

Desert Camp – Book 2

Anguine

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CHAPTER 1

The sandstorm of the night was passing and Tariq left the relative safety of the tent to inspect the makeshift camp. Damage was slight – a few guy ropes had come adrift but they were of no consequence. Camp would be struck in an hour or so, just as soon as the pretender to the throne of Sheik Al’almira was awake. The pretender, the Sheik’s elder son, had been up late the previous evening attending to the disciplinary needs of the captives they had taken during the day.

That day had begun with the certainty of the sandstorm brewing and Al’almira had left the desert camp of his father at first light with his two trusty comrades, Abdul and Tariq. They had journeyed into the desert for several hours, together with all the equipment they needed for an overnight camp. Finally they had reached their journey’s end. It was a popular tourist spot in season, though now the season was at an end and the number of tourists visiting the sacred shrine was few. A tip off from their contact in the nearby town had stirred Al’almira to make the trip. A trio of young, white women had hired a car the previous day and they had put the shrine on their itinerary. It would be the last spot of sightseeing they would be doing for some time and, had they known what lay in store, they would certainly have changed their minds.

White women in this land seldom felt safe on their own and they had asked for a guide to accompany them. Now, as Al’almira and his friends neared the shrine, they saw the car by the side of the track. They stopped short of the sand dune that afforded them protection from prying eyes. Tariq cupped his hands to his mouth and a strange, eerie, howling sound flowed from him towards those standing outside the shrine.

Tina Freeman, Rosy Matthews and Karen Andersen were on their holidays. Old school friends, they had been on these kinds of holidays for the best part of a decade. Now in their late twenties they were well travelled, worldly wise and not unaccustomed to the nature and habits of the natives in the countries they visited. They heard the howling sound and their conversation immediately stopped as they listened for the sound to come across the desert sands again.

They did not have to wait long. When the second howling sound broke the silence of the desert, the guide who was with them jabbered something quickly in broken English. To the young women it seemed to end with the words, “must pray”. Before they could react, he was running in the direction of the doorway leading into the shrine itself. As he ran, his flowing gown chased to catch him up. Assamal was in a hurry, not to pray, but to get away from the women for he knew what was going to happen next.

“You, white women, what are you doing here?”

Al’almira and his comrades had appeared from behind the dune and were riding quickly towards the group of women.

“We’re ... we’re tourists and were told this was an important place of interest,” Tina Freeman replied as soon as the three riders on their camels had stopped.

“No, no, no, you are spying on my property,” Al’almira’s voice boomed loudly.

“Spying, no we’re not spying on anything. We came to see this shrine. Our guide has just gone in through the doorway – something about prayer time.” Tina Freeman was about five feet ten tall. She had shoulder length blonde hair, a slender figure. She was wearing her favourite pair of faded blue jeans and a thin, white blouse. She had steel-blue eyes that looked steadily at Al’almira as he dismounted.

“I say you are spies on my property. Come, I will show you what I do with spies on my property.”

“Karen, quick, find the guide. He can explain it all.” Karen was a brunette, five six tall, with her hair in the shape of a bun. She made to walk off to the shrine but in a moment felt the camel crop Al’almira was holding, resting on her shoulders.

“You, white spies, are going nowhere.”

Karen froze and as she did so, the third member of the trio shouted out loudly.

“Assamal, help, we are being attacked,” she screamed. Rosy Matthews was the youngest of the group and the tallest. She stood just over six feet tall and had long, mid-brown hair which flowed down to her waist. As with her friends, she was dressed in jeans and a thin, pale top, a top which showed off her large, firm breasts. Al’almira pretended not to notice her breasts pulling at the skimpy top, nor the dark areolas he could see behind the wispy material. She was wearing no bra, unlike her friends.

“He will not come. I know him. He knew he was on my property and he has run off so he will not be punished. He knows not to come here...”

“So why did he bring us here?” Tina sounded frightened now.

“Because he is foolish, and you were foolish to trust a stranger. Now, you will all find out what it is like in this country to be caught for spying. It is, for sure, an offence which carries the death penalty. As I am a judge as well, I have the right to try you here in front of my friends. Then we can carry out the execution and it will all be over.”

“You can’t do that,” Tina sounded braver than she was feeling.

“I can. Remember you are in my country now and our rules are not the same as yours. However, I am in a good mood today and to sacrifice three such fine, young people as you three spies, would be a shame.”

“So, what are you suggesting?”

“We punish you another way.”

“What are you suggesting, not what I think you are, are you?” Rosy Matthews had gone pale at the sudden realisation of what the Arabs standing before them were demanding. Indeed, Tariq and Abdul were already smiling the evil smile some men manage before they are about to force a woman to submit to their will.

“You will come with me, through that doorway into the shrine. There is an altar in there. It will be the first place of your punishment.”

The sun was high in the sky and hot, though the faint breeze of the beginning of the sandstorm brought some welcome respite from the heat. Nonetheless, the

white women were momentarily glad to think they would soon be sheltered from the sweltering heat of the sun. They followed Al'almira through the doorway and were pushed forward by Tariq and Abdul as they brought up the rear.

As Karen passed through the doorway, her heart sank. The room was no more than a fairly large, walled area. There was no roof and in the noon-day sun, the walls offered no shade to the occupants of the area. The area was constructed as an area of worship. From the doorway, ahead of the women was the large flat-topped rock that presumably formed the altar. Leading from the doorway to the altar was a pathway, maybe twenty feet long. To either side, and nestling on the hot, sandy floor were slabs of concrete, evidently the places where any worshippers could sit if they wished.

The three women were pushed down the central aisle until they stood in front of the altar.

"Which one shall we punish first?" Al'almira tapped the shaft of the camel-whip (a sort of riding crop but larger) in the palm of one hand as he spoke. He smiled from behind the other side of the altar.

"You, what is your name?" As he asked the question, he pointed the camel-whip at Rosy Matthews, allowing the tip of the crop to rest between her bursting cleavage.

"Rosy," she muttered softly.

"Good, Rosy, white bitch spy, we will start with you. Abdul, sit with the other two. Tariq, I need your assistance. You, Rosy, remove your clothes."

"What, what did you say?" Rosy stammered, her face going bright red from embarrassment.

"I said to remove your clothes. Do it now or you will regret it." Al'almira was tapping the crop again as his impatience grew. Slowly Rosy started to unbutton her tight blouse. "Quickly, white bitch, quickly, or I will get Tariq to help you."

Tariq too one step towards the young woman. She in turn suddenly found it in her to remove her clothes at great speed. As she undressed, Karen and Tina were frog-marched by Abdul to the seats on the left of the aisle. He sat them down and then sat behind them, grinning his big, wicked, Arab grin.

Rosy was naked now, standing before the altar and facing away from her friends.

"Lean over the altar so your breasts touch the rock." Rosy obeyed.

"What are you going to do?" She asked plaintively.

"First you will receive a cropping on your backside for spying and then we will teach you a lesson you will not forget." As Al'almira spoke, Tariq walked round the altar and grabbed Rosy's hands, pulling them in front of her, forcing her down hard against the stone altar. Her buttocks rose invitingly into the air and it was only a few seconds before she felt the leather of the camel crop on her pale flesh.

For good measure, Al'almira swung the crop through the air a few times, making a loud swishing sound as he did so.

"You will each receive twelve strokes of the crop on your buttocks to start with. Count out the strokes as they land."

Swish! Crack! He wasted no time in bringing the crop to bear on the poor, young woman's flesh. Rosy howled as the crop bit into her upturned buttocks and then shouted out the number one. She struggled to right herself, but her efforts were futile. The altar was hot from the sun and the heat was burning her nipples. As she struggled, the nipples and surrounding flesh grated against the stone as Tariq easily held her in position, resisting her feeble attempts to escape his grasp.

Swish! Crack!

"Yeeaaaaah!" Rosy screamed again as the second stroke landed. "Two," she added as the pain stung its way through her body. She struggled again and Tariq held her firm.

Swish! Crack!

"Thh...three," she stammered. She was sobbing now, tears falling onto the altar, the heat of the stone causing the salty fluid to hiss as it cooled the surface.

"Ffff...four," she stuttered a few moments later as the camel crop bit once again into her flesh. She had stopped struggling now. The effort had sapped her strength and she knew it was futile.

From behind her, Tina and Karen had a perfect view of what was happening to their friend. They stared in dismay and disbelief as the crop cut into her almost-virginal pale flesh, each stroke leaving an angry red mark where it had landed. As the punishment continued, the red marks turned purple, angry welt marks forming on Rosy's arse.

"Ffff...ive," Rosy howled as the crop bit into her buttocks yet again. "Ssss...ix," she screamed a moment later as the crop cut her again.

Five minutes later, Rosy was released. Her buttocks were a criss-crossed mess of bruises, welts and in half a dozen places the crop had cut her and blood had formed on the surface of the bruising. Painfully and slowly, Rosy stood up and as she did so she turned to face her friends. Her tear-streaked face was not what her comrades looked so shocked to see. Her breasts were red, a burning redness caused by the heat in the altar.

"Go stand over by that wall, face it and do not move." Al'almira spoke firmly to the woman he had just beaten and then turned to the two women who remained seated. He pointed the crop at Karen.

"Your name, bitch spy," he snarled.

"K..Karen," she mumbled, tears already falling onto her cheeks as she realised her own punishment was at hand.

"Strip naked, bitch spy and come over to the altar." Al'almira added a final word, almost spat out in contempt, "quickly!"

Karen realised their situation was hopeless. Three big, strong men against the three of them in an isolated part of the country with little chance anyone else would pass by to assist them. It seemed their tormentor had been right, for their guide was nowhere to be seen. She stood up and quickly removed her thin blouse. She then pulled off her jeans and started to walk towards the altar.

"I said, naked," Al'almira snarled again.

“Can’t I keep the bra on? I’ve got sensitive boobs and you’re only interested in my bum,” she pleaded.

“Naked, bitch spy, and now, or I will increase the cropping part of your punishment.” Even as he spoke, the realisation dawned on all of them that their immediate situation was only the beginning of what this nasty Arab had in store for them. Karen removed the remaining articles of clothing and walked naked to the altar. As she did so, Al’almira noted she was clean-shaven, unlike her friend who had a thick, dark bush between her legs.

“Bend over and give Tariq your hands. Then, you will spread your legs wide open.”

Karen had reached forward and Tariq held her arms. Slowly she shuffled her feet apart a few inches.

“Wider than that. I want your friend to be able to see your pussy from where she is sitting.”

Karen mentally shrugged her shoulders. Better, she thought, not to annoy their captors. Better instead to comply and hope to find some means of escape, though at that moment she had to admit their circumstances looked most forlorn and escape seemed improbable. She opened her legs as wide as she could and as she did so, she felt her stomach and her breasts pushing down on the hot stone of the altar. She knew she was totally exposed and guessed the Arab sitting behind Tina was enjoying the view.

The crop rested lightly on her pale flesh as Al’almira braced himself for the next round of administering his self-decreed punishment.

Swish! Crack! The crop landed on the fresh flesh, a red mark forming the moment it landed.

“Count,” he ordered.

“One,” Karen called back. The stroke had been hard, as hard as any he had delivered to Rosy, but Karen simply bent over the table and let it happen to her.

“Two,” she called out a few moments later as the crop left its second, red, stinging mark across her upturned buttocks.

Swish! Crack! Al’almira was even more forceful this time.

“Ouch, three,” Karen responded.

The crop bit into her flesh a fourth time, earning a groan from the woman and the utterance of the number four. Tina Freeman stared with horror at the marks forming on Karen’s backside and she could not help but admire how composed Karen was remaining.

After the sixth stroke, and with no significant reaction forthcoming from his victim, Al’almira shifted position. He came up behind Karen and placed the crop end directly between her legs so the tip just touched her exposed sex. Karen shuddered as the crop touched her. A moment later, Al’almira used his free hand to bend the crop downwards. Then, when he released the crop, it sprang back upwards, the flat blade of the crop end cutting into Karen’s labia.

“S...seven,” she groaned as the pain coursed through her body. Even though her buttocks were on fire from the six strokes that had been laid across them, the

pain in her arse was nowhere near as intense as the pain from the one stroke that had struck her sex.

“E...eight,” she cried a few moments later as Al’almira repeated the action. He smiled to himself as her calling got louder and less controlled. His administration of punishment was now having the desired effect.

“N...nine, no please not my cunt any more,” Karen pleaded as the first tears began to fall from her eyes onto the altar just below her face.

Swat! The tenth stroke flicked into her labia, the tip of the crop coming to rest on her sensitive clitoris.

“T...ten,” she cried even more loudly. “Please not down there, it’s too painful.”

“We are only just starting bitch, now keep those legs wide open or I will start again.”

“Oh God,” Karen muttered almost without thinking.

“You will never again mention the name of the Almighty, or you will die for sure. You have just made yourself first in line for the next stage of the punishment. Now, legs wide open.” Al’almira tapped the insides of her legs none-too-gently with the crop until she had forced them wide enough apart to satisfy the Arab.

“Eleven!” She howled as Al’almira brought the crop up right onto her exposed cunt, cutting yet again into her outer labia, the shaft of the crop passing beyond and hurting the inner labia and her tender sex flesh.

For good measure, the final stroke was aimed once again across her stinging buttocks. It cut across some of the welt marks that had already formed and where it did so, the skin broke, causing a faint smear of oozing blood to appear.

“Twelve!” Karen howled again.

“Go and join your friend,” Al’almira ordered her as she straightened slowly. “Now, who do we have left?”

“Tina,” the young woman mumbled as she was propelled forward by Abdul.

“Get naked, Tina, and be quick about it.” There was venom in the Arab’s voice. As Tina undressed, she could hear the muffled sobs of her two friends. Their sounds of pain seemed to reverberate in her head as, once naked, she stepped forward to take up her fateful place over the altar. In a moment her hands were pinioned in front of her by the mighty Tariq and she could feel the crop on her backside.

“Do not count, just take the pain,” Al’almira smirked. He raised the crop a few feet above the pale, helpless flesh of the young woman and brought it crashing down so that her buttocks, though firm, wobbled under the pressure of the stroke.

“Arrrggghhh!” Tina screamed, to no avail for the crop was already swirling its way back through the air for the second contact.

“Yeeeeeoowwww!” She howled as tears sprang into her eyes when the crop landed a second time.

Al’almira wasted no time. No sooner had the crop made its contact than he was raising it to bring it back down on the hapless woman’s naked and rapidly reddening flesh, with a whooshing sound.

“Nnnnnaaaaarrrggghhh!” The scream was as loud as any Al’almira had heard that afternoon.

“Arrgggooooonnniiiee!” Tina Freeman screamed as the crop landed for the fourth time in less than fifteen seconds. As it cut into her, the welt marks formed, pale skin turned pink, then a fiery red and then, as the number of strokes increased, her buttocks started to turn an angry purple colour.

She howled each and every time the cruel whip cracked into her buttocks. She squirmed, wriggled and did her best to escape from the strong arms that held her. Then, when the twelfth stroke had landed, her torturer confronted her.

“I have not had a white arse in some days. You have spirit and I like that in a white bitch spy, but now I will break your spirit.”

If Tina had hoped for release she now knew it was not to be forthcoming, at least not yet.

“Open your legs wide apart, bitch spy,” Tariq ordered her.

“Wh..wh..at are you going to do?” Tina was still sobbing from the pain in her buttocks.

“Teach you the first lessons of being a slave. Lesson number one is obedience. Open your fucking legs wide apart or I will whip you again.”

By way of response, Tina parted her legs. She felt the Arab standing behind her and, when he was not satisfied, he merely kicked the insides of her lower legs until she had obliged. He knelt down and noticed she had a dark thatch surrounding her pussy. His hand sought out and found her labia. He stroked the lips none-too-gently until he found the slit. Then he inserted a finger and probed her inner area until he located her clitoris. As he rubbed this, the woman moaned. She moaned louder as he continued to rub her sensitive spot, until he felt her first wetness of arousal. Then he inserted two fingers directly into her vagina and stroked her rhythmically until she was panting as her excitement rose.

“Ah, you are like all white bitch spies, the pain in your buttocks arouses you and you then need to have the heat of arousal released from within you. See, you are getting quite wet.”

“Mmm,” she moaned, her body still forced against the stone altar, her legs wide apart so that she remained fully exposed to whatever her captor wanted to do.

He did not waste much time in making his intentions known. Picking up a small handful of sand from the desert floor, he opened her labia wide with his free hand and smeared the grit into her moist, exposed inner flesh. Then, with sandy fingers, he pushed some of the sand deep inside her.

“Now you will accommodate me as I wish or I will have Tariq fuck you up your little white cunt,” Al’almira snarled.

“What do you want?”

“Your arse. Have you done this before?”

“No..no...please not up there. I don’t want you to do that.”

“It is that or Tariq up your pussy.”

“Will it hurt me?”

“For sure, but that is lesson number two for a slave to learn – accept punishment with a glad heart for it is part of your new way of life.”

“New way of life?” Tina was trembling now from the fear of having her arse ruptured by this hideous, evil man.

“Yes, yes. After we are finished here you will be taken to my father’s desert camp where you will undergo strict training as a white slave to our Arab friends. We do not get much white pussy out here and when we do, we make the most of it. Now, take this.”

As he’d been speaking, Al’almira had been rearranging his white robes and now his manhood was exposed, hugely erect, and looking for a rectum to rupture.

Tina felt the heat of the Arab’s manhood pressing against her tortured buttocks. The heat mixed with the pain and the fear of what was about to happen and she cried out,

“Please don’t do it. You’re too big.”

“Take it all, bitch, or Tariq will fuck you. He has a cock that will rip your little white pussy wide open.”

At this moment, the two, clammy Arab’s hands prised open Tina’s buttocks. She screamed from the pain as the hands caressed her welt marks. In less than a second the tip of Al’almira’s engorged manhood was against her sphincter, pushing her hard against the rock altar. He pushed harder and Tina felt what was like an iron girder rip the entrance to her anus as he plunged inside her.

“Ha, you have lost your cherry to me. I like tight white bum holes, they are so gratifying to rip open.” Al’almira was laughing, enjoying the pain he was inflicting on the woman. He half pulled his ten inch cock out of her arse and then plunged it in again. She was slick now, the blood oozing from her ripped anal muscle lubricating the passage of his phallus as he humped away at her rear end.

“Ow!” She cried out every time his stomach banged against her banged up rear, every time his body thrust against the pained flesh of her buttocks.

“Oh, you white bitches, I love to fuck your arses. See how the blood is flowing. In a few days from now there will be no more blood and you will experience other ways in which a slave can pleasure her master.”

Al’almira removed his still-turgid cock from the woman’s arse, smiled at the trickle of blood that flowed from the torn and rent opening.

“Go and stand over by the wall.”

Tariq released Tina’s arms and she stood up painfully slowly. She turned to look at Al’almira, her tear-stained cheeks revealing every moment of the agony she was feeling. Slowly, and limping with pain, she stumbled her way to the wall.

“Rosy, it is your turn for the next lesson. Come back here.”

Rosy turned and hobbled back to her tormentor. She noticed his blood-streaked cock was still erect.

“Back over the altar and give Tariq your arms. Then spread your legs wide apart.”

Rosy knew better than to argue. Trembling slightly, though the heat from the sun was fierce, she knelt over the stone altar. In a moment her legs were played wide

open, exposing her sex flesh for the insatiable Arab. She felt his hand around her labia, probing, stroking and finally pushing until he had inserted two fingers inside her.

He found the soft pad of tissue on her upper wall, her G-Spot and he stroked it with a beckoning motion. Slowly, Rosy became aroused, though the pain in her thrashed buttocks continued to remind her that she was supposed to be learning a lesson rather than enjoying herself.

