

Desert Camp – Book 3

Anguine

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Introduction

Cub reporters are never sent into danger zones – especially female cub reporters. Carla Longden was no ordinary cub. She had a strong will and a determination to reach the very top of her profession. So, when her request to be part of the reporting team in the Gulf was denied, she resigned and went there as a freelance. It was to be the beginning of an adventure she would never forget...

DESERT CAMP 3

It had been a long week. The flight from JFK to London Heathrow had been delayed for some security reason or other and Carla had missed her connecting flight to Munich. She'd been holed up in a cheap London hotel for twenty-four hours waiting for her rebooked flight. Restless, though tired, and excited at the prospect of the adventure that lay ahead of her, Carla had spent much of the night checking her gear. There was the clutch of digital cameras that could take both still and motion pictures. Then there was the laptop and the satellite communications system. She'd figured it would be a month before the Editor of the paper she'd just resigned from would realise they were missing and hell, by then, everything would be so chaotic he'd have far greater things to worry about.

She was right. Her theft from the newspaper company had gone unnoticed and now the cub reporter turned freelancer was on her way to the hottest story around – the impending invasion of the Gulf by the US Armed Forces backed up mainly by the UK and a few other contributing nations.

Carla smiled wearily when the plane arrived at Munich and her connecting flight to the Middle East was on time. Several hours later she stood at the hotel desk filling in her registration document. The hotel was situated to the south of Baghdad and Carla was in a room at the top of the six storey building.

The hotel manager smiled leeringly as she filled in her registration document. If he meant to be disarming, he wasn't and for the first time in the whole journey, Carla felt uneasy. She completed the document and described her stay as "journalism" – which it was. A young boy dressed in the hotel livery showed her to her room and even carried her suitcase for her. At the door, Carla tipped the outstretched hand and even ignored his parting comment of "goodbye, missy".

She walked straight to the window and admired the scene of Baghdad in the distance. It would, she thought, be the perfect place to watch the action from, if and when it started.

Downstairs in the foyer the hotel manager was busy on the phone, jabbering away in his unintelligible dialect. During his conversation the man clearly deferred to the person he was calling and any listener would have heard the name "Al'almira" mentioned on a number of occasions.

Finally the phone was returned to the receiver and the hotel manager turned his attentions back to the young porter whom he questioned in raised tones concerning the tip the lad had received. Eventually the young lad dipped his hand in his pocket and pulled out the coins he'd been given. The manager boxed the lad's ears and took the coins off him before ushering him back to his station by the main door.

Carla unpacked her suitcase. She knew in all probability she would be stuck in the hotel for several weeks and possibly longer, so she determined from the outset to make the best of the situation.

Carla was watching the satellite TV. CNN was broadcasting some news about the Allied build up and Carla watched with interest. It could only be a matter of time before something happened – and Carla was determined to be part of the breaking news story.

Suddenly there was a gentle tapping at the bedroom door. A delicate cough from outside followed. Carla was, of course, not expecting guests. This was a country where

she knew no-one. Perhaps, she thought, the hotel manager was calling to see if she was okay. Without thinking, Carla opened the door.

The smile on her face faded the moment she was the three swarthy Arabs standing outside. Assam Al'almira stood in the middle of the three men. Slightly taller and evidently better dressed, he waited while his escorts, Tariq and Abdul pushed their way into the room, propelling the hapless young woman towards the bed that occupied much of her room. As they pushed her backwards, she fell onto the bed, lying on her back. As she fell, she heard the bedroom door being gently closed. Tariq walked behind the bed and grabbed both of her arms, pulling them down below the level of the mattress, pushing Carla's chest up into the air, so her ample breasts jutted from behind the roll-top she was wearing.

She was lying across the width of the single bed and her legs swung helplessly over the edge she had fallen back over. In a moment she felt Abdul grab her ankles, pinning her legs together and leaving her unable to resist.

Assam Al'almira introduced himself and showed no surprise when the young woman shook her head to say she had never heard of him.

"You will wish mine was a name you had never heard," he hissed as he rubbed his hands together. In a flash his fingers found the hem of the roll-top and he raised it so the dark blue material covered the woman's face. She was naked beneath it and her rosy nipples protruded fiercely from the centres of the dark areolas. She struggled for a moment but realised resistance was useless.

"Tie her arms up, Tariq. We shall have some fun with this one before we introduce her to the camp."

"Camp?" Carla mumbled from under the roll-top.

"Yes, camp. We have a special place where we teach you white women your proper role in our society. Now shut up."

Tariq had produced a length of rope and Carla felt her wrists being tied together. Then her arms were yanked further down behind her head and Tariq secured the free end of the rope to the bottom of the bed frame. When he had finished, Al'Almira spoke again.

"Now, strip her from the waist down. I want to see what this woman has to offer."

"Oh God, no." Carla had been dreading this moment since she opened the door.

"Oh, but you must not blaspheme – to do so is certain death." Al'almira watched as Tariq fumbled with the popper and zipper on Carla's denim jeans. Tariq was clearly agitated and it took him some moments to pull the jeans down and off the young woman. Her knickers followed a moment later and she lay on the bed, her clean-shaven pussy exposed for all the men to see.

"Ah, a bare pussy," Al'almira smiled to himself. "Open her legs for me."

Tariq and Abdul obliged. Each took one of Carla's legs and pulled them wide apart so she was fully exposed and at the mercy of the Arab.

"Have you ever felt the belt between your legs?" Al'almira was already removing his trousers and held the belt in his hand.

"No, no you can't do that?" Carla suddenly realised she was not just going to be raped – she was going to be tortured too.

"Oh, but I can. You are a spy in our country."

"I'm not a spy, I'm a reporter," she tried feebly.

"Same difference. You have come here to experience our country so you can report back to yours. Spy, reporter, what is the difference? Well, we will have to give you something to take back to your country – eventually. Now, hold her still."

Al'almira walked briefly round to Carla's head, forced her mouth open and stuffed a clean handkerchief into it.

"When it hurts you can bite on the gag. It may help – I don't know."

Suddenly, Carla felt the cool leather strap as it glided its way up her exposed pussy. She felt it caress and stroke her labia as he stood just above her head.

The belt was flicked into the air and the strap came crashing back onto her exposed sex. Carla struggled with her captors but they held her firm, her legs wide apart, waiting for the second stroke to land.

Al'almira did not keep her waiting long. Barely had Carla stopped struggling than the second, stinging stroke landed on her pussy. The pain was indescribable to this young woman who had never done so much as use a vibrator on her own body. The strap stung her a third, fourth and fifth time. Each stroke slightly harder than the previous. By the fifth stroke, her pussy was starting to glow a mid-pink colour and Carla was biting hard into the gag in her mouth as the tears flowed from her eyes back onto her forehead.

The sixth stroke was a vicious flick of the wrists for Al'almira but it carried with it more venom than any of the previous strokes. Carla was lost in the pain of her demise now and barely noticed the young Arab had sat on the bed beside her.

She felt his warm hands as they examined every micron of her labia. She felt her lips being parted and the inside of the labia being examined.

"We have pink, fresh flesh under here. She is not a virgin but she is not well used. I think we shall have some fun with her. Lift her legs over her head."

Carla felt her legs being raised into the air and then they were held over her so her buttocks were pointing towards the ceiling.

"But first, we will teach this young slut how to behave in the presence of her masters."

Carla felt the belt as it was dragged gently over the mid-section of her upturned buttocks. The punishment happened with lightening speed. Ten strokes of the belt hammered into her virginal buttocks in less than thirty seconds. Barely had she begun to react to the first stroke before the full ten strokes had been administered. Then Al'almira stood up and watched as the pale flesh turned bright pink from his rapid-fire punishment session.

"You will be punished like this and much worse from now on every time you disobey an instruction or an order. Do you understand?"

Carla was sobbing to herself. Inwardly her body was screaming out with the pain, but the gag prevented much sound from coming from her lips. Almost unconscious of what she was doing, she nodded slightly in response to the question.

"Good. Then you will lie on the bed with your legs wide apart. Tariq has a present for you."

The Arabs let go of her legs and in a moment Tariq was squatting between them. Carla had mentally realised she had no option other than to obey them. Her buttocks and sex were on fire from the punishments that had been delivered and right then she didn't want another dose of the belt, or anything else. She lay there as Tariq positioned himself.

"Christ!" She mumbled through the gag. Tariq's manhood was rock solid and very large. Actually he was over ten inches long and had the girth that most men can only dream of. He positioned the tip of his huge phallus against the crack in Carla's labia and then, with one slow, long thrust, he pushed himself deep into her unwilling body.

Carla gasped and involuntarily tried to back away from the cock that felt like it was ripping her apart, but she had nowhere to escape to. Tariq's manhood continued to

penetrate her, pushing in ever deeper. He grunted with satisfaction when his shaft was fully inserted. Carla was panting now, not so much with excitement, though the pressure of his cock within her vulva was beginning to arouse her, but from the mixture of pain this rude entry had created.

Tariq wasted no time before he began the long, slow, rhythmical fucking that soon had Carla wet between the legs, wet and wanting more of this particularly well-endowed Arab.

She even opened her legs wider to accommodate him more easily. Tariq thrust in and out of her tender white body for a full five minutes before withdrawing.

“Turn over,” he commanded. “I will take you behind.”

“My wrists,” Carla mumbled from under the gag, but it was to no avail. Abdul had other ideas. While Tariq repositioned himself, Abdul flipped the woman over, forcing her to kneel on the bed with her legs open.

With a sudden insight of horror she realised the Arab was going to take her up the behind, something she had never experienced before. She’d always had a fear of this position even with a small man, but with a cock the size of Tariq’s she now feared the worst.

In a moment, the red-hot rod of Tariq’s manhood was pushing against her buttock cheeks. Carla knew she had to relax or run the risk of being badly torn, but her instincts were to shut up shop and refuse entry. Her buttocks were still painful from the belting and Tariq took her mind off sealing entry by smacking her cheeks with his bare hand. In the moment her concentration was distracted, Tariq placed his cockhead right against her anus and pushed into her. His head was fully inserted before Carla realised what was happening – and it was too late. She felt the muscle at the entrance to her anus being stretched to its limit as Tariq plunged his cock deep inside her. Then she felt sticky and wet and knew he had ripped her. With the added lubrication, Tariq found it easier to plunge his cock in and out of the woman – something he did with measured strength for a good three minutes.

Finally, he gripped the woman’s hips with his hands and in a final stroke pulled her back onto his engorged manhood. As he did so, she felt him twitch violently within her body and she knew he was coming. He held her firmly in position for some moments while he ejaculated into her anus, his semen mixing with the blood from her torn sphincter muscle. Finally, Tariq withdrew.

“Ah, master, she was tight.” Tariq smiled with satisfaction at the sight of the dribble of semen and blood at the entrance to her anus. “I think she may have been too tight. Still, she will be more open next time.” He laughed as he disappeared into the bathroom.

“Abdul, now it is your turn. I can not give favours to one of my staff and not the other. Tell the white bitch what you want her to do.”

“I will take her in the same position, but I choose to fuck her pussy. She will like the warmth of my cock inside her, but only when I have checked her out.”

Carla felt the probing hand of the second Arab behind her. She felt him caress her labia and then the warmth of a finger as it was inserted between her pussy lips.

“Ah, this one is warm and willing,” he commented as his finger slid easily into Carla’s moist pussy. Like it or not, she had to admit that being fucked up her ass had actually turned her on. The strange mixture of pain in her buttocks and the warmth of the hot pole that had been thrust deep into her body, had aroused some hidden desires within her. Even now, as the fat, hot finger of the Arab probed her vulva and then teased her clitoris, Carla had to admit she was actually quite enjoying the attention.

Then the finger was replaced by two fingers and the Arab used a sort of beckoning motion an inch inside her pussy. He could feel the soft pad of tissue that was Carla's G-Spot and he knew just what he wanted to achieve.

Carla was responding to his touch, a touch that was slowly setting her pussy on fire with the desire for release and culmination. In less than a minute she shuddered involuntarily as the first waves of orgasmic pleasure enveloped her body and sent tingling sensations from her well-stroked vulva along her spinal cord to her brain. She gasped as she climaxed, her pussy muscles contracting as she reached her peak. Her pussy dribbled her excitement as the Arab continued to finger her in the same, steady, rhythmical way that had brought her to her first climax. Indeed, she had barely climbed off one peak before she sensed the buildings of her second orgasm.

Abdul was gentle and persistent. He knew what would happen if he continued this way and so he patiently waited for Carla to reach her second and then third climaxes. Each time, her pussy muscles contracted around his fingers and she gasped loudly as the orgasm flowed through her.

After her third orgasm he continued to arouse her until he sensed she was building to another climax. Then, in a deft move, he pulled out both fingers and replaced them with his large, Arab, cock.

Carla grunted as she felt the force of his penetration, the sensations of being filled in this way causing her arousal to increase. Also, her swollen G-Spot was urgently seeking release. Carla had never abandoned herself fully to the pleasures of wanton arousal, but the effect of the assault on her body in the past half hour had reduced her ability to restrain her instincts and she knew a moment before it happened that she was about to have her first unrestrained orgasm.

Abdul continued to plunge his throbbing phallus into her tight cunt as Carla groaned louder and louder with the onset of the orgasm. Suddenly her G-Spot went all puffy – or that was what it felt like to her. In an instant she felt the great release of energy in her pussy as she climaxed like never before, the clear liquid of her own ejaculation seeping out of her tunnel that was still filled by the sex-hungry Arab.

He continued to thrust rhythmically into her vulva until Carla had come down from her own peak. Exhausted, she panted as he reached his own climax, his hot seed spurting deep into her body.

"She has the makings of a good slave," said Abdul when he had finished and withdrawn. She is a natural and has only to learn how to pleasure her master. The camp will do that for her."

"Indeed," said Al'almira, smiling thinly. "On the floor, white bitch and kneel before your new master." Assam Al'almira spoke the kind of English that all well educated Arabs could use. He spoke with authority and the tone of voice that made Carla know that resistance would be futile. In a moment her wrists were untied and with her legs still shaking from the power of her own climax, Carla almost fell off the bed and knelt before the well-spoken Arab.

"You will find my manhood and attend to it with your mouth. If you please me I will treat you well on the journey to the camp. If not, the journey for you will not be so pleasant. Now, suck on me, white bitch."

Al'almira stood stock still while Carla fumbled with his trousers and pulled his cock out into view. He was not erect but his flaccid meat was already showing signs of arousal and Carla knew she was going to have a job fitting it into her mouth.

She rubbed his exposed sex meat with her hand a few times, pulling it into a semblance of a phallus. Then she opened her mouth wide, poked out her tongue and flicked it against the tip of his stiffening manhood. He was soon standing erect and

proud, savouring the delights of the white woman as she sucked on his cockhead, plunging him deep into her mouth and then releasing him again. She sucked hard and nibbled on his head when she had almost allowed him to pull away from her attentions, before plunging him once again into the hot, moist interior of her mouth. She circled his cock with her tongue, teasing him to the nth degree of stiffness, making the big, dark vein that ran the length of his shaft protrude with the sheer volume of blood that had engorged his cock.

Carla was not new to the oral sex scene. She'd had a run in with one of the senior editors of a paper she'd worked for a few years earlier. It had been an ugly scene which had almost ended up with her being fired on the spot. Her "crime" was minor but the editor had made a big deal out of it. So much so, she'd been called back to his office at the end of the working day. His office was set back at the end of the corridor, and though he had double-glazed front panels so he could see out to the open plan office where the regulars typed up their reports day after day, he'd had some heavy blinds installed so he could block out the vision when he wanted to.

The blinds were down that evening as Carla walked to his office, knowing her job was on the line. She'd knocked on the door and entered to find herself alone. On the desk was an envelope addressed to her. In it was a single sheet of paper advising her that he had decided to fire her for her misdemeanour, and she had just five minutes to decide if there was anything she could do to show contrition, learn her lesson and then change his mind.

Carla had no choice. She was struggling with the rent anyway and to lose her first proper reporter's position would have meant she'd have been on the street. After five minutes the door opened and her boss stood there in the doorway. He entered his office and locked the door behind him.

"Well?" His question was directed at the contents of the paper Carla still held in her hand.

"What would I have to do to get my job back?"

"Depends. What do you think should happen?"

"Well, it says I have to learn my lesson and show contrition. When I was a kid that meant my mommy had to spank my bare bottom and then I had to say sorry. What did you mean by it?"

"Pretty much the same thing. Is that what you want me to do, or do you want to take a walk?"

"I, err, haven't been spanked since I was fourteen. I don't think it's appropriate, do you?"

"Depends whether you want a job tomorrow. Your choice."

"No alternatives?"

