SADISTS OF THE VALLE SIERRA

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OF THE
VALLE SIERRA

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CHAPTER ONE

Monica Brightman felt like the last American in Valle-Sierre. It was not a comforting thought. The attempted military coup six days earlier, which had been swiftly and brutally crushed by forces loyal to President Carrende, had left the stench of bloody vengeance in its wake. Whether or not the rumours that the CIA had been behind the attempt to oust the dictator were true, they had provided the regime with all the excuses it needed to act against "Imperialist aggressors and enemies of the State". The near-deserted streets of the capital, Malnaverno, were decorated with banners bearing anti-US slogans. The walls of practically every building were daubed with crude variations on the message - DEATH TO AMERICAN SCUM!

Most foreigners had had the good sense to flee the crackdown that followed the crushing of the coup. The President had ordered that the assets of all foreign companies in Valle-Sierre be seized and had issued a thinly veiled warning that any of their staff who failed to leave would be considered a potential target for reprisals. The evacuees had been fortunate to escape with their lives, leaving all their possessions behind. Only hours after the US embassy had been evacuated and all diplomatic relations with Valle-Sierre

severed, the airport and seaports had been shut down by the military, sealing the country's borders as tight as a drum.

Monica was Regional President of GLT - the largest of the tiny number of US multi-nationals that had been operating in Valle-Sierre Sierre. As far as she was concerned, the seizure of the company's assets by the State did not change that. Even when the Americans on her staff had joined the panic stricken exodus, she had steadfastly insisted on remaining behind, determined that she could single-handedly strike some kind of deal to rescue at least a fraction of the millions of dollars pillaged from GLT. What a heroine that would make her with her bosses in New York! They would soon forgive her for disobeying their order to leave and see her colleagues for the craven cowards they were. Ruthless ambition and determination had rewarded her with her Presidential position within the company, at the age of thirty-one. She was not about to let the eighteen months she had spent consolidating her corporate power base go to waste. What others saw as a disaster, she chose to view as a golden opportunity.

She cared not a jot for the three hundred Sierran employees who had been summarily dismissed and now faced possible government reprisals merely for having worked for GLT. Expendable serfs were easily replaced.

Monica hated the small knot of fear that gnawed ever more insistently at the pit of her stomach. All logic dictated that she should have cut her losses and run while she still had a chance. But stubbornness was no respecter of good sense. Her last hope for the rescue of the company's plant, and possibly her very survival, rested with an acquaintance in the Finance Ministry.

After several days of frustration, she had finally contacted him that morning. In the present climate, the fact that he had even agreed to meet her was encouraging. She was certain her impressive negotiating powers would prove successful. The man certainly owed her a favour after the considerable amount she had paid him in bribes, not to mention the names of several employees on the company payroll she had passed to the security services, following

rumblings of discontent over pay and conditions at the plant. A few days later the employees in question had simply disappeared, leaving Monica with the doubly satisfying knowledge that she had nipped a potential industrial relations problem in the bud and helped the State to dispose of a few undesirables in the process. Yes, she decided, even these ignorant fascists would realise that she was on their side. Her fellow countrymen might prefer to maintain a discreet distance from the unsavoury regime that ruled Valle-Sierre, but she was a woman who knew how to do business. If all else failed, she was prepared to offer herself as an inducement to the man from the Ministry. She had opened her legs for lesser prizes.

Though it was not yet midday, the heat was already oppressive. With the air-conditioning broken down, like almost everything else in the country, the interior of the Mercedes was like a sauna. Sweat dribbled down Monica's brow and her cream silk blouse was plastered to her skin, accentuating the shape of her braless round breasts. Her chestnut hair, piled up in a bun, felt as wet as if she had just stepped from the shower. Beneath her expensive pale pink skirt, her panties were uncomfortably clammy. She supposed the man she was on her way to meet would not mind. He would be used to pawing sweating and smelly Sierran women who, despite the slender, dusky skinned beauty of the majority of their kind, Monica regarded as little more than animals. This was an unashamedly chauvinistic society, where men held the reins of power and women - herself excepted - knew their place. Until the day came when she was forced to deal with a native woman in a position of power, Monica was happy for it to remain that way.

She cursed her driver as the car was rattled by yet another huge pothole. He continued to stare straight ahead, the obscenities falling on deaf ears. Another employer would probably have been grateful that he had remained with her at all when the majority of his compatriots had abandoned their posts, for fear of contamination by association with a member of the despised Imperialists. But it would have never occurred to Monica to display even the slightest gratitude to a member of the lower orders. As far as she was

concerned, he should consider himself lucky to still have a job, however poorly paid. If she chose to curse him, he had no choice but to damn well take it. She decided she might just mention his name to her contact as a rebel sympathiser, purely for her own sadistic pleasure. That should see him promptly dragged off to provide some fun for the secret police in the torture chamber and might just earn her a car with air conditioning that actually worked. The thought rekindled her sense of purpose and somewhat softened the ball of fear in her guts.

"You might just be useful to me yet, you fucking sour faced cocksucker," she muttered, managing a thin smile in the process.

Suddenly an olive green armoured personnel carrier rocketed from a nearby alleyway straight into the path of the oncoming car. The driver hit the brakes and the Mercedes screeched to a halt, only inches from impact. Monica was almost flung from her seat by the abrupt halt.

"You fucking greaseball asshole!" she screamed. "I'll ...."

Her tirade came to a similarly abrupt halt when she saw a small platoon of khaki clad soldiers armed with submachine pistols, pour from the APC. In a matter of seconds the Mercedes was surrounded. The driver stepped out immediately, hands raised high above his head. When his back seat passenger failed to follow, her door was flung open by a moustachioed giant, whose gold armband bore the insignia of sergeant.

"Out of the car!" he barked in heavily accented English, thrusting the muzzle of his Uzi at Monica's chest.

"What's the problem, Sergeant?" she demanded, fighting back a sudden rush of panic.

The man did not reply. Instead, he grabbed her arm in an iron grip and hauled her out onto the tarmac.

"Take your fucking hands off me!" she screamed.

"Lady, you better shut your filthy mouth, unless you want me to shut it for you," he snarled.

Unaccustomed to being addressed in such a manner, Monica

was too shocked to immediately respond. By the time she managed to find her voice again, her other arm had been grabbed by another soldier and she found herself being forced face-down onto the bonnet of the Mercedes. She yelped as the hot metal burned her through her blouse.

Her driver was face-down on the side of the street, an Uzi pointed at his head, but the troops seemed more interested in Monica. She felt the cold snout of a machine pistol at the back of her neck as the sergeant ordered her to place her hands flat against the windscreen.

"Your name," he barked.

"Monica Brightman," she replied. "I'm an American citizen and ..."

"I know what you are," he interrupted gruffly. "Where are you going?"

"To the Finance Ministry," she answered, struggling to check her rising anger. "I have an appointment there with a Mr Valdemerrian."

"You're lying," he retorted.

"Fuck you!" she retaliated. "Check with his office if you don't believe me. In the meantime, I suggest you get that gun out of my back. You don't seem to realise who you're dealing with here."

At this, several of the soldiers surrounding her exploded with laughter.

"Yankee whore tries to give me orders!" the sergeant sneered, painfully prodding the nape of her neck with his Uzi. "Keep your hands where they are, bitch, or I'll blow your fucking brains all over this car."

Under the circumstances, a little humility would have been the most prudent course of action. Unfortunately for Monica, she scarcely knew the meaning of the word.

"Don't you threaten me, you jumped up little tin soldier," she spat, infusing her voice with far more bravado than she actually

felt.

"I don't make threats," he replied. "Only promises."

"Fuck you!" she repeated.

"You like to fuck, is that what you say to me, bitch?" he rasped. "Okay. You want to fuck, we fuck right here."

His free hand reached round to grope the swell of her left breast. When she tried to resist, a pair of soldiers seized her wrists and pinned her arms to the windscreen of the car. Monica suddenly realised that her arrogance had been a dreadful mistake. Far from being intimidated, like the underlings she was accustomed to dealing with, these men were merely infuriated by her attitude.

Even when the sergeant ripped open her blouse and roughly squeezed her naked breast, she could not bring herself to either beg or apologise. It was simply not in her nature. Instead, her mind struggled wildly with alternatives. She decided it might be best to remain cold and unresponsive, no matter how crudely she was mauled. Once they realised she was not prepared to scream and blubber like a terrified little girl, they would quickly lose interest.

The sergeant pawed her breasts for a few moments, then moved his hand downwards and yanked her skirt up over her hips. The sight of her sweat soaked white lace panties clinging to the creamy mounds of her buttocks was greeted by whistles and raucous cheers from the soldiers gathered around her like wolves.

"Open your legs, bitch," the sergeant growled. "You did say you wanted to fuck me."

When Monica failed to respond, another pair of soldiers grabbed her ankles and forced her legs wide apart. She had to bite her tongue to choke back a scream of protest. It would do her no good anyway. On these streets, the army was the law. There was not the slightest possibility of anybody coming to her rescue.

The sergeant grabbed the waistband of her skimpy panties and ripped them away as easily as if they were made of paper. He tossed them to one of his troops, who raised them to his nose and guffawed loudly as he sniffed them. Monica's body stiffened as her

assailant thrust his hand between her splayed thighs and penetrated her with a thick finger. She knew she was about to be raped. She was equally certain there was nothing she could do to prevent it. For the first time in her life, she found herself in the role of helpless victim.

"Juicy American pussy," the sergeant sneered, raising his damp finger to his nose. "Mmmm, smells good." He reached for the zipper of his trousers. "You ready for some hard Sierran dick, bitch?"

Monica's response was a stony silence.

He rammed the nose of his gun against her neck. "Hey, I asked you a question, you fucking Imperialist spy!"

That last word sent a cold shudder down her spine. If she was arrested on suspicion of being a spy ... She forced the terrifying thought from her mind. That was not going to happen. The sergeant was just trying to intimidate her into grovelling for her life.

"You hear what I say, bitch?" he snarled. "You want this big dick in your filthy whore cunt?"

Monica gritted her teeth, rage blotting all sense of humiliation. At that moment, she would have given anything for the opportunity to rip off his balls with her bare hands and ram them down his throat. Nobody spoke to the Regional President of GLT like that!

After he had snarled a few more obscenities, the sergeant abandoned his efforts to force her to speak. Instead, he thrust aggressively into her defenceless sex with what felt like a truncheon sized tube of hot, throbbing cock meat. His troops cheered as he raped her, impaling her with breathtakingly brutal thrusts. Under different circumstances, she might even have enjoyed his animal aggression. She had always demanded such raw passion from the youthful male prostitutes she had sent to her apartment. Those who failed to show sufficient enthusiasm for the task were afterwards whipped until they bled before being sent on their way. A complaint to the local pimp who provided what she referred to as her 'meat service' quickly followed. As Monica was one of his most valued

clients, this almost certainly sealed a terrible fate for any hapless young man who failed to satisfy her.

Sweat dripped from the face of the sergeant as he slammed his cock into her with ever increasing force, each deep thrust accompanied by a bestial grunt. His free hand ripped her blouse from her shoulders. He then grabbed a fistful of her hair and wrenched her head backwards.

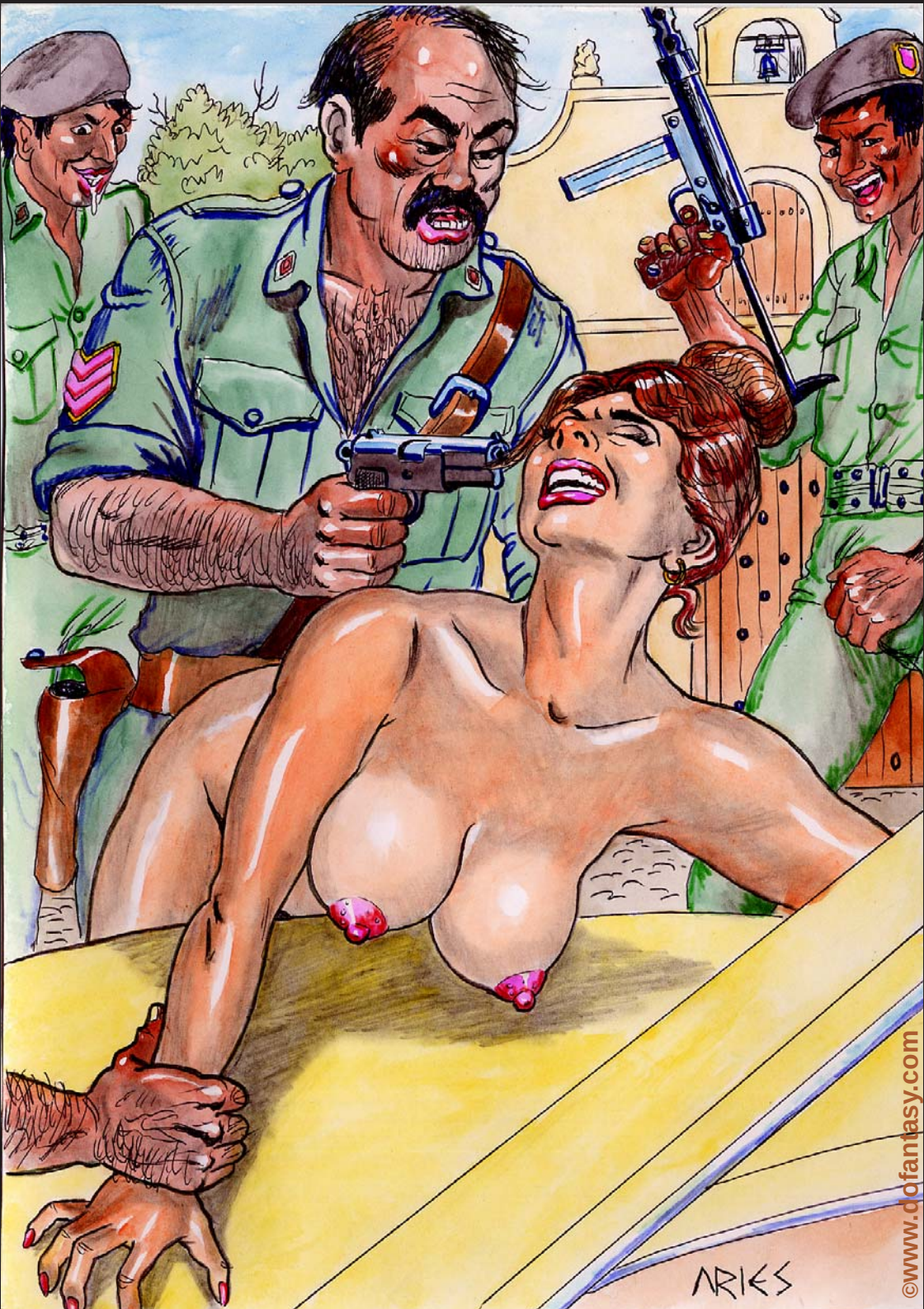
"You like that, bitch!" he snarled. "You wanna die with my dick in your cunt? Tell me you like it."

Monica's only response was a strangled cry of pain. She immediately regretted permitting even that to pass her lips. The sergeant continued to snarl threats while he yanked on her hair, bruised her neck with the muzzle of his Uzi and raped her with such force that he seemed intent on fucking her to death. Despite the pain and the ever increasing terror, she forced herself to remain silent. If he did shoot her, he would at least be denied the satisfaction of hearing her degrade herself.

An eternity seemed to pass before he finally climaxed. Monica welcomed the torrent of hot semen that gushed into her belly. At least it was over.

Throughout the ten minute ordeal, it never occurred to her that the other soldiers might wish to take advantage of her defencelessness. However, the instant the sergeant had stuffed his damp penis back into his trousers, he turned to his men and shouted something in his native tongue. An instant later, a young soldier was stepping up to take his place, already unbuttoning his trousers. Only then did Monica realise she was about to be gang-raped. She almost pleaded for mercy, but stopped herself just in time. Gripping her buttocks in both hands, the young soldier buried his cock in her foaming slit with a triumphant cry to his comrades in waiting.

Monica was violated by a further eight men in succession before the sergeant called a halt to the sport. Half-naked and struggling violently, she was dragged at gunpoint to the APC, semen foaming from her brutalised sex and dribbling down her thighs.


ARIES
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Her driver remained spread-eagled on the street, the soldiers having apparently decided it would be a waste of time abducting him. Just before being flung like a sack of rubbish into the vehicle, she heard that dreaded word again. Spy!

The interior of the personnel carrier was unbearably hot and reeked of stale sweat. Monica could scarcely breathe. She was drenched in perspiration and fighting a losing battle with her increasing sense of panic. Like everybody else in Valle-Sierre, she was only too aware of what President Carrende's troops were capable of. Rape, murder and torture were the tools of their trade in terrorising the population. Since the uprising, State television had been transmitting live broadcasts of the executions of the plot leaders and scores of people accused of supporting them. The message was clear - you could be next! Apart from spreading terror, the only other function of the country's media was to spout virulent anti-US propaganda.