“Ah, another white bitch that enjoys a good fingering up her tiny, white cunt. Are you enjoying this, Rosy?”

“Yes, yeeessss, please,” Rosy moaned as the pleasure inside her mounted. She felt close to the point of climax and the unrelenting finger inside continued to beckon her towards release. Suddenly, and to the surprise of the Arab, it was happening. The contractions increased in speed and strength and suddenly Rosy was very wet between her legs, as the first juices of ejaculation dribbled out of her.

“You see, Tariq, she is coming with liquid. The cropping on her buttocks has only served to arouse her. Now she must learn lessons one and two – obedience and acceptance of punishment with a glad heart.”

Again, Al’almira reached down and took a little pile of sand in the palm of his hand. He offered the sand up to the woman’s dripping vulva and smeared the grains of dirt into her, ensuring some of the sand was pushed right up inside her vulva.

“And now, I am going to arse fuck you, as I did with Tina.”

“Okay,” Rosy replied. Her reply took Al’almira by surprise for her arse looked tight and virginal like her friend’s. However, as soon as he pressed his iron girder of manhood against Rosy’s sphincter, it relaxed and opened for him, letting him slide in easily. This immediately annoyed the Arab, who had been looking forward to taking a second cherry that afternoon. By way of retribution, he thrust into Rosy’s backside with a strong pumping action, ensuring his stomach banged into her buttocks with as much force as possible. Rosy moaned as he did so, evidently a woman who was enjoying the pleasures of being taken in this way.

With his cock buried to the hilt inside her arse, Al’Almira spoke with a slight hint of breathlessness.

“Tariq, give the woman your cock. White bitch you will suck him to completion and then thank him for letting you do it.”

Tariq removed his robe quickly and presented his plentiful erection to the face of the woman sprawled over the altar. Rosy said nothing but opened her mouth. The cock up her arse was hurting now and she knew it would stay there until she had obeyed its owner. She felt the salty, sticky cock meat as it passed into her mouth though she had her eyes closed in some vain effort to block from her mind what was happening. Her lips closed around the shaft and she started to suck on him. She sucked gently at first and then harder.

Slowly, Tariq began to move his cock in and out of her mouth. When he was almost withdrawn, Rosy flicked her tongue over the exposed head of the phallus, a flick that increased Tariq’s arousal. Then, after a few minutes he plunged his manhood deep into her so that she gagged on what she was being forced to take.

She felt the twitch as he came to orgasm a moment before the thick, white, sticky liquid spurted from the end of his meat and trickled down the back of her throat. Rosy gagged again as her mouth filled with the volume of his semen. She had never tasted a man's come before and the taste made her feel uncomfortable.

When his orgasm had subsided and Rosy had swallowed his ejaculate Tariq removed his cock from her mouth.

"Well," Al'almira spoke from behind her.

"Thank you for letting me suck your cock and swallow your come." Rosy demurred in a soft voice, just as Al'almira thrust his manhood deep into her arse. This time though, as he pulled back he withdrew.

"You will make a good slave. You are quick to learn. Now, go back to your position at the wall. Abdul, bring the last bitch over to the altar. Tariq, when you are dressed, go and fetch the gear."

"Yes, Excellence and thank you for your consideration of my needs."

Rosy smiled to herself as she walked back to face the wall. Her smile would not last long.

Abdul collected Karen and escorted her to the altar.

"Bend over and spread your legs. Abdul is going to arse fuck you while you suck my cock. You will finish us both."

"No, no way is that brute going up my arse." Karen had recovered her composure while she had been waiting but her buttocks still stung her plenty and she was most definitely not into back-passage activities.

"Then you will be shot as a spy."

"You can't do that."

"I can, and anyway, who is to stop me?"

"We could."

"You, but you are a mere, white woman, fit only to be my slave. Now bend over the fucking altar or I will whip you and shoot you." Al'almira's voice had begun to sound dangerous, like the voice of an out of control psychopath – which he was.

In a moment, Karen was stretched over the altar. She felt Abdul's sweaty, Arab hands on her buttocks a moment before she felt his huge manhood pressing against her sphincter. He was a man in a hurry, eager to rip her arse as he entered her. Karen, unwisely, clenched her buttocks in a desperate attempt to keep him out. To no avail, the Arab pressed harder, his cock forcing her harder and harder against the altar. In a minute she could resist no more and she relaxed just enough for him to push his manhood deep into her arse.

Karen howled with pain as the muscles at the entrance to her anus were ripped by the big, Arab phallus. She howled again when he began to pound her savagely from behind, his body crushing her buttocks as he thrust as deeply into her as he could.

As he continued to hump her from behind, Al'almira walked around the altar and presented his cock in front of Karen's face.

"Suck me bitch and make it good. When I come you will swallow it all and then thank me."

“Mmm,” she muttered as Abdul thrust even more savagely into her from behind. She opened her mouth and for the first time in her life tasted male sex meat. No ordinary meat, but the hot, sticky sex meat of an Arab that was still streaked with traces of blood from the anus he had ruptured earlier.

She gagged with revulsion at the taste but knew she had no choice other than to take him into her warm, moist mouth. He slid in and she clamped her jaws around him, sucking him as best she could. This obviously thrilled her Arab captor and he was obviously highly aroused for he came in her mouth quickly, a great spurt of his hot ejaculate filling her mouth almost before she knew he was coming.

She remembered she had to swallow this liquid and did her best to swallow while he was still inside her, pumping more semen into her. After a few spurts and a couple of difficult swallows, the flow ebbed and finally stopped. Then Al’almira withdrew.

“Thank you for coming in my mouth,” she gasped as he pulled his cock out of her mouth. Now it was happening behind her. Abdul had a firm grip on her hips and was rapidly building to his own culmination. Suddenly he exploded inside her, filling her rectum with his juices.

“When you withdraw, Abdul, make sure to fill her pussy with sand,” Al’almira smirked. “Ah, good, Tariq has returned with the gear.”

“Can we go now?” Tina asked, still facing the wall.

“Go, go where?”

“Back to our car and our hotel.”

“But your car has gone and the only place you are going is to the Desert Camp run by my father the Sheik Al’almira. To do that you will wear the official clothes of a white slave in his household.”

Tariq lay the clothes on the sand. For each of the women he had brought a thin leather thong, a piece of thin material that would be wrapped around the breasts and a thin wrap to wear as a very short skirt.

The women were ordered to don these garments and to then stand up. When they did so, Tariq walked behind each of them in turn and tied their wrists behind their backs.

“It is late. We will make camp overnight and you will entertain us. Tomorrow we will make the journey back to the Desert Camp. Now, you will be tied together and you will walk the short distance to where we have made camp.” Al’almira smiled hugely at the thought of the pleasure he would get from his three new captives later that evening. They were, after all, his latest acquisitions, his latest captives, his latest desert slaves. They would very quickly begin to learn just what it meant to be white bitches in the hands of an Arab master such as Al’almira.

CHAPTER 2

The makeshift camp had weathered the sandstorm of the night before and as dawn broke over the isolated tents, Tariq was out adjusting a few guy ropes that had come adrift. Camp would be struck in an hour or so, just as soon as the pretender to the throne of Sheik Al'almira was awake. The pretender, the Sheik's elder son, had been up late the previous evening attending to the disciplinary needs of the captives they had taken during the day.

Tina Freeman, Rosy Matthews and Karen Andersen had been taken captive on the pretence of spying. They had been whipped, caned and abused by the three captors. During the late evening, once their captors had made camp, they had been taken one by one into the tent of the Sheik's son. Tina Freeman had been first. Once in the tent, she had been forced to lie down on a thick rug on the floor. Once lying down, metal hoops had been placed around her ankles and each hoop had then been secured in place. Attached to each hoop was a smaller ring of metal onto which had been fixed a clip, not dissimilar to the ring and clip used on more upmarket key fobs, though larger in size and more sturdy.

Once the hoops were in place, a metal bar about half an inch in diameter and four feet long had been produced. At first, Tina had thought it looked like a tent pole. She noticed, briefly, that the pole had a number of rings going through each end of it at regular intervals. In a moment the pole was placed between her legs which were forced wide apart by Abdul and Tariq, the young Sheik's henchmen. With her legs wide apart, she heard them clip the clasp on her ankle irons to a suitable ring on the metal pole. Once fastened, she discovered she could not move her legs. She was firmly secured, spread-eagled with her pussy open and fully exposed.

Next her arms were spread out so they were level with her shoulders. Tariq and Abdul sat behind her head and held her arms in place with their big, strong Arab hands. She was, of course, naked. They'd stripped her within a few seconds of her entering the tent. The flimsy material covering her bra had fallen to the ground as soon as they pulled on it, exposing her firm, rosy nipples with the large, dark areolas. They'd made her wear a leather thong since her capture and that had been yanked down her legs until it came away from her body.

Now, spread-eagled and with her wrists being held securely, the young Al'almira bent down between her thighs. She felt his hands on her breasts as he explored her white body. His hands were hot and clammy and his touch was firm. He took each nipple in turn and stroked it between his fingers and thumbs as if trying to stiffen them. When Tina failed to respond, his attentions turned to the private area between her legs.

"Hah!" Al'almira laughed. "We have fresh pink flesh under this dark bush - fresh, pink flesh, waiting for my big hungry cock to enter it. Is that what you would like, Miss white bitch spy?"

“Not really,” Tina tried feebly to put him off, knowing her attempts would be in vain.

“I see you are dry as a husk. Shall we take you as you are or shall we moisten the entrance?”

As he spoke, Al’almira picked up the bottle of green liquid and dripped some of it into the palms of his hand.

“An ancient Arab mixture to heighten sexual desire and prepare a dry, white husk, for penetration.” He slapped the wet palm of his hand against Tina’s labia and rubbed his hand over her mound.

“Oh God, it’s burning me!” Tina screamed out after a few seconds. “It’s, ouch, burning me. Take it away, you bloody madman.”

“You filthy bitch. For calling me that I will now burn the inside of your pussy too.” With that, Al’almira deftly parted Tina’s labia and dribbled half a dozen drops of the green liquid directly onto her pink flesh beneath.

“Arrggghhhh, no, no, please stop, it hurts too much.”

“Ah, yes, it hurts now, but in a minute or two you will find uncontrollable arousal. Then, when my cock slides into your pussy you will receive me fully and reach much pleasure.”

“Arggghhhh, no, no, it’s burning,” Tina screamed.

“Wait and see what happens to this bitch,” Al’almira was talking to his friends who held the woman as she now struggled in vain to get free. Sure enough, after a minute of her screams, the sobbing subsided as the deep, burning heat of the liquid, stimulated her sex muscles and she began to lubricate with her own juices. The throbbing in her vulva from the heat, turned her on now and she began to pant heavily as the pulses within her vagina brought her ever closer to climax.

“Ohhhhhh!” She gasped as she felt Al’almira’s manhood probing at the very entrance to her body. He was a big man, and even with her very wet cunt she had difficulty in accommodating him. His phallus pushed past the portal until his shaft was inside her body. Then he set up the rhythmical motion he wanted, bringing Tina closer and closer to orgasm.

For a minute she tried to resist what was happening between her legs, but her body was tired and her resistance crumbled as the burning liquid continued to work deep within her. Suddenly it was happening. The rhythmical stroking of this hot, fleshy, girder within her vulva, mixed with the liquids, brought Tina to a climax. With a loud grunt and some heavy breathing as Al’almira plunged his cock deep inside her, she came with a great gush. Wave after wave of orgasmic pleasure flowed through her body as she sobbed with a mixture of pleasure and the pain from the liquid in her cunt.

When the spasms of pleasure subsided, Al’almira withdrew. With a degree of surprise, Tina noted he was still hugely erect. He had not taken his own pleasure.

“Tomorrow, we will take you back to our camp. There you will receive more training and instruction in the way of a sex slave of Sheik Al’almira. Learn your lessons well, for if you do not, you will be severely punished. Tomorrow, also, we will remove your bush. It is a camp rule that all slaves are clean shaven between the

legs. Now, you will be taken back to your tent where you can get some sleep. We ride early tomorrow, though for you women it will not be a comfortable journey.

Tina's arms were released as Al'almira replaced his robes. The pole holding her legs apart was removed, though the irons around her legs were left in place. Then Tina was manhandled back to the third tent, a tent with a wooden pole in the centre. It was a pole to which all three captives were secured by chains and locks to prevent their escape.

"You," said Tariq, pointing to Rosy, "are next."

Over the next ten minutes, Rosy was treated similarly to Tina. She was stripped naked, laid on the rugs, hoops fitted around her ankles and then the pole attached leaving her spread-eagled. Again she screamed as the green liquid made her pussy burning hot, bringing her arousal and ultimately orgasm, even against her will. Again Al'almira penetrated her vulva with his thick, Arab cock. He humped her until she came and then withdrew. Again he told her what was to happen the next day and that her pubic hairs would be removed as part of camp rules.

When Rosy had been abused she was returned to the captives' tent and Karen was dragged off for her own encounter with Al'almira. When she was stripped, Al'almira commented on her clean-shaven mound.

"You will be glad you are clean between the legs," he mumbled, obviously annoyed that he would not have the pleasure of seeing her suffer the Arab's way of shaving women the next day. "Still, we will make sure there are no bits of hair left."

"There aren't. I do it religiously every other day."

"Oh. No matter. Now lie down and Tariq and Abdul will prepare you."

As with her friends, Karen was spread-eagled and the hoops attached to her ankles. When she was stretched out and held firmly by the two Arab henchmen, Al'almira treated her cunt to the pleasures of the arousal caused by the burning, green liquid. As Karen squirmed on the floor of the tent, so Al'almira penetrated her pussy with his dark, Arab sex-meat.

Even as Karen climbed to the peak of sexual arousal, albeit unwillingly and as a result of the sensations brought about in her body by the green liquid, so Al'almira reached his own pleasures. Pumping the thick wad of sticky semen deep inside the white woman was an act of immense pleasure for the Arab, a pleasure that had been heightened by the feeling of his rough pubes, stroking her silken, clean-shaven flesh. He rammed his phallus deep inside her until the last spurt of the salty, white liquid had left his body. Only then did he withdraw and inform Karen about the events planned for the next day – a day when she too would enter into the training of sex slaves at Camp Al'almira.

The sand storm had abated and Al'almira decided it was time to strike camp. He entered the tent of the three female captives.

"There will be no trouble today, please," he began. "We are taking a camel ride to the camp. If you try to escape on route, then you will be punished. I assure you

that Abdul and Tariq are far better camel riders than any of you and they will soon catch you. Now, before we go, there is one final preparation needed. You will all please kneel on the floor with your legs wide open, facing the tent pole. Please sit up and keep your backs straight.”

The three women struggled with the way they had been lashed to the pole and eventually assumed the position required.

“Excellent. You are already learning the rules of the camp. Now, I am going to give each of you three strokes of my whip across your bare backs. This will serve as a reminder of what you will experience if you try to escape. Once you have been whipped, Tariq will prepare you for your camel ride. Please do as he says, for camels are not particularly pleasant creatures to mess around with.”

As he spoke, the young Al’almira stepped to the side of Karen. He had barely finished speaking when the first stroke of the flogger he had been holding menacingly in his right hand whipped across her bare back. Karen reacted involuntarily by yelling out loud and lunging forward.

“Stay still,” Al’almira sounded angry.

As he spoke, he walked round the little circle of three women and delivered a similar stroke of the flogger onto the bare back of Rosy. She lurched forward and screamed when the tails of the flogger bit into her tender flesh and again she earned rebuke from the Arab. A moment later and Tina was howling from the sting of the flogger as it whipped into the flesh on her shoulders.

With no delay, Al’almira proceeded to deliver the second round of lashes, each as forceful as the first, though perhaps more painful as the tails of the flogger bit into flesh that had already been stroked once. The three young women were all howling by the time the second strokes had landed. Sobbing, they received the third reminders of why they were not to try and escape from their captors.

When Al’almira had delivered three strokes to each bare back he spoke again.

“Now open your legs as wide as you can and sit up straight on your knees.”

The young women dutifully obeyed him. None of them wanted to feel the stinging sensations of the flogger again that morning.

“Okay, Tariq, prepare them for their journey.”

Al’almira stepped back as Tariq walked up behind Karen. Bending down behind her he took a hand full of sand from the desert floor. He raised his hand directly between her legs and rubbed the sand into her sex. With his free hand he used two finger to part her labia, and then poked some of the sand right into her vulva.

Karen moaned as the sand was rubbed into her, the pain of the rude insertion adding to her general feelings of discomfort. The sound of her sobbing increased as more sand was pushed into her vulva.

When he was satisfied, Tariq turned his attentions to Tina. In similar fashion her vulva was treated to the sand, a good handful being pressed up between her labia and onto the moist, pink sex-flesh that the lips were hiding. Tina was still sobbing from the pain of the flogger and, as with Karen, the sounds of her crying only increased as her vulva was tortured by the gritty sand being pushed into her.

Finally, Tariq turned to Rosy. She had stopped sobbing after her ordeal with the flogger and now she knelt patiently while Tariq did his worst with her. Her cunt was wet the moment she felt his hand between her legs. She had decided to make herself want to be aroused, thinking it would hurt less if she could send the right signals to her crotch to get the lubrication working. Evidently her mind games worked for the sand slid into her vulva without causing her undue discomfort. She felt the second handful being inserted and knew her pussy was full of grit – grit mixed with lubricant.

“Good,” said Al’almira. “Now, we will begin our journey. Put on your thongs and your breast wraps. We leave in five minutes.”

The camels were saddled for the journey and in a few minutes the troupe was on their way to Camp Al’almira. After an hour riding, the young pretender ordered them to rest at a little oasis. The oasis consisted of little more than a couple of palm trees and a small, brick-lined well.

“We need water,” he said. “You, white bitch,” he pointed to Tina, “will fetch us all water from the well.” They dismounted and Tina was led to the well by Tariq. The well was deep and the small bucket had to be raised four times before the water bottles were replenished. The effort involved in raising the water nearly exhausted Tina. The others looked on unable to help. They were sitting at the foot of one of the palms. Al’almira had taken up station beneath the other palm.

When she had refilled the water bottles, Tina took them over to her friends.

“You will attend to your masters first. Your white bitch friends can have what is left. Bring the water here.” Al’almira stopped Tina just as she was about to hand the big water bottle to Rosy.

With a look of exasperation on her face, Tina turned round and took the bottle to Al’almira.

“I’ve just about had enough of this shit,” she blurted out, throwing the bottle at Al’almira. The top was off and water splashed out onto the desert floor.

“You stupid white bitch,” he retorted. “Tonight you will experience the training post. You will receive thirty lashes of the flogger and you will then be taken by six strong Arab men to the dungeon where they will use you in any way they choose. You will regret your stupid actions and you will learn a lesson you will never forget.”

“Oh piss off, you apology for a human being. Now let us all go or you will be the one regretting it.”

“Not so. You are the spy, you are the captive and you will learn what it is to be submissive and obedient. Now, fetch me more water.”

“Fetch it yourself.” Tina was riled up and though she sort of knew it would do no good, she wanted to stand up to this revolting Arab who was still sitting on the sand in front of her. By way of good measure she kicked sand up into his face and then ambled off to her friends.

“Come on,” she said, “we don’t have to put up with any more crap from these...” her sentence went unfinished for she was suddenly spun around and was facing a seething Al’almira. Without a word, his hand was raised into the air and

came down with a loud crack as it slapped across her face. It was a slap that sent Tina reeling.

“You will never do that again. Now you have a straight choice. You can be killed here and now or you can take your punishment, agree to submit to my will and become my slave.”