"No. But don't think you're going to get off lightly with a spanking. You go for it and you will remember it for a long time to come. I don't punish my cubs very often, but when I do, they don't forget it. Now, your decision, Miss Longden. I have other places to be if you are just going to walk out of the door."

"I'll take the punishment. What do you intend to do?"

"Bare ass paddling over my desk. Ten swats and then ten strokes of the cane. After that we'll see."

"Okay, and I keep my job and you stop victimising me?"

"You keep your job – for now."

“Okay. Where do you want me?”

“Pants and any undergarments off and folded on the chair over there. Then bend over so your stomach is across my desk. While you are doing that I will cancel my next appointment and find the paddle and the cane.”

Carla was blushing as she slowly removed her pants and bright red knickers. She folded them and placed them on the chair as she had been instructed and then she took up her position beside his desk. She waited while he made the phone call, all the time aware that he was closely looking at her bare, shaven pussy.

“Bend over,” he commanded when he had located the paddle he kept neatly filed away in a cabinet.

Carla did as she was instructed, lowering her stomach to the desk so her buttocks stood out proudly from behind her. She felt the cool wood of the paddle as he lined it up on her behind. Then the paddle was withdrawn only to come crashing back into her virginal buttocks a moment later.

“One,” he mumbled with suffocating power. “Nine to go.”

Carla had been pushed into the desk by the force of the swat. Even as the paddle was raised for the second stroke, her pale flesh was turning pink.

“Two,” he muttered a moment later as Carla gasped from the pain the second stroke had left in her rear.

“Three,” he added when the paddle had fully connected with her buttocks a third time. “Think you are beginning to learn your lesson?”

“Y...yes,” Carla gasped. She longed to reach round and rub her painful backside but she knew the next swat could catch her hands and hurt them instead so she fought against her instincts.

“Four,” he commented. The swat was a real beauty, landing plum centre of her pretty, pink bottom cheeks. Carla was sobbing now from the pain. She had never been punished so harshly before. Even when her mother had paddled her for smoking when she was thirteen it had not felt like this. Her whole rear was on fire from the swats.

“Five,” he called out cheerfully as the next stroke added more intense pain to her burning rear end. “You will certainly not be able to sit down tomorrow. You have not been used to this kind of treatment before, have you?”

“N...n...no,” Carla sobbed.

“Six.” The paddle landed again and this time Carla raised herself onto her toes as the pain became too much to bear.

“P...please stop – it’s too painful.” She pleaded, though her cries fell on deaf ears.

“Seven!” He was amusing himself now, watching his cub reporter’s bare ass writhing across his desk as he delivered one swat after another. This was one lesson she would not forget in a hurry.

“Eight!” Carla lifted one leg off the ground as the energy in the paddle converted into pain in her rear.

“Nine.” The paddle had not been delivered until Carla had once again been in position. Then, the wooden instrument of pain was withdrawn before the stinging pain of a fresh stroke flooded through Carla’s buttocks.

“And one to go,” he said almost jovially. “Now, you know about the last stroke, don’t you.”

“You save the hardest for last?” Carla queried, her burning buttocks causing tears to flow down her cheeks.

“Precisely. Now, after this stroke, you will stay in position and we will proceed straight into the caning.”

“Yes,” she acknowledged with a degree of resignation in her voice.

“Ten,” he called out as the paddle landed with a splat across her glowing orbs.

Carla groaned as the wooden paddle landed and instinctively she stood up on her tiptoes, though she did her best to remain bent over the table.

In less than ten seconds she could feel the cane tapping her burning rear.

“Now, grasp the edge of the table in front of you and hold tight. This will be over very quickly.”

Carla grabbed the edge of the table, gritted her teeth and waited as the cane tapped her buttocks another four times. Then she heard the swish of the cane as it was whipped up into the air a moment before a second swishing sound brought the thin, cruel cane cutting into her already inflamed buttocks.

Barely had Carla time to react to the first stroke than a second and then a third stroke landed in quick succession. The pain was indescribable, though excruciating came some way close. The fiery burning globes now felt like they had been cut with a thousand razor blades, and the pain intensified as the fourth fifth and sixth strokes landed.

As the sixth stroke landed, Carla stood upright and grabbed her burning flesh with her hand.

“N..no, no more, please stop, it’s too much.

“Get back over the table. We will add a further two strokes for this interruption. Any more nonsense and you can just walk out of the door and not come back again.”

“P..please don’t,” Carla wept, but then, when he did not reply, she resumed her position. Her buttocks, now bright pink, were crossed by the six dark marks left by the cane’s own punishment. They would soon turn into ugly dark and purple bruises. Meanwhile the cane was realigned and the seventh eighth and ninth strokes delivered in swift succession.

Carla grasped the table edge as hard as she could, turning her knuckles white as the searing pain in her ass continued unabated.

Three more strokes were added and the punishment was over.

“Stand up and face me,” he ordered.

Carla stood up gingerly and reached round with her hands to gently touch her burning flesh as she turned to face her boss.

“Not so bad, was it?” He smirked, his pants bulging with his arousal.

“It was awful. That really hurt, you bastard.” Carla spat in defiance.

“For that, young lady, you will receive another ten strokes of the cane.”

“No, I can’t take any more.” Carla’s face was streaked with her tears.”

“Then I will give you a choice. Your punishment has aroused me. You can either see to my arousal or you can get out now.”

“What?” Carla couldn’t believe what she was hearing.

“You don’t want to take any more of the cane so I am giving you a choice. You can either finish what you have started with my cock, or you can get out now and don’t come back.”

“What I started?”

“Yes, You are an attractive young lady and it aroused me to punish such a sweet ass. You’re responsible for my arousal so you can finish the deed.”

“You want me to fuck you as well now?”

“Good God no. I want you to finish me with your mouth.”

Carla knew she had no choice. She needed the job so she knelt down and in two minutes had his erect manhood between her lips. She’d not done the oral thing before and was a complete novice, but he soon showed her what he wanted and in a couple of

minutes she had the hang of it. A couple of minutes later she felt the tell-tale twitch of his cock a moment before she tasted the hot, salty liquid of his ejaculation.

“Swallow it,” he commanded after she had taken his cock out of her mouth, “and then show me it’s all gone.”

Carla did as she was instructed, hoping her ordeal was now over.

“Good, young lady. We’ll call it a day for now, but if ever I have to punish you again, you will regret it. Now, you can go home and take tomorrow off for good behaviour.”

Carla fumbled with her clothes to get dressed before she walked back, slowly and painfully, through the empty offices on her way home.

The memories of that first blow job came back to her as she grappled with the dark, Arab sex meat in her mouth. Assam was wider and longer than her former boss, and his cock had a strange taste to it. Also, the dark vein she could see running the length of his shaft was much more prominent.

He grunted as she plunged the tip of his head right into the back of her mouth, enveloping his cock with her tongue and her warm moistness. She sucked hard before releasing him.

She repeated this action several times, each time knowing he was getting closer to exploding within her. Finally it was happening. The tell-tale twitch of his manhood came a moment before the first gush of his release. His flood of semen filled her mouth so that Carla had to swallow with his cock still fully inserted in the orifice.

This made Carla want to gag, but she restrained herself, thinking her ordeal would soon be over. She waited until his pulsating phallus had stopped squirting the liquid into her before she withdrew his cock.

“Good, white bitch. Now, we will make your journey to our camp as pleasant as we can.”

Carla had no time to respond before she felt the sharp needle as it entered her upper arm. In a moment she felt light-headed and the room started spinning. She fell to the floor and fell unconscious.

“Take her to the jeep and cover her up. We have another visit to pay before we go back.”

Jasmine Thomson was just nineteen. Her father was an engineer attached to one of the Kuwaiti oil fields and Jasmine was one of those students who’d got a conscience about the looming war and decided she’d join the protest movement. In fact, she’d been so taken in by the other activists that she’d joined them in their safari to Baghdad to act as some kind of human shield in case the Allies did decide to attack. Jasmine was resting up in a hostel that afternoon, waiting for someone to come and get her and tell her what the party were going to do next when she heard the soft knock on the door.

Presuming the visitor to be her group leader, she opened the door to her room without thinking. Tariq was standing there smiling. As he smiled, his hand reached out and pulled the young, scantily clad woman towards him as his other hand came up to cover her mouth.

Jasmine gasped with surprise but had no time to react as the much stronger Arab pushed her back into the room. Now, Jasmine was not a pure-white British woman. Her

mother was but her father was of mixed race, so Jasmine had been born with a slightly tanned skin complexion, black hair which she wore in plaits and large, dark eyes. She was slender but had large breasts and a curvy ass.

The door closed behind her as Tariq forced her to stand back up against the bedroom wall.

"I'm going to remove my hand. If you scream it will be the last noise you ever make. Do you understand?"

Jasmine's pretty eyes were wide open with fear as she gently nodded her understanding.

"What are you doing in this country?" Al'almira stood in front of the young woman.

"I, I've come to stop the allies from bombing you," she muttered as quietly as she could.

"You! How could you stop the forces of Satan from dropping their bombs on us if they wanted to?"

"I don't know, it just seemed that if enough of us tried it might stop them."

"Pah, what is twenty or even one hundred white lives in their eyes? No, I think you are here to spy on us."

"No, no, I'm not a spy," Jasmine was very frightened now.

"I say you are and now we are going to show you what we do to spies in this country. Tariq, kill her."

"NO!!!!" Jasmine cried out.

"No? Would you rather we offer you an alternative?"

"Y..yes, if there is one," Jasmine lowered her eyes.

"Hmm," was all Al'almira said. He stepped forward and allowed the back of his hand to glide across the young woman's chest. "Perhaps there is an alternative. You can come with us and learn to serve your new masters."

"What, as a slave?"

"Yes, a slave. You will learn to do all we ask of you, without complaint, without question and without delay. If you break any of these conditions or if you try to escape you will be severely punished."

"How do you mean?"

"You will be beaten and maybe killed."

"Nice option. What will I have to do?"

"Anything we ask you to."

"Sexual things?"

"Yes, and more besides."

"I'm not sure I can do that."

"We will teach you all you need to know."

"Well, what choice do I have – to die now or to give it a go."

"I thought you would say that. Now, your first lesson. Remove all your clothes and go and lie on your bed with your ass pointing to the ceiling."

"What, now?"

"Yes, now. Do not delay or you will regret it."

Jasmine peeled off her flimsy blouse, exposing her breasts with the dark, rosy nipples surrounded by the even darker areolas. Then she stepped out of her cut-offs and her knickers, revealing the dark mound of hair covering her pubis. She was already bare foot and in less than a minute she was lying face down on her bed.

"Good, now Tariq will hold your arms and Abdul your feet. I am going to give you a little taste of what will happen to you if you disobey me or any of my staff in the

future and also what will happen if you try to escape either now or when we have taken you back to camp.”

“Camp?” Jasmine questioned, her terror increased as the two strong looking Arabs took hold of her arms and legs, pinioning her to the bed.

“Yes, we have a camp where we train you white bitches into the ways of your new Arab masters. We will be going there shortly.”

“So what are you going to do now?”

“Beat your ass.”

Al’almira was holding his belt in his hands – a belt he had folded in double. Barely had he finished speaking when the belt whipped down across Jasmine’s bare buttocks, leaving a long red mark where the belt had caressed her flesh.

“Yeeeeooooowwww!” She screamed as she struggled to escape her captors. They held her firm and after a few seconds, Jasmine realised the struggle was futile. The belt whipped through the air and its contact made her buttocks ripple as they absorbed the energy from the cruel instrument of pain. Jasmine howled again, and again as the third stroke landed.

“Spread,” Al’almira ordered Abdul and in a moment Jasmine felt her legs being opened wide as the Arab grasped one ankle with each of his hands and simply forced her legs open. “Wider, I want to see her pussy lips,” Al’almira spoke softly but with menace.

Abdul obliged, now grasping the young woman’s calf muscles. Her legs were wide open and the dark flesh of her outer labia was fully exposed for Abdul and his master to admire.

The belt was repositioned and this time came down right across the crack in her labia, forcing the lips open and bringing a sharp, stinging sensation to the young woman’s sex. Even while she howled with the pain, the Arab delivered three more strokes in quick succession.

As each stroke landed, Jasmine howled with the pain and involuntarily tried to move away from the source. After the fourth stroke, Al’almira stooped over the hapless young woman and with one hand, parted her labia to inspect his handiwork. Her flesh looked sore and bruised and there was a faint trickle of blood at the entrance of her vulva where the belt had nicked her. Al’almira smiled.

“On her back now,” he ordered and waited while his henchmen turned the young woman over. She was still panting, gasping for breath from the beating, but Al’almira wasted no time. He was naked below the waist and took only a few seconds to kneel between the woman’s thighs. Abdul and Tariq now held an arm each, holding them out sideways to the woman’s shoulders.

“Have you ever served an Arab master before?” He asked the woman.

“No,” she said as the realisation of what was now going to happen dawned somewhere in her pain-ridden brain.

“Then you will be able to remember this experience for some time to come.”

With his hands, Al’almira raised the woman’s legs up and over her head, opening her buttock cheeks so the entrance to her anus was exposed. When she was in position, he reached down behind him and retrieved the leather cock-shaped dildo he had placed there earlier. The dildo was about ten inches long and just over an inch in diameter. The Arab spat onto Jasmine’s anus and then massaged the spittle into the sphincter opening. Satisfied she was lubricated, he took the end of the dildo and pressed it against her rim. Jasmine’s eyes bulged ever wider as the pressure on her anus increased. Finally her resolve to resist this vile penetration weakened and the tip of the dildo entered her. The dildo was coated in some kind of lubricant and once the tip had gained access to

Jasmine's body, it was a simple matter for Assam Al'almira to push the dildo deep into her, until nearly seven inches were buried in her back passage.

"How does that feel?" He smirked.

"Full and painful. Have you ripped me back there?" Jasmine was breathing fast.

"Only a little bit." As he spoke, Al'almira lowered her legs back onto the bed so that the dildo was now firmly wedged inside her body. "Now, we will see what a good Arab-style pussy fucking does for you."

"Are you using protection, only it's not safe otherwise?"

"No protection – we don't use that. You say it is not safe – why?"

"Time of the month – for getting pregnant, that is – which I don't want to do."

"That is of no consequence. Some of our clients and friends like a pregnant bitch to serve them. Perhaps you will be lucky enough to serve those clients."

With that, Al'almira lined up his erect cock and positioned it at the entrance to Jasmine's vulva. Despite his earlier actions, he was hugely erect. With the dildo filling up Jasmine's back end, his cock was tight as it entered her pussy. Jasmine groaned and gasped as the Arab proceeded to plunder her body, his cock now thrusting in and out of her body. Evidently the sensations of feeling the dildo pushing hard against his cock as he slid in and out of the young woman's cunt pleased the Arab for it took him barely three minutes to reach the culmination of his own pleasure. With one final thrust that buried the head of his cock deep in her body, Al'almira squirted his seed deep into her body. Secretly he wished she would succumb to being pregnant, for it would make her life in the camp all the more interesting for him.

When he had taken his pleasure, he stood up and re-arranged his clothes.

"Now," he said after a minute, "it is time to take you to the camp."

"Aren't you forgetting something?" Jasmine was still somewhat breathless.

"What have I forgotten?"

"That thing you pushed up my ass."

"No, it will stay there for the journey – something to remind you of your position in life. Now, Tariq, if you please."

Tariq fished in the pocket of his jacket and pulled out the small syringe. As with Carla, he plunged it into Jasmine's outstretched upper arm and emptied the contents of the syringe in her body. He released her arm and watched as the drug took effect.

When Jasmine was unconscious, Tariq turned her over and forced the rest of the dildo into her ass, leaving only the wide end of the device showing. Then he and Abdul dressed the young woman as best they could before he picked her up and carried her over his shoulder back to the waiting jeep.

With their latest quarry now securely in their possession, Tariq, Abdul and the young Al'almira prepared to leave for the desert camp that was their destiny.

Carla was snoring gently on the floor of the vehicle, while Jasmine lay unconscious in the foetal position beside her. The effects of the drugs would last at least two hours and when both women recovered they would be in the camp, with only the marks and pain in their bodies to serve as memories of their demise.

Now, as the vehicle wove its way down the dusty track, the three Arabs conversed amiably, Al'almira thinking to himself how fortuitous it would be to have a pregnant slave at the camp – such a prize would fetch a very good reward for him in the weeks ahead.

The dusty camp of Sheik Al'almira, a welcome sight to his fellow countrymen who seek the thrill of sexually dominating white women, was equally a place of fear for those same women who had been captured and taken there against their will.

The sound of the horn from the jeep, stirred the guard at the gate of Camp Al'almira. He immediately recognised the approaching vehicle as that of his master and , some moments before the jeep had reached the perimeter gate, it had been opened so the jeep entered the camp unhindered.