There were fifteen men, including the sergeant, in the band of uniformed thugs gathered around Monica. There was nothing but hatred in their dark eyes and grim expressions. Any one of these men was capable of cutting her throat as easily as he would force himself upon her. She might be about to pay the ultimate price for her earlier arrogance.

The sergeant seemed to smell her fear. Crouching before her, he thrust the muzzle of his Uzi up between her thighs, filling her fuck slicked sex with three inches of cold gun metal.

"A very painful and messy way to die," he growled. "Watch my finger."

Monica raised herself to her elbows, eyes falling to the finger crooked around the trigger. It would be so easy to beg for mercy. That was all he wanted. What use was pride to a dead woman?

"Please!" she whispered, her voice scarcely audible.

The sergeant leaned closer. "Speak up, Yankee bitch. We know you are not shy."

"Please don't kill me," she pleaded.

"She begs for her life!" he cried triumphantly, thrusting the gun barrel deeper into her vagina. "You do not give me orders now. You beg. Say it to me, whore! What do you do when Sergeant Zavrini sticks his Uzi in your cunt?"

"I beg," Monica replied, tears of humiliation brimming in her emerald green eyes. "I did not mean to offend you, sergeant. Do whatever you like with me, but please don't kill me. I will be much more fun for you and your men alive."

"It is what you have wanted all along, is it not?" he sneered. "Suppose we let you live, what is this fun you speak of?"

"Ever had your cock sucked by an American girl?" she purred, feeling a sudden surge of hope.

She had been saving that line for her contact in the Finance Ministry. Now, it might just save her life.

"You would suck my cock, in return for your life?" Zavrini demanded.

Monica nodded. "Not just you. I'll do the same for your men. I'll show you all just how good a cocksucker you've got in the back of this truck."

And if I ever get the chance, I'll shove that gun right up your fucking ass, she mentally added.

The sergeant slowly withdrew his Uzi from between her thighs and raised it to her lips. The barrel glistened with semen.

"Show me how you will suck my cock," he told her.

Monica trembled as she began running her tongue over the smooth metal shaft of the Uzi, with as much sensuality as she could muster. The sergeant's finger was tight on the trigger and she knew she was only a heartbeat away from death. She tried in vain to envisage a throbbing length of juicy cock as she licked and kissed the barrel of the machine pistol, then wrapped her pink glossed lips around it and took several inches into her mouth. By then, she was shaking uncontrollably, to the obvious delight of her captors, who were savouring every second of her shame.

"Suck that good and maybe I don't kill you," the sergeant grinned.

Compared to the minutes she was forced to spend performing fellatio on the gun barrel, being raped had been almost a pleasure. Monica had never known such naked terror. If the APC were to brake suddenly or hit a bump in the road, this might have been enough to accidentally trigger the Uzi. When it was finally withdrawn from her mouth, she almost fainted with relief.

"Now you suck dick, huh?" said the sergeant, moving the gun muzzle down to the centre of her chest.

She knew she was not being offered a choice. The nearest soldier on her left was already unbuttoning his trousers.

"She got a big enough mouth for two," the sergeant sneered. "If she don't, I make a nice big hole between her tits."

Monica opened as wide as possible as a stiff cock was stuffed into both corners of her mouth. The two soldiers standing over her tugged on her diamond earrings, painfully stretching her lobes. The pressure of their superior's gun in the cleft of her breasts felt as if it would break her ribs.

Almost an hour later, the personnel carrier rumbled through a set of heavily guarded gates, leading to a cobbled courtyard. The journey to their destination should have taken less than ten minutes, but the troops had been in no hurry to dispose of their cargo until she had been fully enjoyed by all. For the army, there was never any shortage of rape and pillage, but the American woman was a special treat.

Monica had no time to take stock of her surroundings as she was roughly dragged from the vehicle by a trio of soldiers. Semen dribbled like rabid foam from the corners of her mouth. Slimy rivulets trickled down her chin and breasts. The remainder of her clothing was gone, along with her jewellery.

Had she realised where she was, she might have wished she could have remained inside the truck. From the outside, the gleaming white building she was being dragged towards was as

nondescript as any office block in Malnaverno. But this was the headquarters of the Internal Security Services, the most feared of all Presidential terror weapons. Locals referred to this place as 'The Tomb', because it was almost unknown for any prisoner who was taken here to ever be seen alive again.

CHAPTER TWO

The small, unfurnished cell was as hot as an oven and smelled like a public toilet. Slants of sunlight through the bars of the window high above her head illuminated dried splatters of crimson on the stone walls and floor. It did not require a great feat of imagination to realise the nature of the substance that had been so liberally spilled.

Crouched in a shadowy corner, her knees drawn up to her chin, Monica appeared to be asleep. But behind her tightly closed eyelids, she was as alert as if she were on the brink of closing an important business deal. Having been dumped in this cell by the soldiers, she had managed to regain her composure with remarkable speed. The only possible way out of this grim situation was to get her priorities in order. It would be pointless to dwell on the sufferings she had already endured. She resolved that she would be a survivor, not a victim.

For Monica, being publicly stripped and gang raped had left her less traumatised than the memory of how she had grovelled and pleaded for her life. It was for forcing her to show weakness that she truly detested the soldiers. No matter what suffering lay ahead, she vowed she would face it with her head held high, rather than permit any of these vermin to hear her beg again.

She had no idea how long she remained in her crouched position before she heard muffled voices and the sound of boots in the corridor outside. A moment later, the steel door of the cell swung open and a pair of guards in the tan uniform of the I.S.S entered. Each held a two-feet long spiked metal truncheon, as though fearing they might be overpowered by a solitary female prisoner. Without uttering a word, they hauled Monica to her feet by the arms and began dragging her from the cell. It was not just the sight of the lethal truncheons that dissuaded her from offering any resistance. She knew it would serve no purpose, as her fate lay in the hands of somebody more powerful than a couple of guards.

From her cell, she was dragged down a long, dark corridor and pushed through an open door at the other end. Her slide along the highly polished red tiled floor was halted by a heavy black boot. In the seconds it took her to look up at the face of the figure towering above her, the door had slammed shut and the guards were gone.

She recognised the man immediately. Just a few hours earlier, she had been planning to turn him over to the I.S.S as a traitor. Now, he stood before her in the uniform of an officer in that organisation. A holstered pistol hung on his right hip, a long, thick baton on his left.

"You!" she cried, clenching her fists by her side.

"Stand up," the moustachioed man she had known as her chauffeur commanded, in a soft voice that was far more chilling than the bark of the sergeant.

Torn between fear and all-consuming rage, Monica silently obeyed. Stepping back, the officer carefully scrutinised her nude and dishevelled form. She made no effort to cover herself with her hands. In the light of what he had already witnessed, such an attempt at modesty would have only appeared pathetic.

The spacious, windowless room in which she found herself was obviously the dark heart of I.S.S HQ. Among the fearsome display of racks, chains and mechanical restraint devices, the captain’s desk and chair looked comically out of place. A giant

portrait of the grave faced dictator covered the wall directly in front of her, his dark eyes seeming to look down in glee at the grisly proceedings that frequently took place in his name. The remaining dark grey concrete walls appeared almost cheerful by comparison. Monica felt the icy knot return with a vengeance to her belly.

"What's going on here?" she demanded.

"Introductions first," he replied, lighting a cigarette. "I am Captain Dante Labenne. And you are ...?"

"You know who I am," she snapped. "May I at least sit down?"

"This is not a hotel," he retorted. "You know why you are here, of course."

"I have not the slightest idea," Monica protested impatiently. "I was on my way to an important meeting when my car was ambushed by those thugs in uniform. But you know all that, of course. Did you set it up?"

Labenne's eyes narrowed dangerously. "Be careful how you speak of his Excellency's armed forces."

"You stood by and watched those armed forces rape me and threaten to kill me," she cried. "They're no better than fucking animals. You seem to forget that I'm an American citizen and ..."

"You are a spy." The accusation was uttered as calmly as if he were informing her of the weather, and with equal certainty.

"You're out of your mind!" Monica spat. "I am Regional President of GLT Corporation. The political affairs of your banana republic are none of my concern."

"GLT no longer operates in Valle-Sierre," he continued. "All of the company's foreign employees were evacuated three days ago. Why did you remain behind?"

"I felt it was my duty."

"The instructions from your New York office were to abandon your post and return home with your colleagues," he reminded her. "Surely your duty would have been to obey such instructions. Who are you spying for, Miss Brightman?"

"Are you deaf or just playing dumb?" Monica snapped. "I am not a fucking spy. I was on my way to a meeting with Aldous Valdemerrian, who is a senior official at the Finance Ministry. Check it out."

"I already know this," replied Labenne. "It surprises me that you do not seem to know that your Mister Valdemerrian was arrested five days ago and charged with treason. He was one of a number of senior government officials involved in the conspiracy to overthrow the People's Government of his Excellency, President Carrende. His signed confession listed your name among those of his co-conspirators. Of course, he was only confirming what we already knew."

"I don't believe you," she retorted. "Let me speak to him."

"That would be impossible," he told her. "At ten AM this morning, Aldous Valdemerrian and his fellow traitors were executed for their crimes against the State."

"You're a lying asshole!" she cried. "I spoke to him this morning."

"You spoke to an officer of the Internal Security Services, masquerading as your contact in this plot," he told her. "We have had you under close surveillance for some time. It should please you to learn that you were considered a sufficiently serious threat to have me assigned to you, on full-time duty."

"I'm sure it won't please you to learn you've been wasting your fucking time," Monica retorted. "Look, I've had enough of this crap. I don't know what you're playing at, but unless you release me right now ... aaaaarrrrgghhhhhh!"

Her threat turned into a howl of pain as her interrogator seized her by the throat and thrust the glowing tip of his cigarette against her left nipple. When she tried to fight him off, he slammed a knee into her belly. The instant he released her throat, she slumped to her knees, clutching at her abdomen with both hands and gasping for breath.

"How easily I bring you to your knees," he sneered. "You

would be wise to spend less time making threats and more answering my questions. Otherwise, you will find yourself enjoying the full facilities of the traitor's hospitality suite. I will ask you again, who are you working for? C.I.A?"

"Here's your answer," Monica spat, thrusting up the middle finger of her right hand, in the universally recognised gesture of contempt.

Labenne smiled. "You Americans do have such a way with words! What was the precise nature of your relationship with Aldous Valdemerrian?"

"Strictly business," she gasped, forcing herself to straighten up. "I made a few financial contributions to his department and provided information on employees of GLT that I considered to hold inappropriate political views. He, in turn, ensured GLT enjoyed the optimum conditions in which to do business. If he was plotting against the President, I knew nothing about it."

"I suspected you would want to do this the hard way," said the captain. "In truth, I was hoping you would. Valdemerrian was also reluctant to talk, at first. But tongues are soon loosened in the Hospitality Suite, as you are about to discover."

Monica staggered to her feet. "I took you for a fool, Captain. And I was right. Valdemerrian just told you what you wanted to hear. If you had tortured him long enough, he would have given up his own mother as a traitor."

Labenne smiled. "How fortunate for your own mother that she is in America. You pride yourself on being a strong woman, Miss Brightman. The self-discipline you showed whilst being assaulted by the soldiers was admirable. But I don't think you realise what we in the I.S.S. are truly capable of."

"Oh, I realise just fine," she replied. "I know you can make people seemingly vanish into thin air. The whole world knows that torture is one of this country's biggest industries. It is said that your President even takes a twisted pride in the brutality of his regime."

"And you, as a civilised American, find such practices barbaric!" he sneered. "You believe that even traitors are innocent until proven guilty."

"Wrong again," said Monica. "As long as it doesn't interfere with the profits of GLT, I couldn't care less if President Carrende ate babies for breakfast and used their mothers for target practice. As a matter of fact, state terrorism works wonders for industrial relations. Are you forgetting the traitors I myself have turned over to you in the past?"

Labenne sighed. "You must think we are completely stupid. Those 'traitors' were nothing more than employees who had dared to protest about poor pay and appalling working conditions at GLT. Did you think we would not check? We suspected from the very beginning that you were just using the I.S.S to do your dirty work and hoping to divert any suspicion from yourself in the process by throwing us a few insignificant malcontents."

"Ten out of ten for imagination," she laughed.

"Let us continue this conversation in the Hospitality Suite," he said, pressing a button beneath his desk.

Almost immediately, the door opened and the two guards reappeared. Monica shouted at them to leave her alone and warned Labenne that he was making a terrible mistake, as her arms were pinned behind her back and an arm wrapped around her windpipe. From a drawer of his desk, the I.S.S captain produced a small syringe. Smiling at the increasingly frantic protests of his captive, he stepped towards her and plunged the needle into her left arm.

Monica felt as though ice water had been injected into her bloodstream. In a matter of seconds, her fingers and toes were numb. Within two minutes, her entire body was paralysed. When she tried to speak, only a hiss of air escaped her throat. However, the anaesthetic did not affect her senses. She could still see and hear perfectly and the terror that filled her brain was as clear as daylight.

As effortlessly as if she were a department store mannequin, the guards carried her by her shoulders and ankles into the centre

of the torture chamber. Pointing to a device that resembled a huge black metal cross horizontally mounted on a hydraulic central pole protruding from the floor, Labenne ordered them to lay her on her back. Further instructions were unnecessary. These men were experienced in the craft of torture and knew exactly what to do.

Her brain screamed at her limbs to struggle, as her arms were flattened against the crossbar of the machine, but she could not even bat an eyelid. She was as helpless as if she were in a coma and pliable as a latex doll. Heavy iron manacles snicked into place around her wrists and forearms. The guards then raised her legs and spread them wide, in order for Labenne to secure her ankles in another set of manacles bolted to either end of a wide iron bar that dangled from a pair of chains in the concrete ceiling. He then raised her head and placed a sharp toothed steel clamp on a chain to her lower lip. A guard hooked the other end of the chain to the spreader bar between her thighs, ensuring her chin remained touching her chest.

She watched helplessly as the captain pulled on a heavy duty spring directly overhead. Dangling from chain links on the end were six small, sharp metal hooks. The guards grinned as they stretched her labial folds and Labenne methodically pushed the hooks through the pink flesh, three to either side. This done, he released his grip on the spring and her nether lips were yanked violently upwards, obscenely stretched like two slivers of raw, glistening meat.

Two similarly mounted hooks were pushed through her nipples, then a further three through both breasts. When the attached springs were released again, her dark brown nipples stretched like rubber and the milky flesh of her globes was plucked grotesquely. Throughout the hideous torture unfolding like a horror film before her eyes, Monica felt not the slightest prickling of pain. Somehow, that made it even worse. Labenne crushed the stub of his cigarette against her left buttock, watched the circle of flesh redden and blister, then stepped back to admire his the finished result.

"I know you can hear me, Miss Brightman," he smiled. "I



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won't pretend to know how you must be feeling right now. Far less confident, I should imagine. In approximately ten minutes, the anaesthetic will begin to wear off. You will then feel pain beyond your worst nightmares. Believe me, you will scream like a pig and beg for mercy until you are hoarse. But until you tell me what I want to know, there will be no relief. Perhaps, despite the hideous pain, you will still be tempted to resist. But I feel it only fair to tell you that I have all the time in the world. Whether it takes an hour or a week, I will be here for you. You are a very special guest and all the facilities of the Hospitality Suite are at your disposal. I shall leave you alone with your thoughts for a while now. When you need me, just scream."

Watching the three men leave, their boots pounding on the concrete floor, Monica forced herself to remain calm. But thinking straight was going to get her nowhere. All she could do was will this to be a particularly horrible dream, even though she knew she had never been more wide awake. How long before the pain began? What difference did it make? Blood was already trickling from her hooked breasts. In the past, she had never experienced anything more terrible than a bad toothache. How much real agony could she endure before her mind snapped or she lost consciousness entirely? She knew the latter, no matter how welcome, would be no more than a temporary respite. As soon as she recovered, the torture would continue.

As the minutes crawled by, she felt cold perspiration seeping from her every pore. This was how a condemned prisoner must feel as he waited in his death cell, counting down the final minutes of his life. She vowed she would not scream, no matter what. By telling Labenne what he wanted to hear, she would be signing her own death warrant. As long as she managed to resist his tortures, she could cling to some intangible hope of rescue.

Her nipples were the first of her body parts to regain sensation. She gasped from the sudden, scalpel sharp agony of the hooks. A moment later, her breasts felt as though they were being chewed by a wild animal. Despite her defiant intentions, she could

not hold back a small scream.