Tina was lying on the ground, her face bruising up nicely from the single slap.

“I...I don't see why you should be able to get away with this,” she sobbed loudly though the defiance in her voice was gone.

“Because I am your master, I am your captor and I have the right to shoot you in the head as a spy. Now what is your choice.”

“Don't kill me, please.”

“In that case I will punish you. Not here, but later when we have arrived at the camp. Now, fetch me water.”

Without a word, Tina obeyed, realising her life was in danger if she did not do so. The water was fetched and after five minutes Al'almira decided it was time to continue the journey.

“You stupid thing,” Rosy whispered to Tina. “Why make it worse for yourself? Just go along with him for now and we'll work out a way to escape later on.”

“Okay, I was a bit stupid, but my cunt is really hurting from the sand and I've just about had enough of these perverts.”

“We all have, but we're three women against three strong men. We have to wait for a real opportunity to escape. We don't know where we are even, and they do, so the odds are stacked in their favour.”

“I guess so. Watch out, Tariq's about.” The whispers fell into silence as Tariq approached to help the women back into the saddles. A minute later the little group of people were once again travelling through the desert on their way to Camp Al'almira.

CHAPTER 3

Camp Al'almira was an impressive sight, being built quite literally in the middle of the desert. Though a road passed close by, the road was not much more than a dirt track. The camp was isolated, secluded. The perfect location for a training camp. The main building, the Al'almira residence, was an imposing white building of three storeys, whilst beneath it a military style compound sprawled out to the perimeter fences. In this compound was a series of barrack style huts, each the residence of up to four inmates, or camp servants. If Rosy had expected an opportunity for escape would present itself then, on turning the sand dune that hid the camp in all its glory, the sight of the camp must have completely dampened her hopes. Indeed, that was one of the intentions the sight of the camp was meant to give. It stood there proudly in the desert as if to drive foreboding into the hearts of all who were brought to it under duress. It was a symbol of strength in this hostile land, a symbol of power and a sign to all of the camp's many guests that the owner knew his business well.

"Christ," said Karen, "it's a fucking prison."

"It is all of that," Al'almira replied, proudly looking at his inheritance. "One day, it will all be mine, but for now, my father rules the camp – he and those who pay him well."

"So, we are prisoners for real then," Tina almost whispered.

"You are indeed," Al'almira was enjoying himself. The troupe of camels walked towards the main gates.

"When will we be tried?"

"Already done and you were all found guilty," Al'almira laughed.

"But we didn't get a chance to defend ourselves!" Karen protested.

"There was no defence. You were caught red-handed spying on my land. Now you are in prison and under sentence of death if you do not quickly learn to obey all you are told to do. As for this white bitch," he pointed at Tina, "this evening she will show you all what happens to people who are unruly and disobedient."

The gates of the camp closed behind them and the camels came to rest by their stalls. The three women dismounted and were immediately surrounded by three male guards. They were in some kind of uniform, all were dark-skinned and they wore shoulder holsters. Rosy noticed immediately they all carried the same kind of flogger whip that Al'almira had been carrying.

"The guards will take you to the preparation room. When you are prepared for camp life you will be taken to your quarters. Later we will start your training, and in the case of the disobedient white bitch you will receive your first punishment. Now go with Tariq and the guards." Al'almira continued speaking in his native dialect, obviously issuing instructions to the guards and Tariq.

Two minutes later, the three women had been herded into one of the brick huts that lined the quadrangle.

“In here,” said Tariq, when the door had been closed and locked behind them, “we prepare you for camp life. You will be dealt with one at a time. Now, take off all your clothes.”

“Why?” Tina asked.

“You are insolent and you will be punished further if you do not do what you are told. Now take off your clothes or I will get the guards to do it for you.”

While he was speaking, Karen and Rosy had stripped bare. By the time he had finished speaking, Tina had realised resistance was pointless and had started to remove her own clothes.

“You,” Tariq pointed to Karen, “will be first. Lie on the table with your back against the metal.”

The table occupied the centre of the building. It was about seven feet long and three wide.

“To begin with, no woman is allowed any hair, except what is on her head. The guards will now remove all your body hair. In the camp we use wax strips to do this.”

Tariq proceeded to issue an instruction in Arabic, an instruction that immediately resulted in two of the guards taking hold of Karen’s arms and stretching them wide open so her armpits were fully exposed. The third guard opened a cupboard and removed a number of wax strips. He laid these on Karen’s arms and then, after a few seconds he yanked them off again, pulling with them all her fair, tiny hairs. He waxed both arms methodically until he was satisfied with his efforts. Though the feeling was uncomfortable it was not, Karen considered, painful. That was, until he started waxing her armpits. The strip of wax covered material was laid under her pit and then pulled quickly from her body. The hairs here were longer and stronger and the Arab guard had to pull forcefully to remove them.

“Yeeeooww!” Karen screamed as her body hair was forcefully removed. She screamed again when he applied the same treatment to her other armpit. In truth, Karen shaved her pits every week or so, so the growth was not that great, but the hairs were long enough to be pulled by the strip of wax as it was yanked away from her body.

With her arms done, the two guards holding Karen’s arms, released them changed positions so they could grab her ankles instead. Opening her legs wide apart, they held her legs while these limbs were waxed in turn. Again, Karen shaved her legs regularly, so the pain was not too great. With both legs done, the guard then turned his attentions to her seemingly naked pubis. He applied the strips of wax so as to cover her labia and the areas surrounding her sex. With expert speed he pulled the strips off her, causing her some discomfort. When the four strips were removed he knelt down and used his hand to feel her naked mound. It was smooth to the touch.

“Sluice,” he said. “Stand up over that hole in the ground.”

To the far side of the room a sort of shower tray arrangement had been set into the floor. All four sides sloped gently into the central hole in the floor. Karen was

taken by the guards to this hole and stood over it with her legs wide open. The guards held her in place as the third guard brought in a length of hosing that was attached to a tap high up on the wall.

“First, pussy wash,” he said as he started to insert the tube into Karen’s vulva. The end was smooth and lubricated and it entered her body easily. The guard fully inserted the tube and then went to turn on the tap. The tube was narrow and the mixture of water and soapy solution jetted into Karen’s cunt, creating within her a strange sensation as the liquid spurted into her. In seconds the liquid flowed out of her body, carrying with it the sand that had been forced into her before the start of the journey. The guard left the tube in place until he was certain all the sand had been removed. Then he slowly began to remove it. He left the water/soap mixture flow on until the tube was outside of Karen’s body.

“Now, bend over and grab your ankles,” he ordered.

Karen looked round and her friends saw real fear in her expression. Bending over, Karen grabbed her ankles a moment before she felt the soapy solution dribbling down the crack between her buttocks. Then she felt the guard’s hand on her cheeks as he prised them open. The dribble of water was now focused on Karen’s anal entrance. The tube was pushed against the tight, white opening that was closed by the sphincter muscle. With firm pressure, the guard pushed the tube against the orifice and in a few moments the tube was slowly progressing deep into Karen’s rectum. The guard held the tube in place for one minute while the soapy solution filled the cavity within her.

“Go over to the toilet when I remove the tube,” he instructed her.

Karen was feeling uncomfortable now as the liquid started to weigh heavily within her. Just when she felt like she would explode the guard removed the tube.

“Now,” said the guard and Karen was hobbling off to the toilet that was behind a little screen in one corner of the room. As she squatted over the receptacle, a great gush of soapy water and body contents poured out of her. She sat there and waited for the flow to subside.

While she sat there, feeling very empty and very cleansed, the guards started on Rosy. She was dragged to the table, her arms stretched wide apart by two of the guards and then the waxing of her underarms began. Rosy had dark hair and it had been immediately obvious when they had first stripped naked that she was not accustomed to shaving her body hair. Tufts of dark hair protruded from under each arm and a dark, thick bush covered her sex.

“Agggghhhhhh!” Rosy screamed as the hair under her left arm was removed with a wax strip. “That fucking hurts, you animal.”

“It is best you lie still.” The next wax strip was already in the guard’s hands and he yanked it off, pulling with it the remaining hair from her left underarm.

“Arggghhhh!” Rosy screamed again. Two minutes later her scream was redoubled as the first strip of wax removed hair from under her right arm. She screeched again as the second strip removed the remaining hairs a few seconds later.

Her arms were released by the guards. Her pits were burning with pain from having the hairs so viciously removed but her screams of agony made no impact on

those holding her. As soon as her arms were released, instinctively her hands went up to check on the damage. As they did so, the guards took hold of her legs and opened them wide apart. She had once waxed her legs and found it painful. Now, as the warm wax strips were applied, she knew the pain would continue. It did.

Four wax strips later, Rosy was sobbing loudly and her legs were burning and tingling where the hair follicles that had been torn open. Next she felt the first of the wax strips being placed over her pubic mound, deftly running up the outside of her right labia.

“Oh, no, no NOOOOOOOOOO!” She screamed as the strip was removed, taking with it the first strip of her pubic hairs.

“All women in camp are ordered to be clean shaven. It is for health reasons.” The guard sounded matter-of-fact as he applied the next wax strip to cover her left labia.

“Noooooooooooo! NOOOOOOOOOO!” Rosy howled as the strip was removed, pulling more hair with it. She struggled against the guards holding her legs but it was a useless effort. Instinctively Rosy thrust her hands between her legs but the guard administering the treatment was having no nonsense. Brushing her hands away as you would a fly, he applied the third strip. Again Rosy screamed as the strip was removed a few moments later.

Three wax strips, three screams of real agony from Rosy and her pubis was as naked as the day she had been born. Naked, apart from the dozen trickles of dark, red blood that were seeping out of the wounds where the hair follicles had been ripped open violently.

“Sluice,” he said. “Stand up over that hole in the ground then we will wash your pussy.”

Rosy’s legs were released and she struggled painfully to her feet. She felt naked, exposed, humiliated and in pain. She walked over to the shower tray affair and waited while the guard inserted the plastic tube into her cunt. The flow of cool water and soap was relief to Rosy. Her cunt had felt gritty from the sand that had been forced into it and now, as it was washed out of her she felt soothed. The guard played the end of the tube over her bleeding crotch when he removed it from her a few minutes later and the liquid brought soothing to the parts that had been so brutally ripped.

“Arse wash. Bend over and grab your ankles.” The guard spoke quickly and with as little expression in his voice as he could manage. Rosy decided to obey him without question and a moment later she felt the soapy tube being inserted deep in her rectum.

As with Karen, the liquid filled her up, made her feel uncomfortable, and finally she hobbled off to the toilet to let it all out. While Rosy sat on the loo, felling like the world was falling out of her bottom, the guards turned to Tina.

“So, white bitch, you are to be punished later today. We had better do a very thorough job on you then.” The guard smirked as his two colleagues grabbed the hapless victim by her arms, propelled her to the table and forced her to lie down. Like Rosy she had hairy armpits and her crotch, though trimmed, was still a dark

mass of hair. As Rosy sat on the toilet and Karen sat on a chair that had been shoved in her direction, so Tina received the same treatment the other young women had received. Her armpits were waxed, then her legs and finally her sensitive crotch. She screamed and howled as Rosy had done, swearing one day she would get even with the bastards. The guards only laughed and for good measure waxed her sex more thoroughly than they had with Karen and Rosy.

Again, Tina was forced to stand on the shower tray arrangement while the plastic tube was inserted into her vulva. This time the guard held it in place with his hand covering her freshly naked sex. As he held the tube in place, he stroked the labia and then edged a finger inside where he sought out the woman's clitoris. When he found the bud he stroked it thoughtfully, causing it to stiffen as he touched it. This reaction from Tina pleased him.

Tina gasped as he touched her like this, the softness of his touch and the flow of liquid sending very fast signals of arousal to her brain. She sighed as he continued to touch her and then moaned softly as she was brought to the brink of orgasm.

"Time for arse wash," the guard said suddenly. Tina moaned again with disappointment at having been robbed of her orgasm. She had already learned that it was futile to disobey and she was already worrying about what her punishment that evening might mean. So she waited for the tube to be removed from her vulva and then she bent over and grabbed her ankles.

"You're the last so you are my reward." She felt something warm and hard yet soft pushing against the entrance to her anus. In a minute she realised what it was. The guard was going to backpack her while she bent over to be washed. She felt his hands grab her hips as he thrust his cock straight into her backside. The guard didn't know it, how could he, but Tina actually liked this position and she had taken many a cock up her arse. This particular piece of meat being fed to her was not unduly large and Tina knew the secret to not getting hurt was to relax. So she relaxed just at the moment when the guard was going to violate her. He was clearly surprised and a little disappointed that he entered her so easily for it was several seconds before he began the rhythmic thrusting of his cock meat in and out of her body.

When he set up his rhythm it did not take him long to take his pleasure. Tina stayed as still as she could manage while he finished inside her and then it was all over. His cock was withdrawn and a moment later, Tina felt the plastic tube being inserted. Again Tina had experienced enemas in the past and now she waited while the soapy liquid filled the cavity within her. Finally the guard ordered her to the toilet and she let out the contents with a great gush of relief.

Ten minutes later, the three women were shown to their new quarters, one of the other huts used as a barrack room.

"Your training will start this evening and also, this white bitch," the guard poked a finger at Tina, "will be punished as an example to you all. You have two hours to eat what is in the hut and get some rest."

The door to the hut was closed behind the women and they heard the key turn in the lock.

CHAPTER 4

Two hours later the door was unlocked again. A different guard stood in the doorway. He was big, strong and powerfully built.

“Time for your training to start. Come with me, in single file and no talking.”

Tina led the way out of the hut. As she walked forward, the guard flicked the flogger across her rear end, making her jump with surprise. He did the same as Rosy and then Karen left the hut. Then he pointed to a hut on the far side of the quadrangle.

“We go there.” Walking beside the line of women, the guard led them to the hut he had pointed to. They stood outside while he unlocked the door and then he instructed them to enter. The hut, known to the other inmates as the punishment hut, was probably the most-feared building on the camp site. It was to this room that newly acquired captives were taken and also those who had broken any of the various camp rules or had been reported by camp guests as failing to live up to expectations. The newly acquired captives were now routinely taken to the hut on their first night so they could be given a taste of what they could expect if they ever failed in their tasks in the months ahead.

Tonight, the initiation would be flavoured with the additional punishment of Tina for her misdemeanours on the way to the camp.

“You wait here. The training party will arrive soon.” The guard stepped back out of the hut, closed the door and locked it behind the women.

The lights were on and the room looked threatening. Along one of the shorter walls were six chairs, upholstered, comfortable and clearly for the training party’s use. In the centre of the room was something that looked like a vaulting horse – the kind found in gymnasiums across the world. It was one where the four sides leading up to the leather-upholstered cushion on the top were made of solid wood. The sides along the length of the horse had various hoops attached to points low down on the frame. On the long wall to the left of the door were various bars at various heights and of varying lengths and thicknesses. In the far corner of the room was a large, wooden box on wheels, a sort of trolley affair and in the opposite corner was a full length wall cupboard with wooden doors.

Karen went to examine the cupboard and found it locked. The trolley structure had a lift off lid and again it was locked in the closed position.

“Oh well, that doesn’t tell us much,” she muttered.

“No. What do you think is going to happen to us?”

“No idea, but from what we’ve experienced so far I doubt it will be that pleasant. What bothers me is the thought of what they have in mind for Tina.”

“I’ll be all right. You just wait until we get out of here – I’m going straight back to England and telling the authorities what’s going on here.” Tina sounded surprisingly defiant.

“You think we will ever get out of this God forsaken country?”

“We will one day. It’s only a matter of time before Bush or Blair or someone else decides to have another go at the regime and then we may get a chance to escape or perhaps be rescued.” Rosy sounded more hopeful than she was feeling

“Yeah, well it can’t come soon enough so far as I’m concerned. I wonder if anything will come from the last stand off. You know, the UN decree just before we came out here?” Karen had returned from the trolley.

“Might do. If not now then in a few weeks time.”

“Hey, come look out of the window. There’s an army truck just pulled up in the square and some big guy in a black limo pulled in as well.” Tina was peering out through the one, tiny window in the hut.

The others joined her at the window, jostling for position to see if they could spot who the obviously important person was. They were out of luck for he had already walked towards the house.

A minute later, three women from another hut were frogmarched from their quarters towards the house.

“I guess they are the entertainment for whoever has just arrived.” Tina’s voice was still resolute. “Funny though, there must have been five guys in the jeep and the bloke in the limo looked like he was a high ranking officer. It will be interesting to see what happens next.”

The young women waited nervously for ten minutes before the door to the hut opened. The guard stood smartly to one side as the grey haired Arab led five other men into the hut. The door closed behind them and the guard stood by it blocking any attempts at escape.

“I am Sheik Al’almira and this is my camp. I hope you like it. These are my guests. They are all from the army and they have come to take part in your initiation into camp life. You are spies in this country and before we start I will give you the choice of learning our way of life here or facing death tonight.” He paused for effect, knowing none of the women would choose death, and then continued. “Our way of life is simple. You are here to satisfy the needs, sexual and otherwise, of myself, my guests, and the camp workers. You will do exactly what you are told, fulfil all requirements made of you and in return you will be given food, shelter and other basic essentials to keep you well and healthy. If you disobey then you will be punished in the same way that one of you will experience later on this evening.”

The five soldiers, dressed in their dark military uniforms, took their places on the comfortable seats.

“Guard, start the initiation of these women.” Al’almira clapped his hands and sat down.

“You, white bitches, stand by the wall over by the bars. Face the wall and do not look round.”

The three women did as they had been bidden. They heard movements behind them as the trolley was wheeled out from the corner and the cupboard was opened.

“You,” the guard prodded Karen in the back, “come to the horse.”

He propelled Karen into the centre of the room.

“Remove your clothes and lie over the horse with your arse as near the top as possible.” Karen stripped quickly. She knew by now that obedience was the best option – these guys were not messing around. It did not take long as the camp wear, the flimsy piece of material covering her breasts and the thong, both fell easily to the floor. The horse was not particularly high and Karen bent over the top of it, with her stomach lying on the upholstered top surface.

The guard walked round the front of the horse, pulled her arms down and secured her wrists with rope to the hoops mounted low on the frame of the horse. Then he walked back around the horse and used his foot none-too-gently to force Karen to open her legs wide. Then he secured the hoops around her legs to tow further hoops on the lower part of the horse.

“When we punish a woman for disobedience or because she has broken a camp rule we would now deliver thirty six strokes of the cane. In your case, as this is to serve as part of your initiation and also a warning, you will receive twelve.” If you swear we will double it.” Al’almira spoke evenly, menacingly. “Guard, you can start the therapy.”

The guard said nothing but picked up the cane he’d earlier retrieved from the cupboard. He swished the cane through the air a couple of times as he loosened up and then took position to the side of the horse.

“Count out the strokes, bitch,” he hissed. The cane was raised and a moment later, at the end of the sound it made as it cut through the air, was aloud retort as it crashed into Karen’s stretched buttocks.

“Arrggghhhh!” Karen cried out at the sheer stinging pain that shot through her backside and up her spine. The sensation of that one, powerful stroke was excruciating. “One,” she called out as soon as she’d breathed back in again. The cane was already on the ascending part of the stroke.

“Yeeoooow! T..t..wo!” Karen cried out as the second stroke bit into her tender, naked flesh. Again the guard ignored her cry and raised the cane again. Across Karen’s backside were two stripe marks left by the vicious weapon. They were reddening in colour already as the heat from the strokes continued to sear through Karen’s body up to her brain.