It screeched to a halt outside the single wooden hut which the inmates of the camp knew was the preparation hut. All new arrivals were routinely prepared for service in this hut and all older inmates were periodically required to go through the same process as part of their training.

The back door of the jeep opened as two guards ran up to the vehicle. In his native tongue, Assam Al'almira issued his instructions.

"I have two white bitches, both of whom require preparation. They are sleepy from their ordeal of being captured but should fully awaken soon. The dark haired one is to be treated carefully and when she is prepared I want her brought to the house."

"Yes, sir," one of the guards replied as he lifted the sleeping Carla Longden out of the jeep and carried her into the hut.

A moment later, the second guard hoisted Jasmine Thomson out of the jeep and, as her long black hair tied in plaits trailed over his arm, he carried her into the hut. The door to the hut closed as the jeep roared off in the direction of the main house.

For the next half hour, Al'almira was busy on the phone, calling a number of his associates. There would be some fun later on and the prize of his expedition would earn him many favours from the group of acquaintances he liked to call his friends.

In the hut, Carla and Jasmine were laid out on two couches. They were stretched out and their arms tied securely above their heads so that their armpits were fully exposed. At the bottom of each couch were two upright supports onto which had been fixed leg rests. The legs of the women were opened and lifted onto the restraints so their pussies were open and exposed in much the same position as women adopt when undergoing a full internal examination. Their legs were strapped to the supports so they would be unable to move them when they awakened.

The guards turned their attention to Carla first. Her underarms and pussy were already shaven but rules were rules, so the guards applied the wax strips and yanked them off, removing a few remaining hairs, leaving the young woman totally bare-skinned. Carla stirred as the second strip was applied and by the time her pussy was being stripped she was fully awake. She struggled to free herself but realised she was tied securely.

"What the fuck are you bastards doing?" She screeched as a wax strip was pulled off her left labia.

"Our orders are to make you prepared for training. That includes the removal of all hairs under your arms and around your pussy. When this is done you will have a lotion applied to your pussy that will make you hot and willing to serve your new masters. After a second application you will be taken to the house for your initial training. If you are wise, you will obey your new masters. If you are foolish you will resist them and suffer much pain. When your pussy is burning with desire in a few minutes we are instructed to show you what that pain is like."

Carla felt the guard rubbing something like a jelly into her vulva. He didn't just rub it into her freshly-shaven pubic mound but opened the lips of her vulva and made

sure a good hefty dollop of the gel was rubbed into her inner, private area. Tied as she was, Carla could do nothing other than let things happen. She was still groggy anyway and far too groggy to contemplate escape.

A minute after the gel had been applied she began to feel a strange tingling sensation between her legs. The tingling mingled with a new warmth in her sex, a warmth that continued to grow until she began to feel hot down there. Somewhere in her mind she began to long for a good fuck, for the simple reason her body was demanding sexual satisfaction. The sensations, mixed with the fact her legs were wide open and her sex wonderfully exposed, made her pant and gasp as the longing in her pussy increased.

“Oh God, I need a fuck,” she moaned after another minute had passed. “Can’t you do something to take the heat of my pussy. God I need you to finish me.” She was responding well to the gel, arching her back as the powerful sensations of arousal continued to well up inside her.

“No fucking is allowed unless we are told to. We were told simply to prepare you. When you go up to the house you will then be ready to do anything to have the release you will be craving.”

“Oh, shit, that’s not fair, I need a fuck ... NOW!” Carla screeched as the sensations became too much for her and the first waves of orgasmic pleasure tore through her abdomen.

At the peak of her climax the guard parted her pussy lips with two fingers and smiled at the wetness he observed. Then he dipped his middle finger in the jar of gel before inserting his coated finger deep inside Carla’s cunt. His finger sought out and found her G-spot. The soft pad of tissue a little way inside her vulva did not elude him for long and the guard made sure he applied some of the gel on his finger directly onto her most sensitive area. Then he stroked her with his finger, establishing a rhythmical, beckoning kind of motion as his finger caressed the soft pad of tissue.

Carla was already climaxing again, as the combination of the effects of the gel and the attention she was being given inside her cunt mounted. She panted loudly as the waves of orgasmic energy coursed through her body, causing her back to arch as she climaxed.

Undeterred, the guard withdrew his finger, dipped it back in the pot of gel and then reinserted the finger in the woman’s vulva. Now the pad of tissue felt swollen and slightly spongy. The guard knew she would be close to ejaculating so he withdrew his finger, knowing his master would want to savour the final culmination of this woman’s arousal for himself. With luck, the guard thought, it might even be that his master would instruct him to apply punishment if the woman climaxed too quickly.

With some chagrin, Carla felt the finger being removed.

“You are now prepared for the first stages of your training. You will be taken to the big house and introduced to your new master. Sheik Al’almira may have guests who will then begin the process of your training. If you are wise you will do exactly as you are told. Now, you will be untied. Your camp clothes are on the chair in the corner. You will dress quickly and then Kamil will take you to the house.”

In less than a minute Carla had been released from her position of bondage. As she stood up she knew her sex was still swollen, hot, eager and in need of release. The gel was continuing to stir up the sensations of warmth and longing within her loins, and though Carla did not know it, the gel would continue to do that for some hours still to come.

As she stood up, Carla felt the little trickle of her love juices as they dribbled out of her vulva onto her inner legs. She walked over to the chair and in a moment had put

on the leather thong and tight fitting wrap. She shuffled her feet into the sandals and her camp attire was complete. She turned to see the guard had already turned his attentions to the other woman and as she turned the other guard, whom she guessed was called Kamil, beckoned her. At the same time he took the short-handled tawse out of his pocket and as Carla passed him on the way to the door, she felt the solitary sting of the swat he landed on her bare backside. She jumped more with surprise than pain and hurried out of the door.

When she had gone, the guard turned his attentions to Jasmine. She was just coming round from the effects of the drugs and in a moment she realised she had been strapped down and was open and exposed and totally helpless. The guard smiled at her when she opened her eyes.

“We have a camp rule that all women will have no hair under their arms or between their legs. I see you have both, so I will now remove it.”

“You what?” Jasmine sounded groggy, but her screech, as the first wax strip under her right arm was pulled off her together with the hair that had been trapped under it, indicated she was suddenly very fully awake.

“You can scream all you like but you will have all your hairs removed.”

“Yaaahhhh!” Jasmine yelled again as the second strip of hairs was removed from under her arm. A third strip removed the final hairs and again Jasmine screamed out loud from the pain of such torture.

The guard repeated the action on her other armpit and Jasmine screamed again as each strip of wax removed the hairs.

“And now, it is time for your pussy. In just a few minutes you will be as bare as the day you were born. Then, after all your hair is gone we will prepare you for your new master. The other bitch spy was taken to the owner of the camp, His Excellence the Sheik Al’almira. You are to be taken to his son and his friends to become their plaything.”

Jasmine felt the wax strip as it was pressed into place over her sex. A few seconds later she gritted her teeth as the guard applied the tell-tale pressure as the strip was about to be removed.

As it was ripped from her body a mass of dark pubic hair came with it and Jasmine screamed as loud as any woman has ever screamed.

“Arrrgggghhhhh!” She yelled at the top of her voice, and yelled again when a second and third strip removed more hairs.

After five minutes, half a dozen wax strips and more screams of sheer agony from Jasmine, her pubic hairs had finally all been removed to the satisfaction of the guard.

“Now you will be made ready for your new master. This gel will arouse your genitals and make you hot and desirous of release.”

As he spoke, the guard squeezed a dollop of the gel onto his fingers and then proceeded to massage the gel into Jasmine’s labia and inside her sex.

After a minute she felt the heat between her legs begin to rise. As it did so, she began to long for the release of orgasm. She was quite unprepared for the very powerful effects of the gel on her vulva and in a short while she was groaning as the heat brought her to a very high state of arousal. She climaxed once, quickly, and then the guard squeezed more gel onto his middle finger.

Parting the lips of her sex with two fingers he inserted his middle finger and applied the gel to the insides of Jasmine’s sex tunnel. He found the pad of tissue he was searching for and ensured the gel was rubbed carefully onto it. He stroked the tissue with his finger in a sort of beckoning motion until he felt it change. The pad became

spongy and seemed to swell and only as Jasmine was gasping with the onset of her third orgasm did he pull away from her.

“You are ready for your new master. Serve him well and do as he tells you or you will feel the pain of his anger.”

The guard untied Jasmine who, it has to be said, looked dishevelled and disappointed at losing out on the climax, and showed her the new camp clothes she had to wear.

Suitably attired, Jasmine was led out of the hut and across the quadrant to the main house. Inside the main door was a door leading into one of the front rooms. As she passed it, Jasmine could hear the voice of an elderly man issuing some kind of instructions in what she recognised as the typical accent of a well-bred Arab who was speaking English as a second language.

Jasmine was marched past the door, her vulva still throbbing from the arousing gel. She longed to be able to rub the need out of her sex, longed to lie back and open her legs so she could find the release she craved, but the guard had cuffed her hands tightly behind her back so she was powerless to do anything.

“You are ordered to attend the gymnasium. The young master will be waiting for you by now. I trust you will enjoy your first experiences of the young master’s habits. I imagine he will have invited some of his friends to attend the session. Down these stairs.”

The guard had opened a door which opened up to a flight of stairs going down. Jasmine half stumbled down the stairs, her deep arousal now mixed with fear and anxiety. At the bottom, the guard knocked politely on the door and then entered when summoned.

“The white bitch slave you brought back is ready for you Excellence,” he said in quite good English.

“Bring her in then,” the invisible voice summoned Jasmine into the gym. “Ah,” he said as she appeared in the doorway, “and she is ready for some action?” The question was aimed straight at the guard.

“She is ready, Excellence.”

“Good. Then you will escort her over to the weight training couch and strap her into position.”

The guard did as instructed. As he led Jasmine to the couch, she noticed the young Sheik was quite alone in the room. At least, she thought, she would not be on parade.

“Before you lie on the couch you will strip naked,” the guard said and Jasmine knew better than to disobey. In a moment she was totally naked.

She lay on the couch on her back, looking at the ceiling. Her arms were splayed out so her upper arms were at right angles to her body and pushed back onto the couch. Her upper arms were then strapped securely to the couch. Her lower arms were arranged so that her elbow formed another right angle with her hands now positioned above and to the sides of her head. As with her upper arms, her wrists were now securely strapped to the sides of the couch. When in position, stirrups, like those used in the preparation room were secured to the sides of the couch and her legs positioned onto them so that her upper leg was pointing vertically to the ceiling and then her knees were bent at right angles so her lower legs were again horizontal.

Her legs were secured into position so Jasmine was now open and fully exposed with her sex on full display. She was also powerless to resist whatever the Arab had in mind for her. When she was secured, the guard released a lever on each side of the bed and pulled away the lower half so Jasmine was lying there with her backside hanging

over the edge of the shortened couch. Her sex was actually hanging over the edge of the couch by a few inches – just as the young Sheik had intended.

After the initial fear of being helpless had subsided, Jasmine realised that her vulva was incredibly hot again – the gel was continuing to arouse her. As she lay back and waited for what would happen next, she began to enjoy the warmth in her sex tunnel and at the top of her legs.

“Excellent,” the young Sheik walked round the couch to take a proper look at what his quarry had to offer him.

“I think we should begin with a little weight training to stretch the labia.” As he did so he dismissed the guard with a silent movement of his hand.

With the guard gone, Assam Al’almira pulled a little trolley over to where Jasmine lay. He took four pins and pierced Jasmynes labia – two on each side. The piercing made Jasmine cry out with the sudden pain and a trickle of blood appeared from the wounds.

“Ah, your white pussy is bleeding. It will soon stop when the training is over.” To the pins, the Sheik clipped on crocodile clips. In turn these were attached to some fine, wire cables that in turn were connected to a metal container that could be used to hold either a liquid or solid material.

“We will start off with 50 grams of lead shot and see how that stretches your pussy lips,” he said as he completed the attachments.

“Arrrggghhh,” Jasmine groaned as the lead weights were added to the container, pulling on the pins that had pierced her labia. “That is really, ouch, painful,” she moaned.

“You are permitted to cry out but you will not talk during training unless I tell you to. Do you understand?”

“Yes,” Jasmine cried. The pins were tearing at her flesh, stretching her labia as they did so.

The container holding the weights hung between her legs and her labia were being stretched.

“Now, I am going to flog your pussy until it is swollen and bright red.” Al’almira spoke softly and in a moment was holding a small cat-o-nine tails. The handle was made of pure leather and the Arab held it deftly in his hand. From the handle projected a dozen or more fine, leather straps, and it was these straps that started to caress the stretched labia of the white woman.

Jasmine gasped out loud as the straps were brought down directly on her crotch with a force that was greater than simply playful. Without waiting for her reactions, the Arab flogged her crotch with a dozen or more swift flicks of the whip, each stroke biting into her stretched labia and cutting into her sex flesh. Jasmine had no time to react to one stroke before the next increased the intense pain that was coming from the area directly between her legs.

“Ah, your pussy is going red with the whip. That is good because it is making you more sensitive. I think a dozen more strokes should suffice for today.”

“Y...y...yes master, if you say so.” Jasmine was sobbing loudly but determined not to let the Arab brute see how much pain she was suffering.

The whip landed again and again directly across her exposed sex flesh, causing Jasmine to cry out with loud gasps as her tender flesh reacted to the brutal flick of the whip.

“Enough, your pussy is bright red and your lips are swollen. Now, we will bring in one of my little toys that will soon relieve the pressure in your pussy – and I will see how well you reach your climaxes.”

While he was speaking, Al'almira had walked away from the couch and now trundled a strange looking device into position between the woman's legs. The contraption was a small box on castors and on top of the box was a vertical pole about half an inch in diameter.

"Now, you probably can't see what I am doing but I am lining up a dildo which will then be used to arouse you for a period of time. Do you like being fucked by large things?"

"Yes, I prefer large." Jasmine knew she was powerless to resist whatever the Arab had in mind and that by being compliant she just might avoid further punishment. Also, her cunt was really hot with the effects of the gel and she was longing for something to make her climax.

From the small box on castors the Arab withdrew a dildo. It was a beautifully crafted instrument in the shape of a large penis. The tip and pulled-back foreskin were carefully crafted into the plastic weapon of love and on the back end a pole about two feet long had been screwed into the middle of the device.

Al'almira fixed the pole on the dildo to the pole coming out of the box with a clamp and positioned the whole thing so the dildo sat at the point of penetration of Jasmine's reddened pussy. Al'almira fiddled with the fixings until he was happy the dildo was correctly positioned.

"I will set it for eight inches of movement and we'll see what that achieves." He moved the dildo so the tip was just touching Jasmine's labia and then he pushed the dildo about two inches into her red hot cunt. Jasmine gasped as the device entered her.

A moment later she heard the click of a switch and immediately heard a feint hum. At the same time the dildo was pushed firmly into her body and then slowly withdrawn until it returned to being only an inch or so inside her. Then the whole process started again so that Jasmine felt as if she was being slowly, deliberately and very rhythmically fucked.

Behind the gymnasium was a small ante-room, and in the ante-room were seated ten of Al'almira's friends. They were watching what was happening in the gym through a one way mirror and most of the well-built men smiled at the thought that soon they might be offered the chance of penetrating the white sex flesh that was on display before them.

At the moment, though, the dildo was in charge, plunging deep into Jasmine's hot pussy and then being withdrawn again. After two minutes of this steady action, Jasmine was crying out with the pleasure as the first orgasmic wave coursed through her body. In her position of bondage she could do nothing other than lie back and feel the powerful thrusting motions of the unrelenting device that had been inserted into her sex tunnel.

The first waves of orgasmic pleasure had barely subsided before she felt the next wave building. As they did so, Al'almira turned up the pace of the dildo slightly, so the effect on Jasmine was even greater. The second orgasm ripped through her as she broke out with a flush of perspiration.

After five minutes of the dildo's action inside her, Jasmine had reached three massive orgasms. She was building for the fourth when the dildo was momentarily cold to the touch.

Al'almira had squirted some lubrication onto the shaft of the instrument as it had been withdrawn from her body and now the cold gel was all the way up her vulva. The reason for the gel soon became apparent for Al'almira twiddled with some dial on the side of the box and the dildo started to move in and out of Jasmine's gaping pussy with a much faster rhythm.

“We will see if this finishes you off, bitch,” he muttered as Jasmine cried out from the sheer force of her next climax. She could feel the pressure growing in the pad at the top of her vulva and she knew the next climax would result in her own ejaculation. She had rarely achieved this before but there had been one particular occasion when she’d been at college.