Her entire body seemed to come alive at once then, lances of white hot agony searing through every nerve. Knives seemed to slice through her stretched labia, the blinding anguish fusing with the throbbing cigarette burn on her left buttock. She tried to bite her lower lip, but that too was stretched to breaking point. The pain was so all consuming that it took her a moment to realise she was screaming at the top of her voice.

A few moments later, Labenne returned, wearing a cruel grimace that was the closest to a smile he could manage. This time, he was alone.

"Do you feel like talking now, Miss Brightman?" he asked softly. "Or would you like to waste your breath begging for mercy?"

"You ... can't do this ... to ... me!" Monica gasped, tears streaming down her deathly white cheeks.

"Then how can it possibly be happening?" he replied. "Come now, you're a rational woman. You know I can do this, and much worse besides." He held up a filled syringe. "This will make all the pain go away. All you have to do is give me some information. By the time you wake up again, you will be on a plane to the United States and this will all seem like a bad dream."

"You're a liar," she whimpered.

He shrugged. "Perhaps. But that does not alter the fact that you are completely at my mercy. Why suffer needlessly? I'll ask you again. Who do you work for?"

"GLT International."

"You know what I mean," he said. "Who employs your services as a spy?"

"I am not a ... fucking spy!" Monica trembled violently. "Oh Jesus!"

"Such pain!" said Labenne. "Let us try another question. What information did the traitor Valdemerrian supply you with?"

"I'm sure he told you, before he was murdered."

"I want you to tell me."

"He never supplied me with any information," she insisted, her words accompanied by an agonised grimace.
"Then why were you paying him ten thousand dollars each month?" he demanded.

"Every foreign company in this country has done the same thing," Monica replied. "Unless you pay bribes to a politician, it's very difficult to do business. It's called corruption."

Labenne sighed. "This conversation is getting us nowhere. I'll give you one more chance. Tell me about an American named Mark Rossington."

"Never heard of him."

"Roland Bryce."

Monica's glazed eyes registered a flicker of recognition. "I ... I believe we met once."

He smiled. "You need not be so coy, Miss Brightman. You were introduced to Bryce at a party hosted by your friend Valdemerrian. You and he got along extremely well, did you not?"

Monica knew exactly what he meant. There had been nothing out of the ordinary about the cocktail party. She had been one of only a handful of invited foreign guests, but had, as always, ensured that her presence dominated the room. She had attended unaccompanied and dressed to kill, in a sheath-like ankle length dress of scarlet satin that did full justice to her physical assets. The powerfully built, sandy haired American Embassy employee had homed in on her like a guided missile, scarcely allowing time for the polite formality of introductions. Monica knew in an instant that she would be spending the night with him. She liked a man who knew exactly what he wanted and Bryce had no hesitation in making his intentions clear. The pink champagne he was guzzling like water undoubtedly fuelled his bravado, but Monica didn't care. Drunk or sober, he was still an extremely attractive and undoubtedly powerful man. It never hurt to cultivate relations in high places.

Later that night, she discovered that Bryce was also a man of

unconventional sexual tastes. Valdemerrian had thoughtfully provided him with a suite in the luxurious Ambassador hotel, complete with a lissom and extremely beautiful Sierran girl who could not have been more than eighteen. Her appearance of virginal innocence was offset by her ensemble of white high heels and a tiny dress of matching shimmering silk that scarcely covered her hips.

"What's this?" Monica demanded, eyeing the young girl with open hostility.

"A gift from our mutual friend Valdemerrian," Bryce replied, tugging insistently on her arm. "Let's make her welcome, shall we? The party begins here."

For several minutes, Monica had refused to take another step into the room. But the drunken American was nothing if not persuasive, insisting that the girl was theirs to use and abuse as they pleased. They both knew how good it felt to wield power over these people and show them who was boss. Why not use that power for the greatest pleasure of all? There would be no need for the slightest restraint. The suite was soundproofed, so nobody would hear the girl scream. Even if they did, they would not dream of intervening to save a pathetic little whore from the American friends of a high-ranking government official. All the while they were arguing over her fate, as if she were of no more value than a lizard crawling up the wall, the girl stood silently, only yards away. From her increasingly anxious look, it was obvious she understood every word they were saying.

"I'm not some kind of kinky dyke," Monica eventually snapped.

Bryce laughed. "You don't have to fuck her. Just do whatever you've always fantasised about doing to one of these tramps, but couldn't normally get away with. When you get tired of her, we'll kick her out to join the other dogs in the gutter."

Monica relented. She had already admitted to her passion for humiliating Sierrans of either sex, at the slightest opportunity. Why not enjoy an extra potent dose of her favourite intoxicant?

In an instant, Bryce was transformed from a mildly obnoxious drunk into a terrifying beast. Clenching his fists, he barked at the girl to crawl on all-fours towards him. When she did not instantly comply, he leaped towards her, like a raging beast. Her cry of protest became a piercing scream as he seized a fistful of her jet black hair and began dragging her towards the bedroom. By then, Monica had slipped out of her dress. Wearing only her high heels, black seamed hold-up stockings and black silk G-string panties, she hurriedly followed. Her heart pounded excitedly and her loins were already liquid with desire.

Before flinging the screaming girl onto the bed, Bryce tore off her dress and ripped it to shreds with his bare hands. Underneath, she was naked. Her shaven sex and tiny breasts enhanced her little girl appearance. Valdemerrian certainly knew how to please his friends.

Her earlier misgivings banished by the force of pure lust, Monica needed no further persuasion to join in the proceedings. She twisted the struggling girl's arms behind her back and pinned her to the bed with a stiletto heel planted painfully in the small of her back, while Bryce opened a large, gift wrapped package on the bedside table. Inside was a coiled whip, a huge gold vibrator, a set of handcuffs and a spike studded broad black leather tawse.

"Valdemerrian thinks of everything," he smiled.

Monica held the screaming girl down while he proceeded to flog her buttocks with the whip. With every blistering lash, the swelling in the crotch of his tight black trousers grew more pronounced. When his arm eventually grew tired, Monica snatched the whip from him and leapt to her feet. The girl bounced and writhed on the bed, screaming for mercy as a vicious salvo of whiplashes rained mercilessly down on her defenceless body. When she tried to escape the brutal punishment, Bryce was standing on the opposite side of the bed to kick her back. Monica had never felt such an exhilarating rush of undiluted power. The screams of the victim and the crack of the lashes across her flesh were the sweetest sounds she had ever heard. She flogged her indiscriminately, not

caring where the lashes struck, as long as they found some strip of yielding flesh.

The crotch of Monica's panties was wet and her nipples throbbing like a pair of stiff brown cocks by the time the whip finally fell from her aching wrist. The girl on the bed was sobbing helplessly, blood oozing from dozens of lacerations on her light brown skin. Bryce's trousers and underpants were already around his ankles and the handcuffs were held in readiness. Monica ached for the ten inches of fat cock that jutted aggressively from his belly, but the feral hunger in his eyes was for the victim.

Rolling the girl onto her stomach, Monica twisted her arms behind her back again and Bryce secured the handcuffs around her wrists. A single glance confirmed the form of violation he had in mind. Despite her own raging desire, Monica was only too glad to assist. Sitting on the girl's back to prevent her from moving, she spread the small, firm mounds of her buttocks with both hands. Even a few minutes earlier she would have been filled with revulsion at the thought of touching another woman in this way. Now, she was too excited to care.

The longest and loudest scream to burst from the young girl's lungs was saved for the moment when Bryce's stiff cock thrust brutally into her rectum. Digging her fingernails into her buttocks, Monica leaned over to savour the sight of the meaty shaft sinking into the anus, splitting her wide open.

The more the girl screamed, the harder he thrust into her. Blood from her splayed buttocks welled around Monica's fingernails. She heard herself shouting at Bryce to fuck the girl even harder, bust her asshole open with his big, hard cock. It had not been difficult to infect her with his raw savagery. The pair were indeed kindred spirits.

They shared the girl for several more hours, during which she was subjected to every perversion their fevered minds could conceive. In the process, they drank the contents of the amply stocked mini bar straight from the bottles, gleefully abandoning all pretensions of civility. Monica used the vibrator to anally rape the

girl, utilising the battery powered weapon with the same aggression with which Bryce had employed his cock. She did not remove the vibrator, even when she was finished. Bryce then violated the girl's tight vagina, while Monica squatted over her and forced her to fuck her with her tongue. Her earlier misgivings about lesbian practices had gone the way of all other inhibitions.

Having pleasured themselves with all three orifices of their victim, they later subjected her to a second savage thrashing, Bryce using the whip on her breasts while Monica beat her between her thighs with the studded paddle. As a final supreme indignity, Bryce thrust his cock into the girl's mouth and urinated directly down her throat, almost choking her with the powerful flood. This inspired Monica to relieve herself over her bleeding breasts, not caring that she wet the bed in the process. Why give a shit about the maid who would be forced to clean up in the morning?

The naked, bleeding girl was barely conscious when they tossed her out into the corridor. Bryce assured Monica she would be taken away by one of Valdemerrian's lackeys before she could be seen by other guests in the hotel. It went without saying that she would not be reporting the matter to the authorities. Monica and Bryce were associates of the people in power. They could do whatever they liked.

After the depraved feast of the girl, the remainder of the night had proved the perfect dessert. Bryce had more than enough animal passion in reserve to send Monica, sore and extremely satisfied, staggering at dawn to her waiting limousine. There was no doubt in her mind that this was the beginning of a very special relationship.

A fortnight passed before she and Bryce managed to get together again, in the same hotel suite. On this occasion, their mutual friend laid on a double treat in the form of another beautiful young girl and an equally youthful and handsome male partner. They watched the couple perform on the bed for a while, but their voyeurism was merely a taster for the depravity that followed. Though the girl suffered the brunt of their sadism, being repeatedly whipped and raped, her partner did not escape unscathed. For


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Monica, the highlight of the evening was holding the screaming young man down while Bryce brutally sodomised him.

That was the last time she ever saw the American. Five days later, he was killed in a car accident to which there were no witnesses. His sudden demise filled Monica with a sense of anger rather than sadness. It was so unfair that she should lose the first man with whom she could shamelessly explore her darkest, wildest fantasies.

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"We fucked," she told Labenne.

"You did much more than just fuck," he replied. "The American's hotel suite was bugged. Everything that took place in there is on tape. You still claim you do not know Mark Rossington?"

"I never met him."

Labenne sighed heavily. "Why must you insist on lying? Surely you are aware that Bryce and Rossington were the same person?"

"What are you talking about?" Monica snapped.

"Mark Rossington, also known as Roland Bryce, was an agent of the C.I.A., who were working closely with Valdemerrian and his criminal associates to overthrow the government of President Carrende," he explained. "But of course you knew all this. You were another vital cog in that treacherous wheel."

"And you murdered Bryce," Monica finished.

He shook his head. "Your C.I.A. friends took care of that. His excessive drinking and ... sexual appetites were becoming a liability. A careless remark in the wrong company could have jeopardised the entire operation, so your lover had to be terminated. How fortunate for you that you did not meet with a similar fate. You must have been extremely valuable to the organisation."

"I know nothing about any of this," she whimpered. "I didn't even know Bryce's real name until now, much less who he was working for."

"And you and he never discussed the operation?"

"We didn't waste much time discussing anything. Our relationship was just fucking."

"And raping and torturing," Labenne added. "But under the present circumstances, I'm sure you have no wish to discuss either subject. As for operational discussions, allow me to refresh your memory."

He walked to his desk and returned with a cassette recorder. When he pressed the play button, Monica heard the slurred voice of her obviously drunken lover.

"We sure had some fun tonight, didn't we? I'll never forget the way that little bitch squealed when I fucked her up the ass. Must remember to thank Valdemerrian, next time we meet."

"He sure knows how to take care of his friends alright." Monica sounded almost as intoxicated.

Bryce chuckled. "You and me, we operate on the same level. You know what I mean, don't you?"

"Yeah," she replied. "We don't give a shit about anyone but ourselves. We live it up like pigs in the lap of luxury, while that poor little whipped bitch crawls away with a sore ass and the taste of piss to remember us by."

"You feel sorry for her?"

"What do you think?" Monica giggled. "I had a fucking ball tonight. Do this too often and I might start to love this stinking asshole excuse for a country."

A few moments passed, before Bryce spoke again.

"There's big changes coming here, babe. You think we got it good now, wait 'til Carrende gets his ass kicked out of the Presidential Palace. Then, this whole place will be one big whorehouse for Yanks with hard dicks and big money. We'll have it all."

"Save the politics," she purred. "I want to talk hard dick. And I want to lick it ... and suck it ... and take it in my cunt ... up my

ass ..."

Labenne switched off the recorder. Monica was horrified. She had been so drunk she could not even remember that discussion. But there was no denying how incriminating it sounded. Bryce had practically confided in her that he was involved in some plot to overthrow the president. How could she possibly hope to convince Labenne now that she had not been an accomplice?

"I think it's time to try out another of my toys," he decided. "I'm sure you will soon change your mind about continuing to resist me."

CHAPTER THREE

Monica shrieked as a lightning jolt of electrical current blasted her cervix. The cable trailing from the base of the gleaming silver metal cylinder Labenne had thrust into her vagina was plugged into a nearby socket. The voltage and frequency of the shocks was controlled by a small black box in his right hand.

"Ready to tell me everything?" he enquired, as soon as the effects of the first shock had abated.

"There's nothing to tell," she gasped. "Why won't you believe me?"

"Because I know you're lying. Let us try a higher setting."

An instant later she felt a searing shock that convulsed her entire body and sent darts of agony shooting through her guts. There was no controlling the shriek that erupted from her throat. Labenne spoke again, but she could only protest in a strangled whisper that she knew nothing. Following a short pause, she was rocked by another lightning bolt.

The torture continued for over half an hour, without respite. Finally, Labenne withdrew the cylinder from her excruciatingly throbbing vagina. He seemed surprised, though not irritated, by the fact that she had still failed to provide any useful information.

"Unless you start talking within the next thirty seconds, I am going to shove this up your ass and start all over again," he said, holding up the gleaming weapon.

"I can't tell you anything," Monica sobbed. "I work for GLT, nobody else. You can ..."

"You have an annoying tendency to repeat yourself," he interrupted, sounding almost impatient. "All you do is make my job more interesting."

With that, he rammed the three inch thick cylinder deep into her rectum, causing her to scream once again. The pain was nauseating, the bowel loosening shock that followed a thousand times worse.

"Oh Jesus, make it stop!" she screamed.

"Only you can make it stop," said Labenne. "You know what you have to do."

He waited a moment, then pressed the button again. Monica felt as if a white hot poker was being thrust into her bowels. Tell him what he wants to hear, a small voice screamed through the sea of pain. Tell him anything! And then, follow Valdemerrian to the grave, came another voice from her tortured mind. They execute spies and you're not ready to die. Fight it ... fight the bastard!

"Aaaaahhhhhhh ...!"

Her scream filled the torture chamber as another, higher voltage, shock ripped through her. In the same instant, her bladder muscles involuntarily loosened. She was not even aware of the hot flood that gushed from between her thighs and splashed onto the floor. Labenne watched and waited until she was finished, then pressed the button on his control box again. Monica's body quaked and she expelled another spurt of golden piss. Shortly afterwards, she lost consciousness.

She had no way of knowing how long she remained insensible, but her captors had sufficient time to remove her from the cross, leaving her hanging by her ankles from the spreader bar, head resting against the floor. The guards were binding her wrists

to her thighs so tightly that the thick ropes almost cut into her flesh. It took her a moment to open her eyes, several more to realise that the hooks had been removed from her breasts and labia. Labenne stood over her, a fearsome bullwhip gripped in his right fist.

"I'm not going to make any threats," he said, flicking the ash from his cigarette onto her face. "You know what is going to happen next, unless you begin to co-operate."

"Please ... let me down and we can discuss this!" she begged.

His lips parted in the now familiar cruel smile. "I'm afraid the time for bargaining is long past."

"But I don't know anything about ... owwwwww ...!"

Her protest trailed off in a howl of pain as the bullwhip slashed soundly across her breasts, burning a fiery furrow on both globes. The sound was still echoing off the walls when the second lash exploded across her buttocks. Labenne licked his lips as he recoiled the vicious weapon with lightning speed and struck out again. The guards stood by, sharing his sadistic pleasure and looking forward to when his arm eventually tired. They would then take turns to continue the punishment until Monica either lost consciousness or offered them some information.

The thick leather whipcord felt like a hot sword slicing her flesh to ribbons. A droplet of blood from her right breast splashed onto her tongue as she shrieked again. She knew she could not continue to resist Labenne. Unconsciousness would provide only a brief respite. She had to tell him something - anything to make him stop before he had flogged her to mincemeat. Names and faces swarmed her mind, but the pain made it impossible to think straight. Two dozen savage lashes burned and bloodied her flesh before she finally managed to scream a name.