“Yarroooo! Th...th...three!” Karen howled a moment later as the third stroke landed just above the tops of her legs. Tears were seeping out of her tightly shut eyes now, falling down into her hair as they obeyed the rules of gravity. Karen tugged at her bonds in an attempt to escape this terrible torture but the guard was an expert and she couldn’t move much.

“Waaaawwwww! F...f...f...four!” Karen howled again as the next stroke landed just a fraction above the third. As with the others, a red mark appeared on Karen’s pale flesh, a mark that would soon bruise up and become tender, going first a dark red and then purple as the damaged flesh reacted to the assault.

The guard tapped her mid buttocks three times as he lined up the next stroke. The cane whistled through the air and Karen screamed again as the thin, round length of wood cut her just over the spot where the guard had taken aim. His aim was good for the stripe left by this stroke neatly cut across Karen’s anus. The sixth

stroke followed on top of the fifth, its mark adding fire, pain and heat to the stroke previously delivered.

“S...s...six!” Karen sobbed loudly. Over by the wall her two friends dared not turn to look at what was happening. They knew if they were caught their own plight would be much worse. They stood there listening to the sounds of the cane as it cut through air and then into flesh, followed by the sounds of their friend screaming as each stroke added more and more to her suffering.

“Yeeeeooooow! S...s...seven!” Karen screamed as the stroke cut across three of the welt marks already formed by the guard’s earlier actions.

Tina started sobbing now as she realised her own fate would be the full punishment of thirty six strokes. Poor Karen was barely coping with half a dozen, so how, Tina thought, would she cope with thirty six.

“E...e...ight!” Karen howled again as fresh marks were added to her tortured backside. The guard paused for a moment and took a step towards Karen. His hand touched her burning flesh as he examined the damage he had inflicted.

“She is bruising badly, Excellence.” The guard sounded concerned, but then again maybe he spoke in English for the psychological effect it would have on his victim.

“No matter, she has only four to go. Deliver them, please.” Al’almira looked on with interest at the guard’s actions. The guard stepped back and quickly raised the cane into the air. In quick succession, and so fast that Karen barely had time to react to one stroke before the next was delivered, he administered the last four strokes of the cane.

“Arrgghhhhhh!” Karen was left shocked, stunned and in severe agony by the final salvo of strokes.

“Okay, white bitch, you have received a warning – make sure I never have need to punish you further. Now, to complete your initiation you are going to perform for two of our honoured guests.” Al’almira spoke loudly now, to make sure Karen heard him between her sobs.

“Ramik and Almaan, you may have this bitch as we discussed. She will start by showing you compliance and then you can take her away for the rest of your evening. As she is new I need to be assured she is going to meet your needs. Ramik, you first.”

The young soldier called Ramik stood up and walked round the horse until he stood in front of Karen.

“Bitch, lift your head.”

Karen obeyed, her heart sinking at the news she was to be the plaything for two Arab soldiers that evening. God only knew what they would want her to do but she could begin to guess as Ramik unbuckled his pants and pulled his manhood out so it stood proudly a few inches from her upturned face.

“Suck,” he said as he pushed his cock into her face. Karen opened her mouth and took the Arab sex meat into her mouth. It tasted stale and sweaty and Karen almost gagged. She was still sobbing but now she turned her attentions to the Arab and satisfying his demands. She slurped on his cock, drawing it into her mouth,

sucking it, playfully chewing on it and then releasing it while she sucked in a fresh lungful of air. Then she repeated the action, each time making sure she licked over the tip of his cock, touching that sensitive area at the back, the area that she hoped would make him come, thus diminishing his ardour for whatever plans he might have for later on.

Karen had her head arched backwards as she took the black Arab cock meat in her mouth. It was not a comfortable position to be in but she dared not complain. At least, with her mind focused on not biting the thick phallus, the pain in her rear was being given a chance to subside a little.

"She is good, Al'almira, she is very good." Ramik was evidently pleased by Karen's attentions to his cock.

"Excellent – I hoped she would be suitable for you."

Ramik suddenly took his cock out of Karen's mouth, popped it back into his pants and stood back. He walked round the horse and Karen felt him prising open her buttock cheeks. She felt him rummage between her legs, checking her hairless cunt and even jabbing a fat, Arab finger in between her labia. Then he slapped her buttocks once.

"She'll do fine," Ramik said as he returned to his seat while Karen, feeling like a piece of meat on show at a cattle market, reacted to the slap by crying out as his hand made contact with a number of the painful welt marks that had formed on her buttocks. "See, she is so pleased with my choice she is crying to give me more attention. Don't worry, bitch, your chance will come." His voice deepened and became more menacing with the last sentence.

"Okay, Almaan, it is your turn to see if the bitch is of use to you."

Without a word, Almaan stood up and walked up behind the woman who was still strapped over the horse. With no ceremony he parted her buttock cheeks exposing her tightly closed anus. He pushed at the muscle with his finger and felt the resistance. Without entering her, he turned round, smiled at his host and said,

"She'll do nicely. I like rupturing tight white arses and her is tight, really tight."

"Excellent. Guard, you can release the woman and make her stand back by the wall. We will have the next bitch in line for her initiation."

"Excellence," the guard said as he began to release Karen. In a minute she was standing back at the wall, facing it, while her hands reached round the back and attempted to massage away some of the pain in her tortured buttocks.

Rosy was selected by the guard and led over to the horse.

"Strip naked and bend over the horse so your stomach is on the top."

Rosy, like Karen had already worked out in her mind that to offer resistance or to be disobedient would not be a good idea so, even as the guard was speaking, she removed the two garments with which she was attired. She took up her position in front of the horse and bent over it.

As had happened with Karen, Rosy had her wrists secured to two hoops low down on the horse's frame and then her legs were opened wide before the hoops around her ankles were similarly secured to the horse's structure.

A moment later, Rosy felt the length of cane as it tapped her somewhat rounded, fleshy buttocks. She had a more prominent arse than Karen and in her position it poked out playfully. The guard tapped her cheeks again before raising the cane and bringing it down on her naked cheeks with enough force to make Rosy scream in pain as the red stripe mark where the cane had landed formed. The guard waited ten seconds before raising the cane a second time.

A second red mark appeared across Rosy's buttocks a moment later as she howled again.

"Arrrgggggg!" She moaned as she struggled to release herself from her bonds. Her attempts were futile and she was still struggling when the third stroke landed, catching her lower down her buttocks than the first two.

"Yooooowwww!" Rosy howled as the cane was raised again.

The fourth stroke landed almost on top of the third, adding more burning, fiery heat to the mark that had already begun to glow dark red as the welt started to raise itself from the surface of her flesh.

Fifteen seconds later the guard delivered the fifth stroke directly across the middle of her buttock cheeks and a few seconds later the sixth stroke landed only a fraction of an inch from it.

As Rosy continued to scream and howl with each fresh stroke as it landed so her backside turned from a healthy pink colour to one of fiery red, scarred from side to side by the even angrier dark red and purple marks of the cane as the welts continued to rise and add further pain to the tortured rear.

After six strokes, the guard stepped over to inspect the damage he was inflicting. He felt round her buttocks and touched the welt marks, making Rosy wince with the added pain of being touched where the sensations of burning were already sending pain signals through her body.

Swish! Thwack! The cane landed a seventh time and Rosy howled louder than ever. This stroke landed right at the top end of her buttocks, the cane cracking into the less well covered part of her buttock flesh.

"Yarrrrrrggghhh!" Rosy groaned as the eighth stroke landed an inch further down her buttocks. The guard then paused for a second, took in a deep breath, tapped Rosy's buttocks across the middle and then delivered the last four strokes in very rapid succession. In fact, he delivered the strokes in less than ten seconds and suddenly, for Rosy, the painful part of the initiation was over.

She was still sobbing and gasping for breath following the final salvo when she heard Al'almira's voice inviting Khalim and Rasthan to check her out for their later pleasure.

Rosy's eyes were filled with tears when she was ordered to lift her head and suck on the black Arab sex meat that was being offered to her. Barely aware of what she was doing she lifted her head, opened her mouth and tasted the stale cock of Khalim. His cock looked long but not particularly thick. Rosy had no difficulty in taking him in her mouth, even though her sobbing and the burning pain in her arse made it difficult for her to breathe. She sucked on the meat and licked it with her

tongue, pulling it into her and then releasing it as the Arab moved rhythmically in front of her.

“Suck harder,” he ordered her and Rosy obliged. Perhaps he was on the brink of release, or at least Rosy hoped that was the case. The Arab continued to push his cock in and out of her mouth for another minute and then withdrew.

“Not bad,” he said, “and you can have the pleasure of finishing me later on. We wouldn’t want to spoil the fun, would we?” He smirked as he took his cock out of Rosy’s mouth and covered himself.

Then he walked round the horse, parted Rosy’s buttock cheeks with his hands and examined her arse.

“Well, that’s a sight to see, perhaps I will take you up there instead. What do you reckon, Rasthan?”

Another soldier stood up and walked over to where Khalim held Rosy’s buttocks open so her anus could be examined.

“Let’s see,” he said, opening his pants and taking his ten inches of dark Arab manhood out. He aimed the tip of the head at Rosy’s anus and pushed hard. Her sphincter relaxed and his cock plunged deep into her body as Rosy let out a loud gasp of surprise mixed with pain as his body crushed against her fiery, tortured buttocks.

“Yeah, she has a tight arse, and nice buttocks to push into,” Rasthan laughed. He pulled his cock out and covered himself. “She’ll do all right.” The two Arabs returned to their seats while the guard released Rosy and led her back to the wall.

“Now, we turn to the last white bitch,” said Al’almira. “She was stupid enough to kick sand into the face of my son and heir and also you were rude to him. You chose not to be shot in the desert but now is the time for you to receive the punishment you were told would be yours. You will receive thirty six strokes of the cane and then you will be put on the bars so our guests can see what we do to women who disappoint our guests. Guard, prepare the woman.”

Already crying, Tina was led to the horse. She was not asked to strip but instead the guard ripped the clothes off her body. Pushing her against the horse, he forced her over the frame so her stomach lay near the top. Taking her arms he strapped her wrists low down on the frame so she was securely bent over the device. Then he secured her legs into position with them spread wide apart.

The cane was raised high in the air six times and six times it was brought back down on Tina’s backside with a swishing sound that ended in a thwack as cane met flesh. Six times Tina gasped loudly as the cane landed bringing red stripe marks across her buttocks. Each stroke was almost exactly ten seconds from the previous one, long enough for the pain to be transmitted to Tina’s brain, long enough to allow her to howl, but Tina didn’t howl. The gasping sounds were only the air being forced out of her lungs from the shock of being so severely caned. Tina, though, remained otherwise silent. This clearly frustrated the guard who stopped, went to examine the welt marks on her backside, welt marks that were every bit as angry and fiery as those he’d created on the other two women. Shaking his head in disbelief, the guard returned to his position and delivered the rest of the first dozen strokes in

quick success. More red marks appeared on Tina's buttock cheeks, one with each stroke, but still she did not cry out loud. If the guard had been able to see her face he would have noticed her eyes were tightly screwed up and her fists were clenched. She winced inwardly as each cruel stroke of the cane bit into her rapidly reddening backside but Tina was blocking the pain from reaching her brain.

Tina had learned this particular skill from a friend at school when she was in her late teens. Her friend was constantly in trouble at home and was regularly shown the strap by her mother. On one occasion, the strap had been so painful that Andrea, Tina's friend, had clenched her fists in a desperate attempt to block out the pain. Focusing her mind on the relatively small amount of pain from her fingernails as they dug into the palms of her hands, she had managed to distract her mind enough so she didn't really feel the pain being administered to her backside. Once she had learned that technique the girl became even more unruly and then, one day, in an act of sheer stupidity, Tina had helped Andrea break one of the more serious school rules.

They were in the sixth form then, both turned eighteen. Eighteen year old sixth formers were caned for going to the pub at lunchtime – if they got caught. Actually they were offered the choice of a caning or expulsion, though expulsion was automatic for girls under eighteen years of age.

Well, Andrea and Tina went to the pub and sure enough they got caught, probably because they had staggered half-drunk and twenty minutes late into the first class after the lunch break. Giggling throughout the lesson they were asked by the teacher to stay behind. Smelling the alcohol on their breath they had been frogmarched up to the headmistress's study. While they were waiting outside, Andrea had taught Tina the technique.

It worked! Inside the study both girls were offered the choice of expulsion or a caning – twelve strokes on the bare. Andrea had been caned once before but Tina, up to this point, had been a model pupil. They both opted for the caning and were ordered to bare buttocks and bend over the head teacher's desk. The headmistress rolled up the sleeve of her jumper on the arm that held the cane and started delivery of the strokes. She caned Andrea first, twelve strokes that brought little response from the girl other than a few loud gasps and tears that trickled silently down the girl's cheeks.

"Stand up!" The headmistress spoke sternly. "Now, Tina, Andrea is a model student so far as receiving her punishment is concerned. She takes her punishment like a real woman, crying because of the pain, but not bawling and shouting like a baby. Now, are you a baby or are you a young woman?"

"A young woman Miss," Tina replied, though she felt more like a baby at that precise moment. She was bent over the head teacher's desk, her skirt pinned up and her knickers around her middle leg. As Andrea had told her, she clenched her fists and focused on the pain in the palm of her hands.

The twelve strokes were delivered, bringing tears to Tina's face but she never cried out loud once. At the end of her caning, Tina's backside bore twelve red welt marks, no less fiery than Andrea's own sore arse.

"Stand up!" The headmistress had finished. "Now, most of you young women scream when I cane you, but not you too. If you misbehave again, as obviously the punishment I can deliver you with in the law is not having much effect, you will simply be expelled. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Miss," both Tina and Andrea replied as they replaced their knickers and lowered their skirts.

"In that case, get out of my office and do not come back here under similar circumstances."

The girls left, tears still in their eyes, rubbing their flaming, painful buttocks with their hands as they went. Their headmistress never knew the real effect her caning had on the two young women but it was far more effective than she could have expected.

The cane was raised again as the guard started delivering the second dozen strokes of the punishment. Tina's arse was red now and covered in puffy, purple welt marks. Still she clenched her fists and gasped at each stroke of the cane. Six more were delivered in quick succession as she lay bent over the horse. Then another six strokes crashed into her tortured flesh in a slower rhythm. The heat and the pain was intensifying and Tina was struggling to keep her mind focused on the relatively minor pain in her hands.

The twenty fifth stroke finally broke through her resolve.

"Arrrgggg!" She grunted as the stroke cut across half a dozen previous strokes, turning the puffy, already tortured stripe marks into even more angry mounds of fiery flesh. Tina fought to recover her composure and knew she had to focus away from her fiery backside. She clenched her fists even more tightly, feeling her nails biting into the palms of her hands a moment before stroke number twenty six connected with her buttocks. This time she remained focused and even though a faint trickle of blood appeared where the cane broke the skin on a couple of the existing welt marks, Tina made no sound other than the gasp as she exhaled rapidly. She was still gulping in air when the next stroke landed.

The guard was evidently frustrated that the young woman wasn't writhing about on the horse in agony, screaming constantly as stroke after stroke blasted her buttocks.

It was six more strokes before Tina cried out again. The thirty third stroke finally cracked the woman and she screeched loudly as the pain shot through her body.

"Yeeaaaarrggghhhh!" She cried out with such force that everyone in the room jumped up from their seats with surprise. Even Rosy and Karen looked round to see

what was happening but they had turned back long before anyone else in the room was composed enough to spot them.

The guard smirked with his success and delivered the final three strokes across Tina's dark-purple buttocks, flesh that was now streaked with her oozing blood from a dozen or more wound sites.

Finally the caning was over but for Tina the punishment had only just begun.

"When a woman is punished in this camp it is not only her arse that is punished. We ensure that the woman never wants to be punished again. Take her to the bars."

The guard was untying Tina as Al'almira spoke.

"You're going to regret this," the guard said, smirking.

He helped Tina straighten up and then he propelled her in the direction of the bars that lined one of the long walls. Pushing her back against the bars, Tina screeched as her buttocks were compressed.

"You'll be doing a lot of that in a minute," the guard smirked.

He stretched Tina's left arm out until it was horizontal with her shoulder and then strapped the wrist and mid arm to the nearest bar. Then he did the same with her right arm. Next he lashed a length of rope around her stomach and secured both ends to the bar that extended either side of her body. Tina was now secured in place but with her legs free. The guard wheeled the trolley into place and opened the top. It was a bit like the kind of trolley nurses wheel around hospital wards. The guard selected a long needle in a sterile pack. Instead of placing it in a syringe though, he popped the end off the needle's packaging and walked over to Tina.

He used his left thumb and forefinger to pull on Tina's left nipple, pulling it away from her breast tissue. Then he placed the tip of the needle against the base of the nipple and with a quick push of the hand he pushed the needle right through the base of the nipple until it stuck out the other side.

Tina shrieked with the pain of the piercing but was unable to move much with her arms and abdomen secured to the wall bars.

The guard remained silent as he took three paces back to the trolley and picked up a second needle. This needle he inserted behind the nipple of Tina's right breast, making her scream out loud again.

Once the needles were in place, the guard trailed thin wires from the trolley and secured the ends of the wires to the needles. He spoke nothing as he worked, paying attention to the small crocodile clips on the ends of the wires, making sure they made good contact with the needles.

Karen started to look along the wall she was facing, in the direction of Tina. Her expression turned to horror when she saw the wires attached to Tina's nipples.

"Bring the other women out here so they can see what is happening. It may make them think twice before misbehaving." Al'almira was watching the guard's actions closely. He had witnessed many such sessions and they always thrilled him when the victim responded involuntarily to what was happening.

The guard finished checking the attachments and went and dragged Karen and Rosy into the centre of the floor. There he made them sit down while he returned to

his work. Next he retrieved a hollow tube from the trolley. The tube was about an inch in diameter and had two metal strips that went up the length of the tube. The guard took the tube and bent down between Tina's legs.

"Open your legs, bitch," he muttered. As soon as her legs were open, Tina felt his fingers on her labia, parting them so he could insert the tube right up into her vagina. The tube was fully inserted so that only the two wires protruding from the metal contacts were visible.

"And now, we attach the butterfly which will keep the electrodes in place." The guard spoke slowly and deliberately as he prepared Tina. The butterfly was a strange affair. It looked like a pad with a fixing harness. When fitted in place, the straps held the pad firmly against Tina's vulva, a small protrusion from the pad nestling into the area of her sex that formed the clitoris and its hood. The guard pulled the straps tight so that the pad would not move.

Next he attached more wires from the trolley to the wires dangling from the electrode that was inserted in Tina's cunt. When he was finished, the guard picked up the control device attached to the butterfly, turned it on and then set the device to mid strength. The tiny vibrators in the device kicked into action, sending their rapid pulses of arousal deep into Tina's vulva and clitoris.

After just a few seconds, Tina started to moan. She had not expected her punishment to contain arousal and the relief instantly made her relax enough so the arousal within her could build.

She felt the vibrations as they tickled and teased her clitoris, making the bud swell and come from behind its protective hood. The feelings were so good that Tina wanted to be able to reach down and pull the pad deep into her body. The tingling sensations continued as the guard increased the power on the device, making Tina moan even more loudly as she rapidly approached orgasm.

The guard allowed her the first orgasm, Tina gasping loudly as the waves of pleasure coursed through her body and then he turned on the electrodes.

"Arrggghhh!" Tina groaned as the current flashed through her breasts and deep inside her vulva, immediately taking the pleasure of the orgasm away from her.

"That will probably be sufficient," Al'almira spoke up. You will be left in this device for an hour. The device between your legs will force your body to respond and become aroused. When you do so, the sensors on the tube in your cunt will detect your arousal and they will trigger the electric shocks in your cunt and your breasts that will deprive you of orgasm. As the hour progresses you will long more and more for the orgasms to come, but you will be denied the pleasures. Only at the end will we let you find release. Guard, give her the drug."