College had been a fun place to be and Jasmine had found it gave her many experiences of life. Though a natural hetero, the life at college had given her one defining moment which had taught her much about herself.

She’d gotten associated with a couple of other girls. Clarisse was a self-assured 18 year old, with long hair that was coloured dark brown. She had hazel coloured eyes and was tall and slender. Jasmine met her on the first day of college and they became friends. Then there was Isobel. She was shorter, had short-cropped sandy hair and was altogether quieter than either Jasmine or Clarisse. The three girls got on just fine and over the first few months all found boyfriends. A few months later those same lads were off the scene and so it was, one evening, with a bottle of cheap red wine, the three were sat on the bed in Jasmine’s room.

They’d been talking over various things for an hour or more and then the conversation turned to boys – as it often did.

Clarisse told her friends about her affair with Don. He was a real hunk and, according to Clarisse, was hung like a horse. In fact he was so large he’d been almost painful when they fucked. That was until he’d told Clarisse to relax and not worry about the size. She’d relaxed and a strange thing had happened. During their next frenetic sex session she’d felt her vulva become almost sponge-like as he thrust deeply into her. She’d felt the pressure mount until it was unstoppable. She knew it sometimes felt like this when she climaxed but this time the sensations were even more intense. Yes, she was coming, climaxing one after another and loving the feel of his big, thick dick inside her. Normally, after a few climaxes things eased off, but not today. He’d obviously drunk a bit and was not going to do his bit quickly – which made it even more thrilling for Clarisse. She felt the pressure build until she thought she was going to explode between her legs. With a final grunt she felt the release as she literally did explode – her juices squirting out around the shaft of his cock as she ejaculated all over the bedclothes. Don was excited by this and soon reached his own climax. After it was all over, Clarisse felt embarrassed but Don reassured her. That was Clarisse’s first ejaculation and as she told her two friends the story she began to feel awfully warm between her legs and she noticed both Jasmine and Isobel were also looking agitated.

As the story ended, Isobel reached over and without any warning, planted a kiss on Clarisse’s face.

“Wish that would happen to me. I just never seem to get close to an orgasm. Perhaps I don’t relax enough. What about you Jas?”

“I do okay, but nothing like that. Guess we’re all different.”

“Guess so, but I wish I could get some help to see why I don’t get the big o. Any ideas?”

“Not sure,” said Jasmine.

“Fancy relaxing with us and see what happens?” Clarisse’s eyes were bright with excitement.

“You mean, here and now?” Isobel was slightly surprised at the suggestion.

“Why not? You’re with friends and the door’s locked.”

“You mean you’re going to teach me to get an o right here?”

“If you want us to. What do you think, Jas?”

“We could try,” said Jasmine looking evenly at both her friends, trying hard to work out exactly what was going on.

“Well, okay,” said Isobel, “but only on one condition.”

“What’s that?” Clarisse was almost drooling now.

“We all strip naked and what you do to me, we all do to each other. Fair enough?”

“Okay by me,” said Clarisse.

“Okay, I guess. Heck we’re friends. Let’s do it.” Jasmine concluded.

Two minutes later the three eighteen year olds were stripped naked and Isobel was lying on her back on the bed.

Jasmine turned her attentions to Isobel’s pert, rounded breasts and began kissing her friend’s nipples while Clarisse went to work on the business end.

“Look, you have to relax,” she said softly. “Why not think of something really nice and then go with the flow.”

It worked. In less than a minute, Clarisse was gently probing the inner areas of Isobel’s pussy as the young woman became damp with her own excitement. The probing fingers became more intense and stroked the inner walls of Isobel’s vulva with greater urgency as the young woman moaned softly with the pleasure. A couple of minutes later, Isobel reached her first climax. It wasn’t a massive peak, but it brought a smile of satisfaction to Clarisse’s face.

“Like it?” She murmured as her fingers continued to probe the insides of Isobel’s soaking crotch.

“Mmm, that was a nice climax.”

“Do you want to have more?”

“Can I?”

“Of course. Just continue to enjoy what we’re doing.”

“Mmm, it’s good.” Isobel closed her eyes and felt the pressures of the next climax building inside her. This time the orgasm was more forceful as the powerful waves of pleasure rippled through her abdomen, causing her to gasp loudly.

“Okay Jas, it’s your turn down here. Just keep up the rhythm.”

The two women changed places, Clarisse now stroking and teasing Isobel’s swollen nipples while Jasmine tentatively inserted a finger in the soaking wet sex of her friend. This was a new thing for Jasmine and she felt embarrassed but excited by it all. She probed Isobel earnestly with a beckoning motion until Isobel panted loudly as her third orgasm tensed her abdominal muscles and the waves of pleasure rippled through her body.

“I want some now,” said Clarisse, and then we’ll give Jas her treat.

Isobel was still gasping as she sat up and changed places with Isobel. Clarisse needed no luring. As she lay down she opened her legs wide, her labia fully exposed and already moist, visible because she was fully shaved.

“Come on Jas, do me an do me hard,” Clarisse urged her friend on.

Jasmine wasted no time and soon her fingers were fully inserted in the young woman’s wanton sex tunnel. Clarisse was fired up and reached orgasm in less than a minute. She came panting loudly and then urged Jasmine to go on, harder than before. Jasmine obliged and crooked her fingers inside Clarisse’s vulva so her nails were applying pressure to the upper wall of the sex tunnel. After a few strokes, Clarisse arched her back and ground her hips in the air as her second orgasm ripped through her body.

To her credit, Jasmine continued her stroking action unabated.

"This time will be the big one," Clarisse gasped as the pressure in her vulva started to mount again. As it did so, Jasmine thought the walls of her vulva turned somewhat puffy. She continued stroking her strongly, her fingers now working in a sort of beckoning action. Then, and quite suddenly, it happened.

Clarisse groaned loudly and suddenly Jasmine's fingers were bathed in the young woman's secretions as she ejaculated her love juices onto the bed.

"Wow," said Isobel after a couple of minutes. "Wish I could do that."

"You will, one day." Clarisse laughed softly as the waves of pleasure subsided. "That was good. Now Jas, it's your turn. Fancy some of that, do you?"

"Mmm, not sure if that's me, but I'll give it a go."

"Course you will. Now, lie back and open those pretty legs of yours so we can see your pretty pussy lips."

Clarisse was sitting up and waited while Jasmine lay back on the now damp sheets.

"Oooh, you have a nice mound. I think you will have lots of pleasures down here," Clarisse purred as she started to stroke jasmine's clitoris. The bud was already engorged with the young woman's arousal from the previous proceedings and as Clarisse touched her gently, Jasmine thought she was going to explode.

"Just do me," Jasmine pleaded when the teasing, tantalising stroking of her bud became too much for her.

"Okay, you asked for it."

Clarisse gently parted Jasmine's pouting labia and inserted two fingers straight into her vulva. Jasmine, as Clarisse had hoped, climaxed almost immediately. Before her gasps had subsided, Clarisse was fingering Jasmine firmly. Clarisse was an expert and it took her just a few strokes to feel the soft pad of tissue that was Jasmine's G-Spot. While stroking her sex in a firm, rhythmical way, Clarisse carefully crooked her fingers so that a short nail rubbed over the pad of tissue with each stroke.

Jasmine was wet, very wet and rapidly built towards the next peak of pleasure. The orgasm, when it came, was stronger than her first and she was perspiring with the physical efforts being made within her body as the waves of orgasmic pleasure rippled through her. Clarisse continued unabated and then Jasmine felt Isobel as she took her left nipple and slowly began nibbling it. The sensations were overpowering and Jasmine felt her third orgasm build deep inside her. It erupted with just a few more of those finger-scratching strokes across her G-Spot and Jasmine gasped with the power of the feelings as she climaxed.

"Now, this will be the big one. Can you feel the changes inside you?" Clarisse asked softly.

"Mmm."

"Good, because you are going to explode this time." Clarisse continued to stroke jasmine's G-Spot firmly with the tip of her finger. Then, as Jasmine started to arch her back as the orgasm approached, Clarisse stroked her furiously with a very fast beckoning motion. The pad of tissue that is the G-Spot, swelled and became spongy and in a moment the flood of liquid squirted out of Jasmine's vulva as her ejaculation was upon her as part of that final orgasm.

That was the end for Jasmine. Her sheet was soaking and she felt utterly and totally replete and sated with the efforts of her pleasure. She lay back and waited for her breathing to return to normal.

"Did you enjoy that?" Clarisse asked as she tenderly withdrew her soaking wet fingers and reached forward to kiss Jasmine on her cheek.

"Yes, thank you," Jasmine returned the kiss and laughed. "That was so liberating."

Now, as the dildo stroked her vulva strongly, Jasmine knew she would be unable to hold back the ejaculation. The pressure was just too great and she was involuntarily tensing herself for the moment of final release. After her fleeting reminiscences of the events in college, it took the dildo just two more strokes to complete the task.

The jet of liquid shot out of Jasmine's vulva as the dildo withdrew, and as the liquid squirted out onto the floor it brought a laugh of satisfaction from the Arab.

"Hah, so you know how to climax like that, do you? That will bring much pleasure to my friends and those you will serve. You told my guard that you are at the right time of the month to bear a child. Is that the truth?"

"Yes, it is." Jasmine was panting hard from the release and hoped her situation would result in leniency from her captor. She was to learn very swiftly that Al'almira was looking for precisely someone in her state and that he would show no favours to her.

"Well, you are now going to be fucked like you have never been fucked before. Even though you have climaxed fully, I expect you to do so again before long. If you satisfy my needs you will be rewarded, but if you fail you will be punished."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Turn your head and suck my cock." Al'almira had disrobed while he had been talking and his large, black cock now hung stiffly at the side of Jasmine's face.

Jasmine turned her head and strained to reach the enormous manhood that was presented to her. She opened her mouth but it was obvious she was not correctly positioned to minister her attentions in the way that she guessed would be required.

"I can't reach from this position," she half-cried.

"Then we will change your position."

In a minute, the ropes and ties had been removed and Jasmine was standing up, her glowing, throbbing, naked sex tingling with the effects of the orgasms, the whipping and the gel that had been so liberally daubed inside her tunnel.

"Over to the beam and lay your shoulders on it."

The beam was about two-thirds of the way down the room and the Arab had lowered it to the waist height of the woman. Jasmine walked over to it and bent over it until her shoulders touched the cool wood.

"Now, lay your arms along the length of the beam to either side of your head."

Jasmine did as instructed and waited while Al'almira tied ropes round her arms, tightly securing her against the beam, making it impossible for her to stand up again.

"Spread your legs wide, white bitch," he snarled. Jasmine knew better than to argue with him and duly shuffled her feet a couple of feet apart. She was feeling tired from the efforts of her arousal and she would have preferred to lie down and sleep, but she had a feeling she would not see her bed for some time yet.

Al'almira picked up two leather ankle straps from a nearby table and proceeded to secure them, one round each of the hapless woman's ankles. On each strap was a ring. Al'almira picked up the leg-spreader and secured one end of the pole to the ring on the strap on Jasmine's left ankle. He then secured the other end of the pole to her right leg. Then he sat on the floor and pushed his own feet against Jasmine's ankles and then, by spreading his own legs, he forced Jasmine's legs even further apart. Finally satisfied that he had stretched her legs as far apart as he could manage, he reached forward and popped home the locking pin through the two halves of the spreader, thus preventing Jasmine from closing her legs again.

“Now,” said Al’almira, “you will suck my cock before I fuck your sweet little ass.”

He stood up and walked round in front of Jasmine. Grabbing her hair, he yanked her head up so she could not help but see the dark, throbbing manhood that stood stiffly and proudly just a few inches from her mouth. When Jasmine reacted slowly, Al’almira yanked her head again and chided her.

“Suck my cock, you white bitch, or I will punish you.”

“Okay. You couldn’t let me move my legs just a bit closer together, could you, only it’s really quite uncomfortable standing like this?”

“You do as I say and then I will tell you why you are wide open like that. Now suck cock.”

Jasmine opened her mouth as wide as she could manage and smelled the aroma of the Arab’s sex meat a moment before she felt the throbbing mass as it was crammed into her mouth. Jasmine felt the tip of his cock on the back of her throat and it almost made her gag but, remembering something one of her friends had told her a while back, she breathed deeply and started to suck on the less than scrupulously clean phallus.

She licked and sucked for what seemed like ages but in reality was only a few minutes. Al’almira seemed pleased as he groaned every time she played her tongue across the back of his cock head. He moaned softly as his manhood swelled and stiffened to the full length with which he was endowed.

After Jasmine had stiffened him into a rigid pole, Al’almira pulled away from her.

“Now, I am going to fuck your tight little ass and you are going to feel the might of your new master as I plunder your depths.”

As he spoke, Al’almira walked round behind the tightly bound woman. She felt his hand on her buttocks for a moment before she felt the tip of his girder press against her sphincter.

“Oh shit, you’re big,” she gasped as he pushed against the muscle. She tried hard to repel the rude intrusion but he was a man on a mission and nothing was going to stop the phallus from fully penetrating her anus. As Jasmine shrieked from the pain, Al’almira shoved his cock past the muscle and on into the depths of her rectum until his shaft was buried to the hilt.

He stood that way for a moment as if unsure of what to do next. Then he partially withdrew his cock before ramming it home again. Jasmine was crying now from the pain of her torn anus, and as the Arab withdrew his meat a second time he noted with some satisfaction that it was streaked with bright red blood.

The sight of the blood spurred him on for he rammed his cock back into her anus until it was buried once again to the hilt. With over ten inches inside her, Jasmine was feeling filled up and her backside was sore.

After half a dozen more strokes, Al’almira pulled his cock out of her anus and lined the head up with her vulva.

“Let’s see if you are still wet from your excitement earlier,” he spoke just as he pushed the head of his manhood beyond her labia.

Jasmine gasped again as he violated her body but she was thankful that at least her cunt was more used to large objects and the fact that his cock was slimy and she was still wet from earlier.

Al’almira set up a rhythmical stroking action inside her cunt, withdrawing his monster and then fully reinserting it. After a while he became more agitated as he neared his own moment of pleasure. Jasmine, virtually unable to move because of her bonds and the positioning of her legs around the spreader bar, was growing more and more uncomfortable as her legs tried to close and the bar forced them apart. She longed

for the rape to be over, for rape it was. Then it was happening. Al'almira thrust his phallus into the hapless young woman once again and then grasped her waist and pulled himself even deeper into her body.

"Now I am going to fill your pussy with my semen." Al'almira panted as he spoke. His moment of release was upon him and Jasmine felt the jet of hot seed as it spurted deep into her body. She waited calmly as he pulled away from her when his ejaculation was over and she waited for the moment when he would release her ankles from the spreader.

"Excellent," Al'almira said. "A well-fucked ass and a spunk-filled pussy. You have the makings of a good sex-slave. Now, I have a little surprise for you."

"Yes?" Jasmine didn't like the tone in his voice – it made her uneasy.

"Yes. I have some friends waiting out the back. They have been watching your reactions to my pleasures and they want to partake of the soiled goods. You will now do for each of them what you have done for me. You will stiffen them with your mouth, one at a time, and then as you stiffen the next cock, you will have the last one rammed up one of your holes so the owner can take his pleasure. If you fail to satisfy any of my friends you will be taken to the training post outside and beaten."

"How many are there?"

"Ten! You will satisfy them all. It is a matter of honour to me."

"If you say so, but can't you release my ankles for a moment?"

"No. You are my slave and you will do as I say. Now, I am going to open the door and the party will begin."

Jasmine's heart sank. Ten more Arabs to deal with and her ass was really sore and she felt so tired. Even as she heard the door open to the side of her, she knew the next half hour or so would be a living hell. Her fears made her panic for a moment but the moment passed as the first of Al'almira's friends grasped her hair and forced her head upwards so she could not help but look at the cock directly in front of her.

"Suck!" The Arab had little finesse but Jasmine knew better than to disobey, so she sucked. She sucked and licked away at the floppy Arab cock until it stiffened to a passable pole about eight inches long.

"Good, slut," he said. "I will now fuck your ass."

Which is exactly what he did a minute later as Jasmine came to terms with the very much larger cock that was presented to her face by a second Arab. The second Arab was clearly excited and Jasmine knew the stiffening ritual was little more than that. She doubted she could stiffen him any more but he had to wait his turn round the back until the first Arab had finished bugging her. She hardly felt the first Arab's cock slide into her well-torn anus. He was much smaller than Al'almira and the ripped flesh, though painful, was not in any danger of becoming more torn by what was happening around her backside. That was not the case with Arab number two. He was, Jasmine reckoned, nearly twelve inches long and strikingly thick with a large purple vein that passed down the length of his incredible shaft of manhood.