"Christopher Flint!"

Labenne paused, a frown creasing his brow. Monica's heart leaped.

She knew she was clutching at straws. The man she had mentioned was the owner of the only licensed casino in Malnaverno,

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also a favourite haunt of the late Aldous Valdemerrian. Flint was reputed to have earned his fortune from drug trafficking to the United States and there were rumours that he was still involved in the trade. For all Monica knew, he might have already fled the country. But he was a gangster and at least as guilty by association with Valdemerrian as she was. By turning the attention in his direction, she might earn herself a brief respite from torture, if nothing else. The look on Labenne's face was certainly encouraging.

"What do you know about Flint?" he demanded, holding the whip in readiness for a renewed assault.

In truth, the answer was very little. Monica had met him only once, on one of her infrequent visits to the casino. He had afforded her only a moment of his attention before continuing on his way with the two obviously important local men in his company. Bald, bespectacled and slightly built, he reminded her more of an accountant than an international drugs trafficker. She had taken an instant dislike to him, mainly because he had not treated her in the VIP manner she had come to expect from everyone.

"I know he and Valdemerrian were very close friends," she gasped, clinging for dear life to the glimmer of hope. "And back in the States, he is on the F.B.I's 'most wanted' list. Have you questioned him?"

Labenne stared at her for a moment, then turned abruptly and stalked from the room, flinging his whip to the floor. The guards followed. Monica was left hanging for what seemed like hours. When her torturer finally returned, she braced herself for further punishment.

"I have been in discussion with my superiors," he said, thoughtfully stroking the whip. "We are most interested in this Mr Flint, as we have long suspected him of involvement in subversive activities. If you would be prepared to help us trap him, we might in turn be prepared to forget the charges against you. I have advised my superior that you are not to be trusted, but I must obey orders."

Monica thought she was hearing things. Just when it had

seemed her situation could become no bleaker, she was being handed a potential lifeline. It were as though the name that had sprung from her lips had been divinely inspired.

"I will do whatever you want," she vowed.

Labenne nodded. "What we want is this spy in our clutches. I would have had him arrested already, but there is no evidence. Christopher Flint is a very devious man, with powerful criminal connections. He might be more open to an approach from a fellow American such as you. In return for your life, you will provide us with the evidence we need to arrest him. If you fail, you will not get another chance. That is the bargain."

"I won't fail," she eagerly assured him.

"I pray you will," Labenne responded. "It would give me the greatest pleasure to welcome you back to my Hospitality Suite."

Monica did not doubt he meant it. His sneer provided a further incentive to succeed in her mission, not that any was needed. Her life would be reward enough.

As soon as she had been freed from her bondage, she was herded upstairs to a white room that resembled an office. Seated behind the desk was a Sierran woman in her late twenties, her black hair groomed in a slicked teddy-boy cut. Despite her predicament, Monica managed to take a cruel satisfaction in the scar that ran from her chin to her left ear, the only blemish on her outstandingly attractive, high-cheekboned features. She wished she had at least been allowed to wash before being taken to meet her.

Labenne slammed the door shut and she was alone with the woman. Much as Monica hated the sadistic captain, she would have preferred him to remain. Her hatred of Sierran women bordered on the pathological.

Perhaps to avoid getting blood on the brown leather seat of the vacant chair, the woman did not invite her sit. Monica declined her offer of a cigarette.

"Captain Labenne has not treated you kindly," she observed.

"He loves his work," Monica replied, forcing her sudden anger

to remain in check.

"Such cruelty!" the woman sighed. Opening a drawer of her desk, she produced a large tube of ointment. "Put some of this on your wounds. It will help ease the pain."

Monica hesitated. The woman would have had to be blind not to notice the hatred that burned in her eyes, yet she smiled as she held out the tube.

"Please, take it. Just don't tell the captain."

"Who are you?" Monica demanded. "I hardly think Labenne would be taking orders from a woman."

"My name is Valetia Jarrende," she replied. "I'm what you might call a civil servant. I work for Senior Department Administration. On behalf of my superiors, I would like to thank you for your decision to co-operate with our investigations into anti-government activities. If your mission is successful, His Excellency President Carrende will personally pardon you of all wrongdoing and see that you are compensated for your sufferings."

"After what I've just been through, how can I be expected to trust you?" Monica responded.

"I cannot answer that," Valetia replied. "How can I reassure somebody who has suffered torture that those who subjected her to it are men of honour?"

Monica thought she heard genuine sympathy in her voice and saw it in her brown eyes. Perhaps, despite the fact that she was an employee of the brutal regime, she felt for her as another woman. Monica kept her eyes steely as she finally reached for the ointment tube.

"Would you like me to rub it on for you?" Valetia offered.

"No!" she snapped, the thought filling her with revulsion. Sympathetic this bitch might well be, but Monica would have to be put back in chains before she permitted her to lay a finger on her.

The thick ointment was like ice to her throbbing flesh. She shuddered as she liberally smeared it over her lacerated rear cheeks,

thighs and breasts. The relief was almost as welcome as a one-way ticket to New York. The woman did not speak again until she had emptied the tube, coating most of her body with the soothing balm.

"That's much better, isn't it?" she smiled.

"Thank you," Monica grudgingly muttered. "About this mission you wish me to perform ...?"

"By helping to bring this man Flint to justice, you will be doing a great service to the State," said Valetia. "However, you must know you will be placing yourself in great danger."

"Do I have a choice?"

She shook her head, almost sadly, then took a small gold stud from her desk. "Wear this in your ear. It is a miniature radio transmitter. Every word that passes between you and Flint will be relayed to the secret police. You must do whatever is necessary to make him incriminate himself and remain with him for as long as it takes. When the time is right, he will be arrested and you will be rewarded. But be warned. If he suspects you have been sent to spy on him, he will kill you. Any questions?"

"Won't the marks of Captain Labenne's interrogation make him suspicious?" said Monica.

"You should tell him you were raped and left for dead by a band of drunken soldiers," answered Valetia. "Such things are not uncommon, especially in these troubled times."

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As darkness fell that evening, Monica crept through the deserted streets of Malnaverno, ducking into the shadows whenever an army vehicle rumbled by. With a curfew in operation, only somebody who was either suicidally inclined or on government business would dare venture out in the hours between dusk and dawn. Though Monica fitted into the latter category, she had no intention of taking her chances with any over zealous soldiers. In the torn white dress Valetia had provided, she looked suitably ravaged. The marks on

her body would certainly lend credibility to her story. In the worst moments of her interrogation, she had feared she would never again see the outside world. The hot, heavy air of Malnaverno had never tasted sweeter.

She was not free, of course. The I.S.S were monitoring her every movement. Labenne had taken great pleasure in informing her that if she attempted to escape or double-cross them, she would be immediately shot and left to rot where she fell. With no money or papers, there was nowhere to run to, anyway. Her life literally depended on Christopher Flint.

His silver Rolls Royce was the only vehicle parked outside the front of the Fortuna casino. It seemed incredible that his business should be operating as normal, in a climate of xenophobic hysteria. The building appeared to be a virtual oasis of normality. Monica waited until she was sure the coast was clear, then sprinted for the front door. She expected to be met by a couple of armed guards, but the red carpeted foyer was deserted. Catching a glimpse of herself in one of the mirrored walls, she uttered a startled exclamation. She looked as if she had been ravaged by a pack of wolves. She had not even been permitted to shower before being sent forth on her mission.

Steeling herself, she made her way slowly up the winding stairs that led to the casino floor. Finding the marble domed entrance free of guards, she staggered forward, looking suitably distraught.

The instant she entered the casino, she realised why the area outside resembled a demilitarised zone. Where once the cream of Valle-Sierre society had made contacts and lost fortunes, several dozen high ranking army officers now played the tables. The female croupiers in their tiny silver dresses, cheerfully attended to their tasks, displaying an air of blissful ignorance. Mouth-watering young waitresses in high heels and minuscule bikinis dispensed drinks, smiles and small talk. But the real function of these long limbed creatures was to provide the high-cost sexual services for which the establishment was legendary.

Monica froze as all heads turned in her direction. A medal

festooned army officer playing one of the roulette tables was the first to react. With an angry shout, he drew his revolver and rushed towards her.

"Raise your hands!" he barked.

Monica obeyed, anxiously scanning the room for a sight of Flint. The officer seized her by the hair and thrust his gun beneath her chin.

"Who are you, what are you doing here?" he demanded.

"Please don't shoot me!" she squealed. "I'm an American ..."

"American whores no longer welcome here," he roared, spraying her face with spittle.

By now, the other soldiers had unholstered their weapons and were gathering around, while the terrified casino staff slowly retreated.

Monica started to sob. "I'm lost. I was attacked and ..."

"The penalty for breaking the curfew is death," the officer interrupted, then turned to the men behind him. "Take this dog outside and shoot her."

"We have a little fun first?" one of them pleaded.

"I don't care what you do with the stinking bitch, as long as you take her outside," he snapped.

Monica kicked and screamed as several pairs of hands seized her and began dragging her towards the exit. They had almost reached the door before a bespectacled figure in a sharply tailored navy suit pushed his way through the crowd.

"Wait, please!" cried Christopher Flint.

The officer raised his right hand and his soldiers instantly froze, though their firm grip on Monica remained.

"Mister Flint, this woman has broken curfew regulations," said the officer. "She must be dealt with according to the law."

Flint nodded. "I understand, Major. But this woman is a friend of mine and has obviously come to me for help. Surely you can at least give me a chance to speak with her."

"My duty is to apply the rule of martial law," the Major answered.

"Could we speak in private for a moment?" asked Flint.

The officer considered for a few seconds, then addressed his soldiers. "Detain her here until I return. If she gives you any trouble, shoot her."

For the next ten minutes, Monica sweated in the grip of the soldiers When the two men finally reappeared, the Major glared at her for a moment, then ordered his men to release her. Without a word, Flint took her arm and led her away from the casino floor. Only when they were safely inside his private office did she dare to breathe again.

"Thank you, Mr Flint. You saved my life."

"Consider yourself fortunate the Major is a personal friend of mine, Miss Brightman," he replied. "Nevertheless, I still had to pay him ten thousand dollars and promise him two of my best girls before he would see reason."

"You know who I am!" she exclaimed.

The casino owner flashed a gold toothed smile. "I never forget a face. My God, what happened to you?"

"Fucking animals!" she spat. "I was abducted by a band of soldiers this morning, in broad daylight. They took me to some waste ground on the outskirts of the city and ..." She shuddered. "It was horrible. There were at least a dozen of them."

"They raped you?"

She nodded. "But that wasn't the worst of it. They tortured me as well. I've heard the stories, but I was foolish enough to believe these people were still human. When they had finished with me, they left me for dead."

"The basic laws of human behaviour no longer seem to apply in Valle-Sierre," Flint sighed. "Especially if you're an American."

"You seem to be surviving," said Monica. "How come you haven't been deported or arrested?"

"The military consider this casino useful for morale," he replied. "Even these savages need somewhere to unwind when they're not raping and pillaging. My various contacts have proved themselves worth their weight in gold. You'll have noticed there were no civilians among my clientele."

"You mean you've been taken over by the army?"

"More or less. I realise you've suffered a terrible ordeal, Miss Brightman, and you have my full sympathy, believe me. But why didn't you leave Valle-Sierre while you still had the chance? You must have realised the danger you were in."

"I'm a stubborn woman," she answered. "Like all foreign companies, GLT had its assets seized by the State. I thought I could single-handedly save them by talking to a friend in the Finance Ministry. I was on my way to a meeting with him this morning, in fact, when I was abducted."

"You mean Aldous Valdemerrian?"

"You know him?"

"Oh yes," said Flint. "I also know he was executed this morning for his part in the conspiracy to overthrow President Carrende."

Monica did her best to act shocked. "Oh my God! I ... I never knew. I'd been trying to telephone him for days. In the end, I decided to go straight to his office."

"Which leads me to my next question," he continued. "What are you doing here?"

"You're an American. I thought you might be able to help me," she replied. "I could think of nobody else to turn to. I can't go back to my apartment and if the army find me wandering the streets, I'll be shot. Please, Mr Flint, you're my last hope."

He sighed. "I don't know what I can do. I myself am walking on thin ice."

"There must be something - anything!" Monica hated the pleading tone in her voice, even though she was only acting.

"I'm sure you understand the rules of self-preservation as clearly as you do those of business," said Flint. "Compassion also has its price."

"I'll repay you in any way I can," she promised.

"It would appear that the only currency you have to trade with is your body," he smiled. "You're obviously staking everything on me being interested in dealing. Correct?"

"Absolutely," Monica replied. "I'm willing to do whatever it takes to please you, if you will only help me."

"I can see how it pains you to grovel, so I won't make you get down on your knees," he said. "But what's to stop me taking you by force, right here, and throwing you back to the soldiers after I've had my fun?"

"You may deal with those subhumans, but you're not one of them," she replied, with all the confidence she could muster.

Flint laughed. "That's the closest any woman has ever come to calling me a gentleman. Okay, Miss Brightman, we have a deal. Until I find some way of getting you safely out of the country, you can stay here. I've been living in a private suite upstairs since the start of the troubles. Can't afford to risk venturing beyond these walls. I'm sure you'll find the accommodation to your liking. We can discuss the finer details of our arrangement later. Right now, I'm sure you could use a good meal and a bath."

"Thank you, Mr Flint. You won't regret this," Monica gushed.

"I certainly won't," he replied, reaching out to caress her half exposed and whip burned left breast.

CHAPTER FOUR

Monica slept alone that night, satin sheets cooling her throbbing flesh. Apart from briefly fondling her breasts in his office - his crude way of asserting his mastery over her - Flint had left her untouched. But she was not naive enough to think she would not soon be forced to earn her keep.

The following evening, the casino owner finally revealed the price of his generosity. Monica was led naked to his office by a pair of beautiful young Sierran girls in shiny pink bikinis and matching high heels. The pair were twins, identical in every detail, even the amused smiles that caused the captive to seethe.

"Well, Monica, you do look much better," Flint smiled, his eyes roaming freely over her nakedness. "Powdered, perfumed and ready to start work."

"Work?"

He nodded. "You're about to start earning your living, literally. I'm offering you a new career in the casino. Well, perhaps offering is the wrong word, as you really have no choice. Your uniform."

Only then did she notice the black leather mask, iron manacles and other bizarre objects laid out on his desk. Holding out the mask,

he ordered her to put it on.

"What is this all about?" she demanded.

"First you get dressed, then I explain," he replied.

Monica felt her flesh crawl as she donned the mask. It fitted snugly over her head, leaving only her eyes and mouth visible. One of the girls laced it tightly at the back, while the other drew her hair out through an opening and bound it in a tight ponytail. The captive then held out her arms and Flint secured the heavy manacles around her wrists. The thick chain between them was long enough to permit reasonable freedom of movement. He then attached a pair of gold clamps to her nipples. When she cried out in protest, he snapped at her to shut up. Obviously, there was going to be no more Mister Nice Guy. After one of the girls had fitted the four inch wide, spike studded collar around her throat, her master added the finishing touch - a rectangular plate on a chain, which he hooked to her nipple clamps. Embossed in dramatic black lettering on the silver steel was the single word SLAVE.

"Oh yes, you do look the part!" Flint smiled, stepping back to admire her.

Monica felt as if she were smothering in the mask and her nipples ached from the weight of the SLAVE plate.

"I never realised you were into kinky sex, Mr Flint," she said. "Do those two have to be part of it?"

"Gabrielle and Magna are your handlers," he explained. "Treat them with respect and you will find life much easier. As appetising as you look in that uniform, I'm not making you wear it just to give myself a cheap thrill. My customers will love it even more than I do."

"But your customers are the military!" she cried. "They'll kill me."

"Why would they do that, when you're giving them such pleasure?" He raised a restraining hand. "Not another word. You've already agreed to do whatever I want and this is what I want. Negotiations closed! As I've said, these two lovely young girls will

be your handlers. Normally, the services of my girls would require a large wallet. But you will be offered free of charge to any man in the casino who wants you and for whatever he wants to do to you. It's my way of saying thank you to the members of the armed forces, without whom I would not still be in business."

"But I thought ..." Monica began.

"You thought I would provide you with a safe haven, in return for you opening your legs or sucking me off whenever I snapped my fingers," Flint interrupted. "Did you really think I was that hard up? Granted, you're in excellent shape for your age, but why should I give you even a second look when I'm surrounded by some of the most gorgeous young girls this country has to offer? To be brutally honest, you don't really turn me on. But to my military clientele, a white American woman is the most exotic of fruit. You'll be my star attraction. Don't look so pissed off. You could suffer a much worse fate, you know."