The guard was already holding a syringe of liquid in his hand and now he pricked Tina's arm and injected the fluid into a vein.

"We have just given you a hormone that will increase your libido, ensuring you do not lose interest. The guard will remain here while your friends are taken elsewhere. They will return in one hour to witness the end of your punishment. Gentlemen, please take your women for the rest of their session with you. Achmed, please come with me and I will explain what will happen for you."

Achmed was the fifth soldier who, up to this point, had taken no part in the proceedings. Al'almira led Achmed out of the hut while Karen and Rosy were escorted by two soldiers each to the rooms where they would find out the fates that awaited them that evening.

As they left the hut, Tina cried out again as another jolt of electricity denied her the orgasmic pleasure that her cunt was demanding, courtesy of the attentions of the butterfly.

CHAPTER 5

Karen was taken out of the hut by Ramik and Almaan. She didn't know it, but these guys were regular visitors to Camp Al'almira. They paid their host well for the services he provided and at the same time they offered him protection. They knew the main house well and had already decided what they were going to do with the woman they were frogmarching across the quadrangle.

"Do you know what that post is for?" Karen asked and immediately wished she hadn't.

"I think Al'almira ties up the women there that don't satisfy the customers and then beats them. Then he leaves them there as a warning to others." Ramik spoke good English and sounded well-educated.

"Where are we going?" Karen asked

"We call it the ops room. It has everything we need to make you comply with our wishes – and you can be sure we have some pretty good ways of making sure you do comply."

"I guessed you might," Karen said as she was pushed forward towards the house.

"Down the stairs," Ramik said once they were in the hallway. Down the stairs were two rooms. They passed the first one, which looked like some kind of gymnasium. The second room was more like a small operating theatre. In the centre of the room was a narrow, black-leather upholstered table, true operating table style. Around the room were various cupboards and draws.

"It looks like an operating room. I thought you meant operations room."

"What's the difference. Now, you go and lie on the table while we get ready."

Karen knew the conversation was over. She went and sat on the table and then swung her legs round and lay down. It was not uncomfortable, though her buttocks were still searing hot from the caning. At one end of the table was a small pad, like a little cushion and Karen used this as a head rest.

"Ah, you are comfortable." Ramik returned from the little side room, naked now, except for a pair of boxer shorts. Behind him, Almaan followed suit. Under the table, and unknown to Karen, were various devices that could be used for leg and arm restraints. The men took up position one on either side of the table and pulled out rests on either side at the height of Karen's shoulders. The rests were about half the length of Karen's arms and in a moment she felt the straps being tied tightly around her upper arm muscle as they were strapped tightly to the rests.

With her arms secured, Ramik walked behind the table and pulled the headrest away from the table, leaving Karen's head to fall backwards until it rested on a pad behind the rest, leaving her head tilted backwards and her neck at an angle so a man could insert his cock fully into her mouth and down her throat. While Ramik removed the head rest, Almaan went to work at the leg end. Removing the stirrup supports from under the table, he inserted them in the tubes provided and then

made Karen put one foot in each stirrup. This lifted her legs into the air, opening them wide in the classic position for having an internal examination.

With her legs in position, Almaan clicked open two catches on the sides of the couch and the back half of the couch came completely away, leaving Karen with the base of her back on the couch, but her lower body with no support.

“Which end do you want first?” Ramik asked his colleague in Arabic, so Karen could not understand what was going on.

“Might as well start where we are,” Almaan replied, again in Arabic.

“We have one hour with you,” Ramik addressed the woman. “In that time you will satisfy our needs and do whatever we tell you or you will end up like your friend, or worse.”

“Uh-huh,” Karen replied, convinced that argument would be wasted and even dangerous to her continued well-being.

“You are in a position where it is possible for us to take you in any way we want. You will now take my cock into your mouth and make me come. My friend will take you below.”

“Uh-huh,” Karen responded. She sensed the Arab’s cock just a few inches from her face and opened her mouth. God he was big! She took him in and felt his cock touch the back of her mouth. It nearly made her gag but he shifted position until he was able to slide his meat all the way down her throat. She could feel him deep inside her and he was so large that it made breathing very difficult.

As she struggled to breathe, he partially removed his phallus and listened as Karen gulped in the fresh air. When she’d taken a big breath he pushed his cock back down her throat and set up a rhythmical action pumping his manhood in and out of her mouth with a slow, steady rhythm that made it possible for Karen to breathe in between strokes.

Suddenly, mid-breath, she felt Almaan between her stretched open legs. His hand parted her labia a moment before she felt the heat of his thick, dark cock pushing against the very portals of her sex. The thought of being fucked by two men at once had always appealed enormously to Karen, though she had never expected it to happen in such circumstances or surroundings. But it was happening and the effect was one of immediate arousal. Her cunt was already lubricated by the time Almaan pressed his manhood into her and he slid in easily. Being humped by two men at opposite ends of her body took Karen a few moments to get used to until she had worked out the motions going on at each end. Then she relaxed, focused her attention on breathing as the cock in her mouth moved in and out. Eventually, after thirty or so strokes, Karen started sucking on what was in her mouth. As he partially withdrew, Karen wrapped her tongue around the head of his meat and licked it wickedly. It stopped him in his tracks, the extra sensation of her tongue on the back of his knob-head more than he could take in his worked-up frame of mind.

Karen felt the tell-tale twitch of his cock a moment before he exploded in her mouth. After the initial spurt, where the hot, salty semen shot into the back of her throat, Ramik withdrew so the white liquid splashed onto Karen’s face. The Arab was a heavy hitter in the spunk department and by the time his spurts had dwindled

into a dribble from the end of his cock, Karen's face was splattered all over with his come. Ramik stood back and watched his colleague who was still pounding Karen's cunt with his massive cock.

Thrusting deep into her body, Karen could feel the full length and girth of the monster within her as it rubbed against the well-lubricated walls of her vagina. With the culmination of Ramik, Karen relaxed more and began to fully enjoy the stiff Arab dick inside her. Her body began to respond to the steady, strong rhythm of the fucking she was being given and it was not long before her own climaxes started. The first sent a pleasure wave through her body, like a ripple on the top of a clear pond. It flowed through her causing her great pleasure though it was not conceived of the kind of force that makes a woman groan and moan out loud.

The steady pounding sensations in her vulva made Karen respond again and this time the sensations of arousal were more intense. As she lay on her back, Karen marvelled at the staying power of the young, black Arab between her legs. Her orgasm was more intense the second time around and Karen felt the lubrication in her cunt increase as she climaxed. This was something she had only experienced once before and she knew that if the Arab continued to stimulate her she would soon reach the state of arousal where multiple, almost continual orgasm would take place, something which would result in Karen ejaculating. Her body was already tensing as the next wave of orgasmic energy pulsed through her body, more intense than the last, building, building to a new crescendo that made Karen groan and moan as the contractions in her abdomen intensified with her pleasure. As the Arab cock inside continued its unbroken rhythm, Karen screamed her pleasure as the intensity of the climax erupted throughout her body.

Suddenly the floor was wet, the produce of Karen's ejaculation dribbling out from her well-stuffed vulva, dripping onto the floor beneath her buttocks. The liquid continued to drip for some time, as the Arab's cock formed a very effective plug, the liquid only seeping out when he was partially withdrawn from the woman's cunt.

The pounding in her vulva continued, though now she had ejaculated, Karen wanted to relax and even sleep, but the Arabs had other ideas.

"Release her, she can lay on the floor on top of your cock so you can feel the wetness of her sex," Almaan spoke as he continued to pound his sex meat into the woman. "Then I will fuck her up her arse."

Karen was untied and Ramik lay on the floor. Next Karen was ordered to mount the Arab. His cock was already stiff again and though Karen had already gone about as far as she could go with her own arousal, she knew she had to obey these two, powerful Arab soldiers. She sat on top of Ramik and guided his cock meat into her pussy. She was still wet and he slid in without too much difficulty.

Then she felt Almaan standing behind her. Forcing her to bend forward so she was lying on top of Ramik, Karen felt the clammy hands on her still-sore buttocks. A moment later, Almaan was in position, his cock head pushing against the outer portals of the woman's anus. She knew she had to relax and she did so, allowing his

penis to gain entry. Even with her relaxation, the fit was tight and her anus ripped slightly.

The sensation of having two large Arab cocks inside her, rubbing each other through the thin wall of inner tissue that separates the rectum from the vulva made Karen instantly highly aroused. Her body started to move in rhythm to the strong pounding being taken up her arse. Whilst Ramik was content to lie on the floor and go with the flow, Almaan needed release. He was panting and grunting with the effort imparted by each stroke. He could feel Ramik's cock in her vulva and it excited him. Karen was panting also as she approached another climax of her own. Suddenly Almaan reached the point of no return. His cock twitched violently as he reached the start of his orgasm and then he pumped his hot, white Arab seed deep into the woman's rectum. He held his cock fully inserted in her backside until the pulses of his climax had subsided. Only then did he withdraw and retire to the little side room.

When Almaan returned, Karen was propped up and bent over the little operating table while Ramik was taking her up her well-lubricated arse hole. Evidently he was nearing his second orgasm of the night, for his groans and grunts were getting louder with each thrust.

Karen was panting too, from the exhaustion of the effort she had put into the session and also from the building powers within her that were driving her body towards her second ejaculation of the evening. With Ramik thrusting his thick, black cock up her arse, Karen reached between her legs and began to strum her clitoris with a finger, desperately now seeking the release she had been building towards.

Almaan watched amused as the couple reached their culminations. Karen arrived first, a small, but definite, gush of clear liquid emanating from her vulva as the ejaculation erupted from within her. The volume of liquid may have been smaller than the first ejaculation but the intense feelings of pleasure and fulfilment were just as satisfying for her.

Ramik, feeling the contractions going on in Karen's body and knowing she was masturbating while he arse-fucked her, took just a few seconds to reach his own second climax of the evening. With his cock buried deep in her bottom, stretching her sphincter muscle to the limits of its tolerance, Ramik pumped his seed into the woman. When he had finished, he withdrew.

Karen slumped to the floor, exhausted.

"Did we say you could rest?" Almaan was beside her, hauling her back onto her feet.

"But I am exhausted and you have surely both finished with me." Karen's voice was tired and pleading.

"For sure we have given you what we have to offer, but we are fascinated with white women and we intend to see if you have the same endurance as our own women. You are now going to experience a little Arab therapy that will make your previous orgasms feel like mere ripples in your body. Get back up on the couch."

“Oh, God,” Karen moaned softly but struggled to her feet and lay back on top of the couch. Once again her legs were propped up in the stirrups, secured so her legs were wide open, her labia exposed. This time, with the headrest back in position, Karen’s arms were taken above her head and then pulled back down behind her head, where they were secured so she could not protect any part of her body.

“Ah, now we have here a little device for opening up your vulva so we can see what is inside.”

Karen felt the cold metal of the speculum as it was inserted between her labia. Then the device was opened, offering her examiners a clear view of the insides of her vagina.

“Ah, you have a swollen pad of sensitive tissue in here. It must still be swollen from your ejaculation.” Ramik’s voice sounded from between her legs. “Now, you will feel a little prick.”

“Arggghh!” Karen cried out. The pain was not intense but the sensation of having her swollen and very sensitive G-Spot attached to the tiny crocodile clip was not pleasant.

“This is a bit like what is happening to your friend in the hut, but a little more sophisticated and intensely more pleasurable.” Ramik was still speaking softly as he attached a second clip to the bud of Karen’s clitoris. Again the clip held her moist flesh firmly and Karen moaned more from the surprise than the pain.

“Now we Arabs use a certain cream that stimulates the sex of a woman. It may feel as if it is burning to begin with, but it will not harm you. In a minute you will find the sensation intensely pleasurable.”

Karen felt the speculum being withdrawn and then the hand of the Arab on her pubis as he rested it there while he parted her labia with two fingers and smeared some cold cream all over her sex. As he had said, after a few seconds the coldness had vanished and Karen could feel a tingling, burning sensation all across her crotch. Some of the cream had been rubbed inside the labia and now it added greater sensations of tingling to that area of her body.

“Ahhhhh!” Karen moaned as the sensations grew. Far from painful, the sensation was intensely arousing, so much so that within a minute of the cream being applied Karen could scarcely believe it, but her body was shaping up for another orgasm.

Ramik and Almaan watched as she reached her climax and her abdomen twitched as her stomach muscles contracted at the moment of the peal.

“She is good, this one,” said Almaan.

“She is – we might have found a white woman who can compete with ours.”

Karen was already responding again to the burning sensation in her crotch.

“Shall we see how good she is?” Almaan smiled his wicked Arab smile.

“We will.” Ramik had taken the two wires protruding from the clips he’d attached to Karen’s G-Spot and clitoris and had connected them to a small, rectangular box. On the box was a switch and a dial. Ramik flicked the switch and a small electric current flowed through the electrodes making Karen’s very sensitive

sex respond to the new sensation. In a trice she was groaning and moaning as another orgasmic wave flowed through her exhausted body. With the tiredness came the breaking of any resolve she may have had to fight what was happening to her. With the tiredness came relaxation in between the peaks of the enforced arousal, and this made the peaks appear even more intense.

Though Karen could easily have fallen into a sexually-sated satisfying sleep, the electrodes and the cream forced her body towards yet another orgasm. This time, as she moaned, Ramik turned up the current slightly, intensifying the sensations within her body.

Once again Karen groaned loudly as her body reached a climax, and once again a trickle of clear liquid seeped out of her swollen, sensitive cunt.

“See the woman ejaculates with her intense pleasure. We must tell Al’almira about her for he will find many a client for her to serve in the months ahead.” Ramik, was evidently pleased with the way Karen was responding to the current and the cream. He waited until Karen had reached yet another orgasm, though one that was less intense than her previous ones, decided she had performed enough and switched off the current. A minute later, the tiny electrodes had been removed.

“We have finished with you.” Ramik said as the two Arabs regained their attire. You will be taken back to the hut by a guard in a few minutes to see how your friend is getting on. “You have the makings of a good servant, and I will tell his Excellence so. Indeed, when I come back in a few weeks I will specifically ask for your services.”

Karen was untied but too exhausted to move so she lay there as the two Arabs left the room. They had been there for nearly an hour, an hour which had made the woman completely shattered from her experiences. She lay there and waited for the guard to come and order her back to the hut where poor Tina was suffering something far worse than she, Karen, had just been through.

CHAPTER 6

Just after Karen had left the hut with Ramik and Almaan, Rosy was escorted out onto the compound by Khalim and Rasthan. They followed Karen to the house but instead of going downstairs, Rosy was led up the staircase to a large room at the back of the house.

The room had a large king-sized bed in the middle of it, a few cupboards and a dresser. Off the room was an en-suite shower room.

“You, white bitch, lie on the bed, on your knees with your pretty, white arse in the air.” Rasthan pushed Rosy towards the bed and began to strip off. Rosy knew better than to argue. These were two, highly-trained soldiers and she was a mere young woman who’d already had her arse tanned merely as a warning. So she got up onto the bed and knelt as instructed.

“See, her pink arse is all puffy from the cane. No doubt it has cooled down a little, so we will warm it up for you again. My belt will do.” Rasthan had taken his trouser belt out and folded it in half to form a double thickness of leather. Rosy breathed quickly when she felt the leather strap caressing her exposed buttock flesh.

A moment later the belt was flicked backwards and then crashed onto her buttocks with a resounding thwack. Rosy leaped forward and buried her face in a pillow as the pain coursed through her body.

“Kneel, bitch, we did not say you could lie down.”

Slowly Rosy got back into the kneeling position, quietly sobbing and with tears streaming down her cheeks.

Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!

Rasthan delivered four strokes of the belt in quick succession, each one sending a fresh stinging, burning, wave of pain through Rosy’s body.

“Yeeaaaaarrrrggggghhhh!” Rosy cried out each time the leather straps cracked against her swollen, puffy, welt-marked buttocks.

Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!

The belt continued to sting her arse as Rasthan whipped it across her body. Each time Rosy screamed with the pain, begging the man to stop, promising to do whatever he wanted, only to please stop, because the pain was too great. Finally, after over twenty stripes with the belt, Rasthan stopped.

As he walked away from the scene, Khalim, who had now stripped naked, climbed on the bed behind the hapless woman.

“Open your legs, bitch,” he commanded her.

Slowly, painfully slowly, Rosy complied, shuffling her legs apart, sobbing loudly as the pain in her arse intensified with every movement.

“Ah, she is tight down here, just like you said earlier.” Khalim was already pushing his knob-head against Rosy’s sphincter muscle. She was sobbing loudly and had not relaxed at all so her sphincter muscle remained tightly closed, repelling all would-be invaders. It was a mistake, for the Arab was determined to gain entry so he grabbed her by the hips with both hands, lined the tip of his cock up with the

centre of the unremitting muscle and pushed hard. With a single stroke his cock ripped open the taut muscle as it plunged deep into Rosy's backside.

"Arrrrggghhhh!" She cried out as he forced himself into her and then, with her body so rudely violated, the muscle relaxed, preventing further damage from tearing. Khalim's cock was long but not overly thick. He plunged the full eleven inches deep into Rosy's arse and then began the rhythmical stroking action he wanted, all the time holding the woman by her hips so she could not escape or move much from the position he held her in.

Then a strange thing happened to Rosy. His cock felt warm and filling and though her buttocks ached each time he thrust into her, the feelings brought back the memories of her first anal encounter. It had been when she was just eighteen. School was out for the summer and she'd gone to stay on her Uncle's farm with the intention of helping round the place.

The farm was a dairy farm and her Uncle had a large herd of cattle. He also had a number of fields and a big barn where he stored the winter feed. Some he had to buy in, but the fields yielded much of the hay and straw he would need. When she had arrived, the first crop of hay had been gathered, rolled and brought to the barn, so the barn was about half full, piled high at the back but with plenty of room at the front. Rosy was an attractive young woman and dressed in tight fitting jeans and short-sleeved blouse she immediately caught the eye of Joss, one of the farm labourers.

Joss was a tall lad, just turned twenty one. He was powerfully built, with strong arms and a six pack for an abdomen. One afternoon Rosy was walking past the barn when Joss came out. She swooned when she saw him for the first time but the couple got talking. As they talked about themselves, Rosy started to get that funny feeling deep inside her, the kind of feeling that made her hot for Joss.

The burning sensation continued for a few more days until, one hot day, Rosy walked into the hay barn to find Joss taking a five minute break, lying back on a big bale of hay, drinking from a can of lager.

"You want a can?" He asked her quite simply. Rosy was hot from her work and thirsty too.

"Yeah." She took the can that was offered her and plonked herself down next to Joss. She knew he wouldn't make the first move, so she did. Within two minutes they were ripping each other's clothes off. Rosy felt safe in the knowledge her Uncle had gone into town and would be gone for hours, so she was alone with this hulk of a man. They kissed and cuddled and after a few minutes Joss whispered in her ear. Rosy nodded as she nuzzled into him. Then she lay back and allowed Joss to take her. There was no long, lingering foreplay. Rosy was hot, wet and ready for him and she needed him – NOW!

"Go on Joss, take me, take me. Oh yeeessssss!" She moaned as the nine inches of cock slowly slid into her hungry pussy. His cock was rigid, like a pole, and

he slid into her easily. He was not her first – that had happened some years before when it was all highly illegal and both she and the boy involved had essentially done it for a lark. Now though, Rosy knew what she wanted. She stretched out on the hay and allowed the strong man on top of her, to plough her trough. He thrust into her with a strong, rhythmical motion. Never too hurried, never forceful, and all the time as he panted and grunted his way to orgasm, he kept making sure Rosy was all right and comfortable.