The Arab behind Jasmine finished what he was doing and Jasmine felt the sticky trickle of spunk as it dribbled around the entrance to her body that he had violated.

The head of the twelve inch girder was surreptitiously removed from her mouth and as Arab number two walked round behind her, the third Arab presented his manhood to her face.

Jasmine smiled thinly for he had a long, thin cock – one she could easily manage inside her mouth. He tasted salty and unwashed and it looked like he'd been excited fairly recently for there was the distinct aroma and taste of pre-cum about the head. Jasmine sucked him strongly as if determined to save her rear from one battering if

possible. As she sucked she felt the girder of the second Arab being lined up against her labia. At least, she thought, he was going up the better of her two holes. And go up her, he did. With one long, powerful thrust he forced the whole of his massive manhood inside her vulva. Jasmine was so startled by the powerful thrust of the phallus in her sex that she nearly bit the slim-line cock in her mouth. Fortunately just as her teeth were about to bite, Jasmine realised what she was about to do and stopped.

Even while the second Arab pummelled her sex with his manhood, Jasmine concentrated on the oral ministrations she was giving to the third Arab.

He was evidently highly aroused and was groaning almost as loudly as the steam-train behind her. Suddenly Jasmine felt the cock in her vulva twitch with the onset of the Arab taking his pleasure and a moment later she tasted the cum in her mouth from the third of her abusers. The double climax left her reeling for a moment. The cum in her mouth tasted salty - it always did - and Jasmine was surprised by the quantity. She tried to swallow but the cock in her mouth was continuing to thrust into her, making any kind of swallowing action virtually impossible.

The third Arab evidently intended to have Jasmine stiffen his cock again. Long after the sensations in her cunt had subsided and Jasmine could feel the semen dribbling from her sex after the second Arab had left the room, she was still being forced to suck on the third Arab's cock. Despite his orgasm he evidently knew he could manage a second cock stand and sure enough, after a couple of minutes further attention from Jasmine, his cock rose to the occasion.

"Good, now I can take your ass as well," he mumbled as he took his stiff cock out of her mouth.

A moment later the fourth Arab entered the room and offered his cock in front of Jasmine's face.

"Suck me well, bitch and who knows, I might buy you," he sneered.

Jasmine could feel the long, slim cock being pressed against the entrance to her anus. Trying hard to relax she focused on the cock in front of her and was hardly aware of the action going on behind her. She felt the rude entry as the cock was forced past her sphincter but apart from the sudden shock of the entry Jasmine was unconcerned about the action in her rear.

So the action continued until all ten Arabs had first been treated to Jasmine's oral ministrations and then decided for themselves whether to fuck her pussy or her ass.

At the end of the session, Jasmine was dripping semen from her mouth, her vulva and her anus. Her face was also covered in the white fluid and she was bleeding quite badly from her anus.

The tenth Arab was the one who did most of the damage. He was a stocky character and his manhood matched his physique. His cock was barely six inches long but it was really big widthways. He smirked to himself when Jasmine could barely fit him in her spunk-sodden mouth. He seemed disinterested by the fact that one of his friends had previously splashed his seed all over her face rather than allow her to swallow what he had produced. He thrust his fat cock into her mouth the best he could and was not satisfied until she had found a way to get the whole head in between her teeth.

Then he decided to take her up her already torn anus. He lined his cock up between her wide-open buttocks and then simply pushed hard. There was no ceremony about the penetration and he ignored Jasmine's painful cries as he further tore her flesh around the entrance.

"White bitch, you like my cock back here. It is tight and very filling," he sneered. Then, as he thrust into her exhausted body time and again he started panting heavily

from the exertions. Finally, grasping her hips with his fat hands, he plunged his cock one last time into her inner depths. Jasmine's eyes were already streaming tears from the pain in her ass and she was barely aware of the jet of hot semen that added to the fluids already inside her.

The Arab withdrew his cock and left the room. A minute later Al'almira re-entered the room and walked round the woman who was sobbing loudly, a small pool of blood on the floor between her legs the evidence of her source of pain.

"You have finished for the night. A guard will come and unstrap you and then you will be taken to your quarters. Your pussy will be filled with spunk every night for the next week to maximise the chances of you conceiving. If you do not conceive then you will continue with the programme, but if you do then you will be sold at auction."

Al'almira turned and left the room, leaving Jasmine alone with her thoughts and her throbbing ass. She spat the saliva from her mouth in the hope it would reduce the foul taste of the cocks she had been forced to suck. Her face felt sticky from the splashes of semen and she began to wish she had never travelled to this strange land.

Carla had been led from the preparation hut straight to the living quarters of the elderly Sheik Al'almira himself. He had been waiting for her and was in the mood to teach the new slave a few lessons in obedience.

The guard opened the door to the lounge and propelled the slightly dazed young woman into the room.

"Your Excellence, I have brought the white bitch for you as requested."

"Very good. I take it she has been thoroughly prepared?" The elderly Sheik spoke softly, almost wearily.

"Thoroughly, Excellence. Her pussy will be on fire for your attentions and I have schooled her on the way here in the requirements of obedience. She is ready to learn her first lessons from you, Excellence."

"In that case, you may leave us and we will get started. I will call for you when I am finished."

"Excellence." The guard turned and left the room, closing the door behind him.

"Now then, white bitch, the guard has told you about obedience. Did he tell you what would happen to you if you were not obedient, did not satisfy me or my guests, or if you tried to escape?"

"No, sir," Carla sounded afraid – she was. Also, her pussy was burning hot from the gel and she was trying hard to stave off the desire to rub her sex.

"Well, if you try to escape you will fail and then you will be tied to the punishment post in the square outside. There you will be beaten by the guards before being tortured in the punishment hut. If you fail to satisfy me or my guests you will be taken to the punishment hut. If you are disobedient then you will receive a thrashing by whomever you are with at the time. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir." Carla was even more frightened now.

"Good, then we will begin the first of your lessons with a brief demonstration of the pain that awaits you when you break the rules. Come over to the desk and bend over it with your stomach close to the table and your ass sticking out."

"What are you going to do?" Carla's first mistake.

"You NEVER question what I tell you to do. Now do it. For your insolence I will double the demonstration." Al'almira sounded affronted by the woman's question.

Carla sensed that conversation was pointless so she shuffled forward to the desk and took up the position required. Her backside jutted proudly out into the room.

“Put your hands out in front of you.” Al’almira waited for Carla to oblige and then he quickly roped her wrists together and secured the free end of the short rope to a ring on the far side of the desk from where Carla was standing. “That should stop you from interfering with the demonstration.”

Carla waited while Al’almira walked back round the desk. Then she felt the leather thong being pulled off her waist and down over the tops of her legs until it fell to the floor around her feet.

“Ah, a typical white woman’s ass. I will be turning it bright red in a moment and you can be sure the pain will be real enough. If the guard has done his job well, you will also get very hot in your pussy. Now, we will begin with a good old-fashioned caning of twenty strokes. That will be followed by twenty strokes with a leather strap. I find that brings out the heat in a slave.”

“Oh God,” Carla groaned to herself.

“To make the caning more effective I am first going to insert a device into your ass. This will vibrate continually and also will be forced deep inside you when the cane lands on it.”

Barely had Al’almira finished speaking when Carla felt his hands on her buttock cheeks. Her cheeks were parted, exposing her small sphinctered anus. It was probably just as well that Carla could not see the vibrating butt-plug that Al’almira was holding for it was an instrument of impressive proportions.

Al’almira squeezed a dollop of gel onto Carla’s anus and lined up the butt-plug. He pushed gently to start with and then, when Carla resisted the rude entry attempt, he spoke with authority, “I suggest you try to relax or you will be torn.”

Carla did her best to relax and allow the inevitable to happen. She felt the tip of the plug against her body and instinctively clenched her muscles again. Then, with determination, she relaxed enough to allow the instrument to make headway into her ass. Al’almira pushed the plug home until the bulb was completely inserted in Carla’s backside. With a sly grin he admired the stretching effect on her anus and the small trickle of blood that indicated the forced entry had indeed ripped her flesh. The vibrating butt-plug had a clasp on the top of it and Al’almira now threaded a thin strap through the clasp. He passed the strap around Carla’s stomach and then tied the strap, securing the plug in position. Even if her rectum now tried to expel the instrument, it would be held in place. Then Al’almira twisted the top of the device, turning on the motor that generated the rhythmical vibrations.

“Now you are ready for your caning.” Al’almira spoke without much passion in his voice as he walked away from Carla for a moment to pick up the thin, wooden cane he had selected for the lesson.

Carla was groaning in her prone position, groaning from the pulsing sensations of the vibrating plug in her ass, vibrations that filtered through to her hot vulva.

Thwack! There was no lining up of the cane and no swish of the stroke as it was withdrawn – nothing, in fact, to prepare Carla for the stinging sensation of the cane as it crashed down on her backside.

“Yeeeeooowww!” Carla shrieked as the cane was lifted back into the air.

Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Three strokes of the cane landed in quick succession, more in keeping with a thrashing than a caning. Al’almira’s aim was good. Three times the cane landed almost mid across her upturned buttocks and three times the cane missed the butt-plug as it did so. The next three strokes landed after a ten second pause.

Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!

“Yeeeowwww!” Carla barely had time to shriek as the strikes landed, and certainly no time to react to each stroke individually. The last of the salvo landed square across the butt-plug, forcing it deeper into her anus as her buttocks compressed under the force of the stroke.

“Arrrgghhh!” Carla groaned as the device pushed against her sphincter and caused the tear to open wider. The blood that had oozed out from the initial ripping now flowed more freely.

Thwack! The eighth stroke landed forcefully across the top of Carla’s buttocks. There was now no pleasure, save for the vibrations deep in her ass. The pain of the caning had completely attracted Carla’s attentions and she was sobbing loudly.

Thwack! Thwack! Two more strokes landed just on the top of Carla’s legs, bringing fresh howls of pain.

“That was going to be the end of this demonstration but for your insolence I am now going to deliver another ten strokes. This will teach you total obedience to your new masters.

“No, please stop, I can’t take any more!” Carla exclaimed through her sobs.

“You will learn the role of a slave and you will learn obedience.” Al’almira retorted as he lifted the cane into the air again.

Thwack! The next stroke pushed the plug back into Carla’s ass and her sphincter bled some more as she shrieked with the pain of the ripped flesh.

Thwack!

“Arrgggghhhhh! No, please stop, I’ll do anything, just stop.”

“No! Al’almira was not going to relent, despite the woman’s pleas.

Thwack!

Another scream from Carla as the cane landed just on the sensitive skin at the top of her legs.

Thwack! Stroke number thirteen landed straight across the middle of her buttocks a fraction of an inch above the end of the plug.

“Arrggghh” Carla sobbed as the stroke added fire and pain to well battered buttocks. Al’almira had proclaimed before the session had started that he intended to turn her white buttocks red and he was already well on the way to fulfilling his promise. In fact, much of her buttock flesh was now covered in welt marks that were moving from red into the purple colour of battered and bruised, tortured flesh.

Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! The fusillade of three strokes in rapid succession caught Carla totally unprepared and added a massive amount of pain to her rear end, causing her to shriek as the strokes landed.

Carla was breathing heavily now from the pain and any thought of pleasure from the gel in her burning cunt had long since passed. Al’almira rifled off the last few strokes and the punishment from the cane was over.

The next thing Carla felt was the hands of Al’almira as he inspected her bruised and swollen buttocks.

“Ah, the pale flesh of the white bitch slave is going red. I hope you are learning your lesson well for the normal punishment for breaking any of our rules is a minimum of fifty strokes of the cane. That, I think, would turn your bottom very red indeed.

Carla continued to sob as the hands kneaded her painful, swollen cheeks. The vibrator in her ass continued to hum rhythmically, though the thin trickle of blood had almost stopped.

“Now, you will receive ten strokes with the belt,” Al’almira took his hands off the burning flesh, “and then I am going to fuck your pretty little ass.” He smirked as he walked away to pick up the belt.

The belt was no ordinary belt but the strap that had once been used to secure the saddle on top of the Sheik's own camel. It was fully two and a half inches wide and made of highly polished leather.

"You see this strap, it is of the finest quality." Al'almira played the strap through his left hand as he held it in front of Carla's face. "It will bring a deep warmth to your white buttocks."

He took up position and Carla felt with dismay the belt as it was played across her already-burning flesh.

Slap! The belt caressed her flesh with greater urgency as Al'almira delivered the first stroke.

Slap! The belt caressed her again and Carla felt the heat building up in her buttocks. Not only that but the belt, which was much wider than the cane, slapped across the top of the butt-plug, forcing it into her anus as each stroke landed.

Carla howled as the third stroke landed and howled again as the fourth stroke followed soon after. Strapped to the table as she was, Carla had long since given up any hope of removing her backside from the line of punishment. With her hands stretched out and secured in front of her she was totally at the mercy of the Sheik. Even as the fifth stroke landed, Carla pushed her bottom into the air as she stood on the tips of her toes for a moment, but even that motion was difficult and she was soon back into position for the next stroke of the leather.

It came a moment later, together with the next stroke a moment later. The final strokes soon followed and the demonstration was over. Her buttocks felt as if they were on fire, so hot were they from the administered punishment. Carla was sobbing uncontrollably from the sheer agony and she was barely aware of the Arab behind her as he removed the vibrating butt-plug. She felt his hands on her hips a moment later and then something that felt like an iron girder was pressing at the entrance to her ass. She was too exhausted from the punishment to care about what happened next and Al'almira wasted no time in thrusting his impressive Arab manhood straight into her body. He violated her with relish as his cock thrust deep into her, tearing at the already torn muscle, causing a fresh streak of blood to ooze out between Carla's legs.

"Argggh!" Carla moaned as the cock almost pulled out of her body and was then rudely thrust back in as deep as the Arab could manage. In this way he set up the rhythmical fucking action that he wanted.

"The guard," he panted after a minute, "tells me that your pussy is well prepared and you are hot and ready for some action. Is that correct?"

"It was, but I'm in too much pain now to respond to anything."

"We will see about that. I was going to come in your ass but now I think we will see what other delights you have to offer."

With some relief, Carla felt the huge manhood being removed from her anus. With greater relief she felt her arms being untied and was able to stand.

"Come with me," Al'almira commanded her as he walked toward a door at the back of the room.

"Ow!" Carla moaned as she tried to hobble after the Arab. Her buttocks were really painful and walking brought her renewed agony.

The door led into a small room. In the middle of the room was a couch with no back rest but with arm rests on either side.

Al'almira disrobed completely and went and lay on the couch. His legs dangled off either side and his phallus stood proudly to attention.

"Now, bitch, you will mount me and take my cock all the way up your pussy."

"Shit," Carla muttered almost inaudibly.

With difficulty she climbed onto the couch and squatted above the Arab. Taking his huge cock in her right hand she guided the tip to the entrance of her sex tunnel. Al'almira waited until he could feel the tip of his penis inside her labia and then he rose to meet the woman as she descended onto him.

In a moment the phallus was embedded deep inside Carla and, as Al'almira placed his hands on her hips and pulled her down onto him, Carla moaned. She cried out when her inflamed buttocks met with his dark flesh but in a moment he had grasped her waist and was lifting her off him. He held her with just the tip of his cock buried in her labia and then let her fall back down onto his manhood. Again Carla gasped as her vulva was filled with the Arab's sex meat.

Al'almira repeated the action maybe ten times before Carla realised what he wanted. By the tenth stroke her pussy was on fire and lubricating nicely. The warmth and sensations of the cock inside her were stirring up her arousal and her vulva was becoming damp with the real onset of excitement.

As her excitement increased, Carla began to put her own efforts into raising her body and then lowering it again while her sex tunnel was impaled by the Sheik's cock. He certainly possessed control of his own pleasures for Carla could feel the signs of her own explosion building within her before she sensed any impending explosion of the Arab semen kind.

After four orgasms and with his cock continuing to plough into her, Carla knew she was about to ejaculate. She could feel the changes deep inside her that told her the explosion was imminent. Once she sensed what was about to happen she opened her legs as wide as she could manage and thrust her whole body down on the Arab phallus that had impaled her. She repeated the action, urgently seeking the release of her culmination.

The third such stroke brought a great gush of juices from Carla's vulva, soaking the crotch of the Arab and the couch beneath him. At the same time Carla moaned loudly and forced herself down on the Arab with everything she could muster.

Still he would not reach his own climax. Instead he allowed the woman to recover somewhat from her own pleasures and then ordered her to dismount. Carla was weak at the knees from her second ejaculation of the evening but she managed to stand up.

"Now, bend over the side of the couch and I will finish what I have begun. You have had your pleasure, now I will have mine and tomorrow you will be punished in the gymnasium for being so rude as to take your pleasure ahead of your master." Al'almira spoke evenly and Carla had no idea what he meant, but she assumed it would not be pleasant.