Knowing she would be wasting her time pleading with him, Monica forced herself to remain silent. After they had clipped a pair of leashes to the back of her collar, the two girls were handed a riding crop each and warned that they had better not spare it. Monica knew there was no danger of that. The little bitches were loving every second of her torment. Holding the leashes tightly, they flicked their riding crops across her buttocks and marched her out onto the casino floor.

"And you think you're being such a clever bitch!" Flint muttered as he watched her depart.

Though the night was still young, the casino was already busy. It seemed as though the military clientele had been told to expect something special. The instant Monica stepped into view, a hush descended and all turned to stare. At least the mask concealed her blushes.

"Aha, the Yankee whore who likes to fuck has found a new job!"

She instantly recognised the voice of the commanding officer


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of the gang who had raped her and then thrown her to the I.S.S. Sergeant Zavrini had not needed to see her face to identify her.

"You like army dick so much, you come here for more, huh?" he sneered, standing before her.

"Something like that," Monica muttered.

"When you talk to me, you show proper respect, you fucking sow!" he barked, seizing her by the neck and forcing her to bend over. "That means you call me Sir. You understand?"

"Yes, Sir," she whimpered.

"Make sure she don't forget," he told her handlers. "Give her twenty-four lashes each. And if you don't make her hurt, I give you fifty each."

Even without the threat, the twins would have applied themselves just as eagerly to the task. Magna first scorched Monica's buttocks with two dozen lashes, then her sister did the same. For such diminutive girls, the strength with which they laid on the blows was shocking. Monica forced herself not to cry out, but she could not hold back the tears that trickled down the front of her mask. Being forced to submit to the two Sierran girls was the ultimate humiliation. Had the concept of free choice still had any meaning in her life, she would have preferred to be raped by every soldier in the country rather than endure this depravity. She resolved to make Flint pay dearly.

After she had been thrashed, Zavrini ordered her to polish his boots with her tongue. Remembering her mission and the fact that the secret police could hear what was happening, she decided it would be pointless to offer any resistance.

"Americans like to think they can walk all over us," the sergeant shouted to the others in the casino. "This one doesn't walk over anybody. I think we make her lick the boots of every man in this place."

The idea met with unanimous approval and so Monica found herself crawling like a dog on the thick red carpet, licking the dirt from the boots of what seemed an army of sneering soldiers. Their

ranks were swelled by a steady stream of new arrivals, while not a single man departed. Gabrielle and Magna, already addicted to the strange new feeling of potency they had been granted, exercised their riding crops to the full, scorching the legs, buttocks and shoulders of the slave whenever she displayed less than total enthusiasm for her task.

Her tongue felt like sandpaper and there was a foul taste in her mouth by the time she was finally hauled back to her knees. A drunken soldier asked her if she would like a drink. When she nodded eagerly, he unzipped his trousers, thrust his smelly, semi-flaccid cock into her mouth and relieved himself down her throat. He kept a tight grip on her ponytail to prevent her from pulling back. Urine dribbled from the corners of her mouth and she almost choked on the steaming flood. By the time the soldier had emptied his bladder, his cock was fully stiff. Several minutes of face fucking later, Monica received a thick semen chaser.

Throughout the remainder of that long night of humiliation and abuse, she was used as a toilet by most of the men in the casino. After twenty, she gave up counting the number she was forced to fellate, in full view of their companions. Her belly felt bloated with piss and semen and she was terrified that she would vomit all over the floor at any time. But even more revolting perversions were forced upon her. One particularly sadistic sergeant forced her to lick every inch of her young handlers' legs and buttocks, then pleasure each in turn with her tongue, while he thrust two fingers in and out of her anus. Afterwards, he forced her to suck them clean, then pushed her, face-down, over a roulette table and sodomised her. Three more men raped her in a similar manner, before a senior ranking officer took command of the proceedings.

"This is a place of gambling, so let us play a game with the Yankee whore," he said, speaking in his native tongue. "Here is what we will do ..."

Though Monica understood little of what he said, the rules of the game he had devised soon became clear. She was made to climb onto a wide round table and squat in the centre, over a deck

of playing cards. The officer then drew a long, pointed dagger from a sheath in his right boot, laughing when she recoiled in terror. Her handlers held her legs apart, while he inserted the elaborately carved hardwood handle of the dagger in her vagina.

"You drop it, I make you bleed," he whispered.

Monica's role in the game was to deal the cards to the seven men who seated themselves around the table. She did this by thrusting downwards, skewering a card on the tip of the dagger, then carefully offering it to the officer. The first card fell from the blade before he had taken it, instantly earning her a crack of the crop across her breasts from both handlers. With agonising slowness, she continued to dispense the cards in this fashion, until each man was holding five. The players then opened the betting in traditional poker fashion. In the process of resumed dealing duties, the handle of the dagger accidentally slipped from between her thighs. Snatching up the weapon, the officer ordered the two girls to hold her.

"No, please!" Monica screamed.

"I warned you what would happen if you dropped it," he snapped.

An ear splitting scream rent the smoky air of the casino as he drew the blade slowly from her right nipple to the top of her breast. Though the wound was only superficial, the bubbles of blood that accompanied the sharp pain almost caused her to faint. She was still whimpering when the handle of the dagger was once more thrust between her thighs.

"Be more careful from now," the officer warned.

The perverted poker game resumed. Monica's vaginal muscles gripped the dagger for dear life as she squatted to skewer another card. A moment later, she was ordered to hurry up, several cracks of the two riding crops across her buttocks accompanying the command.

She thought she would pass out before the game finally ended, several hours later. Her thigh muscles ached from her

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uncomfortably crouched position and her buttocks and breasts were streaked red from the riding crops wielded so enthusiastically by her handlers. Blood from the cut on her breast had trickled down her belly and congealed into a rusty rivulet. As soon as she had been permitted to dismount from the table, the officer and two colleagues dragged her to one of the private rooms at the back of the casino, where they repeatedly pleasured themselves in her three aching orifices. To add further to their entertainment and Monica's humiliation, they issued her handlers with a matching pair of strap-on dildos, carved from polished oak. Though the twins could not possibly have been more brutal than their masters, they certainly did their best, as they simultaneously penetrated her front and rear.

It was almost dawn before she was finally allowed to crawl to her bed. Though exhausted, she found herself unable to sleep. But it was neither the pain nor the shame of her humiliation that kept her awake. Since her arrival at the casino, she had seen little of Christopher Flint and had found no opportunity to lure him into incriminating himself. How long would it be before Labenne and his colleagues in the secret police lost patience with her and decided to either bring her back to the Tomb or dispose of her completely?

For her second night on slave duty and at the end of her handlers' leashes, she once again wore her mask and manacles. But instead of being naked, she was outfitted in a dress made of barbed wire which covered her from her breasts to her hips. It was secured at the back by several small padlocks and wound so tightly around her breasts that even breathing proved agonising. With every small step she took, the sharp wire bit cruelly into her thighs and buttocks. Instead of riding crops, her bikini clad handlers were equipped with long, thin, needle tipped spears, with which they delightedly prodded the backs of her bare legs. Monica steeled herself for another long night of degradation, silently vowing that if she were granted one wish upon completion of her mission, it would be to witness these twin specimens of sub-humanity being tortured to within an inch of their miserable lives in Labenne's Hospitality Suite.

There were even more army men present in the casino than

on the previous night, though few had come to gamble. Top of their pleasure list was the American slave. The fact that the barbed wire prevented her from being raped was little consolation. They would still find ample ways to abuse her.

Only minutes later, she was kneeling in the centre of the floor. An army officer whom she had not had the displeasure of previously meeting held her by her ponytail as her handlers pushed the gleaming silver tips of their spears through her protruding nipples. The agony of the three inches of cold steel pushing straight through her flesh was nauseating. Once again, she had resolved not to cry out, but once again, she found herself screaming. Having skewered her nipples, the twins stepped back, leaving the spears dangling from her breasts. The soldiers then lined up, in order of rank. The first man unbuttoned his trousers and thrust aggressively against her lips with a huge, throbbing cock that smelled as though it had not been washed for weeks. Despite her distaste, Monica hesitated for only a few seconds before opening her mouth wide to receive it.

By the time the last soldier in the queue had availed of her, she felt so full of semen, she thought her belly could not hold another drop. The creamy slime dribbled down her chin and oozed from the corners of her mouth. Forty-nine men in succession had fucked her face, leaving her breathless and somewhat disorientated.

While she was being abused in this way, the officers had devised the next instalment of their entertainment. Monica was forced to climb onto a highly polished table, the spears still hanging from her nipples, and stand with her legs so wide apart that the barbed wire dress gouged deep into the soft flesh of her thighs. Her pleas for pity met with several vicious strokes of a rattan on her legs from one medal bedecked officer.

The game was as fiendishly cruel as it was meticulously plotted. First, a spring loaded trigger mechanism was placed on the table between her feet. A thin wire led from this to a pistol mounted on a tripod on a table only a few yards in front of her. The weapon was trained directly on her chest. A pair of sharp toothed steel clamps was then fitted to her labia. Dangling from the attached

chain was a heavy iron ball.

"You see this?" said the heavily decorated officer, supporting the ball with his right hand. "If this touches the switch underneath you ... BOOM!"

With that, he took his hand away. Monica screamed in pain as her nether lips took the full weight of the ball, stretching abnormally. There was less than an inch between it and the trigger mechanism.

"Be strong or be dead," he sneered.

Waited on by several nubile girls in bikinis, a small group of men sat down at the table and began to play poker. But for the pain wracked victim in the centre, dripping sweat and bleeding from her barbed wire pierced thighs, it might have been just another night at the casino. Those who were not involved in the poker game began exchanging bets on how long Monica would last, before she finally triggered the bullet that would bring her life to a messy end.

The voices of the men sounded distant to her ears. Nothing existed beyond the swell of pain in which she was drowning. Her bloodied thighs trembled violently. Her flesh was crucified with every single breath and sob that passed her lips. How long would they expect her to endure this torture? How long could she fight off the inevitable weakening that would spell doom? Though she knew it was hopeless, she still tried to conceive a way out of her horrible ordeal. By jumping in any direction she could avoid touching the trigger mechanism. Even if she did touch it, she might be able to duck the bullet. But what then? Would the soldiers just shoot her like a dog, or would they start her nightmare all over again? Whatever they decided to do, she would be in no position to stop them.

In order to distract herself somewhat from the pain, she forced herself to concentrate on the man responsible for this gruesome predicament. Though she could never hope to see the soldiers punished, she owed it to herself to survive to see Flint and his two she-devils get what was coming to them. Even if she was never

again to see freedom, that would make her sufferings worthwhile.

Somehow, despite the appalling agony, she managed to hold the weight on her stretched pussy. She had no idea how long she remained thus. It could as easily have been four hours, or forty minutes. Finally, concluding that the soldiers intended for her to remain there for whatever length of time it took her to become the author of her own bloody demise, she decided to spoil their game and to hell with the consequences. With her life already at stake, what more did she have to lose? Taking as deep a breath as her barbed wire bondage would permit, she relaxed her aching bladder.

The soldiers around the table yelled out in surprise as a hot stream of urine burst from her, splashing them, their money and cards as it hit the table top.

"Filthy animal whore!" one man roared, reaching for his pistol as he leaped from his chair.

Laughing like a madwoman, Monica continued to spray. Never had a piss felt so good. At least if they shot her now, she would have managed this one final act of rebellion.

The enraged and urine splattered soldier would have certainly put a bullet through her head had one of his fellow officers not hastily intervened.

"Leave her!" he barked. "She must not be allowed to die so quickly."

"Do it, you fucking chickenshit assholes!" Monica screamed. "I'm not afraid of you any more! There's nothing more you can do to me!"

She saw the rattan raised before her eyes and felt it swoosh past her in a downward arc. Her brain had scarcely time to register the movement before the cane struck the trigger mechanism. A deafening bang, a flash of light and Monica felt herself falling. She was unconscious before she hit the floor.

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When she came to, she found herself lying on the floor of Flint's office. It took a few moments for the memory of what had happened to return.

"I'm still alive!" she murmured.

The face of the casino owner was a blur as he leaned over her. Her handlers stood by the door, holding their spears. Monica was not even aware that her barbed wire dress and the other essentials of her bondage had been removed.

Flint smiled. "You provided my customers with some superb sport tonight, though that last act of yours wasn't very clever. You can thank me for saving your life a second time."

"But I was shot," she groaned.

"The gun was loaded with blanks," he replied. "Just another of the army's little torture tricks. You fainted from the shock. Why did you piss on the table? It wasn't very ladylike."

"I'm treated like an animal, I might as well behave like one," she answered, struggling awkwardly to her feet.

Her handlers immediately moved to restrain her, but Flint ordered them to wait.

"All you're doing is making matters worse for yourself," he said.

"How much worse can they get?" she retorted. "This casino of yours is nothing more than a glorified torture chamber. Apart from being killed, can you think of anything else I could possibly be forced to suffer?"

"Oh, I can think of a great many things," he replied. "My customers, even more. You seem to be forgetting our deal, Miss Brightman. In return for my help, you ..."

"I agreed to be your slave, I know," Monica snapped. "But I was wrong about you. I don't think you have any intention of helping me. You're enjoying this every bit as much as them. You love to see a woman abused and humiliated, more so if she happens to be your equal, rather than one of your Sierran whores."

Flint shrugged. "If that's how you feel, I don't think you should stay here any longer. I won't let it be said that I detained you against your will, when you would obviously prefer to take your chances on the streets. I'd like to give you something to wear before showing you out, but I'm afraid I don't have anything bullet-proof."

Monica realised she had allowed her anger to get the better of her judgement. She would not survive an hour outside the casino. If the soldiers didn't get her, the I.S.S would.

"I'm sorry!" she cried as he grabbed her arm. "I didn't mean to sound ungrateful. Please, Mr Flint, don't put me out on the streets. Give me another chance."

"You would grovel much more convincingly on your knees," he replied.

Monica obligingly fell before him. "Please, please forgive me," she sobbed, raising her hands in supplication. "I know you're doing your best to help me. Keep me as your slave and I swear I won't give you any more trouble."

"Okay, I'll give you one more chance," he agreed. "You'll go back out on that floor tomorrow night and you'd better make damn sure you remember what you are. No more bullshit. Understood?"

"Yes Sir, Mr Flint," she gushed. "Thank you."

"No satin sheets for you tonight," he continued. "Putting you in with my girls might teach you a valuable lesson in humility."

Before Monica could utter a word, her handlers were being ordered to take her away.

The native girls who worked at the casino were housed in a large dormitory in the bowels of the building. Monica could hardly have felt more trepidation if she was being marched back to the Tomb.

The lights came on and she found herself in the midst of twenty-three Sierran girls. Hostility burned in every single pair of eyes. She would not have been surprised if they had sprang like wild beasts to rip her apart.

"Mr Flint gives us the Yankee whore," one of her handlers delightedly announced. "We make her comfortable?"

As one body, the twenty-three girls rose from their bunks. Most were naked, the remainder wearing only skimpy items of underwear. Monica backed towards the door, but was stopped by the needle tips of her handlers' spears prodding her buttocks.

"The men finish with you, now we have you," said one.

In her previous life, Monica had enjoyed the nervousness of the Sierran females she had come into contact with. But she was no longer a figure of authority, with the power to dominate these characteristically timid creatures. They were in charge now and she was the submissive, trembling in fear of their wrath.

"I know you."

The voice was that of a short haired girl with pierced nipples who appeared to be in her late teens. Unashamed of her nakedness, she stepped up to Monica and slapped her across the face.

"You do not remember me, Miss Company President?"

"Should I?" Monica responded, checking the impulse to strike back.

"My name is Sharbenna Ralesse," the girl replied, in near perfect English. "I worked for GLT, until you fired me. You still do not remember? You were touring the plant with our foremen one morning, behaving as usual like you were a queen, showing the slaves who was boss. You did that often, because you liked us to be afraid of you. I was working on one of the production lines. When you looked at me, I did not look away in fear, like we were expected to. You called me over and asked me my name. When I answered, I forgot to call you Miss Brightman. I had been working for six hours without a break, but you did not care. You fired me on the spot. That evening, I was arrested and questioned by the secret police. Not content with taking away my livelihood, you had informed them that I was a possible subversive. I was lucky they did not torture me. Instead, they sold me to Mr Flint and I am now a whore."

Monica had no recollection of the incident. So many employees had been summarily dismissed, on little more than a whim, she could not possibly be expected to remember them all.

The girl spat in her face. "Everybody hates you, Yankee whore. We like to see the soldiers make you suffer. Before, you look at us like we are shit. You think we are shit now?"

"I ... I'm not proud of everything I've done," Monica said hesitantly. "Perhaps I should have treated my employees with more respect."