It didn't take Rosy long to climax. She arched her back as she came, clawing at the hay beneath her, begging the man to fuck her, fuck her, fuck her.

He did, stroke after stroke he maintained the rhythm as she climaxed and then relaxed. Once she was relaxed he increased the speed of his rhythm and in a minute he withdrew, only to let his semen splash onto the hay between her legs. Rosy looked up, somewhat disappointed.

"It would have been unfair to have finished inside you – we took no precautions and the last thing I want to do is face the wrath of your uncle in a few months time." Joss was right in one respect and Rosy knew it, but she still felt cheated.

"Next time – I want it all," she whispered as they lay naked together on the hay.

The next time happened exactly one week later. She'd spent the week getting all hot and flustered over her desires for Joss. They'd both been busy on the farm and had managed to talk every day, but it was not for a whole week before the opportunity arose for 'the next time'.

The scene was once again the hay barn. This day, though, it was pouring with rain. Once again her uncle had gone into town – Rosy was to discover this was his day when he was always away from the farm. Rosy and Joss had been out in the rain and were soaked to the skin.

"Better get out of those clothes before you catch your death," Joss laughed as he playfully patted Rosy's arse. He was evidently worked up for it took him some time to manoeuvre his pants over his erection. Rosy, in the meantime had stripped naked and was lying on the bale of hay. It was soft and warm and in a strange way, comforting. Joss came and lay beside her and they kissed and cuddled.

Rosy's hand reached down and grabbed his cock.

"All the way," she whispered. "I want to feel your cock inside me when you come." She kissed him again and opened her legs. Joss took the hint and in a moment his fingers had sought out and found the bud of her clitoris. He stroked her gently and then inserted a finger tenderly into her vagina. He stroked her inner walls, marvelling that the young woman was so horny and at how quickly she became wet for him. His finger found the soft pad of tissue that was Rosy's G-Spot and he stroked it until she climaxed for him. When she had climaxed twice, Joss whispered to her.

"Roll over."

"What?"

"Just do it. I won't hurt you."

Rosy was unsure but did as Joss asked her.

“Now, just try and relax. This may hurt a little bit, but it will be all right if you relax. Just tell me if you can’t take it any more.”

“Okay,” Rosy felt less sure than ever but Joss was already on top of her. She felt him part her buttocks a moment before she felt the heat from the tip of his cock against her anus.

“I’ve not done it like this before.”

“You’ll like it in a minute. Okay, here we go, just try to relax.”

Rosy relaxed as best she could and suddenly she felt his cock slide into her anus. It wasn’t painful really, she was telling herself, a little uncomfortable and God – did he feel big down there. Once he had inserted his manhood fully into her anus, Joss made sure Rosy was okay with it. Rosy was panting and acknowledged everything was fine so Joss started the rhythmical stroking action of his cock in and out of her arse.

The sensations in her bottom were new to Rosy, but nonetheless exciting. As Joss pounded her arse with his cock, Rosy reached under the hay and touched the pleasure button that was her clitoris. She rubbed it until she came again and again, all the time marvelling at Joss’s staying power. Finally, just as she peaked for the fourth time, Joss grabbed her by the hips and pulled her back onto his manhood. Then Rosy felt his cock twitch within her as Joss pumped the sticky white liquid deep into her body.

His ejaculation over, Joss withdrew carefully and lay on the hay beside Rosy.

“Did you enjoy that?” He asked after a minute.

“Yes, there were some weird sensations, and it’s not something I’ve done before, but it was okay for me, though I’d prefer you to finish up my pussy next time.”

“You’re assuming there will be a next time.” Joss laughed.

“There will. There’s always next week.”

“There’s always now,” he responded and rolled on top of Rosy. She was surprised to find his cock rigid after his climax. She’d assumed, wrongly, that after his orgasm Joss would have nothing left to offer her, but offer he did and for the next half hour she reached climax after climax while his hot, sex meat ploughed in and out of her love tunnel. Finally, covered in sweat so he looked like he’d just come in from the rain, Joss reached his second orgasm. He shuddered and groaned as he deposited his seed deep inside the young Rosy.

Rosy returned from her reverie to find the Arab, Khalim, was still plunging his cock in and out of her arse. He was panting loudly now with his exertions and Rosy guessed he would not last much longer.

“Come on, I’ll help you,” she smiled to herself. Reaching down between her legs she grabbed hold of the Arab’s bollocks and gently tickled them with her fingers.

“What are you doing?” He demanded, though he was too far gone to stop the rhythmical stroking action.

“Helping you. Is it good?”

“Yes. Arggghhh, I’m coming.” The Arab broke off the conversation as his cock twitched violently in Rosy’s arse. True to his word, he came, spurting his hot seed deep into her rectum. When the spurts dwindled to a dribble, Khalim withdrew his penis from her arse. Still gasping he plopped off the bed and went to sit in one of the comfy chairs. No sooner was he off the bed than Rasthan jumped onto it.

“Turn over, bitch, and lie on your back.”

Rosy did so and noticed the smaller flogger he held in one hand.

“First, I am going to soften up your pussy and then I am going to fuck you.” With that he played the flogger across the top OF Rosy’s naked pubis, allowing the fine leather strands of the free end to trail down over her cunt.

“Yeeooww!” Rosy screamed as the thin leather strands flicked mercilessly into her labia, cutting into her flesh as they did so.

Rasthan flick-whipped her pussy a dozen times with the little flogger, making Rosy’s labia sore and swollen. Two of the strokes parted the lips of her labia and cut into the tender, pink flesh beneath. These strokes brought specially loud cries from the woman. Lying on her back with him sat between her legs, there was nothing Rosy could do to close her legs and protect her sex and she knew that it would be folly to put a hand down there. So she lay back, screamed when the tails of the flogger bit into her very sensitive crotch and wished she was anywhere other than on this bed with the present Arab company. Actually, Rosy wished she had never even contemplated visiting the country with her two friends, but it was too late now.

Rasthan had put the flogger down now and positioned himself so his manhood could enter the freshly tanned vulva. Rosy was sobbing softly, longing for the softness of the hay barn, when she felt the heat of the rampant Arab soldier as he crudely thrust his cock into her vulva. There was no preparation or gentleness about his approach – he was taking her whether or not she was willing.

The Arab began the rhythmical thrusting that excited him. With each inward thrust, the coarse hairs at the base of his manhood ground painfully into Rosy’s naked pubis, inflaming the flesh that had been tortured by the flogger.

Rosy started to moan and groan, not from any pleasure but because she hoped the sounds would be a turn on for the Arab and get him to ejaculate more quickly. Rosy’s tactics clearly worked, for Rasthan had been inside her for less than a minute when she felt him tense, his cock twitch and then twitch again as he reached his climax. His withdrawal was as sudden as his entry. He was not a man to linger once he had done what he set out to achieve. His ejaculation over, he quickly climbed off the bed.

By now, Khalim had recovered from his exertions and his cock was once again semi-rigid from watching the antics of his comrade. The two men whispered in their native Arab dialect for a few moments, clearly deciding what they were going to do next. One of them looked at his watch and they realised there was still time before the hour was up.

“Come into the shower room,” said Khalim, offering a hand to Rosy to help her off the bed. She duly followed him and found the small room off the bedroom contained a larger than average shower cubicle. “You will wash our cocks nice and clean under the shower and then you will give both of us experience of your oral dexterity.”

Rosy groaned inwardly but was grateful she had the chance to wash the dank Arab appendages before she had to taste them. With due care she set the shower running and adjusted the temperature. Khalim stood in the middle of the shower tray and waited while Rosy took down the shower head and played the water over his rapidly stiffen penis. She picked up the bar of soap when his cock was semi-erect and soaking wet and carefully she rubbed him all over with soap, making sure she squeezed his balls as she included them in her attentions. She missed nothing, making sure every inch of his cock was clean.

“Now do Rasthan while I watch. Afterwards we will show you what you are to do.” Khalim stood back and Rasthan took his place so that Rosy could administer the same attentions on his flaccid member. As she soaped him and squeezed his testicles, so his cock stiffened, partly through her delicate attentions and partly with the expectation of what was to follow.

“Excellent,” said Khalim once the last vestiges of soap had been washed away. “Now, what we are going to do, is fill your arse with the hose off the shower and turn it on to a slow jet of water. You will suck me off first and then Rasthan. Only when we have both finished in your mouth will we take the hose out. If you fail to take us and swallow our fluids we will tell Al’almira you have failed us and that will earn you a special whipping.”

Khalim stood forward, and while Rasthan forced Rosy into a crouching position, he unscrewed the shower head and forced the end of the hose into Rosy’s arse. He fed over a foot of the tube into her arse and then turned the water on to a medium speed. Rosy felt the water rush into her bowels and then start dribbling back out into the tray. Still crouching, she took Khalim’s cock and placed the tip of it in her mouth where she started to lick the sensitive end with her tongue. Then she took a couple of inches of his shaft deep in her mouth and sucked hard on his manhood. She continued this ministrations for about five minutes.

All the time the warm water was splashing up into her rectum and dribbling back into the tray and Rosy was fighting the desire to go to the toilet. The water was warm and becoming uncomfortable but she stuck to her task of giving Khalim the blow job he demanded. Finally she felt him twitch as he groaned above her. His cock jerked in her mouth a moment before she tasted the salty fluid as it dribbled into her mouth. Remembering what he had said, Rosy managed to swallow it, grateful that the volume was not so great because of his earlier previous orgasm. She carefully licked and sucked his dick until she was sure he had finished ejaculating and then, very slowly, she let him withdraw.

As he withdrew, Rosy looked up at him with a look on her face that begged to be released from the water welling up inside her, but to no avail. Rasthan replaced Khalim and she began the task all over again. Her arse and rectum were sore now

from the continual jet of water deep inside her. Yet, as she sucked on Rasthan's cock, it became strangely erotic and arousing for her. At least, Rosy thought as tickled the back of Rasthan's cock with her tongue, it would make her clean and wash away what had been deposited there earlier.

By the time Rasthan reached his climax a few minutes later, Rosy was on fire. Her clitoris was swollen with excitement and she had reached two mini-climaxes of her own.

Rasthan jerked his semen into her mouth as Rosy fought to swallow it all without dribbling any out between her lips. Rasthan's cock did much more than twitch and Rosy found it hard to keep him between her lips until his orgasm had subsided, but somehow she managed.

"See, Rasthan, you have aroused the bitch. She is gasping and panting from her own excitement. Shall we give her an Arab-style orgasm?"

"Have we got time?"

"Oh yes – it will only take a minute. Lie on the floor bitch – we are going to make you come like you have never come before."

Khalim was pulling the hose out of Rosy's bottom and now, as she lay on the floor of the shower, he played the warm water over her clitoris. This added to Rosy's excitement and then suddenly she was being stretched. Khalim had reached forward and inserted not one or two fingers, but his whole hand into her vagina. The effect on Rosy was instantaneous. Feeling stretched like this was something she had never experienced before and it made her climax immediately. Indeed, as the Arab's fingers tickled the inside walls of her vulva, the sensations were like a small electric current.

"See how the white bitch enjoys it. Perhaps she will not be so happy in the morning. You will be sore after this, but enjoy it now." Khalim spoke softly as he twisted his arm so his fingers could scratch against Rosy's G-Spot.

As soon as he touched her on that soft pad of tissue, Rosy exploded. The pad went all spongy and with a great gush of relief, Rosy exploded in her own ejaculation. She felt the pressure inside her build up as she climaxed, for his hand had completely blocked her vulva and the liquid could not flow out of her. She came again and again as he continued to rub her G-Spot with two fingers while all the time her vulva was stretched to its limits.

Rosy was crying now, from the pleasures of the experience, the release, the pain in her buttocks and the soreness of her pussy where it had been flogged. She continued to cry long after her climax, long after Khalim had removed his hand from her cunt, long after the Arabs had recovered their attire and left the room.

Rosy was still lying in the shower cubicle, her bottom sitting in her own ejaculate, when the guard came to take her back to the hut. Rosy was still sobbing with the mixture of ultimate pleasure and pain as the guard propelled her naked body down the stairs, out onto the quadrangle and then into the hut where Tina had spent the last hour. Rosy didn't care at that moment what the future held, she had gone past that point.

As the door to the hut opened, Rosy was brought immediately back to reality. The feelings of pleasure disappeared in a moment and a look of horror formed on her face – it was the same look of horror that had crossed Karen’s face a couple of minutes earlier.

CHAPTER 7

While Karen and Rosy had been attending to the needs and desires of the Arab guests, Tina had been left strapped to the wall bars, with the electrodes on her nipples and up her vulva while the butterfly continued to strum its powerful vibrations into her clitoris. Tina had also been injected with some kind of hormone related drug that had increased her libido to the point where she had automatically responded to the attentions of the butterfly. Tina spent much of the hour grunting and groaning as enforced arousal turned into orgasm. When it did so the electric current flowed through her nipples and up through her vulva bringing her pain and further stimulation so that within a very few seconds, Tina was once climbing the path of arousal.

The guard had watched her closely and injected more hormones when she had started to flag after half an hour. To ensure she kept responding to the treatment he also turned the current up a notch or two at regular intervals.

When Rosy entered the room, Tina was twitching violently in her bindings as the current passing through her breasts and vulva made her muscles spasm involuntarily.

“Stop – you’re killing her,” Rosy called out without thinking.

“Ah,” said Al’almira, “so you care about your friend. We are not killing her, merely making sure she never disobeys us again. Now, I have good reports about you two, so you may sit down and watch what we are going to do with you friend now. Enough, guard, she has reached enough climaxes. You can turn off the current and proceed to whip her.”

Oh Christ, thought Rosy to herself. So the bastards weren’t just interested in sexually torturing her, to see what he was capable of. The guard had turned off the current from the trolley and took a few minutes removing the butterfly and the various electrodes.

Tina was hanging in her bonds, unresisting, sobbing quietly to herself, almost unaware of what was happening. She did not even cry out when the needles that had pierced her behind her nipples were removed. She hung there, her head forward, exhausted, battered, internally bruised from the current and sure that her clitoris had been rubbed into non-existence from the ministrations of the butterfly. There was a pool of liquid on the floor beneath her feet. Some of it was her tears but the greater volume was the fluid that had spurted and then dribbled out of her vulva as she had been forced time and again to respond to the arousal of the devices the Arabs had used.

“Whip her breasts twenty times each,” Al’almira ordered, “and then put her back over the horse.”

Rosy looked with horror at Karen. The guard had, meanwhile, found a strap from one of the drawers in the trolley and now he placed it round Tina’s forehead, securing it to the wall bars on either side, thus holding her head upright and in

position. With Tina's head up, the other women could see how much pain she was in from the look on her face.

The flogging of Tina's breasts began with strokes delivered alternately to each breast. The guard was using a device that had a handle about two feet long, with thin strips of leather hanging from the end, the strips of leather being another foot in length. All in all, the device looked just like a leather version of a cat-o-nine tails. The strokes were delivered with measured force, making Tina lurch as each stroke bit into her tender breast flesh.

Though Tina lurched with each stroke she did not cry out, for she was already past the point of being able to do that. Her pain-ravaged body simply soaked up the further punishment that was being delivered.

"See," said Al'almira as the guard whipped the young woman, "she has lost her defiance and her spirit is broken. It always happens this way. Some take longer than others, but in the end you can do what you want to them and they have no fight left in them."

Al'almira was right – there was no fight left in Tina – none whatsoever. Actually, as she hung there, strapped to the wall bars, her head forced upright and back against the bars so everyone could see her face as she grimaced with each fresh stroke of the flogger as it caressed her breasts, Tina would have liked to have been allowed to die – the pain in her body was that intense.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity but was actually only about five minutes, the flogging was over. Tina's breasts were scoured and crossed all over with the marks left by the tails of the flogger, pale flesh turned pink and angry red by the treatment she had received. She was still crying but the tears were silent ones.

She felt the guard untie her arms and her head, releasing her from the bars. Tina slumped to the floor in a heap, not caring that she landed on the pool of liquid that had formed beneath her. The guard was sparing her nothing. He picked her up under her arms and dragged her over to the horse. With some effort he hauled her onto the horse so her stomach rested on the padded top. He left her arms where they were but spread her legs and secured them to the hoops on the bottom of the frame as they had been secured earlier.

Tina lay across the horse, not moving, not really caring what happened next.

"Now, white bitch," said Al'almira, "we have left our friend Achmed to see to you. Achmed has been specially chosen for reasons that will become obvious in a moment."

Achmed stood up and walked up behind the horse. Tina felt his hands on her buttocks, prising the cheeks open.

"She will tear badly," he said in English so the fear of what he was saying could register on the women's faces and be seen. As he spoke he unzipped his pants and brought his manhood into view. It was, both women who could see it, thought, probably the biggest penis they had ever seen. Not only was it well over a foot long, it was also hugely thick. The phallus, though such a word barely adequately describes what was on show, was fully erect in a moment as Achmed pumped it to attention with a few brisk strokes.

“It does not matter,” said Al’almira. “She will take it.”

“Very good, Excellence.” Achmed stood a little closer to Tina’s spread buttocks, parted her cheeks once again with his hands and then placed the tip of his cock in the crack. To anyone looking it seemed a ridiculous thought that he would be able to get his cock past the tightly closed sphincter muscle against which he was now resting the tip of his manhood.

Tina could feel the monster that was pushing behind her. It wasn’t the fact she was resisting him that made his entry difficult, but the sheer size of what he was trying to insert.

Achmed pushed harder, forcing Tina’s legs hard into the frame of the horse, but his cock still would not penetrate her anus. Breathing in hard and checking his alignment, Achmed pushed again. This time the sphincter opened and the tip of his cock pushed the hole of her anus open. With a little headway having been gained, Achmed summoned up his energies again and pushed harder.

Somehow the pain of having her sphincter muscle torn and ripped gave Tina a new burst of energy and she used it all to let out a deathly loud scream of agony. Then the fight was over. Achmed was inside her, buried to the hilt with his body pushing against her buttocks. Blood was dripping from the rim of the hole where he had ripped her during the act of penetration. With him inside her and the feeling of lubrication of his shaft against her anus caused by the blood, Tina breathed a sigh of relief. Whatever he had done down there, it would heal, though Tina already felt like she was going to have to face some stitches.

Then Achmed began to arse-fuck her properly. To Tina, who had never before had such a large item in her bottom, it felt like having a red hot poker repeatedly rammed up your backside. The fire caused by the torn muscle and the stretching of her anus by his cock, made Tina gasp even through her exhaustion. Then the pounding of his cock within her began. He thrust into and out of her with long, hard strokes. With each inward stroke it was as if he was stabbing her with a knife and Tina groaned with the pain.

Achmed continued this way for some minutes before he showed signs of approaching his release. He was sweating profusely from his exertions. Tina, her legs constantly being crushed against the frame of the horse, was longing for him to come if only so the pain in her backside and in her legs would be relieved.

Finally it was happening. He stiffened even more as his cock was rammed into her anus to the hilt. Then she felt him erupt inside her. Achmed groaned loudly as he shot his wad of semen into his victim. Tina, by way of reply, also groaned, but hers was from relief it was all over. A moment later, with the constant pain and suffering now somewhat diminished, Tina lost consciousness. She was not aware of Achmed withdrawing from her body. She was not even aware of being untied by the guard and being carried by her tow friends back to the hut that was their prison.