"Sorry, master, but I couldn't help it," she pleaded as she knelt over the raised arm at the side of the couch.

"Sorry you will be, but now open your legs wide."

Al'almira waited while Carla shuffled her feet apart, then he took up position directly behind her.

Carla felt her buttock cheeks being parted by the Arab and in a moment she felt the warmth of his cock as the head was pushed against her back door. Al'almira wasted no time. With no ceremony or preparation he thrust his iron girder directly into Carla's body.

Carla shrieked and tried to squirm away from the violation, but Al'almira had his hands on her hips and all he did was grasp her and pull her body back onto his cock as he pushed himself forward.

Then he thrust his cock in and out of her ass with great gusto, relishing the tight fit and the slick sensation on his shaft from the fresh blood he had brought forth from his violation of her body.

Al'almira started grunting and in a few more strokes Carla felt the tell-tale twitch of his manhood. A moment later the jet of hot Arab semen shot into her body and after a further minute of the cock being buried deep within her, Carla felt Al'almira withdraw.

"You can get dressed and the guard will take you to your hut. I have finished with you for today but tomorrow you will be punished in front of my guests and some of the other inmates. Your demise will serve as a warning to them all."

Carla stood up. Her anus was bleeding and she felt very sore indeed. She picked up her thong and replaced it, together with the thin piece of material that covered her breasts. She slipped on the sandals and was about to sit down on the couch with exhaustion when the guard entered the room.

"You do not sit in the presence of your masters. You do as they say or you get punished."

"She is to be taken to the punishment hut tomorrow afternoon. I will have three guests in attendance and you will bring the most recent inmates to watch what we do to those who are insolent, break the rules or who do not please their masters."

"Excellence."

No word of the exact form of the punishment had been spoken. There was no need. That would be decided on later.

Carla and Jasmine found themselves imprisoned in the same hut.

"Christ!" said Jasmine when Carla was literally thrown into the hut and the door closed behind her. "What the hell happened to you?"

"I ran into an Arab – backwards." Carla attempted to smile but her tear-stained face and the trickle of blood down the insides of her legs detracted from any sense of humour.

"Are you okay?" Jasmine continued. She'd been in the hut a few minutes before Carla Arrived and had begun to recover from her own ordeal.

"Not sure. I'm Carla, by the way."

"Jasmine. Any idea why we're here?"

"None, but it looks like we've been taken prisoner by some sex-crazed Sheik."

"And his son, who has a bunch of weirdo friends who fancy trying to get me pregnant."

"Have you douched?"

"Yes. First thing I did when I got back. The shower isn't much but it should have killed off their intentions."

"Great. Where is it?"

"Door at the back of the hut. Mind out though – there isn't any soap or hot water."

"I don't care. I'm so inflamed I need something to cool me off."

"There's some lotion they left here, with a note that it soothes inflamed skin. I tried some and it really does take the heat out of things." Jasmine was looking a lot calmer than after her own ordeal.

Carla stood up and went to explore the shower. Jasmine was right – it wasn't much but the cold water soothed her inflamed buttocks and allowed her to wash off the blood from her torn anus. She also managed to cool her sex and clean herself up in general from the ordeal that had taken place barely fifteen minutes earlier.

It was still early evening and Carla returned to the basic bed that was not occupied by Jasmine.

"That's better. Now where's that lotion?"

"Here. Do you want a hand?"

"If you don't mind."

"Sure. I guess your ass got the worst of it, so why not just lie down on your stomach and I'll rub some in for you. If I hurt just let me know."

"Okay and thanks." Carla rolled carefully onto her stomach and hoisted the thong down her legs to fully expose her buttocks.

"Christ! said Jasmine, aghast at what she saw. "That bastard ripped you plenty. It's still bleeding a little so this may sting.

Carla felt the cooling lotion as it dripped onto her naked buttocks. She felt Jasmine's soft hand as she gently rubbed the lotion into the purple, angry flesh.

"How many did he give you?" Jasmine asked when Carla winced as she rubbed a little too hard over one of the welt marks.

"Twenty with a cane of some description and then ten more with a camel saddle's belt – or I think that's what he said it was."

"Well, you are going to have trouble sitting for a day or so I think. This will help soothe the heat for now, but these bruises are going to hurt for a while." Jasmine spoke softly as she stood by the side of the bed.

"Thanks. That feels better already. Ouch!" Carla shouted suddenly. "That really hurts."

"Sorry, but your little anus is really torn. I didn't mean to hurt you but we've got to stop the blood somehow."

"Okay and thanks. Just the surprise of it. Go on."

Jasmine applied another dollop of the lotion directly onto the sphincter muscle. Carla grimaced as the cool, lotion stung her anus but the lotion worked for the blood stopped flowing within a few seconds.

"So, what happened to you? Carla asked Jasmine.

"I got gang-banged really. Yeah I got spanked a bit but not as bad as this, but I had to do ten Arabs, both with my mouth and then up my back one way or the other. I feel sore from the position I was in more than anything. The young leader said he hoped I got pregnant as then he could sell me onto one of his friends. Above anything, over the next few days I don't want that to happen. These guys may be sick in the head and think they have something over us, but I am not going to let them get me in the club and then sell me. Heck they don't own me."

"Fair enough. Just be careful and wash thoroughly. Now, I need some rest, because tomorrow the Sheik is going to take me to the punishment hut and I don't think he intends to have a picnic there. I came before he did and he wasn't pleased so I think he is going to hurt me some more. Do you know when they give us some food?"

"No," said Jasmine as she stopped rubbing in the lotion. "I've only been here about half an hour before you arrived so it's as much as mystery to me as it is to you."

"Great. No food so we starve to death, either that or we get whipped to death or fucked to death. Either way – we die. Think if I had the chance I'd prefer the fucking way out. It sounds like it might be quicker."

"Careful what you say. If they could hear you they might just oblige judging by what happened to me earlier."

Up in the roof of the hut the miniature camera transmitted their every action to the guards room at the other end of the quadrangle. Fortunately there was no sound broadcast but the guard on duty watched with appreciation as Jasmine rubbed the lotion

into Carla's buttocks. As he watched so he played with himself until the sight of the two women in such close proximity became too much for him and he filled his pants with his semen.

The evening passed and the hut became cool as the sun set. Both women took to their beds after the guard had brought them the tray of barely discernable scraps that was their evening meal.

"Tomorrow you will be punished severely," he chuckled as he pointed at Carla. "Not a good idea to upset his Excellence." He slammed the door closed behind him as he left the women to eat the morsels that he had taken them.

"News travels fast round here," said Carla with some fear in her voice.

"Bound to. One guard tells the others. Perverts that they are they will probably be drawing lots or something by now to be on duty tomorrow."

"Do you think so?"

"No idea. Say, what is this shit?"

"That looks like a sheep's eye, I think, but it might not be."

"Oh, yuck, that's disgusting." Jasmine had tried a piece of something that looked like meat but it tasted so foul she spat it out on the floor of the hut.

Carla tried it as well and when she had spat hers out too she agreed.

"Tastes like camel dung – well I don't know what that actually tastes like but I can guess it's like that. Fancy the eye?"

"No. I fancy being sick." Jasmine staggered off to the toilet cubicle at the back of the hut and Carla picked up the sheep's eye to the sound of retching going on behind the screen.

"Not bad," she said after a mouthful of the gooey eye. "Better than I'd expected."

Her statement was greeted by another sound from the cubicle as Jasmine emptied her stomach contents for the second time in as many minutes.

An hour later a guard came to take the remnants of the meal away. He was not the same guard who'd delivered the food and he smirked with an evil glint in his eye when he noticed they had hardly eaten anything.

"You not like your food. You should eat to keep strong. You," he smirked at Carla, "will need all of your strength tomorrow when you are punished. I gather it will be quite a show. That will teach you to behave yourself and be a proper little white bitch slave." He spat on the floor at the end of the sentence before turning with the tray and locking the door of the hut behind him.

"Christ! What are they going to do?" Carla now sounded frightened and her fear remained with her long after the sun had slipped below the horizon and the hut was bathed in the gloomy, lonely, blackness of the night.

She lay on her bed on her stomach for her buttocks were still too sore to put weight on and as she lay there listening to the weird and scary sounds of the desert night life, the hours ticked by. Eventually exhaustion overtook her and she fell into an uneasy sleep – a sleep that was filled with a nightmare.

In her dream she had a cone inserted in her ass. It was a strange metal cone with eight spines running at equal intervals down the outside of the cone along its length. These spines were barely three millimetres in depth but they were sharp. The cone started at the entrance of her ass and slowly Carla was backed up onto the cone so that it became more and more embedded in her body. As it entered her, so the spines ripped

and tore her flesh until her ass was opened by nearly four inches and she was bleeding profusely.

At that point Carla woke up in a cold sweat. She reached round and touched her body gently. Realising it had only been a dream, Carla sighed with relief and closed her eyes again, but the fitful slumber she had fallen into before eluded her for a few more hours.

The next day the guard came for Carla an hour before the sun was due to set. The women had been holed up in their hut all night and all day and the tension had risen as the time had passed.

"You, white bitch slave," the guard was so endearing, "come with me. We have to get you ready now." He pointed at Carla as he spoke and then spun round to talk to Jasmine. "You will be brought to watch in a few minutes, so make sure you are ready. It will be a lesson for you to watch." He spun round again. "Let's go," he spat out the words as he took one step towards Carla and grabbed her arm.

"What's going to happen?" Carla sounded scared to death – she was.

"You'll see. Now we go."

The guard propelled Carla out of the hut and locked Jasmine in behind him. Then he frog-marched the prisoner across the quadrangle to the large hut on the far side.

"This is the punishment hut."

He opened the door and pushed Carla inside.

"I have my instructions and you had better obey me. Take off all your garments and leave them in that corner." He gesticulated to the corner he meant. "Then come and stand by the wall bars."

Carla looked quickly round the room. It looked much like a school gymnasium. There were wall bars down one side, a beam construction in the middle and a vaulting horse sat at the far end. In the far corner was a sort of cupboard on wheels.

Carl removed her flimsy attire and threw her garments into the corner as instructed. Then she walked over to where the guard was standing by the wall bars.

"Stand facing the bars."

Carla walked up the bars and stood facing them.

The guard came up behind he and looped a length o white rope a round the bar that was at Carla's waist height. He passed the rope across Carla's back and looped it round the bar on the other side of her body. Then he pulled on the rope until Carla's stomach had been pulled hard against the wall bars. Then he secured the rope in place.

"I can hardly breathe," Carla gasped as the rope was secured in place.

The guard ignored her comment and instead took hold of her left arm. This he raised until it was level with her shoulders and then he proceeded to lash it against the nearest bar above her shoulders until the rope had been wrapped around her arm several times and she could not move it. He then did the same with her right arm.

At this point Carla was fully bound against the wall bars from the waist up.

"Open your legs as wide as you can." The guard wasted no time in bringing the leather straps of his cat-o-nine tails down on Carla's bare buttocks when she reacted too slowly.

"Ow!" She cried out as she parted her legs for the guard.

He took each leg in turn, pulled it further apart and secured it to the wall bars so that Carla was now completely spread-eagled and totally unable to protect herself against anything that her punishment might entail.

“Open your mouth wide.” The guard was standing behind Carla and as soon as her mouth was opened he inserted the ball-gag which he then secured around the back of her neck.

“You are ready. Now we will bring in the guests and observers. The guard walked back from Carla. She half-turned her head and could just see the door open. Behind her was a row of eight seats and in under a minute they were occupied by Sheik Al’almira and seven of his guests.

“Gentlemen,” the Sheik’s voice was familiar to Carla, “the bitch before you has been insolent and dissatisfied me. She is to be punished in the usual way. First though, we have three other bitches who are to witness the punishment as a lesson for them. They will then be available for your pleasure afterwards. The bitch to be punished will not be in a fit state to serve you.”

There was a pause as Jasmine and two other young women were marched into the room. They stood to the side of the seated guests and the guard stood behind them with his cat-o-nine tails at the ready.

“This bitch will be flogged with forty strokes of the cat and then she will be treated to enforced arousal using electrical means. Once she has succumbed to that she will be mounted on the horse and taken by the guards present at this session.” Al’almira waved his hand and the guard who had secured Carla to the wall bars nodded as he took up position.

The flogger was brought to bear across Carla’s back. The first ten strokes were applied across her shoulder blades, causing Carla to attempt to shriek from behind the gag in her mouth. She also struggled against her bonds, but the guard had secured her to the bars so that any movement was virtually impossible.

The marks of the leather tines of the cat were now clearly visible as red lines on Carla’s back. The next ten strokes were delivered across the middle of her back, producing more red marks and causing even greater pain for the helpless woman. The third set of strokes were applied to the tops of Carla’s legs. Criss-crossing the back of each leg with the cat-o-nine tails, the leather straps turned Carla’s lightly tanned flesh an angry red colour.

After the first thirty strokes had been applied the guard looked briefly at Al’almira. The guard was slightly breathless and paused for a moment as he lined the cat up with the height of Carla’s buttocks.

Then he swished the cat so the straps caught Carla mid-buttock. She struggled again and moaned loudly through the gag. She jerked violently in her bound position each time a fresh stroke was applied to her already painful buttocks. Fresh welt marks appeared on the cheeks that soon reddened from the renewed torture that had been administered the previous evening.

Unable to resist, Carla had to endure the full forty strokes of the flogger. When the guard had finished, Carla was sobbing so violently behind the ball-gag that it seemed she was almost choking. Her back, legs and buttocks were a criss-cross of angry red marks. Slowly the sobbing eased.

Jasmine and her two fellow prisoners had watched in horror as Carla had received her punishment. Any doubts they may have had about questioning their new masters or not wanting to satisfy their new masters’ needs vanished with the administration of the first ten strokes. By the end of the first phase of the punishment, all three had taken a silent vow to do whatever it took to avoid similar punishment being handed out to them.

The guard untied Carla from her bonds and issued his instructions.

“Turn round and stand against the bars.”

Carla did so, the cool wood soothing to her burning flesh. The guard tied Carla's wrists together with a length of rope and then looped the rope over the top bar. He pulled the rope down so Carla's hands were hoisted high above her head and then he tied the rope in position.

"Now you will be electro-stimulated." His voice was emotionless and as he spoke he walked over to the small trolley and wheeled it in place. He opened the door and pulled out four leads with crocodile clips on their ends.

He took the first lead, a red one, and pushed the clip open. Then he walked over to Carla's left breast and clamped the clip onto her nipple.

Carla sobbed again as the fine teeth of the clip bit into her flesh.

The black lead was then clipped onto her right nipple and the guard smiled when he noticed there was a faint trace of blood coming from both nipples.

Next the guard returned to the cupboard in the trolley and pulled out the vibrator. This device was about ten inches long and over an inch and a half in diameter. The vibrator had a wire running up the inside of it that terminated in the metal conductor that formed the shiny metal head. The shaft formed the second conductor as it too was made from a shiny metal material. On the bottom of the vibrator was a small jack type socket and two small posts that acted as the terminals for the metal conductors. The guard smeared the tip and shaft of the vibrator in a gel.

"This will warm up your pussy and also aid the conduction of the current we will be applying. You are going to experience the most intense and unrelenting orgasms of your life. This device never fails." He smirked as he bent down in front of Carla.

"Open your legs, bitch," he mumbled. Carla knew better than to offer resistance and much as she feared the penetration of this huge vibrator, she knew she had no choice so her legs opened on command.

She felt the cold, sticky head of the vibrator as it was pushed against her labia. They yielded to the pink flesh of her inner labia and her sex tunnel. Slowly and persistently the guard pushed the vibrator into Carla's pussy until just over seven inches of it were buried inside her. Then he reached over to the trolley and pulled out the clamp he was going to use. He secured one end of the clamp around the protruding end of the shaft of the vibrator and then secured the other end of the clamp against the wall bar that was behind Carla and just below where her legs were parted.

Carla was now impaled on about eight inches of vibrator, her arms securely tied above her head. The guard took only a few more moments to attach the remaining two leads to the posts on the base of the vibrator. Then he pulled the small double wire with the jack plug out of the trolley and pushed the plug into the socket on the base of the vibrator.

Finally he secured the free ends of the wires to terminals on the control panel inside the top of the trolley and flicked a switch. The vibrator sprang into life, its soft hum sending powerful vibrations deep into Carla's body.

The guard waited until Carla was showing signs of arousal before he spoke.

"This device is simple. The vibrator sends the impulses into the victim's sex causing her to get aroused. Then we apply current to the various electrodes which are situated so that they can either intensify that arousal pattern or can cause pain. What will happen is the white bitch will now be forced into having orgasms and each time the pressure sensors in the vibrator detect the contractions of her orgasm they will cause shock currents to be sent to the electrodes. Each time she is shocked the current will get higher.