"You are sorry?" the girl demanded.

She nodded. "Yes, I am sorry."

Her words caused several of the girls gathered around her to giggle, but they were not about to be satisfied by a half-hearted apology. Monica was grabbed by several pairs of hands, forced onto all-fours and ordered to crawl around the floor. When she failed to immediately obey, her buttocks received several painful prods of the spears.

"You are a pig," snarled the girl called Sharbenna. "Grunt like one, you filthy beast."

Her face flushed with shame, Monica began snorting in imitation of a pig. As she crawled around the floor, her tormentors kicked her and spat on her. When they tired of this line of humiliation, she was dragged to her feet and forced up against a wall. Her arms and legs were forcibly spread-eagled. Two more girls held her by the hair. She squealed as two thick leather belts began simultaneously whacking her buttocks and legs. Sharbenna joined in by slowly raking the sharp fingernails of her right hand down over her spine, leaving crimson furrows in her wake.

Several girls took part in the vicious beating, which lasted for over ten minutes and left her flesh feeling thoroughly barbecued. When it finally stopped, Sharbenna thrust two fingers of her right hand up between her buttocks.

"Please stop this," Monica sobbed. "Haven't I suffered enough?"

"Now, pig, I fuck you," snarled Sharbenna.

The enraged young girl clenched her fist, then rammed it into Monica's rectum with all the brute force she could muster. A hoarse cry exploded from her throat. She felt as though she were being ripped asunder. Were it not for the hands that held her pinned to the wall, she would have collapsed. The girl buried her arm halfway to the elbow, withdrew it to the wrist, then thrust again. She continued to fuck her in this barbarous fashion for several minutes, using her free hand to rake bloody furrows in her buttocks. Afterwards, she wiped her sticky and foul smelling hand over Monica's face, then forced several fingers into her mouth.

"Pig eats her own shit," she sneered.

"She better eat pussy just as good," another girl added.

Sitting in his locked office, Flint watched the action unfold on a television screen. His trousers were around his ankles and his throbbing cock was gripped in his right fist. His girls had no suspicion that their dormitory was under the constant scrutiny of several hidden cameras, nor that tiny microphones picked up every sound they made. The casino owner's favourite pastime was to spy on his unsuspecting harem when they were off duty. Free of the demands of men, they found comfort in one another, often in a most uninhibited fashion. The minority who found sapphic practices distasteful were eventually initiated by their more forceful sisters. Due to the heat, there was no need for bedclothes on the bunks and even with the lights out, the sophisticated cameras still managed to capture every detail of the action. Even the bathroom afforded no privacy. Flint often wondered how his treasured twins would react if they should ever discover that the forbidden games they played together were his favourite source of erotic entertainment.

Nothing, however, could match the sadistic drama that he was now witnessing. Throwing Monica in with the girls had been an inspired idea. Watching her being abused by her own sex was so much more exciting than seeing it done by the soldiers.

"You must be sickened by the taste of juicy young Sierran

pussy!" he panted, pumping furiously on his cock. "Still, makes a change from all the army cum you've been forced to swallow, huh?"

On-screen, Monica was being held down by four girls, while another energetically rode her face. One of her handlers was thrusting her right fist into her vagina and the blunt end of her spear into her rectum. As soon as the girl on her face was finished, another would take her place. Not a single girl would miss this chance to have her pussy eaten by the despised American woman.

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It was a bruised and completely subdued Monica that who was led onto the casino floor for her third night as troop meat. Instead of walking, she crawled, dragging behind her a heavy chain, five feet long. This was attached to her body by a pair of sharp hooks through her labia. From the mouthpiece of her mask, a long, snout-like black rubber tube protruded. Her anus was smeared with red lipstick in a crude parody of a mouth. The weapons wielded by her handlers were electric cattle prods.

She had almost forgotten how it felt to be free of pain. The stream of torture had fused into a single, all-consuming entity. The girls in the dormitory had stripped her of all her remaining dignity. What she had suffered at the hands of the men was bad enough, but to be raped by women was an obscenity beyond belief. Her only sustenance was her craving for revenge. She hoped she would be returned to the dormitory, just so that she could entice from her tormentors a casual remark that would deliver them into the hands of the secret police. Even if that did not happen, she would strongly advise Labenne that they should all be executed anyway, just to be on the safe side.

As usual, the soldiers in the casino did not hesitate to take full advantage of their helpless toy. The tube in her mouth was designed for use as a toilet and the urine was soon flowing freely down her throat. Within minutes, she was anally penetrated by a cock that felt as large as the arm Sharbenna had used to similarly

violate her. As his excitement increased, the soldier raping her grabbed a cattle prod from one of her handlers and thrust it into her cruelly hooked vagina. The shock was so violent that Monica discharged a large mouthful of urine through her tube and over the polished boots of the man who had just finished relieving himself. With an enraged roar, he seized her by the hair and used it to mop up every drop. A few minutes later, his companion climaxed in her bowels. As he withdrew his dripping cock, he rammed the cattle prod into her front entrance a second time. Monica slumped to the floor, thrashing in agony, seeming oozing from one orifice, urine from the other two. Blackness claimed her for a few merciful moments.

By the time she recovered her senses, another man was already penetrating her. Conscious or otherwise, the soldiers would nevertheless get their money's worth from her wretched body.

Flint spared her another night in the dormitory. At the end of her hellish ordeal, she was taken to her suite and allowed to shower. Her handlers then massaged oils and soothing creams over her violently aching body.

Shortly afterwards, the casino owner appeared and dismissed the twins. He seemed almost apologetic for her sufferings as he invited her to sit and poured her a much needed drink.

"You'll be glad to hear you may not be working for me much longer," he said.

Monica's heart missed a beat. "You mean you've found a way to get me out of Valle- Sierre?"

He nodded. "I haven't yet been able to finalise the arrangements, but it looks promising. I just hope, when all this is over, you won't think of me as a complete monster."

No, I'll think of you as a pathetic little monster, screaming in Labenne's Hospitality Suite, she thought. Now, if I can just get you to say something damning, justice will be served.

"This country makes monsters of all of us," she replied. "God, I wish I'd never seen the fucking place."

"It could have been so different, if only the rebels had succeeded," he mused.

"You mean you supported the coup?" Monica hardly dared believe what she was hearing.

"You're certainly no fan of this regime, so I guess I can be honest with you," he answered. "This conspiracy theory of Carrende's isn't as far-fetched as you might think. There were a number of Americans in this country, who covertly funded the rebels. I was one. Valdemerrian and a C.I.A operative named Mark Rossington were close friends of mine. They weren't as lucky as I've been. But I don't know how much longer I can last here. The I.S.S are watching this place, waiting to make their move. I'm a prisoner in this goddamned casino. I daren't set a foot outside in case the bastards decide to eliminate me. They don't even need to prove me guilty of anything. Being American is enough."

Monica could scarcely contain her excitement. She had been wondering how she could manipulate Flint into damning himself and here he was revealing more than even Labenne could possibly have hoped for. Little did the fool realise how close the secret police really were.

"But I thought you would be one of the President's most loyal supporters, considering how you've prospered under his rule." She was struggling to keep her voice steady.

"That fucker is nothing more than a gangster," spat Flint. "I'd like nothing more than to see his fat carcass hanging from the nearest lamp post. If we had democracy here, we'd have tourists, big time gamblers drawn like flies to the Fortuna Casino. I'd have had enough influence with the new government to make sure mine remained the only licensed casino in the entire country. Can you see now why I was so firmly behind the rebels?"

"Put like that, it made perfect business sense," she agreed.

"What about you?" he demanded. "Surely you would have been just as enthusiastic about a change of government."

Remembering who was listening, Monica chose her words

carefully. "It wouldn't have served my interests to become involved in the political situation. As long as GLT was making money and the workers were kept in line, I didn't really care who was running the country. Multinational corporations are not like casinos. Instability is bad for business."

"All our businesses are screwed now," sighed Flint, reaching for the bottle to refill their glasses.

"What are you going to do now?" asked Monica.

"Get the hell out, as soon as possible," he replied. "I have a few safe hiding places abroad where I can start a new business. What about you?"

"I'm still a senior executive at GLT," she answered. "I'll wait until I get to New York before making any decisions about my future. After what I've been through, I'm going to need a long vacation. You are going to get me out, aren't you? This isn't just bullshit?"

"You'll be home within a week," Flint assured her. "In the meantime, you'll have to carry on working here, so as not to raise any suspicions. When you do disappear, I'll need to have a damn good explanation for my clients. You do understand, don't you?"

She forced a smile. "Whatever you say. I just hope I can find the strength to survive a few more days of slavery."

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Monica had no intention of suffering one more minute of slavery. As soon as Flint had left, she retired to bed, though sleep was out of the question. In her wildest dreams she could have never imagined herself looking forward to a visit from the secret police.

Early the following afternoon, four men in plain-clothes entered the casino. Shortly after Flint had departed with two of them, their companions made their way to Monica's suite. She offered no resistance as they wrapped her in a satin sheet and escorted her out of the casino, to a second waiting car.

CHAPTER FIVE

"Welcome back, Miss Brightman. I hear you have successfully completed your mission."

Valetia Jarrende's smile was almost warm.

"You've got Flint?" Monica asked eagerly.

The I.S.S woman nodded. "Captain Labenne is at this very moment interviewing him. He thought you might like to join us."

Monica smiled. "I'd be delighted."

She intended to demand that she be allowed to witness every exquisite second of Flint's torture. After what he had put her through, it was the least she could expect. If her hosts were amenable to the idea, she would take great delight in inflicting a few tortures of her own devising. Still wrapped in her sheet, she eagerly followed Valetia to the Hospitality Suite. She was somewhat disappointed to see Flint standing by the I.S.S Captain's desk, still fully dressed and looking alarmingly calm.

"Miss Brightman," Labenne greeted pleasantly. "You have surprised us all."

"I told you I'd deliver the traitor," Monica replied.

"You were working for the secret police!" cried Flint.

"And you fell straight into my trap," she added gleefully.

"Thought you were so fucking clever, didn't you. Every word you said to me was recorded. I got more than enough evidence to put you right where you belong - in hell with Valdemerrian and all those other criminal scum."

"You recorded our conversations! But how?"

Smiling proudly, she removed the stud from her ear and held it out to him. "This little baby contains a miniature radio transmitter. Everything I heard, the I.S.S also heard."

Monica was prepared for an outburst of rage, perhaps even a cry of despair. But Flint just glanced at the earring, stared at her for a moment, then burst out laughing. "You've been watching too many James Bond movies, lady. That thing in your hand is no more a radio transmitter than my asshole. Tell her, Dante."

"I'm afraid what he says is true," said Labenne. "You could buy one of those studs for a few cents."

"Bu ... but, what are you talking about?" Monica blurted. "You said ..."

"You've been had, in more ways than one," smiled Flint. "This 'mission' of yours was our idea of a cruel joke. Did you really think I'd still be in Valle-Sierre if I was even suspected of being a traitor? The truth of the matter is, His Excellency, President Carrende, is a very good friend of mine. I'm a senior partner in his extremely lucrative export business. You know, the stuff your senior executive types in the States like to hoover up their noses. Christ, I'm practically vice-president of this fucking country. Nothing happens that I don't know about, including the plotting of rebellions. You might say I've got the blood of a few traitors on my hands."

Monica tried to speak, but all that emerged from her throat was a guttural whimper. She felt as if she were about to collapse.

"You're probably wondering why we went to all this trouble just to make you look a fool," said Labenne. "You gave me the idea, by mentioning Mr Flint's name. It was too good an opportunity to resist. He agreed that it would be a much more entertaining way of breaking you than continuing to torture you here."

"And now?" she whispered.

"Now, we welcome you back to the Hospitality Suite," he replied. "There are so many of the facilities you have yet to enjoy."

"But I haven't done anything wrong," she protested. "Surely you must realise by now that I'm not a traitor."

"It no longer matters," said Labenne. "The rebellion has been crushed and the CIA dogs driven from our country. His Excellency's grip on power is more secure than ever."

"Then you can let me go!"

"Out of the question," said Flint. "You know too much. We can't have you running home with wild stories about President Carrende being the head of one of the world's largest drug cartels, or the fact that I masterminded the elimination of your CIA friend, Mark Rossington, as well as several troublesome politicians in foreign countries. Somebody might believe you and this country's international reputation is bad enough already."

"It is better for all concerned, except perhaps yourself, that you never again leave Valle-Sierre," added Labenne. "Besides, you have provided us with such excellent amusement, we would miss you."

"You won't get away with this!" Monica screamed. "I'm a senior executive in one of America's largest corporations. You can't just make me disappear, like you do your wretched little subversives. I'm an important person, you fucking assholes!"

"You are also officially a dead person," replied Labenne. "Your charred remains were found this morning, along with those of a male companion, in the burnt out wreckage of your Mercedes. It seems you drove off the road and into a ravine. The Americans won't ask too many awkward questions, especially when it is revealed, a few days from now, that the police found a large quantity of drugs in your apartment."

"I don't believe a word you say," she snapped.

"Believe what you wish," said the captain. "Nothing alters the fact that you are now a prisoner, with not the slightest chance of

ever being released."

Monica started to respond, but the only sound that passed her lips was a loud shriek, as something struck like an arrow between her shoulder blades. She had forgotten the woman standing directly behind her. The shock from the short muzzled stun gun in Valetia Jarrende's right hand lifted her off her feet and sent her crashing heavily to the floor. Raising her by her wrists and ankles, the two men swiftly carried her inert form to the Hospitality Suite. Licking her lips, like a she-wolf closing in on its prey, Valetia Jarrende followed.

With a low, anguished moan, Monica returned to consciousness. Her captors had secured her in a hideously uncomfortable iron harness. The vertical round bar in the centre, bent into a U shape, looked and felt as though it were splitting her up the middle. She could not raise herself even a fraction of an inch as her legs had been stretched outwards and upwards and chained by the ankles to the same wide bar to which her wrists were manacled. Her outstretched tongue was clamped to the front of the U bar and the hard black leather bit between her teeth strapped to the opposite side. Fitted around her breasts was a set of chrome cuffs lined with spiked studs, which gouged her flesh like nails.

Flint and Labenne were nowhere to be seen. Valetia stood before her, the sleeves of her blouse rolled up and several buttons undone, leaving the white lace cupped mounds of her large breasts fully visible.

"How are you feeling, Miss Brightman?" she enquired.

All Monica could do was whine and frown.

The woman smiled. "You and I have something in common. We are both successful and ruthless women in a male dominated world. You are the former Regional President of a big American company and I am the only female State Interrogator in all of Valle-Sierre. Captain Labenne has kindly agreed to share you with me. You should not take any cheer from the fact that I am not a man. I have had to fight hard to get to where I am and this has left me with

a tendency to take my work extremely seriously. You will soon understand what I mean."

Valetia spent a few moments circling her helpless captive, watching her sweat and smelling her fear. Then, she opened a black metal box on the floor and took out a six inch long silver needle that resembled a small lance. Having threaded it with copper wire, she knelt before Monica and held the fiendish looking weapon in front of her eyes.

"Do you know what I am going to do with this?" she demanded.

Monica whimpered and shook her head.

Her interrogator smiled. "Then I will not spoil the surprise by telling you."

She did not have to wait long to find out. Valetia stretched the left half of her labia between the thumb and forefinger of one hand, then thrust the sharp needle through the soft pink flesh. Monica's bloodshot eyes bulged in their sockets and her face contorted in agony. Her torturer drew the needle through the opposite fold of her vagina, then back again. She repeated the process a dozen times, leaving Monica's nether lips wired together, the stretched tissue wrapped tightly around the chrome bar. She was in such pain, she thought her head was about to explode.

Having knotted the wire in place, Valetia momentarily paused to inspect the fruits of her sadistic labours. Obviously satisfied, she then thrust the needle through Monica's left nipple and earlobe, bound the wire twice around her chin, then threaded it through her right ear and nipple. She finished by skewering her navel, knotting the wire securely and then cutting it. The entire operation had been performed with the kind of expertise that would have impressed a genuine masochist.

"I torture as well as any man, do I not?" said Valetia, admiring the details of her devilish handiwork. "I am aware that you consider us Sierran women to be less than dogs, but it may interest you to learn that my work with imprisoned subversives, particularly

females, has been personally commended by his Excellency, President Carrende. He is a great believer in certain forms of equality. If I were to end this torture now, would you be prepared to confess to any charges I might mention?"

Monica managed to nod.

Valetia smiled. "I thought so. Unfortunately, it is too late. We no longer care what you may be guilty of. There is nothing you can say or do which will save you now. All hope is lost."

Monica scarcely heard the taunting voice. At that moment, she would have been relieved if the woman had pointed a gun at her head and pulled the trigger. She knew now that death was the only escape route remaining open to her.