It would be nearly three hours later before Tina became conscious again, three hours before she would know her friends had bathed her and applied the ointment provided by their Arab captors, ointment that would soothe the wounds and help the cuts and tears to heal. Only then would Tina be able to begin to describe what it

had all felt like – and to state categorically that even if she got caught and was tortured again, she would, one day, try to escape.

CHAPTER 8

The hut was bathed in the bright morning sun when the three women finally awoke on the day after their initiation. They were quickly going to learn that the days were virtually theirs to rest in, whilst the late afternoon and evenings they would be called upon to attend to Al'almira's guests.

Rosy woke first. She'd spent much of the night in a hay barn being cuddled and caressed by Joss. They had made love many times that summer, always in the barn or out in one of the fields. It had been a joyful time for Rosy, a time of learning, of experimenting and of adventure – so different to the night before and the horrid experiences at the hands of their Arab tormentors.

Even though it was still early, the sun was hot. Karen stirred in her bed and Rosy propped herself up on an arm and whispered to her.

"You okay," Rosy kept her voice low so as not to wake Tina. Tina had woken, screaming through a nightmare at least three times during the night.

"Yeah, sore in my arse and front area but really just glad to have survived. I wonder what today holds for us."

"More of the same I expect. I was lying there last night thinking about things. I reckon we got hoodwinked into visiting that shrine. Someone tipped off Al what's his name and all this stuff about spying and so forth is just an excuse. What they really want is some white women to practice their evil ways on."

"Yeah, I think you're right. In which case we're going to have one hell of a job getting out of here."

"We'll do it somehow, but first we've got to learn to do things the right way. We'll get banged up a lot less if we do. We're also, I dare say, going to have to accept some pretty revolting things being done to us while we're here. If last night was just our initiation then I suspect we've not come across even half the horrid things they have in mind for us. Poor Tina though – think if we're hurting, what she's going to be like. And she's the one out of us all who is the most defiant, quick-tempered and most likely to speak her mind."

"Yeah, if she's going to survive this, she's got to learn to bite her tongue and just do what is asked of her without moaning or losing her cool."

Suddenly the conversation stopped because they heard a noise at the door to the hut. The key was turned and the door opened. The young Al'almira stood in the doorway.

"Good morning, white bitches. Just come to check you are all still alive after your initiation."

"Hmmm," Karen grunted from her bed.

"And the one who was stupid enough to kick sand in my face – she is alive too?"

"Yeah, no thanks to you lot. She's really banged up and its going to take weeks for her scars to heal, the physical ones that is. You might just have wounded her mentally beyond repair." Karen saw the look from Rosy and tailed off.

“No matter, she will rest for a few days. Any woman who is punished as she was is allowed at least two days to recover. As for you too – I have some friends coming over this evening. It will be my pleasure to introduce you to them. The guard will pick you up at seven this evening and bring you to our bunker.”

“Bunker?” Rosy was intrigued.

“Yes, father considers the house, being white and prominent is not safe to stay in after last night.”

“Last night – why last night?”

“Because the infidels launched a futile attack – the war, the Jihad, has started. Okay it is some distance away for now but the house could soon become a target.”

“You mean, the Americans are coming to save us?” Rosy smiled thinly.

“Do not flatter yourself. The Americans and even your own Capitalist people do not even know you are here. Tonight, though, we will entertain our guests in the bunker.”

“What do we do for the rest of the day?” Karen was smiling too.

“Whatever you wish, white bitches. You will be taken out for some exercise in about an hour and your meals will be brought here. Other than that I suggest you rest for tonight you will be exerting your bodies again.”

With that, Al’almira turned and left the hut. The door closed behind him and was locked.

“Did you hear that – the Americans are coming? I wonder if Blair is supporting them with troops. I do hope so.” Karen sounded excited by the prospect of being set free.

“Yeah, the question is, how long will it take them to reach us and set us free? That’s always assuming they can find us in this god-forsaken desert area.”

“Hmm, well I’ve been thinking about that. We’re about a day and a half’s walk from that shrine. We drove something like thirty miles from the town to the shrine and if we say another ten to fifteen miles further into the desert land from there, we must be about forty five miles from Tikrit if not a little further and I’d guess we’re well off the main roads, though not too far because there is some kind of well-used track leading to the gates.”

“Tonight, when its dark and we’re outside, we must look for the hint of lights in the sky. If there’s a town nearby, the lights will show in the sky after dark.” Rosy too was hopeful that their time in the camp would be short-lived. It was a hope that would soon be dashed.

Breakfast, such as it was, was delivered to the hut about ten minutes after the young Al’almira left them. While Karen and Rosy fumbled over the breads and cheese that had been provided, Tina stirred.

“Ow, ow, ouch,” she groaned as she rolled over in herbed. “Oh my arse, it’s so sore,” she sounded like she was about to cry again.

“That soldier was a big guy,” said Rosy tenderly.

“Fucking right he was and my arse is what got hurt as a result.”

"I know, we bathed you with the lotion they gave us to help the bleeding stop. He sure ripped you quite badly. It's going to take a few days at least to start to heal. At least you aren't expected to do anything for a few days."

"Thank God for that, but how do you know that?"

"The young Al what's his name came and told us while you were asleep. Rosy and I are going to be treated to his guests this evening, but you are allowed the night off."

"Thank God, but I'm sorry for you two." Tina had forced herself into a semi sitting position.

"Listen Tina, something else you should know. Somewhere out there last night the Americans launched an attack. You know it was being discussed in the UN before we came out here and we all thought it would take them months to do anything, well it didn't. I guess the US went off on their own and started things moving. So, the hope is that one day soon a big tank is going to come rumbling across the dunes and set us free."

"Let's hope so. I don't think I could survive another night like last night." Tina gasped as another bolt of pain shot through her body when she shifted position.

"If you keep your mouth shut and do what they tell you then you won't get badly beaten. You're more use to them reasonably healthy and fit than half dead, so if you toe the line your chances of survival will be greater." Karen spoke softly. "Right, shall we see how disgusting this tea tastes?"

The day passed swiftly. The guard gave them an hour's exercise in the hour before the heat of the day. Karen and Rosy managed to walk reasonably well, but Tina hobbled painfully, grunting and moaning with each step. Out in the quadrangle was a large, thick wooden post that had been inserted vertically into the desert floor. As they walked round the quadrangle, they could not help but feel sorry for the young, dark-haired woman who had been strapped to the post. In a kneeling position with her knees parted so they caressed the outer limits of the post's width, she had been secured with rope to the post at waist height and across the top of her breasts. Her arms were also wrapped around the post and her wrists were secured on the far side. She was in an upright position with her knees on the ground and her abdomen hard up against the post. Across her back were about two dozen cuts from the whip that had flayed across her back.

"Shit," said Rosy softly, "what's that poor kid done?"

"Silence when you walk, unless you want to be whipped."

Rosy went quiet and shook her head. They walked slowly around the quadrangle and on their next circuit the guard brought them to a halt just a few yards from the post. Another guard walked briskly across the area and took up position to the left and behind the woman.

“This infidel was caught trying to escape during the night. She is receiving sixty lashes, twelve at a time on the hour each hour until punishment has been delivered. After that she will be taken to the punishment hut and be treated like your infidel friend was treated last night. It is the way we teach you that escape is futile and painful when you get caught.” The man guarding the three women laughed.

The guard carrying the bull whip was ready to deliver the next twelve lashes. He cracked the whip in the air once and then brought the stinging tail of the whip down across the victim’s back.

There was a blood curdling scream from the woman a moment before the second stroke of the current session was delivered. After the third stroke the guard put down the whip and walked up to the woman. Fishing in his pocket he found what he was looking for. He pulled out the bite bar and forced it into the woman’s mouth between her teeth.

When he delivered the fourth stroke a moment later the sounds of pain were muted as the hapless victim bit hard into the bar between her teeth.

The three young women watched on in horror as the whip added another dozen stripe marks across the victim’s back, adding to the two dozen or so marks already made. Each fresh stroke scraped the flesh on her back and in some places where the skin was broken, blood started to trickle down her body.

When the guard had delivered the lashes he walked away to the guard house leaving the woman strapped in position for another hour. As Karen, Rosy and Tina walked slowly past the post the woman attached to it, between her sobbing, spoke softly.

“Don’t escape, can’t escape, bastards kill you.”

“What’s your name?” Rosy asked.

“Saff,” came the reply before the guard intervened and told them not to talk any more.

The trio made one more slow circuit of the quadrangle, one more chance to see the punishment that was being inflicted on Saff, another of Al’almira’s captives. The sight was enough to put anyone off from wanting to escape and that was exactly the intention of the guard walking them past the sorry sight. Whilst he liked delivering such punishments, it made for an easier life if the inmates didn’t try to escape in the process. He still had his guard’s privileges, ones that allowed him to use his flogger on an inmate at any time he considered they were breaking any of the camp rules, or even if they only walked too slowly. To the guard, the flogger was fun for its use was always instant and the reaction from the victim was always immediate – a sting on the arse always was!

He ushered the three women back to their hut.

“Inside all of you,” he muttered.

They obliged and were surprised when he entered the hut with them and shut the door behind him.

“You,” he pointed at Rosy, “were told not to talk. Bend over and grab your ankles.”

Rosy was going to protest but saw Karen shaking her head. The flogger was already in the guard's hand – he carried it whenever escorting any of the inmates. Rosy knew what was going to happen but she knew she had no choice. She bent over and grabbed her ankles and waited.

The six strokes of the flogger were delivered quickly, each stroke leaving a stinging trail of pain across Rosy's buttocks as the tails of the flogger left red marks across the flesh that was still sore and painful from the previous evening's treatment.

"You will all learn to obey us here. The sooner you do so, the easier it will be for you. The slower you learn, the more pleasure you give me." The guard laughed as he left the hut, the punishment delivered. He would go back to the guard house and think on the sight of Rosy's upturned buttocks, having heard about her performance from the two Arabs who had taken Rosy the night before. It would give him much to think on.

Night had fallen before the door to the hut was opened once again. For two hours after their walk, the women had heard the lashes being delivered to the woman attached to the post in the quadrangle. After the last stroke had been delivered, two guards had taken her off the post and carried her in the direction of the same hut in which the three women had endured the first part of their initiation into camp life the previous evening.

Then all had gone quiet for about ten minutes before a most unearthly scream howled around the camp. It started off as a low, penetrating howl that quickly turned into an ear-piercing, high-pitched wail that lasted some twenty seconds. Then, as eerily as it had started, the scream faded away and the camp was filled with a stunned silence.

"Christ!" Rosy exclaimed after a minute had passed.

"What was that?" Tina was lying on her side in her bed.

"I'd guess it was that woman they were whipping – what was her name?" Karen was evidently shocked.

"Saff, I think. Wonder what they did to her?"

"Well, they said they were going to do the same as they did to Tina."

"Perhaps they turned the current up to a higher level. It was fucking painful at whatever setting they had it on for me, but I guess if they upped the current it would make you scream like that."

"Shit!" Rosy responded and then a second blood-curdling howl of agony screamed its way across the camp.

Inside the punishment hut, Saff had been strapped to the wall bars, the trolley opened up and the electrodes attached to her body as they had been to Tina the previous night. Then the guards turned on the current. For much of the session they left it on a low setting, enough to stimulate and enforce arousal. However, as Saff responded to the current by flooding the floor with her love juices the guards decided to see what a higher current level would achieve so one of them just turned

the dial up to the highest setting for a few seconds. It was these occasions when Saff let out the blood-curdling screams of pain as the intensity of the current burned around her nipples and also burned the tender flesh deep inside her vulva.

When the current was switched back down, Saff reverted to the rhythmical contractions and spasms of the enforced arousal, bringing her to more and more climaxes as her tired and tortured body offered less and less resistance to what was happening to her.

Of course, the women in their hut didn't know what was happening and all they could base their conversation on was Tina's relatively mild experience of the night before and, Tina assured them, that had been painful enough for any woman to endure. What was happening in the punishment hut at this moment in time was apparently far worse than what she had been made to endure.

After half an hour the door to the punishment hut was opened once again and Saff was half-carried and half-dragged back to the hut where she was imprisoned and the camp fell quiet again.

There was a rumbling sound in the air when the guard opened the hut door and ordered Rosy and Karen to follow him.

"You stay here tonight," he said as Tina made to get off her bed.

Rosy looked at Tina.

"Rest up – you've been through enough."

"Cheers, and you take care too."

The door to the hut was closed behind her and Tina buried her head in a pillow. The fear and the frustration finally got to her in her solitude and she sobbed into the pillow for half an hour.

Rosy and Karen were taken straight to the house. They were taken straight downstairs, through the gymnasium to a small room behind it. Once in the room a trap door in the floor was opened up and they were made to climb down the narrow set of steep steps that led into the underground chamber – the bunker referred to by the young Al'almira earlier that day.

The bunker was actually quite spacious – enough room for half a dozen people to live in for several months if necessary. The chamber was air-conditioned, making it cooler than the house above.

"Go and leave us," Al'almira stood up as the women entered the room, followed by the guard. Immediately the guard took his leave and the women heard the trap-door being lowered into place. "This bunker is bomb proof and sound proof. With the trap in place a separate, internal door slides into place making us completely sealed off from the outside world. In case you did not know, the American pigs have started bombing us. They will not win, but they have to flex their muscles every now and then. Your Mr Blair is supporting them. It is amusing to see such a puppet flexing his muscles too. They will, of course, all die in the end. It may take us several months but they will all die. Now, an end to my politics – where were we" The question was rhetorical. "Ah yes!"

Al'almira walked round the two women, inspecting them. On the couch were two men dressed in white robes and sandals.

“Which one shall we have first?” The arrogant voice of the young pretender to the Sheik’s millions was crisp, clear and evidently well-educated.

“The one on the left. What’s your name?” One of the seated Arabs gesticulated at Karen.

“Karen,” she replied, looking demurely down at the carpeted floor.

“In that case, I suggest Karen it is.”

“Agreed,” the other seated man added.

“In that case,” Al’almira said, placing a hand on Rosy’s shoulder, “you can go into the kitchen at the back of this complex and make us all a nice pot of iced tea for the mid-session interval.”

Al’almira pointed Rosy in the direction of the kitchen and then turned to Karen.

“Ah, a fine specimen of a white woman. We will see if the people who spoke so highly of you yesterday were right. My friends and I are not in such a hurry, as we have nothing else to do tonight.”

As he spoke, his right hand caressed Karen’s face, momentarily cupping her chin in the palm of his hand. She winced as his hand trailed down past her neck to her chest and he squeezed her right breast playfully. The wincing sound was because his grip was too firm. He caressed her like a baker kneading dough rather than a lover. Then he turned his attentions to her other breast, more gently touching her this time. When the nipple was stiff his hand trailed down her abdomen to her crotch. The thong was still in place but Al’almira rubbed her from outside the soft, leather item of clothing. Finally his hand went round to her backside. He caressed her buttocks, buttocks that were still bruised and sore from the caning the previous evening. The touch made Karen wince again, though she managed to stay still.

“She has a firm body that responds to touch. We will teach her the art of total arousal I think. Take off your clothes and lie on the floor. We will show you what total arousal is all about and then afterwards you will pay homage to each of us to thank us. The oil, Shamil, is on the table in the next room. Will you fetch it?”

While Karen undressed, something that took a little over thirty seconds, Shamil, one of the guests on the sofa, went to the next room. Just as Karen lay down on the floor he returned carrying a little jar of sweet-smelling oil.

The three men disrobed and knelt beside the woman. Two of them took an arm each and sat beside her while Al’almira knelt behind her head.

“We begin,” he said while pouring a little of the oil into his cupped hand. He handed the jar to one of his friends and then rubbed his hands together so the oil covered both palms and his fingertips.

A minute later the two guests had each taken one of Karen’s arms and were running their hands down the length of the arm, gliding easily with the oily lubricant. They continued the gentle massage, always stroking from the shoulder down the arm to the hand, then releasing and starting the process all over again – each stroke being done slowly and delicately. The mere feel of the delicate touch, mixed with the sweet aroma of the soothing oil, made Karen respond. Without thinking she shuffled her legs slightly apart as she became lulled into a state of arousal.

Just as she was relaxing and enjoying the sensations in her arms, she felt the gentle touch of Al'almira's hands on her breasts. His hands circled her breasts, the oil making them glide easily over her nipples, causing them to stiffen, adding to Karen's arousal. The oil worked its wonders for in a few seconds both nipples had noticeably stiffened.

Rosy had sneaked back from the kitchen to take a look at what was going on. The kettle had boiled and the tea brewed. Now she was waiting for it to cool in the chiller. She stood by the open doorway and watched fascinated as Karen arched her back in the throes of orgasm. After the brutality of the previous evening, the sight of her receiving such delicate attention was reassuring. Feeling wet between her own legs, Rosy could barely wait for her turn if she was to receive the same treatment. Fearful of giving away her presence she retreated silently back to her task.

Karen moaned and wriggled on the carpet as the waves of pleasure flowed through her body as she reached her first climax of the evening. It was not exactly earth-shattering but the feeling of contentment as she peaked made her relaxation on the other side even more satisfying. The Arabs continued to minister to her until she had reached orgasm again. This climax was more powerful than the first, building as it did on the reactions of her initial arousal. Karen arched her back in a pronounced manner as the orgasm shook her body.

Al'almira changed position and went to kneel between Karen's legs, gently parting them as he did so, exposing her naked pubis. He observed that her pussy lips were already slightly parted and that the naked skin was glistening with the first traces of her love juice. He applied some more oil to his right hand and then stroked her cunt with his three main fingers. Starting just above the clitoris and its hood, Al'almira stroked her slowly and softly in a downwards direction. Each time he trailed his fingers over the middle of the crack between her labia he applied a little pressure, gently pushing the lips apart.

Karen groaned even louder as his fingers stroked her labia and teased the first of the flesh within. His touch was so gentle it made her body tingle all over. She arched her back as another orgasm pulsed through her body, making her cry with pleasure as her body shook from the tremors within. She was very wet now around her crotch, a sure sign she was fast approaching the point of greatest arousal. The orgasms, though strong, had not left her fully satisfied and Karen was keen for more, for something stronger.

As if sensing her need, Al'almira stopped stroking her pussy. With his free hand he gently parted her cunt lips and found her clitoris. The bud was swollen, bright pink and very sensitive to his touch. He rubbed it delicately, circling it with one finger until Karen was groaning again with pleasure. Then, sliding in very easily, his middle finger sought out the insides of her vulva. He stroked her vaginal wall with his fingers, slowly, delicately and yet firmly until Karen had climaxed again, her breathing now laboured from the exertions caused by each fresh wave of pleasure as it flowed through her body.

Her arms were still being stroked but now, with a silent nod from Al'almira, the two Arabs turned their attentions to Karen's breasts, each taking one in their hands

and massaging the sensitive flesh and the nipples that stood proudly above the dark areolas. Al'almira waited for the Karen to get used to the changed attention and then he sought out her G-Spot. He found it about two thirds of the length of his middle finger inside her vulva, on the upper wall. The soft pad of tissue was already swollen as a result of the woman's orgasms and now Al'almira went to work on that most sensitive area. His finger stroked the pad of tissue in a sort of beckoning motion. As he curled his finger so the tip stroked the pad, so the finger increased its pressure on the area it was touching.

To Karen this was now pure heaven. The scent from the oil was making her dreamy and relaxed and she offered no resistance to the powerful waves of pleasure that were welling up inside her body.

Al'almira felt the pad of tissue swell and become spongy in texture. It was the sign she was almost ready to explode so, keeping up the rhythmical stroking of her G-Spot with one hand, he used his free hand to inscribe tiny circles with his finger nail around her clitoris.