This device usually results in the victim eventually reaching the point of ejaculation. Once that has happened the device stops. I invite your Excellence and

honoured guests to sit back and enjoy watching this bitch writhe around in the throes of her pleasures.

The guard flicked another switch and the humming became stronger and the vibrations intensified.

It took only a few moments before Carla started to gyrate her hips as she approached her first orgasm. The waves of energy were incredible and her pussy was burning hot both from the vibrations and the gel that had been used as the lubricant. Impaled as she was and with her hands high above her head, there was little more Carla could do as the sensations increased around her pussy. Then the waves of pleasure as she climaxed coursed through her lower body. She felt her pussy muscles contract around the unrelenting vibrator a few seconds before the electric shock fired through her sex and her breasts. The stifled moans of sexual arousal turned into a brief stifled cry of pain and the pleasure of the climax was lost.

Even as Carla began to recover from the shock, the vibrations in her sex were causing her to become aroused again. Again she attempted to dance as she became aroused, and again the impaled vibrator restricted her movements. As she gyrated her hips, the sensations within her body as the tip and shaft of the vibrator touched different parts of her, caused her pleasure to be intensified and it was only a few minutes before Carla knew her second orgasm was at the point where she could do nothing to stop it from happening.

Carla moaned loudly behind the gag as she reached the start of the second peak, more waves of pleasure coursing through her body. Again her pussy muscles tightened as the climax took hold and again the electric current shot through her nipples and her vulva, breaking into the pleasure and bringing momentary pain, on a level that was significantly greater than the previous jolt had been.

Carla realised with horror that the device was geared to bring greater pain with each orgasm. Somewhere deep inside her, Carla decided the only solution was to somehow reach the ejaculation her captors clearly wanted and expected to see. The guard had made it clear that her ordeal would only be over once that had happened.

Trying to control her desire to dance around the vibrator in her pussy, Carla tried to focus the sensations of the vibrator around her G-spot. It was the most sensitive area inside her vulva and she knew from past experiences it was the G-spot that would most likely cause her to reach ejaculation. She focused her mind hard on that soft pad of tissue and tried to imagine the vibrator strumming the pad in the way her boyfriends in the past had aroused it. Slowly she eased herself up and down on the vibrator, allowing the sensations to build within her.

Suddenly she felt the wave of the climax as it flooded through her lower body. Even as she climaxed, the electric current destroyed the pleasure again and Carla howled from the intensity of the current that was applied, albeit only for a second or two. She smelled the faint smell of burning flesh and realised the torn area around one of her nipples was burning.

The relentless vibrations continued and once again Carla tried to focus on the sensations in and around her G-spot. This time she felt hopeful. There was a definite change to the feelings deep within her body and Carla knew her G-spot was swelling up. It always did this just before she ejaculated and now she focused hard on holding back on the orgasm that was begging to be released through her body. She bit her teeth into the ball-gag as she struggled to withhold the orgasm. She could feel it all welling up inside her, the waiting explosion that would mean the end to her torture.

She knew it had to be this time or the electric current would probably do some real damage. She also knew her captor and his guests were watching her every motion with great interest.

She held back for the very last vibration that was possible and then with a great shriek of relief that the ball-gag could do little to stifle, Carla climaxed. The clear liquid of her ejaculation flowed copiously out round the shaft of the wide vibrator. Carla was sweating profusely from the efforts, her exhausted body knowing that one final climax was required.

Even as she shrieked with relief, the electric current kicked in again and this time the rank smell of burning flesh was greater, but Carla was past caring. They could kill her if they wanted – at that moment there was nothing that was going to stop her enjoying and savouring the full release of the ejaculation, the ultimate peak of excitement and pleasure that she would ever achieve. Carla had long believed that nothing, absolutely nothing, would ever come close to matching the feelings and emotions of the ejaculation.

Her spent and exhausted body hung limply on the vibrator – a device that continued to hum but now without effect until the guard walked back to Carla and switched it off.

It took the guard only a few seconds to remove the vibrator and the leads connected to Carla's nipples.

"Your Excellence – I will now prepare the bitch for the pleasure of your self and your honoured guests."

The guard wasted no time. He manhandled the vaulting horse into the middle of the room. It was not particularly high, the adjustable seat coming up to an average waist height.

The guard released Carla's hands from the wall bars and dragged her unresisting body over to the horse. He hoisted her over it so her stomach lay across the seat. Then he secured her arms, one to each of the legs of the far side of the horse, with rope.

Kicking her legs open, he stretched them so he could similarly tie one of the woman's legs to each of the legs at the back of the horse. Finally she was in position, her buttocks exposed and open for all to see.

"The bitch is ready."

Al'almira stood up and walked over to Carla.

"You will now feel what it is like to have your ass ravaged by eight well-endowed Arabs. You will not complain or offer any resistance and you will satisfy all of us or you will be back here tomorrow." Turning to his guest he continued speaking. "Gentlemen, as well as this slave who is available for your delectation, we also have a white bitch who is on heat at the moment and is in need of a good servicing. She will be brought back to the house after we finish here. If any of you wish to reserve your energies for then, please do so."

Jasmine realised in horror that she was the target of his offer. She cringed slightly and felt sick at the thought but managed to steady herself before the guard behind her noticed anything and reacted to punish her.

Carla was barely conscious following her electric torture but was aware of her buttock cheeks being prised open by her Arab captor. He wasted no time, pushing his thick, black cock against her anus, pushing harder when her muscle tried to prevent his violation, and then forcing the head of his manhood into her backside with great force, causing the woman to cry out a muffled cry from behind the ball-gag as his cock ruptured the entrance that had tried to prevent intrusion. Once he had broken down the resistance of the muscle he pumped his cock rapidly in and out of her body until she felt

the tell-tale twitch of his cock a moment before she was aware of the hot seed being ejected into her rectum.

Carla was sobbing from the pain in her buttocks and was only dimly aware of the moment when Al'almira withdrew from her. He smiled and offered the woman to his guests.

A second gentleman wearing a white robe stood up and walked over to where Carla's backside was on display. She was bleeding slightly from her anus but it did not seem to worry her next assailant. He opened the gown to reveal his own manhood – an impressive monster over ten inches long with a very large girth. He lined the head of his girder up against the ripped entrance to Carla's body and then plunged the whole shaft into her in one swift movement.

"Bet your friend wants this up her pussy later on," he hissed as he partially withdrew and plunged his cock in again.

Carla was sobbing, for the second Arab had further torn her bruised flesh and the pain of his entry was intense. He plunged into her half a dozen times before withdrawing. He was hugely erect and turned to his host.

"I will wait for the second woman later on to take my pleasure. I hope she likes a big cock." He laughed as he adjusted his attire.

The next guest stood up and prepared himself. IN fact, over the next twenty minutes all eight Arabs decided it was a good idea to at least sample Carla's back passage. They all thrust into her, causing varying degrees of pain and suffering. Three finished inside her, excluding Al'almira, the others deciding to wait for the actions that would follow back up at the house.

When the final guest had replaced his clothes, his cock still dripping the semen he had squirted into Carla's backside, Al'almira spoke again.

"Guard, you can take the spent bitch back to her hut and bring her friend up to the house. We will be waiting for you in ten minutes."

"Excellence," the guard deferred to his master. Even as he began to release Carla from the vaulting horse, Al'almira led his guest out of the hut and back to the main house.

Carla half fell from the horse as the guard lifted her off it. Then he dragged her to the door.

"Walk, bitch or I will whip you," he mumbled, fumbling to release the flogger that he, like all the guards, carried as part of his uniform.

Carla mentally dragged herself back to consciousness and was led out of the hut, stumbling as she went back to her hut. Her body was sore all over. Her back and tops of her legs ached from the flogging. Her buttocks felt as though they were red raw and her anus was bleeding from the violations. Her arms ached from being held above her head for so long and her mouth ached from the ball-gag, which the guard had only removed after she had been buggered by all eight Arabs.

At least, Carla thought, as the door to her hut was closed, her ordeal was over for the day. She wondered just what was about to happen back at the house.

No sooner had Carla been dragged out of the punishment hut than the second guard turned to Jasmine.

"Wait here while these two bitches are taken back to their hut. You are expected up at the house to serve your masters."

The guard then pointed to the other two women and motioned them to leave the hut. He closed the door and locked it behind Jasmine. Left alone, Jasmine walked over to the trolley affair and looked at it. With a deft flick of her wrists she turned one of the dials and then turned it back again quite forcefully so that it was forced back beyond its start position. Then she reached inside the cabinet for the leads she guessed must protrude from the control unit to whatever the power source was. Her fingers found two leads and she yanked them hard. They came away from their mountings in the control panel and there was the faint acrid smell of burning insulation when the two wires touched and shorted the power supply.

"Should fix that for a while," Jasmine smiled to herself. She was standing back near the door and the smell of burned rubber had faded long before the guard returned to take her to the house.

"You are the bitch who is on heat," he smirked.

"If you mean its that time of the month, then yes," Jasmine agreed sweetly.

"The men at the house all have harems and if you are good you may find that one of them buys you into service, especially if you get pregnant. They would all like to have a pregnant bitch who might give them an heir for none of them have been blessed with sons."

"Really?" Jasmine pretended to sound interested. In reality she was already plotting her escape from the camp. It was something she would talk to Carla about later on. "So, what am I going to have to do?"

"As always, do whatever you are told. You are chosen so they are unlikely to harm you and risk you not having the child."

"Really? How nice." Jasmine could have spat at the guard or slapped his face but decided that putting him at ease would suit her plans more for the moment. The abuse could come later.

The guard pulled his short-handled flogger out of his tunic and waved it in the general direction of Jasmine.

"The house – let's go!" He ordered her quite abruptly, having failed to latch onto her sarcasm.

Jasmine walked nonchalantly over to the door, stepped outside and waited with her thoughts while the guard locked the hut. He made a mental note to tell his colleague the trolley still needed to be cleared away and he knew he would be delegated to undertake the task later on. With the door locked he pushed Jasmine in the direction of the house. He was initially unnerved by her total compliance but figured she had been shocked by her friend's punishment and did not want the same experience for herself.

Jasmine was led into the main living room of the house and stood quietly while the guard was dismissed.

"We have a gymnasium here," Al'almira began. "I think you were taken there yesterday."

"Yes, master," Jasmine demurred.

"Ah, you have respect already. That is good. My son has obviously trained you well.

Not half as well as the shock of Carla's punishment, thought Jasmine.

"We will go to the gymnasium where my guests are waiting for you. You will succumb to each of them in turn and satisfy their needs. If you do not do so you will face the same consequences as your friend did today."

"Yes, master, I will do my best."

"Excellent, in which case we should have no need to punish you." Al'almira was surprised how quickly Jasmine had learned to be submissive in his presence – surprised

and pleased. He pointed in the direction of the door and led her down to the gymnasium. The seven guests were all seated on comfortable chairs along one of the long walls.

“Gentlemen, I give you the bitch who is on heat. Who would like to take charge first? The room is entirely at your disposal.

The guests looked at each other for a moment and muttered something in their native tongue and then the short man in the middle stood up.

“Come over here, take off all your clothes and lie with your back on this couch.”

The couch was about four feet long and just over a foot wide, made of a silvery tubular metal and the seat was upholstered in black leather. The couch was the normal height for a seat and evidently used for some weight training activity.

Jasmine obeyed silently and lay back on the couch once she was naked.

“Now lift your legs up so your knees are on your chest. That way I will be able to examine your sex.”

Jasmine obliged and her pussy was immediately on show for the Arab to do what he wanted with it. He reached forward and caressed the insides of her upper legs. He stroked them gently and allowed his hand to glide gently over her sex. Jasmine shuddered slightly as the Arab’s finger stroked her clitoris. He parted the lips of her labia and touched her clitoris again, stroking it delicately with a soft, circular motion of his middle finger.

“You are right – this one is on heat!” he exclaimed after a moment. “She how she already moans at my touch. I will fuck her where she lies.”

And that is precisely what the Arab did. With no more ceremony he disrobed and stroked his manhood, already at half-mast, into a full erection. At the same time he inserted a finger right into Jasmine’s vulva and smiled when she became damp for him.

“You will grasp my shaft with your pussy muscles and bring me pleasure as I stroke you.” The Arab was clearly worked up and the thought of pushing his cock into the white woman’s wet pussy clearly thrilled him. He lined up his cock and then fed it into Jasmine’s waiting vagina. She moaned softly as the impressive manhood filled her up. She moaned louder as her own pleasure mounted. Then, remembering she was there to bring pleasure to others, she distracted her attention. He had not given her permission to take her own pleasure, rather she was to give him pleasure. She clenched her pussy muscles around the thick black cock that was buried inside her. She squeezed him as he thrust into her and then released the pressure as he withdrew.

Perspiration appeared on his forehead and Jasmine knew he was close to the point of no return. Actually it took just four more strokes before the Arab uttered something totally incomprehensible and Jasmine felt the twitch of his manhood a moment before she sensed the jet of hot semen as it flooded into her vulva. He was fully inserted at the moment of release and in his excitement he grabbed the woman’s waist and pulled her even further onto him as if he was afraid his cock would somehow slip out of her before the inseminating act had been completed.

Only when he was sure he had drained every last drop of his semen into her body did he withdraw. The white liquid dribbled at the entrance of Jasmine’s vulva as it tried to seep out along with the cock as it left her body.

“She is good, Al’almira, she is very good. What price are you asking?”

“Later. When you have all finished with her we will talk business. Who is next?”

The first guest re-dressed and sat down as the second Arab stood up. He was taller than the first and leaner.

“Stand up, woman,” he ordered and Jasmine obeyed. “Come and kneel in front of me and suck my cock.”

Jasmine did not dare to disobey him so she knelt in front of the Arab, arranged his clothes so she could see his manhood and then she set about the task of pleasing him. She inserted his cock in her mouth and sucked him hard and then, releasing him, she licked and kissed the head and then the shaft before taking him once again in her mouth. His manhood swelled and stiffened as he became aroused by her oral ministrations.

Jasmine grasped his shaft in her hand and stroked him firmly as she continued to suck and then lick the head of his organ. She strummed the back of his head with her tongue, causing his cock to twitch each time she touched the very sensitive thin piece of skin called the frenum. Then she popped him back in her mouth and continued to suck on him while she stroked his cock-shaft with her firm grip. The Arab began to moan and after a further minute of this intense attention from Jasmine, he came in her mouth, his hot seed spurting to the back of her throat.

He had tasted salty when Jasmine had first taken his cock in her mouth and now that saltiness was refreshed as the hot semen swilled round her mouth. The force of his climax surprised Jasmine and she nearly pulled back but, fortunately for her, he had his hand on her head so her movements were restricted. With his cock in her mouth now going limp, Jasmine managed to swallow the white liquid without gagging on it. Only when she had licked his penis clean did the Arab remove his hand from her head and allow her to remove his sex meat from her mouth. Jasmine made sure she sucked every last drip of his juices from him as he withdrew, giving no room for complaint or accusations of her neglecting her duties. She'd learned in her teens what a man expected from oral sex and she had been castigated a number of times when she had let her boyfriend's cock drip his come juice on the carpet as he withdrew. She knew that a castigation in the hands of the Arabs would be far more severe than a few words of correction and, after what had happened to Carla an hour earlier, Jasmine was determined she would not suffer the same fate if she could avoid it. Thus the cock licking actions on the Arab's withdrawal were Jasmine's conscious attempts to appease her new masters. Her tactics worked, for the Arab adjusted his attire and with a satisfied smirk on his face, he regained his seat.

The third Arab stood up abruptly and strode out into the room.

"Go over to the wall bars," he said with a deep, threatening voice. "Stand in front of them and bend over so your back is horizontal. Then grab the bars in front of you and open your legs wide. I am going to see how well your ass responds to my cock."

Jasmine stood up and walked over to the bars, assumed the position she had been instructed to adopt and parted her legs. Her breasts dangled beneath her as she waited for the Arab to prepare himself.

It took him over a minute to walk round the woman and examine her curves before she felt his hand on her buttocks.

"You are bruised back here. Were you disobedient?"

"No, sir, it was part of my initiation. I only arrived yesterday."

"Only yesterday? Well, you have the makings of a good slave already from what I have seen. That should increase the value of your worth. Let's see if you are really up to the task though."

He stepped closer to Jasmine and a moment later she felt what seemed to be an hot poker pushing against her ass, only this poker was not narrow or thin, but felt enormous as it attempted to violate her tiny anus hole. Jasmine gritted her teeth and tried hard to relax but her body's natural instinct was to repel the invader.