Valetia then left her for a while. When she returned, she was accompanied by Flint and Labenne.

"Nice work," the American commented. "I must get one of these contraptions for the casino." He tickled Monica's chin. "How are you feeling now, Miss Brightman?"

A muted whimper was her only response.

"Valetia's a cruel little bitch, isn't she?" he grinned. "That's what makes her such an asset to the State. You know, under different circumstances, you yourself could have had a good career here, dishing out hospitality to enemies of GLT corporation. Nice thought, isn't it?"

While he was speaking, Labenne ignited a brazier to the left of Monica. He then selected two iron bars from the rack overhead and thrust them into the flames.

"Of course, we can't keep you here indefinitely," Flint continued. "Our cells are bursting with criminals and subversives awaiting their turn in the Hospitality Suite."

"But you don't have to leave just yet," added Valetia. "Captain Labenne is preparing something special for you. Something which is reserved for our most honoured guests."

They continued to taunt her for several minutes, until

Labenne donned a thick black leather gauntlet and withdrew one of the irons from the fire. The circular head of the branding iron glowed a pale shade of orange. As he approached, Monica's eyes widened in terror.

"You could never have realised how much it would hurt to be branded an enemy of the State," he smiled.

Monica tried to scream, but all she could utter was a pathetic, high pitched whine. Labenne moved into position behind her and pressed the burning iron to her left buttock. A cloud of white smoke accompanied the smell of scorched flesh. When he withdrew the iron again, the pain wracked prisoner was branded with a three inch circle, with a small star in the centre.

Valetia was already taking the second iron from the brazier. The glowing business end was shaped like a crude executioner's noose. Stepping up to Monica, she studied her for a few seconds, then thrust it against her manacled left breast. The prisoner smelled her own roasting flesh for an instant, before she blacked out.

She was brought back to consciousness by a blast of icy water from a hosepipe, directed upon her by Flint.

"Wakey, wakey!" he shouted. "The party ain't over yet."

The relief provided by the water was short lived. As soon as they realised she was once again fully conscious, Labenne and Valetia took their irons from the fire a second time and simultaneously branded her right breast and buttock. Unfortunately for Monica, she did not lose consciousness again.

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She was left her to suffer for what seemed an eternity before Labenne and Valetia finally returned to free her from her shackles and cut the wire binding her pussy to the bar. They then lifted her up and laid her out on an iron hospital trolley. Though hardly a necessary precaution, they strapped her wrists and ankles to the sides, before wheeling her from the torture chamber.

"Now, you must bid farewell to the Hospitality Suite," said Labenne. "Our next guest awaits. Your next stop is prison. You should, of course, be detained in the women's section, but due to an unfortunate ... administrative error, you will find yourself sharing a cell with three male prisoners. You are not looking your best just now, but having been denied female company for so long, I'm sure they will not mind."

"No more, I beg you!" she protested feebly. "Surely you've had your fun."

"Indeed we have," he replied. "Now it is the turn of a few of your fellow prisoners."

The cell Monica was thrown into was scarcely large enough to accommodate one person, let alone four. The three shaven headed men inside were dressed in the prison uniform of sandals and dark blue baggy trousers. Monica was given nothing with which to cover herself. For the first few moments after she was tossed at their feet, the three merely stared at her in disbelief, as though she were some manner of apparition. None dared to make a sound, until they were certain the guards and I.S.S officers were gone.

The first to speak was a bearded hulk of indeterminate age, with an alarmingly manic stare. From the manner in which his companions regarded him, it was obvious that he was the senior animal in the pen.

"You real?" he grunted, reaching down to touch Monica.

"Leave me alone!" she shrieked, slapping his big hand away.

The prisoner glowered dangerously. "Hey, that ain't no way to speak to the Maniac Lord of Cell Block C. Looks like we will have to teach you respect." He turned to his companions. "Kyrnace, Calfanianne, hold her down! I'm gonna show her how we break in a new boy."

Even though she knew it was hopeless and her branded flesh was throbbing violently, Monica resisted with all her remaining strength. Her efforts simply amused the two men, who overpowered her easily and pinned her to the dirty concrete floor.



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"Man, she got a great ass!" The Lord whistled as he tugged his rapidly stiffening cock from his trousers. "She's gonna be real popular in here."

The men made no attempt to stop her from screaming as nine thick inches of manmeat thrust brutally into her rectum. Rape was as integral to prison life as the bars of the cells and nobody would intervene to save a screaming victim, especially one who had been incarcerated for that very purpose.

Grunting like some primitive life form, the Lord lanced her bowels with deep, aggressive stabs of his cock. By the time he was finished with her, she was no longer even whimpering. Nothing was going to stop what was happening. Why give the brutes the additional satisfaction of hearing her cry like a baby?

Obviously fearing that she night be taken from them as suddenly as she had been given, the three men were determined to make full use of their new cellmate. As well as being repeatedly sodomised, Monica was forced to pleasure them with her mouth. For her first few hours in the cell, there were only a few moments when she did not have a smelly cock in either end, or in both at the same time. Throughout the prolonged ordeal, her pussy remained untouched. The men seemed to have either forgotten the chief purpose of such an organ, or had become so accustomed to oral and anal rape that conventional sex no longer appealed to them.

Shortly after they had finished with her, the cell door was unlocked and a trio of brown uniformed guards entered. Sparing the men scarcely a glance, they handcuffed Monica, dragged her out into the corridor, then locked the door again. She was taken to a large room at the opposite end of the building, where eight more guards awaited her. She did not even look at their faces. Guards, convicts, police, soldiers - they were all the same.

"Like your cell?" the senior ranking guard enquired.

When Monica did not immediately reply, a length of rubber hose struck viciously across the backs of her legs. With a howl of pain, she fell to her knees. Two guards seized her by the ears and

forced her back to her feet.

"You will answer the officer!" the guard who had struck her barked.

"You sick fucking bastards!" she sobbed.

The rubber hose cracked across her buttocks, in the same instant as another guard grabbed a tuft of her pubic hair and tugged viciously. The two who were holding her up twisted her ears, like a pair of particularly sadistic teachers dealing with a bothersome pupil.

"Do you like your cell?" the officer repeated, right hand stroking the butt of his holstered pistol.

"I hate ... my cell," Monica gasped.

"And your cellmates?"

"Fucking animals."

He sighed heavily. "As I expected. Traces of that Imperialist arrogance remain. Perhaps after you have spent twelve hours in the pit, you will feel grateful for small mercies. Take her away."

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The pit was a deep, narrow hole in the prison yard, which appeared to have been excavated by a gigantic earthworm. Directly overhead was a wooden structure that resembled a gallows. Swinging from the attached chains was an iron seat, covered in small spikes. A thick, eight inch long iron phallus sprouted from the centre. A pair of manacles dangled on the ends of two chains at the back and front of the seat.

After Monica had been lowered onto the seat, the rear set of manacles was secured around her wrists and her ankles bound by the pair at the front, leaving her in a severely uncomfortable position. One of the guards then began turning a handle underneath the seat. The captive screamed as dozens of small, vicious spikes emerged through holes in the shaft of the dildo and pierced the soft vaginal flesh in which it was sheathed. Several turns of the handle were

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sufficient to leave her feeling as if she were being ripped apart. She was then lowered by pulley into the hole, until her feet were almost touching the bottom. One of the guards bid her goodbye by spitting down on her. Then, she was alone.

Despite the atrocities she had already been subjected to, Monica could never have imagined the horrors of the pit. The cesspool stench was breathtaking. The sensation of being buried alive was almost as unbearable as the pain that wracked her body. Whenever she managed to move even slightly, the spikes seemed to dig deeper into her vagina. Screaming would only have been a waste of precious breath.

Twelve hours later, a pale and drained captive was taken from the pit. After she was removed from the seat, she was hosed down with icy water and allowed to take a drink. Then, she was dragged back to the room and the officer who had sentenced her to such a diabolical punishment. Merely to stay standing took most of her remaining strength.

"Where were we?" the officer mused, as though they had been speaking only moments earlier. "Ah yes, I remember now. Do you like your cell?"

"Yes, Sir," Monica murmured.

"Speak up!" shouted one of the guards, cracking a short tailed whip across her breasts.

"Yes, Sir," she repeated loudly.

"Preferable to the pit, no?"

"Very much, Sir." The very thought of returning to that horrible hole caused her to almost faint.

"In that case, I shall return you to your cellmates."

"Thank you, Sir!" she breathed, genuinely relieved.

***** ***** *****

Maniac Lord was the king of Cell Block C, feared by his fellow prisoners and guards alike. Whatever he had done to earn her,

Monica was now his property and he did not intend to keep her to himself. Word quickly spread throughout the prison. The Lord was pimping the American woman to anyone who could afford her. As in any market where the seller reigned supreme, it was first-come-first-served and the goods did not come cheaply. Cash was only one form of currency within prison society. Monica was traded for tobacco, illicit booze, drugs and just about anything else that the Lord could resell at a higher price. Any item of contraband on his block, no matter how small, passed through his hands. Those who failed to play by the rules rarely lived to regret their folly. Not for nothing was he known as the Maniac Lord.

Her first experience of being sold was the most terrifying, as she had not been told what to expect. Early that morning, a pair of guards opened the cell door and ordered her and her Master to the showers. When they arrived, a further dozen men were already waiting. As she stepped under a stream of icy water, the group regarded her with rapist eyes. She glanced anxiously at the bearded giant, but he did not appear unduly concerned for her safety.

A few seconds later, one of the other men stepped towards her, his stiffening cock gripped in his right fist. Two others followed. When she tried to step out of reach, one of them grabbed her by the throat and pushed her against the wall. Standing nearby, her master made no attempt to intervene.

"You don't fight, you don't get hurt," one of her assailants grunted.

She understood then why the most feared man in the prison did not rush to her rescue. The others were only taking what they had already paid for.

Monica surrendered to her rapists without further protest. She was laid out on the cold floor and penetrated by three of the men at once. Such was their lustful frenzy, they seemed ready to fight one another to get at her. One of those watching decided her mouth could accommodate two together. She was in no position to argue and the beast already fucking her throat did not object. The remainder of the group gathered eagerly around, cocks poised like

offensive weapons.

Much as she despised her master, Monica also knew that her continued survival rested in his hands. As long as she was his property, to be rented out for rape, she would not be harmed. There were prisoners who would gain more satisfaction from butchering her than screwing her, but none were insane enough to cross the Maniac Lord. Only the guards, who were partners in the enterprise and shared in the profits earned by the slave, dared to return her to her cell with bruises or whip burns. It was their way of reminding the Lord who was really in charge.

Terrified that she might be returned to the Pit, Monica took great care to remain on the right side of her captors, offering no resistance to even the roughest and most loathsome of her abusers. In the hierarchy of the prison, she was the lowest of the low. She was not even issued with a uniform, though being forced to remain naked was a small humiliation, compared to what she had suffered in Flint's casino and the torture chamber of the I.S.S.

After a while, she became accustomed to the degrading routine of prison life. Each morning her master would take her to the showers, where she would be handed over to those who had paid in advance to use her. Afterwards, she was returned to her cell, to await afternoon in the exercise yard. There, she would be gang raped by a further group of clients, in full view of several hundred men. For the rest of the time, she was at the disposal of her cellmates and guards. It was the latter she dreaded most, as they possessed a seemingly limitless capacity for sadism, along with all the tools necessary to satisfy their perversions.

With each passing day, Monica found it more difficult not to surrender to despair. She knew her captors intended her to die in this living hell. As far as the civilised world was aware, she was already dead. There was no possibility of escape and to protest would be to risk a return to the Pit. She had no choice but to concede the utter hopelessness of her situation.

One afternoon, a pair of guards ordered her from her cell, in their customary brusque manner. Stepping towards them with her

head lowered, she meekly held out her wrists for the manacles. Though hardly necessary, they still used the chains each time they took her out.

This time, something was different. Instead of taking her to the place where they normally amused themselves with her, they led her down several flights of stairs and into a much smaller room, furnished with a table and two chairs.

"You have a visitor," one of the swarthy men grunted.

"Who?" cried Monica.

"Sit, shut up and wait!" he snapped, pushing her onto one of the hard wooden chairs.

She was left alone for several minutes. When the door opened again, a familiar figure stepped into the room.

"Still alive, Miss Brightman!" grinned Christopher Flint. "Your fortitude is very impressive."

"Have you come back to torture me some more?" she demanded. "Afraid these animals weren't doing a good enough job?"

"I can see they're doing a fine job," he replied. "Word has it you've become quite a valuable commodity in jail. Can't see you holding your value indefinitely, though. You look like shit."

Monica sighed. "Whatever it is you've come here to do, Mr Flint, I'm not about to argue. You wanted to break me, you've succeeded. I won't resist now, no matter what you do to me. So, if you want to torture me, drag me off to one of your hospitality rooms and do your worst. For all I care, you can put a bullet in my brain. I'm a worthless piece of human trash, so I'm hardly going to be offended if you start calling me names."

"Given long enough, you might actually start to believe that," said Flint. "But you're not the kind of woman who gives up, even when the odds are overwhelmingly stacked against you. If I were to offer you a way out of here ..."

"Don't waste your breath," she snapped. "I'm not interested

in any more of your lies."

"You want to stay here?"

"What I want has long ceased to be relevant," Monica said bitterly.

"How much longer do you think you can last in this place?" he demanded. "Another month? Two at most. How many men are fucking you up the ass every day, apart from your cellmates?"

"I've stopped counting," she answered.

"Even your body can only take so much," he continued. "You stay here long enough, they'll literally fuck you to death. That's unless the Maniac Lord gets himself a pretty boy with a nicer ass than yours and decides you're no longer worth a shit. That's when a nasty accident could happen."

Monica shrugged. "Frankly, asshole, I don't give a damn."

Flint smiled. "But I do. It might be fun for the inmates and guards, perhaps you even secretly enjoy it yourself, but it's not healthy to keep a woman in a male prison. It can only lead to problems. That's why it's been decided to put you in solitary confinement. No more gang bangs in the showers, no more guards and convicts forcing themselves upon you. In short, nobody bothering you at all. I imagine it'll be quite a relief."

"How long do you plan to keep me locked up like that?" she demanded.

"For the rest of your life," he replied. "In fact, we shall be throwing away the key, just to make certain nobody ever bothers you again. You won't even see the guard who delivers your meals through a door hatch. There'll be just you in that small, pitch dark cell, with nothing but your memories."

Monica stared at him, her face turning ashen as the full realisation of what he was saying dawned upon her. Sitting in the chair opposite, Flint smiled. He had guessed that the threat of further torture, or even death, would have had little effect upon a woman who had already been so mistreated. But the threat of a life of solitary confinement would have instilled terror in the stoutest of hearts.

"Why would you do that to me?" she whispered.

"I've already explained the reasons," he replied. "However, there is one alternative to spending the rest of your natural life in a black hole. You could risk it in a fight instead."

"A fight?" she repeated.

"I believe you know a woman named Jennifer Dean," said Flint.

Monica thought for a moment, then nodded. "We met a few times. She's an executive with Siels Corporation. But they were one of the first companies to evacuate their staff when the troubles broke out. What does she have to do with any of this?"

"Unfortunately, Miss Dean did not make it back to the United States," he answered. "She was detained at the airport when a kilo of cocaine was discovered in her luggage. The I.S.S have since interrogated her and she has confessed to being a smuggler."

"She was set up, just like me, wasn't she?" Monica interrupted.

"The details are irrelevant," Flint replied. "Miss Dean is prepared to do anything to save her own life, including taking yours. The match has been arranged for noon tomorrow at a nearby military base. A fight to the death between an imperialist spy and a convicted drugs smuggler."

"You people are utter barbarians!" she said, shaking her head in disbelief.

Flint smiled. "We do try to live up to our reputation. Don't you want to know what the prize for the winner is?"

"Freedom, perhaps?" she sneered.

He shook his head. "You can forget about freedom. The winner of the contest will be transferred to a much better class of prison, where she may even find life tolerable."

"You expect me to believe that?" she snapped.

"That's up to you," he replied. "But believe this. You're not going back to your convict buddies. It's the ring or the black hole. Make your choice."

***** ***** *****

The combat ring in the centre of the military base was a circular hole in the ground, four feet deep and twelve feet in diameter. The surrounding earth was ringed with barbed wire and the ground littered with small, jagged stones. The stepped timber beams that surrounded it at ground level ensured the spectators had a perfect view. From the rust coloured stains on the wire, it was obvious that this place had seen several previous bloody battles.