It did not take Karen long to respond to this pleasure. She arched her back as the spongy pad within her erupted and she squirted the first jet of her love juice out of her vulva onto the carpet. As soon as the squirting started, Al'almira removed his fingers from within her and his colleagues looked on fascinated by what was happening.

Al'almira continued to stroke her clitoris as a second, third and fourth jet of clear liquid shot out of her wide open pussy. Karen had her back arched, groaning loudly with pleasure, Al'almira's attentions to her clitoris ensuring her orgasm peaked ever higher until she had nothing left to offer.

Even after the flow of liquid had tailed off to a dribble, the wave of the orgasmic contractions continued. They continued for several seconds, until Al'almira stopped scratching her clitoris with his finger nail. Only then did Karen sink back into the carpet, exhausted, sated and almost delirious from the experience.

"Tea," Rosy appeared in the doorway with the tray of iced tea and offered it to the guest first and then Al'almira.

"Are you not drinking with us?" Al'almira asked.

"I did not know if you would let us. There is more left over if it would be acceptable to you." Rosy smiled slightly as she spoke. She'd heard Karen reaching her peak and her own pussy was wet with excitement. She wanted the tea break to be over to see what happened to her.

"Fetch two more cups. You can join us and after tea we will see if you can respond like your friend."

Al'almira was in a jovial mood, thought Karen as she sat up on the floor. Then she realised the evening was yet young and though she had come powerfully, the men were as yet untouched, unsatisfied. She did not think for one moment that they were simply going to get their thrills from watching a woman ejaculate – that was surely just the preliminary to whatever else they had in mind – but it was a nice way to start the evening.

Rosy returned with two more cups of tea and they all sat down to drink the cold liquid. When they had finished, Al'almira ordered Karen to take the cups away while they turned their attentions to Rosy.

CHAPTER 9

“Please remove all your clothes and lie on the carpet.” Al’almira said to Rosy once Karen was out of the room. “We intend to find out this evening if you really are as good as your guests last night said you were.”

Rosy stripped and lay on the carpet. The treatment started almost immediately. The two Arab guests took her arms and began the slow, rhythmical massaging of her arms while Al’almira knelt behind her head and, with oily hands, began to massage her breasts.

Rosy was already worked up from what she had seen and heard happening to Karen and as she knew what the men were after she relaxed and let it happen. As Al’almira caressed her breasts, gliding his hands gently over her large, pink nipples, Rosy started to moan. She splayed her legs slightly as the first waves of pleasure began to flow from her crotch through her body. Her sensitive breasts responded well to the gentle massage and in a few minutes Rosy was gasping out loud as the first orgasm shook her body. The contractions were strong and the pleasure intense and Rosy knew that she was already wet between her legs. Her pubic mound, naked from the shaving she had received on entry to the camp, stood out proudly, glistening in the soft lights from her own excitement.

Al’almira waited until Rosy had peaked a second time before he shifted positions. As with Karen, he now sat between Rosy’s legs, pushing them wide apart so he could kneel between her knees. Rosy was open and waiting for him, knowing what was going to happen and wanting the release badly. She was eager to prove she was every bit as submissive and willing as Karen had been.

Then she felt the fingers stroking her pussy in a downward direction, gently rubbing over her prominent clitoris, a bud of delicate tissue that was no longer covered by its hood. This sensitive stroking action soon had Rosy moaning as her pussy muscles contracted in the throes of another orgasm. As she came, her fingers grabbed at the carpet beneath her and her back arched with the power of the climax. Sensing she was near the big release, Al’almira nodded silently to his friends. They turned their attentions from her arms to her breasts at the same time as Al’almira slid his middle finger inside Rosy’s sopping wet cunt. The pad that formed her G-Spot was already swollen and spongy and as Al’almira located it and began to stroke it with the beckoning action of the tip of his finger, Rosy gasped out loud as the waves of pleasure deep within her intensified.

The spongy sensation of the pad of tissue increased as it swelled and Al’almira knew the next climax would be the big one. Suddenly it was happening. Rosy opened her legs even wider and thrust her pelvis into the carpet as she arched her back. Pushing down she ejaculated hard. A torrent of clear liquid flowed out of her vulva in a great spurt. Al’almira removed his finger to watch the scene as the liquid squirted out onto the carpet.

Rosy continued to grunt as the orgasm continued within her. This was the kind of release she loved, the kind that she had found with Joss in the hay barn. It was all enveloping, all consuming, all pleasing and it was happening to her in the most unlikely place she ever thought she'd end up in. Making the most of it, Rosy rolled over, lifting her leg right over Al'almira, and ground her soaking wet crotch into the carpet beneath her. The harshness of the fibres against her clitoris brought her new pleasures and as she ground away on the carpet the three Arabs stared at her in disbelief.

"Fuck me, fuck me up the arse, please!" Rosy begged, surprising herself at what she was asking. "Oh God, its so good – I want to be filled completely."

One of the guests looked at Al'almira who nodded silently. This was not part of the plans he had in mind and it was certainly a rarity for a slave to ask to be arse-fucked but he had no objections.

Rosy was still grinding her crotch into the carpet, still groaning and moaning with pleasure when the Arab guest had undressed.

"On your knees," he ordered, taking up position behind the woman. Rosy obeyed instantly and propped herself up on her elbows while she used her hands to reach behind her and open her buttocks.

"I need that cock now – please just ram him in as hard as you like."

The Arabs were stunned. Normally the sex-slaves had to be forced into such a position and even then they allowed entry only reluctantly but Rosy was holding her own cheeks open and her sphincter was evidently relaxed for there was already a small orifice waiting to be penetrated.

The guest wasted no time. His manhood was hugely erect though he was not as big as the Arab who had penetrated Tina the previous evening. Rosy was leaning back onto this cock head even as he pushed it towards the waiting orifice. His cock pushed past the muscle and he slid deep into her arse. Rosy moaned loudly and began rocking backwards and forwards on the girder of flesh that had impaled the entrance between her buttocks. She rode the phallus with a strong, rhythmical action as wave after wave of orgasmic energy flowed through her sex-crazed body. The Arab was sweating from the pleasure being delivered to his cock, but his sweating had nothing to do with his own activity for he was simply kneeling there while Rosy rode his manhood. She continued to moan and groan as one of her hands reached forward between her legs and started to stroke her clitoris.

This was the end point for her, the total release as she had never known it before. As the Arab behind her thrust his cock deep into her arse while she stroked back onto it, she felt him spurt the hot, white liquid into her rectum. She stayed still now, to allow him to take his pleasure and all the time she stroked her clitoris as orgasm after orgasm flowed through her. Finally he withdrew and Rosy lunged forward onto the carpet, her hand underneath her now stroking her cunt delicately in the aftermath of her fulfilment. She lay there panting, gasping, exhausted, rubbing her vulva gently, soothing herself now the energy of the demands of pleasure had passed.

“Quite extraordinary,” said Al’almira in his best English. “If only all you white bitches were like that we would have no need for whips and to cause pain. Now,” he said looking at Karen, “it is time for you to satisfy us. We have pleased you both and your friend has given her all for Assam, so now you will attend to my own needs and those of Shamil.”

Karen looked unsure what was expected of her but Al’almira continued.

“To begin with you will give Shamil a massage like we gave you, only please, we do not want the white liquid to strain the carpet.”

Karen got the message and waited while Shamil undressed. He was a strong, well-built man with well-formed muscles and a cock that was about eight inches long and quite thick. His cock was flaccid when he lay on the carpet but as soon as Karen began to massage his shoulders and chest with her oily hands, his cock responded and became erect. By the time Karen had progressed down his chest to his stomach and then to his genitals, Shamil was as rigid as a metal pole.

Karen made sure her hands were oily and then she stroked the length of his cock shaft using the palms of both hands. She started at the root and slid her hands up his shaft and then back down again in a steady rhythmical motion that soon had the Arab grunting with pleasure.

Then, on a downward stroke, Karen increased her grip, stretching the skin away from the head of his cock. When she reached the base of his shaft, she held him upright and knelt over him. Licking the head of his cock she tasted the sweet oil on her lips. Opening them wide, she slid his cock into her mouth. Once inside she licked him with her tongue while sucking the dark Arab sex meat. She slurped and sucked and then took his cock out of her mouth so she could playfully nibble her way down his shaft and then back up it again.

Shamil was groaning loudly now and his stomach muscles were tense as he tried to resist the orgasm that was fast approaching. Karen popped his cock back in her mouth, released the hand around the base of his shaft and used it instead to massage his testicles.

This was too much for the Arab who moaned loudly as his cock twitched in Karen’s mouth. She was ready for him and manoeuvred his manhood so she only had the very tip between her lips- enough to ensure his semen spurted into her mouth, but not too much to prevent her from swallowing more easily. He jetted his hot, salty come into her mouth as the flood gates opened and he took his pleasure. Karen drank every last drop, keeping his cock sealed between her lips until she was sure he had finished. Then she withdrew the head and licked it tenderly with her tongue.

“Thank you,” Shamil said, still panting. He had rarely had such a satisfying blow job and it seemed to him that the two women who had been selected for their pleasure that evening were every bit as good as the guests the previous night had told Al’almira they were.

“Ah, now it is just me who is left. I have a particular pleasure I am seeking this evening.” Al’almira had been sitting down while his friend was being attended to by

Karen. Rosy was still curled up on the floor watching what was going on and the other Arab guest was lying on the sofa, still exhausted from Rosy's antics.

"What would that be, master?" Karen had used the word she'd hoped he'd want to hear. She'd read some stuff about submissive women a while back and they all seemed to like to refer to their men as masters. She did it, not because she particularly wanted to submit to Al'almira but she wanted, if possible, to avoid further pain.

"I want to arse-fuck a woman who has a red-hot arse."

"Yes master," Karen's willingness dwindled. "And how are you going to make my arse red-hot?"

"Simple. I am going to rub a little liquid into your buttocks and around your entrance. The liquid is one we use in our country when we want to stimulate this part of a woman. It will warm your flesh and make you open and willing. Now kneel on the floor with your legs wide open, lower your body so your arse sticks up in the air and your breasts are on the carpet."

Karen, relieved that the warming did not mean a whipping session, dutifully knelt on the floor. She waited while Al'almira went into the side room. He returned with a little bottle of green liquid and a small, wooden box. He placed the box on the ground behind Karen and pulled the stopper out of the bottle. With the bottle raised above Karen's upturned arse, he tilted it so the contents dripped out and into the crack between her buttocks.

She felt the liquid as it landed in the crack at the top of her arse. She felt it as it slowly dribbled down the crack to her anus and then to her sex. The liquid felt cold when it touched her but in a few seconds it had begun to warm her, a bit like one of those sprays athletes use to relieve pain from any muscle pulls, only this was warmer. As it warmed her, so she felt it dribble into her anus. The liquid was evidently relaxing her muscles and her sphincter, still stretched from the previous evening's activities now opened just enough to let a few drips of the liquid inside her. Inside, the liquid seemed to burn her sensitive flesh, making her groan and wiggle her bottom in an attempt to stop what was happening.

"Ah, the liquid has reached inside you. That is good for it will make your experience even more enthralling."

The liquid stopped dripping on Karen's arse and she heard Al'almira moving behind her.

"Now, I am going to insert a candle in your arse and we will let the wax warm you up thoroughly before I give you the delights of my manhood." He laughed as Karen felt the blunt end of the candle pressing against her anus. It took no time at all for the candle end to be buried a couple of inches inside her and then Karen smelled the candle wick burning as the candle was lit.

Rosy had recovered enough from her session and was watching intently. When the candle was inserted into Karen's upturned arse, Rosy had to look away – she had an idea what was going to happen next and she did not want to see it.

What happened next was the candle began to melt and the wax dripped down it sides and onto the entrance of Karen's arse. The wax was hot and burned her, the air becoming pungent with the smell of singed flesh.

Karen panted hard, trying not to cry out, but eventually the heat broke through her resolve and she moaned.

"Ouch, that's really hurting. Please take it out. Please, master, I am sure my arse is already burning hot for your cock, without any more heat being needed."

"We'll see." Al'almira replied. He blew out the candle and removed it from Karen's anus, taking with it most of the wax that had dripped around it base. He replaced the candle with his thumb, inserting it a half inch into Karen's rectum, checking the temperature. "You know, I think you're right. Your arse is burning hot. Let's see what you think of this then."

Al'almira pulled Karen back so her anus was at a better angle for penetration. He knelt behind her, his cock stiff and ready for action. Then, without ceremony he plunged it deep into her anus. He was big, but not huge, but big enough to make Karen groan loudly as his manhood plunged into the dark recesses of her body, pushing aside any resistance from her stretched, heated sphincter muscle.

Actually Al'almira was surprised how warm it felt and how easily he penetrated her. He held his cock fully inserted in her arse for a minute while he prepared himself then, using grabbing her hips so he could rock her backwards and forwards on her knees, he began the rhythm he wanted. All the time he stayed quite still, pushing and pulling the woman to achieve what he wanted.

Karen was totally yielding. Her arse hurt but not as much as she expected it to hurt. Rather it was very hot down there and hot in a way that excited her greatly. It seemed to make her more receptive to the cock that was plunging in and out of her well-stretched orifice.

His actions were becoming stronger as his arousal increased and now he was banging his stomach into her backside with each stroke, loud slapping noises filling the air.

Al'almira was a man with great staying power. Karen did not know this yet for she had not had an opportunity to chat with any of the more experienced inmates, but she had begun to guess after five minutes of having her arse pounded by his sex meat, that he was not the kind of guy to suffer from premature ejaculation.

"You," Al'almira said to Rosy, "get into position. I am going to arse-fuck you too."

Rosy was exhausted but clambered onto her knees, opening her legs wide apart.

"Shamil, will you warm her arse for me.? I need to be sure she is as good as our previous guests said she was."

"Sure." Shamil picked up the bottle of green liquid and applied it to Rosy's arse. Rosy squirmed as the liquid began to warm her, and as the liquid dripped between her labia she became hot with desire though she knew she would not be able to repeat her previous session. Still, she began to look forward to feeling Al'almira inside her. She had no choice, it was going to happen anyway and Rosy had figured it was best to make the most of it. So she sent the signals to her brain to

say she was looking forward to it, signals that were backed up by the warming going on in the outer extremities of her vulva.

“She’s opened for you, if you want her.” Shamil spoke after a couple of minutes. Indeed, Rosy’s sphincter had relaxed and partly opened. Rosy was panting softly with expectation by the time Al’almira had pulled his cock out of Karen and changed positions so he could ram it home up Rosy’s own upturned arse. Rosy was slightly tighter than Karen had been and it increased the sensations on the Arab’s dick as he violated her body.

Not only did he push his cock into her, Rosy actually rode back on his cock as he thrust into her body, increasing the sensations for the ARIBAs well as Rosy, who by now was again getting wet between her legs. It was not long before the highly aroused Arab lost the fight to keep control and he jetted his spunk deep into Rosy’s arse even as she plunged her body back on his cock to receive it all. She stayed that way until she was sure he had completed his orgasm. Only when he gently pushed her forward did Rosy help herself off the rapidly softening cock that had been inside her. She lunged forward onto the carpet, once again exhausted from her exertions.

Karen was still kneeling in place with her legs open.

“I will save your arse for another day. Now we have just one more thing to do. It is a rule of the camp that all women are cleansed after use. Normally that would be done by a guard in the preparation hut but tonight my two friends wish to see what happens, so will do what has to be done down here in this bunker. As the bathroom is not overly large we will take you in there one at a time. You,” he prodded Karen with his toe, “will be first, but before we do that, you can fetch us more iced tea.

Rosy was still lying on the floor, pretending to be almost asleep from exhaustion, though in reality, now the sexual activity was over, she was planning a possible ruse for escape, though at that time it was little more than a half-baked idea in her sex-exhausted mind.

The Arabs had each visited the bathroom and arranged their attire by the time Karen return with fresh cups of iced tea. She brought herself and Rosy a cup but obtained Al’almira’s permission before she handed Rosy her cup. They sat and sipped the tea, refreshing in the heat of the underground bunker. While they drank, Al’almira made a phone call on his mobile phone. He spoke in rapid Arabic, totally unintelligible to the women, though his discussion evidently made both the guests alarmed, judging by the grave looks that appeared on their faces.

Then, when the tea was over and Al’almira had finished the phone call, he stood up.

“It is time to cleanse these women and then they will accompany each of you to your bed-quarters for tonight. There are missiles flying overhead not far from here and it would be dangerous for you to leave her tonight. You will both be my guests. I insist, though my quarters down here are not really befitting two Sheiks such as yourselves.”

Both the guests, now seemingly important guests, accepted Al’almira’s hospitality.

“And what about your father – does he not need to be down here too?”

“He has his own bunker on the other side of the house. He says it is better that way. A missile is unlikely to hit both bunkers so one of us should survive.”

“Ah, a good thought and most hospitable of you.” Shamil bowed politely to his host.

“Right let us wash these women and then it is best we all get a reasonably early night. We do not know what tomorrow may bring.”

Karen was herded into the bathroom. She stood in the bath while the shower hose was pushed first up her vulva and then, a couple of minutes later, up her arse. Her arse filled with water and when Al’almira decided the moment was right she was allowed to hobble to the toilet to find the cleansing release she badly needed. When she had released the water, she was taken back into the bath for a second filling. Again, after her rectum was full she was allowed back on the toilet to let the water out again. Finally Karen was declared clean and she was led back to the living quarters of the bunker.

Rosy had recovered while Karen had been out of the room and was sitting on the sofa. As Karen sat down next to her, Rosy was ordered to the bathroom. Taking her turn in the bath, she washed her pussy thoroughly before the shower hose was inserted into her vulva. She opened her legs wide so the water would flow back into the bath. She let the water cleanse her, enjoying the cooling sensation of the water within her. Then she was ordered to bend over and the hose was pushed into her arse.

As with Karen she was given two rectums full of water before she was allowed, on each occasion, to hobble to the toilet where she could discharge the liquid within her. Then she was also declared cleansed and was taken back to the living quarters.

”Now, you are each going to be bed partners for my guests. In the morning they may require your services before you are returned to your quarters. That is up to them. For now, though, you should know that the hatch you came down is sealed for the night. There is a security device on it which will prevent you from trying to escape – so please do not do so. I will see you all in the morning.”

Al’almira finished his speech and headed off to the sleeping quarters part of the bunker. The quarters comprised four rooms. Al’almira entered one and closed the door. A few minutes later his guests followed his lead and each took with them one of the young women.

Just as they were retiring for the night Rosy whispered to Karen,

“I’ve worked out how to get out of here. I’ll tell you and Tina tomorrow. Sleep tight and hope the Arabs do not bite!” She giggled softly as Shamil selected her to be his bed partner and led her off to his room.

Karen was led by the hand of the other Arab into a third room.

“You will massage my shoulders until I fall asleep and then you can lie down next to me. In the morning I want you to wake me by using your hands and mouth to make me have pleasant thoughts in my dreams.”

“Yes, master,” Karen demurred. She waited for the Arab to undress and climb on top of the duvet then she placed her hands on his shoulders and gently massaged

them until the Arab fell asleep. It took him only a few minutes – evidently he was as tired from the evening's activities as Karen was. She lay down beside him, the next morning but a distant concern, and fell asleep.

In the next room, no demands had been made of rosy. She lay down next to Shamil and as she listened to his rhythmical snoring, she continued making the escape plans in her mind. Eventually, sleep overtook her. The travelling and pain of the previous day mixed with the sexual demands of the evening just gone and though the evening had been very pleasurable and a stark contrast to the previous day, it had still taken its toll on the woman. The plans, now nearly complete, began to drift off with rosy, and as the night wore on she dreamed of freedom.

The End