She tried to focus her mind on other things and eventually she felt the cock enter her body. The Arab was forceful in the way he fucked her – long, rhythmical strokes, with each inward thrust being delivered with some considerable energy.

“Arrggghh!” Jasmine groaned when the Arab pulled his manhood right out of her anus, pulled her cheeks wide apart with his hands, causing the anal entry to pucker, and then rammed his piston back into her tiny, stretched cylinder. The action caused her muscle to tear slightly from being over-stretched and it was the tearing action that caused Jasmine to groan and for tears to well up in her dark eyes. The Arab ignored her cries and repeated the action though this time there was less resistance and his cock entered her rectum almost unchallenged.

Satisfied with what he had achieved he proceeded to pump his cock in and out of jasmine’s rear end until the excitement became too much for him and he squirted his seed deep into her bottom. As he came he grunted his contentment. He smiled wistfully when he noticed his cock was smeared with a thin streak of blood when he withdrew from the woman’s body.

“She isn’t half bad, Al’almira,” he said in his native tongue so Jasmine could not understand him. “She is worth much to me if you are intending to sell her.”

“All in good time, Achmed, all in good time.” Al’almira spoke in his native tongue too and smiled at the prospect of the sale to come.

Achmed regained his seat, still smirking from the damage he had inflicted on Jasmine. Jasmine was still bent over at the wall bars when the fourth Arab guest stood up.

“So far, this bitch has had spunk in all her orifices and she has done everything asked of her. Let us see if she can please Mahal. Stand up woman and come back to the couch.”

Jasmine did as she was instructed and was soon lying on her back on the couch. Mahal was a tall man and well endowed, as became evident when he had disrobed. He stood over Jasmine’s head and lowered himself so his testicles were just above her mouth.

“Suck them,” he commanded.

As Jasmine set to work on his balls, the Arab leaned forward and pushed her legs off the sides of the couch, parting her legs and exposing her sex. In his right hand he held a dildo, the size and shape of a decent cucumber. With his left hand he parted Jasmine’s pussy lips, exposing her clitoris and the hood, as well as the inner labia.

Jasmine was licking his balls and occasionally taking one in her mouth and playfully nibbling it and it was evidently arousing the Arab. She felt the tip of the dildo as it touched her clitoris, circling her very sensitive area and arousing her. When the Arab saw the first glistening of dampness at the entrance to her vulva he took the dildo and pushed it firmly into her sex.

Jasmine gasped with a mixture of pain and pleasure for the dildo was larger than she had expected and also it had a roughened shaft that stimulated and scratched the inside walls of her love tunnel. This made her very wet indeed but also caused pain as the dildo was thrust in and out of her body.

“Suck me harder,” the Arab instructed her and Jasmine obliged. He seemed fascinated by the sheer wetness of the woman’s sex and her reaction to the instrument that was buried deep within her clearly excited the Arab.

He continued to thrust the dildo in and out of her body until Jasmine was moaning with pleasure, arching her back as the pleasure waves of an orgasm overtook her. When she had finished the Arab stood upright.

“Now open your mouth wide and continue to do what I have been doing with the dildo.”

Jasmine reached down and grasped the device, and then continued the same deep, rhythmical actions that the Arab had been using. It was not long before she began to climax again, her moans of pleasure causing her momentarily to close her mouth.

"Keep your mouth open," the Arab instructed above her head.

He was pumping his cock shaft with his left hand and was clearly close to his own release. Jasmine opened her mouth again and continued to arouse herself with the dildo. She was starting to arch her back with the building pleasures when the Arab was suddenly standing over her at chest height with his cock pointing straight at her mouth.

Groaning loudly he directed the tip of his manhood at the open mouth and the first jet of hot semen squirted into Jasmine, making her gag when it splashed against the back of her throat. The second, third and fourth squirts were less forceful and the fifth squirt was little more than a dribble but by now Jasmine's mouth was full of the white liquid.

The Arab squeezed his cock until every drop of semen had dripped into the woman's mouth. Then he stepped off her and spoke again.

"Now, swallow it all and show me your mouth."

Jasmine closed her mouth gratefully and swallowed the salty fluid. When she had done so she opened her mouth again for inspection. The Arab smiled.

"I have finished with you for tonight."

He went and sat down and his place was taken by the last guest in the row. The other two Arabs had waved their hands in dismissal at the invitation as it was presented to them, having previously satisfied their urges during Carla's punishment session.

"Right bitch," said the final Arab in a serious voice. "All these others have been very gentle with you. I intend, with your host's permission, to assess your resilience to various instruments of torture." He looked at Al'almira who smiled and waved his hand in a gesture of consent.

"Go and stand by the bars. Bend over so your back is horizontal and grab the rail in front of you. Keep your legs together. We are going to train your backside in the art of submission."

Jasmine did as she was bidden, aware that the Arab was holding a piece of soft leather about two feet long that started about four inches wide and then tapered into the handle he was holding the device in.

"I am going to give you some strokes with the paddle. You will stay in place until I have finished and then you will open your legs and invite me to stick my manhood in between your burning cheeks."

"Yes, sir," said Jasmine, resigned to her fate. Even as she spoke, she felt the leather strap as it was played over her exposed buttocks. The playtime did not last for long. The strap was taken back from her body only to be brought back into contact with the force needed to make her howl with the pain and for her body to lurch forward.

"Stay still and hold the bars," the Arab commanded her. "There are at least ten more where that one came from."

Jasmine's buttocks were already turning pink from the stroke and a few seconds later a second one was applied in exactly the same part of her backside, intensifying the pain. This time Jasmine managed to hold onto the bar in front of her, so she did not lurch forward to the same degree. The tears in her eyes fell on her face and Jasmine howled as the third stroke landed almost on top of the previous ones.

Her buttocks were now going bright red and the tears had fallen off her cheeks onto the floor beneath her. The Arab seemed not to be concerned for he wielded the leather strap a fourth time and brought a fresh howl of pain from the hapless woman. The fifth, sixth and seventh strokes were delivered in quick succession, each bringing a

fresh cry of pain from the woman, though to her credit she held her position, if only because she was now grasping the wall bar so tightly that her knuckles were turning white.

The Arab stopped after the seventh stroke and walked round to admire the effects of his handiwork. He let out a low whistle of approval when he saw the two glowing orbs that Jasmine had hoped to sit on later that day.

“Ah, you are on fire for me. I like that, but I think maybe there is more fire to come.”

He laughed as he resumed his position and played the strap across the burning flesh.

“Three more,” he said softly as the strap was lifted back from Jasmine’s buttocks. With a crashing sound, the stroke was delivered, causing Jasmine to howl once again and causing her to dance on tiptoes on the spot, though she did not let go of the wall bar.

“Keep your feet still,” commanded the Arab and Jasmine did her best. “I will not count that stroke.”

“Arrggghhhh!” Jasmine howled as the next stroke slapped into her fiery buttocks. The heat generated by the strap made Jasmine want to reach round and pour some cooling lotion on her aching backside. Even as the fleeting thought entered her mind the next stroke landed, obliterating her thoughts for a moment as pure agony took over.

“Arrgggghhhh!” Jasmine grunted when the final stroke slapped across her backside.

“Now open your legs wide apart.” The Arab spoke quite loudly so as to be heard above Jasmine’s sobbing. Gingerly she shuffled her legs apart, exposing her sex and making herself available for whatever the Arab wanted to do next.

He wasted no time. In a few moments, Jasmine felt his clammy hands on her fiery backside and his touch was none-too-gentle either.

“You took your lesson well, bitch. Now lets see how you manage my cock.”

Jasmine felt his erection rubbing in the crack between her sore buttocks. The tip of his manhood hovered around her torn and tender anus for a moment before diving south to where her pouting labia waited slightly open for him. In a moment he was driving his cock into her sex, pulling her forcefully back into his abdomen so that Jasmine cried out when her tortured buttock flesh connected with his own. As he thrust into her time and again the cries of pain began to mix with the moans of pleasure as Jasmine’s vulva responded to the attentions of the Arab’s phallus. Holding her tightly round her hips, the Arab changed the motion by standing still and pulling the woman onto him, only to push her away once his cock was inserted up to the hilt. In this new way he set up the rhythmical motion that would bring him to orgasm. Jasmine was moaning ever louder as she approached her own climax, though she held back until she felt the hot seed of the Arab as he spurted into her willing sex tunnel. Only then did she contract her pussy muscles around his shaft and take her own pleasure.

“She is very good, Al’almira. Now, stop playing games, what is your price?”

“I have no price yet. She has only been here for one day and has much to learn and experience. Who knows what price I may ask for her in a few weeks time. However, if any of you wishes to make an offer in writing I will consider it, but I will not be hurried into a decision. Do you not think my son did not realise she was such a prize? Of course he did, which is why you have been shown her first.”

Jasmine listened with horror to the conversation that had been in English. It was as if they had meant for her to hear the discussions.

“Guard,” Al’almira called and a moment later the door to the gymnasium opened. “Take this bitch back to her prison. I want her presented to me again tomorrow morning at the usual time for a further session.”

“Excellence,” the guard responded. “Put on your clothes,” the guard commanded Jasmine. The guard waited impatiently for Jasmine to clothe herself with the thong and the flimsy cover for her breasts. It took her a few moments because she was sore and tired from her ordeal. Then Jasmine was led out of the gymnasium, out of the main house, back out over the quadrangle and a minute later was pushed none-too-gently into the hut that was her prison.

“I will be back for you at ten in the morning after you have had your morning rations,” the guard smirked as he closed and locked the door to the hut.

Carla and Jasmine both looked with horror at the other and then shared their stories of the evening’s events. They daubed the lotion that the guards had provided on the parts of their bodies that were bruised and battered from the sexual ordeals and they found some relief from the cooling effect of the balm.

“He wants you back at ten in the morning?” Carla questioned Jasmine eventually. “What the hell for?”

“More training. Also they were talking about how much the Sheik was going to sell me for. I’m not kidding but this thing is getting way out of hand. When I get out of here there’s going to be hell to pay for someone.”

“Yeah, but we don’t even know where we are, so even if we did get out, which way would we go? Take the wrong direction and my betting is we’d end up dying in the desert.”

“True, but we can’t spend the rest of our lives in this shit hole, being fucked and beaten up because some Arab has a thing against white women.”

“Agreed, but we can’t just run. We have to have a better plan than that.”

“Okay, so we think and we think quickly and hard, because at ten tomorrow I’m going to get another seeing to an I don’t know how much more of this my body will take.”

“Agreed. After my punishment tonight I can hardly move, so somehow we have to get ourselves a few days to recover and then see what we can do.”

The next day started hot and as the sun rose in the early morning sky the heat intensified. Breakfast appeared at seven in the morning – a tray of dry bread and lemon tea was brought to the women’s prison hut and dumped on the table.

Both Jasmine and Carla were very stiff and sore from the previous evenings ordeals and they hobbled to the table and ate the meagre rations without relish. After the meal, Jasmine decided to shower and the cold water helped to refresh and revive her enough so that by the time the guard returned at a few minutes to ten, she was ready for whatever Al’almira had planned for her.

“Good morning,” Al’almira smiled when the guard presented Jasmine to him in his living room.”

“Morning, master,” Jasmine decided to play along with him.

“This morning we are going to give you the tokens associated with slavery and then we are going to fill your hot little pussy with more spunk. Take off the cloth covering your breasts and come and sit on this chair.”

The chair was a straight-backed dining chair with no arms. Jasmine removed the flimsy material and sat down.

“Now grasp your hands behind the chair.”

Jasmine complied and a moment later felt the ropes that Al’almira used to secure her wrists together.

“Excellent. Now we will introduce you to the nipple rings. These will be part of you from this day forward and are a mark of you entering into slavery.

“Oh God, no,” Jasmine muttered. She had always feared even the thought of having her nipples pierced and now it was about to happen she was totally scared.

“Oh yes. It will hurt a bit but providing you wash every day you should not get infected.” As he spoke Al’almira had been fiddling with a device that looked a lot like a rivet gun. First of all he tweaked Jasmine’s right nipple until it stiffened under his touch and then he placed the nipple through the end of the riveter so it stuck out proudly. With a gentle squeeze on the trigger the needle shot out of the gun and neatly pierced Jasmine just behind her nipple.

“Arrggghhhh!” She yelled as the needle pierced her tender flesh.

“Excellent. Now we thread the end of the ring onto the needle and pass it through your flesh. “ Al’almira did so and in a minute the ring was neatly in place through the back of Jasmine’s nipple. “We will secure it there in a moment, but first I will position the second ring.”

Al’almira reloaded the gun, tweaked Jasmine’s left nipple until it stiffened and then fired the needle through it as he done with her right one. Jasmine yelled again but was powerless to avoid the torture. She cried again as the ring was passed through the initial entry wound.

Blood dripped from both breasts from the wounds. Al’almira now picked up the pliers and bent each ring into place so that the open ends almost touched, creating a full circle.

“We will just apply a little solder and the job will be done,” he smiled. The soldering iron was already in his hand and he applied the hot tip to the first ring. It heated sufficiently to cause the blood to clot and then the drop of solder was applied. Jasmine howled again as the heat from the iron burned her flesh.

She howled even louder when the other ring was heated and soldered. Then the iron was removed and her wrists untied.

“Stand up, and then lie down with your legs wide open after you have removed your thong.”

“What are you going to do?”

“Do not ask questions or you will be punished. Just do as you are told without questioning me. You will find out soon enough.” Al’almira was still patient but Jasmine could detect a tone of annoyance in his voice.

She removed the thong and took up the required position so her sex was on full display to the Arab.

“Quite beautiful. Now I will place the chair between your legs and I advise you not to move.”

With horror, Jasmine realised what was going to happen.

The Arab Sheik parted her labia and gently stroked her clitoris until it stiffened and jutted out from the hood. Then she felt the bud being fed into the slot of the rivet gun. Al’almira took a few seconds to ensure the locating of the gun was correct and then he fired the needle straight through Jasmine’s bud.

“Yeeeeooooowwwwww!” She screamed as the intense pain flooded her body with anguish.

“The worst is over now.” Al’almira was already passing the ring over the needle and locating it through Jasmine’s clitoris. A minute later he soldered it in place, ensuring Jasmine could never remove it on her own.

“Now you have the marks of a slave except for one mark. Turn over and lie totally flat.”

Jasmine didn’t question him this time but, with tears still pouring out of her eyes from the pain of the triple piercing, she rolled over onto her stomach.

“The final mark is the branding of the letter ‘A’ in your left buttock. It will serve as the sign of your first master. When I sell you, your new master will brand you with his own sign.”

“Oh, no, please don’t do that.”

Al’almira walked over to the far side of the room and opened up what looked like a drinks cupboard. Instead of drinks he pulled out a poker with a small metal ‘A’ that had been brazed onto one end. He lit a candle and held the letter ‘A’ in the flame until it glowed a dull red. Then he walked back to Jasmine and with one deft stroke planted the ‘A’ right in the middle of her left buttock.

“Yaarrroooo!” Jasmine wailed from the pain of the branding. The acrid smell of burning flesh filled the air as the Arab completed his task.

“Now you are mine to do with as I please. What I please is for you to come up onto your knees, to open your legs wide apart and for you to then bend forward so your head is on the ground. That should expose your pussy for your morning fucking.”

Jasmine was still sobbing but relieved that the pain was now over with. She dutifully came up to the kneeling position, her left buttock now bruised and burned and very painful. Then she opened her legs wide and leaned forward, aware that her sex was fully exposed from behind.

Al’almira was clearly aroused by the torture he had delivered and as he knelt behind Jasmine his cock came into view as he adjusted his clothing to release it. He wasted little time and soon had the head of his manhood pressing against Jasmine’s outer labia. There was no resistance and the Arab had soon slid his phallus deep into the hapless woman’s body. He pulled her onto him so that he was fully buried in her sex, her branded buttock pressing against his stomach. With himself fully inserted he reached under Jasmine and found her breasts. Simultaneously he grabbed the two nipples that had been pierced and began to play with them. He tugged on the rings and stroked the fiery ends of her nipples. The pain mixed with the waves of pleasure and Jasmine became aroused. When Al’almira was sure she was aroused he released her nipples and concentrated on establishing and then maintaining the long, deep rhythmical fucking motion that he desired. For an ageing man he had incredible stamina and he managed to maintain the forceful fucking motion for over five minutes before he knew the time had come to shoot his wad up her sex.

With one final thrust his cock jerked with the first spasm of orgasm and the salty white fluid spurted deep into Jasmine. The first squirt was followed by four, less forceful, spurts of semen and then the orgasm was over. Al’almira withdrew his cock and spoke.

“You really are remarkable. I am not sure whether to sell you or keep you for myself. I need more time to decide.”

The End