus could take such force, such pressure, or pass such a large device without suffering some damage.

A moment later she became aware that her torment was not over. Al'almira was obviously fascinated by the fact he'd stretched her arse beyond its natural limits and it had obviously excited him enormously. Now, behind his suspended victim, he removed his robe, exposing the same large manhood that had ravaged Jodi's body both the previous day and earlier that same day.

Now, as if possessed by some inner driving force, he approached Saff. He grabbed her hips in his hands and rammed his phallus straight into her stretched and bleeding anus. Saff yelled again from the pain of him, entering her bruised, torn flesh. Her cries only served to further excite him. Letting out a loud whooping sound he began to ruthlessly bugger the woman, humping her as if he was a dog and she a bitch on heat.

Grasping her forcefully by her hips he sued her suspended position to ensure that with each thrust she banged back into his body, making her gasp with the pain of both having his cock inside her torn anus, and from having her swollen, bruised and batted buttocks crash into his abdomen.

Al'almira kept up this steady, forceful fucking action until he felt the surge in his manhood that told him he was about to ejaculate. With this tell-tale sign, he pumped into her body one final time, pulling her back as hard as he could manage onto his cock. He exploded in her rectum with a force that left him gasping for breath and Saff crying with the pain. After the initial explosion, he followed his release with a half-dozen lesser pulses. All the time his manhood was buried in Saff's arse, right up to the hilt. Only when he had completed his release did he withdraw.

"You have much to learn," he said after a few minutes. It is a good job you were with me – to call one of my friends a bastard would be unforgivable."

"I know – I'm sorry – it just slipped out."

"You must learn to control your tongue and your body. I note you have not come tonight."

"No – it's been too painful."

"Ah, I see. But you still used a foul word to describe me."

Al'almira had walked back to the retort stand.

"No, please no more pain – I've taken enough – honestly. I will learn to control my tongue," Saff pleaded.

"You will, for sure, but you must be punished for your rudeness – it is house rules." Al'almira turned and the candle was in his hand. As he walked back to Saff, he lit the wick. Holding it above her right breast, he tilted the candle, allowing the hot wax of the candle to flow onto her pale, tender flesh, covering her large, pink nipple.

"Arrgggghh, no, please I can't take it." Saff screeched.

Smiling, Al'almira walked round her body and tilted the candle over her other breast, covering the nipple with hot wax.

"Arrggghhhh, please stop, please." Saff's pleadings went unnoticed by the Arab who proceeded to walk behind her. "No, please no, not there," Saff pleaded again.

To no avail, Al'almira raised the candle directly over her cunt so Saff could see when the wax started to drip and drip it did, onto her short pubes, onto her labia and then it dribbled in between the labia, burning her inner, tender flesh and causing Saff to screech even louder.

From her cunt the wax dribbled down over the thin piece of skin between vulva and anus and then the wax dribbled onto her rent and torn arse. As the hot wax mingled with the torn, bleeding flesh of her anal entrance, Saff screeched the loudest she had ever done and then, from the sheer pain, she fell unconscious.

Aware that he could not make her feel more pain, Al'almira tilted the candle back upright and blew out the flame. Taking some spirit from a bottle, he began to dab the area that was covered in soft, but hardening wax. The wax came away with the pad of spirit bringing with it Saff's short pubes. Then he cleaned up around her sex and her anus. Had Saff been conscious, the effects of the spirit on her open wounds would have inflicted further pain and suffering but she had suffered as much as she could take and the Arab's actions now went totally unnoticed by her.

After the wax had been removed, together with her short pubes, Al'almira lowered her on the winch. He spent some minutes removing her bonds and clearing up the chamber – another of the house rules. When he had finished and Saff was still not awake, he picked up a bucket of cold water and threw it over her.

Spluttering with the shock of the cold water, Saff came too. As she opened her eyes, he said,

“Right, clean up this water with that mop and get dried down. The guard will be back in five minutes to inspect the room and it had better be spotless.”

With that, Al'almira left the dungeon. Saff touched her bruised, aching body gently and winced with the pain whenever she touched her body. She stood up painfully slowly, fetched the mop and cleared up the water. She had just finished drying her face and put back on her thong and piece of linen around her breasts when the guard arrived. She slipped on her shoes and was led back to the living quarters, picking p Mel and Chris en route.

“So,” said Jodi, “Is that something that happens often here?”

“About three times a week, I'd say.” Saff looked up as Chris returned from the shower. “At least we get a couple of days rest before the next assault. It will be the turn of one of the other groups of slaves tomorrow night.”

“Thank God for that,” said Jodi.

“Yeah,” said Chris. “Any chance we could all get some lotion to soothe us now?”

“Sure,” said Jodi, just as the door to the hut was unlocked. The elderly Al'almira stood in the doorway.

“You, white bitch spy,” he said, pointing to Jodi. “I have good news for you. One of my old comrades, a General in the army, has just called to say he is in town. He will visit us tomorrow night., I have chosen you to service his needs.” Al'almira smiled thinly.

“But,” Jodi began though one look from Chris silenced her.

“Good – you have tonight to rest and to have food. The guard will bring you all food in a moment. I have many satisfied guests tonight so you will eat well.”

With that Al'almira turned and closed the door behind him.

“Christ!” Saff spoke first. “Two nights in a row – you poor devil.”

“Yeah,” said Jodi quietly, “and I think they might extend to a few more than that.”

The End