Jennifer Dean's slender body bore testimony to a prolonged stay in the Hospitality Suite. Crimson whip burns creased her pale flesh and a heavy black steel ball swung from a short chain inserted in her labia. Her raven black hair appeared to have been cropped with a machete. Kneeling by her corner of the ring, Captain Labenne towering triumphantly over her, she glared malevolently at Monica. She too was aware of the stakes and appeared eager for the commencement of battle. Though they had never been friends, Monica had respected the other woman as a business associate. If Jennifer had ever felt likewise, she was not thinking such thoughts now.

Monica averted her eyes. She did not know the woman she had become, the wretched creature that had been moulded by the brutalities of her torturers. She had no desire to fight, even for her life. Survival would merely prolong her agony. She knew her captors were lying, using these two prisoners for another of their depraved blood-sports. Regardless of the outcome of the fight, both were doomed. It would be easier to let the other woman kill her. If she was lucky, it would be swift.

She had spent the night in a filthy cell, unmolested by her captors, who obviously wanted to conserve her strength for the ring. When the time for battle drew near, Valetia Jarrende had arrived, accompanied by three armed soldiers.

"I did not think we would see each other again," she said.

"The pleasure is all yours," Monica retorted.

The I.S.S torturer frowned. "I'm glad those animals in the prison did not kill you. You and the other Yankee whore will give

us such entertainment this afternoon."

The soldiers and police gathered around the ring were baying like wild animals, drunk on bloodlust and cheap alcohol. Many were waving their guns, ready to mow down the two helpless creatures who were being forced to provide their entertainment.

"Shoot me, you bastards," Monica whispered.

"You do not have the appetite to fight?" Valetia hissed, pricking her throat with the tip of her dagger.

"There's no point," she replied. "Even if I win, you will kill me anyway. I don't believe your lies about sending me to a better prison."

"Believe what you wish," the other woman said. "But if you die, it will not be by the bullet. I kill with as much expertise as I torture. Remember that."

The raucous noise ceased abruptly as an army general stepped onto the ringside podium.

"The battle is about to commence," he boomed, raising his gleaming sword high above his head. "We will watch these two stinking whores fight like the animals that they are. The weaker will die, the stronger may survive. They understand. That is the law of the sewer country from which they have crawled. Three ... two ... one ... kill!"

As his sword sliced the air, Valetia and Labenne pushed their respective captives into the hole. Monica cried out as sharp stones gouged her knees and palms. Jennifer landed on her feet and sprang like a panther from her end, claws bared, looking as if she would like nothing more than to tear her into little pieces. When her opponent remained kneeling, she stopped.

"What's the matter with you?" she snarled. "Get on your fucking feet!"

Monica looked up at her, resignation in her eyes.

"Do what you must, Jennifer," she said quietly. "Surely you realise we're both dead anyway."

"You wanna die on your knees, like a fucking coward, is that it?" she snapped.

Before Monica could reply, a shot rang out and a bullet grazed Jennifer's right thigh. As she dropped to her knees, howling and clutching at her bloodied flesh, the soldier who had fired shouted at her to shut up and fight. Otherwise, the next bullet would take a chunk out of her ass.

The pain of her wound seemed to evaporate instantly. Leaping back to her feet, she seized Monica by the hair and dragged her into the centre of the ring. The only resistance she offered was to claw feebly at the dirt.

"You wanna make it easy for me, that's okay," she rasped. "But I intend to give these motherfuckers a show, with or without your help."

She raised Monica to her knees, then stepped back and kicked her in the face. A cheer erupted as she hit the ground. Jennifer spat on her, then raised her back up by the hair and kicked her even harder. Her nose burst like an overripe strawberry and crimson sprayed the dust and stones.

"Please, just do it quickly," she croaked.

"And get a bullet in the back of the head for a trophy!" Jennifer sneered. "No way, sugar. These guys wanna see you suffer and I ain't about to spoil their show. Nothing personal, but you're going to hell in little pieces."

Monica's head was spinning and her mouth was full of blood. Her opponent dragged her to her feet, spun her around, then flung her face first against the wire. She screamed hoarsely as the jagged barbs ripped into her flesh. As she sank to her knees, the other woman seized her by the hair and dragged her back into the centre of the ring. She cast a triumphant look in the direction of the general, before winding her with another well aimed kick.

Like a broken doll, Monica thrashed and rolled around in the dirt, completely at the mercy of her opponent's fists and feet. She could scarcely hear the increasingly frenzied roaring of the

crowd, above the throbbing within her own head. Jennifer had become one of the animals she had been imprisoned and tortured by. The assault would only end when her helpless victim had breathed her last.

Monica could feel her consciousness slipping away, oblivion beckoning like a lover, when the savage punishment abruptly ceased. Jennifer was not about to let her go that easily. Determined to milk the one-sided battle for every ounce of its entertainment potential, she dragged Monica to where the general stood and raised her upright by a fistful of her hair, presenting her like a grisly trophy. The battered form of the former Regional President of GLT was scarcely recognisable.

"General, perhaps you would like to refresh the whore before I finish her off?" Jennifer panted.

The officer thought for a moment, then unbuttoned his flies. Monica gasped as his hot urine hit her bruised and bloodied face, like a stream of acid. Laughing like a madwoman, Jennifer shook the victim's head from side to side. The hot shower, along with the jeering voice, somewhat restored Monica's senses. Jennifer might have been forced to fight her, but there was no need for the bitch to subject her to this indignity on top of all the suffering she had already caused her. It did not have to be that way. If she was going to die, surely it would be better to go down fighting. She had been a fighter, ever since she was a little girl. The realisation hit her like a bolt of lightning. She could still stop this horror, one way or the other.

When the sneering general had finished urinating, Jennifer pushed her back to her knees and whispered in her ear.

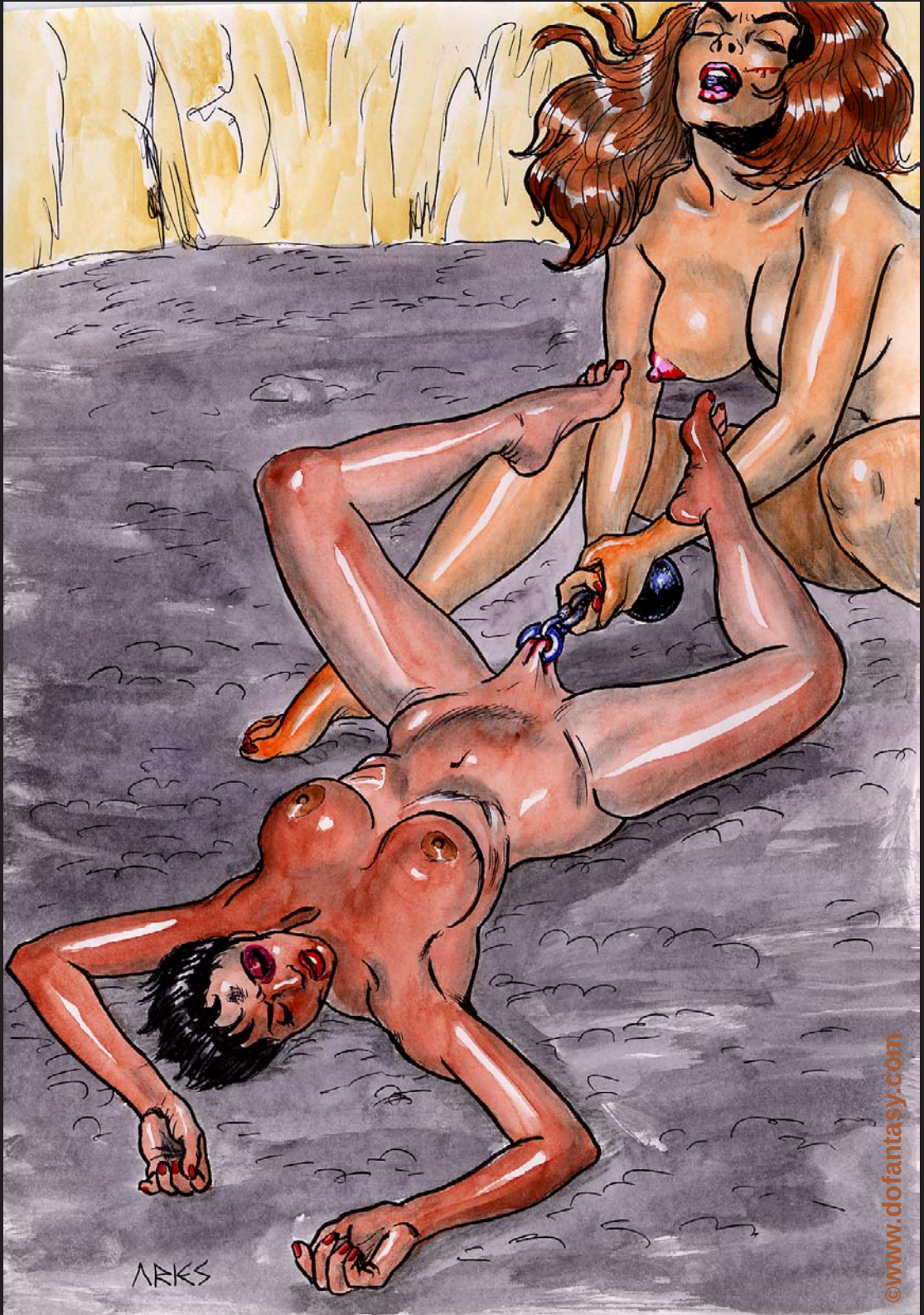
"Round two, sugar. Now, your bones start to break."

Monica reacted instinctively, fired by a sudden, blinding rush of anger. With a backward lunge of her head, she broke Jennifer's nose. The attack was all the more effective, because it had been so unexpected. With a cry of pain, the other woman reeled backwards. Screaming from the pain that tore like bullets through her body, Monica staggered to her feet. She half expected the general's sword

to cleave her head from her body, but he had no intention of spoiling the sport. Before Jennifer could recover, Monica felled her with a two fisted punch to her belly. She followed through with a kick to the face that sent her sprawling onto her back. Monica fell to her knees, feeling her strength evaporate. If she allowed her opponent to rise again, she knew she was finished. She could not fight on for much longer. With a hoarse scream, she flung herself on top of the other woman, reaching for her throat with two sets of talon like fingers.

Around the ring, the soldiers bellowed with a renewed excitement. At last, they were being treated to a spectacle worthy of the name. Locked in their life or death battle, the two combatants were no longer even aware of them. They scrabbled in the dirt for several minutes, shrieking and spitting, scratching and punching, the last vestiges of their humanity abandoned. Finally, Monica managed to get both bloodied hands around the throat of her weakening opponent. Just when it seemed she was about to prevail, Jennifer delivered a punch to the side of her head that was sufficiently stunning to loosen her grip. Monica screamed as she sank her teeth into the side of her neck. She managed to beat her off, only after a frenzied struggle, but she was too shaken to finish the fight.

Jennifer crawled out of range, before gripping the barbed wire with both hands and dragging herself agonisingly back to her feet. Like a wounded beast, covered in blood from countless wounds, Monica followed her unsteadily on all-fours. Gasping for breath, fighting to find some hidden reserves of strength, Jennifer leaned against the wire, scarcely aware of the barbs gouging her flesh. Her throat was bruised from Monica's fingers and her blackened left eye was completely shut. Her head seemed to turn in slow motion, as though the danger had been momentarily forgotten. Had she been able to see properly, she might have finished Monica off then, but the kick aimed for her head missed by inches. Monica's right hand shot out and found the steel ball dangling between Jennifer's thighs. She gripped it tightly, then pulled downwards with every


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last ounce of her strength, hideously stretching the other woman's labia. With a long, loud scream, Jennifer fell slowly to her knees, the barbed wire ripping her breasts. Sensing victory, Monica gripped the ball and chain with both hands and began dragging her backwards. Unable to fight her off, Jennifer clawed at the bloody ground. Monica dragged her for several feet, before finally succumbing to exhaustion. By then, the other woman was barely conscious.

Monica heard a shout from nearby, then something thudded to the ground by her feet. Looking down, she saw the general's sword gleaming in the dust. When she looked towards him, the khaki clad vision swam before her eyes. He had to shout several times, before she managed to decipher what he was saying.

"Kill her! You have won!"

A fight to the death, she remembered. Only one of them would leave the ring alive. If she did not do as he said, Jennifer would take up the sword. Given the opportunity to save herself, she would not hesitate. Her hand trembling, Monica reached for the weapon.

CHAPTER SIX

It took Monica several weeks to recover from her wounds. She could not remember being taken from the combat ring. Neither did she know where she was when she regained consciousness, but it seemed her captors had kept their promise about transferring her to a better prison. This one had medical staff, who attended efficiently to her, but refused to divulge any information regarding her whereabouts. The white walled and windowless room to which she was confined was protected by an armed guard.

She tried not to think about Jennifer Dean, but the bloody battle in the ring kept replaying like a horror movie in her mind. Each time, she reminded herself that she had been left with no choice. Though she had picked up the sword, it was her captors who had been responsible for cold-bloodedly murdering the other woman. Had Monica weakened at the last moment, she too would have died.

Once she realised her jailers had no intention of telling her where she was, she decided it would be wiser not to persist in questioning them. For now, it was enough that she was alive and being treated like a human being again. Her room was even equipped with a colour television, though only the state licensed channels, broadcasting endless government propaganda disguised

as entertainment, were available.

Where before the authorities had been intent on torturing and humiliating her beyond the limits of human endurance, they now appeared anxious to make her captivity as agreeable as possible. After a few days, a VCR was installed in her room, along with a large stack of cassettes. Inane though they were, the American movies were like manna from Heaven. Not long afterwards, they began providing newspapers and magazines.

Though Monica was careful not to ask any questions, lest she find herself back in the Hospitality Suite, or worse, she grew increasingly puzzled. It made no sense that they should suddenly be taking such good care of her. Why go to all that trouble for somebody they regarded as subhuman?

When she was finally fully recovered, with only a few scars to remind her of what she had been through, she was issued with a thick gold neckchain and a set of new clothes and ordered to get dressed immediately. It was so long since she had worn anything remotely resembling conventional clothing that the silk underwear, stockings and white blouse felt positively luxurious against her skin. The dark grey suit that accompanied them fitted perfectly and left her looking ready to do battle in the boardroom again, just like in the old days. It was almost possible to believe she were awakening from a prolonged nightmare. When she was ready, two men in suits arrived to take her away. She did not need to be told that they were from the I.S.S.

Having warned her not to ask any questions, they escorted her from the hospital building, to a waiting limousine. It was not necessary to add that she should not attempt to escape.

She sat silently between the two statue still figures, separated by a screen from the limousine driver and unable to see anything through the blackened windows. Her mood alternated between elation and anxiety. It seemed impossible that she was being set free, yet they would hardly ferry her to her execution in such style. Having run countless possibilities through her mind, she finally decided she would just have to be patient.

The journey seemed to take hours. Before she re-emerged from the limousine, one of her guards blindfolded her with a black silk scarf. She was then led through what seemed an endless maze of paths and corridors, then through a doorway and down a flight of steps. A moment later, the blindfold was removed and she found herself standing in a huge chamber of gold and marble. In the centre stood a giant gold statue of President Carrende. The walls were colourfully decorated with similar flattering portraits of Valle Sierre's dictator. But it was not the garish splendour of her surroundings that caused Monica to gasp, but rather the other people that were present in the room, kneeling as though in prayer.

The six women and four men looked uneasily at the new arrival. All but two of each were dressed in business suits and neckchains similar to Monica's, the men also wearing high heels, seamed stockings and short skirts. The other two couples were completely naked and crouched on all-fours at the foot of a gigantic, diamond encrusted gold throne.

"You're Americans!" Monica cried.

Their only response was to continue staring.

"Seven Americans and three Europeans," came a booming voice from behind her.

Monica turned around and a startled exclamation burst from her throat. She was standing face to face with the military uniformed figure of President Raoul Carrende.

In real life, the dictator looked older and fatter than in his official pictures. But there was no mistaking the dark brown eyes that peered intently from beneath his bushy eyebrows. This was indeed the man who had annihilated all political opposition and ruled his country with an iron fist for the past eighteen years.

"Kneel before his Excellency, you stupid whore!" one of the American men barked, seizing her by the arm.

Mesmerised, Monica fell compliantly to her knees. Gazing down upon her, the dictator seemed to be debating whether to pat her on the head or cut her throat. Finally, he smiled and extended

his right hand. Monica hesitated, then kissed the heavily jewelled fingers.

"Welcome to my harem," the president greeted, in a voice that was as cold as a knife blade.

When Monica failed to respond, the handsome American who had ordered her to her knees slapped her across the back of the head.

"Have you lost your tongue?" he snarled. "His Excellency has spoken to you."

"Th ... thank you, your Excellency," she whimpered.

"Follow me to my throne, Miss Brightman," said Carrende. "You don't have to get up. By now, you will be accustomed to being on your knees."

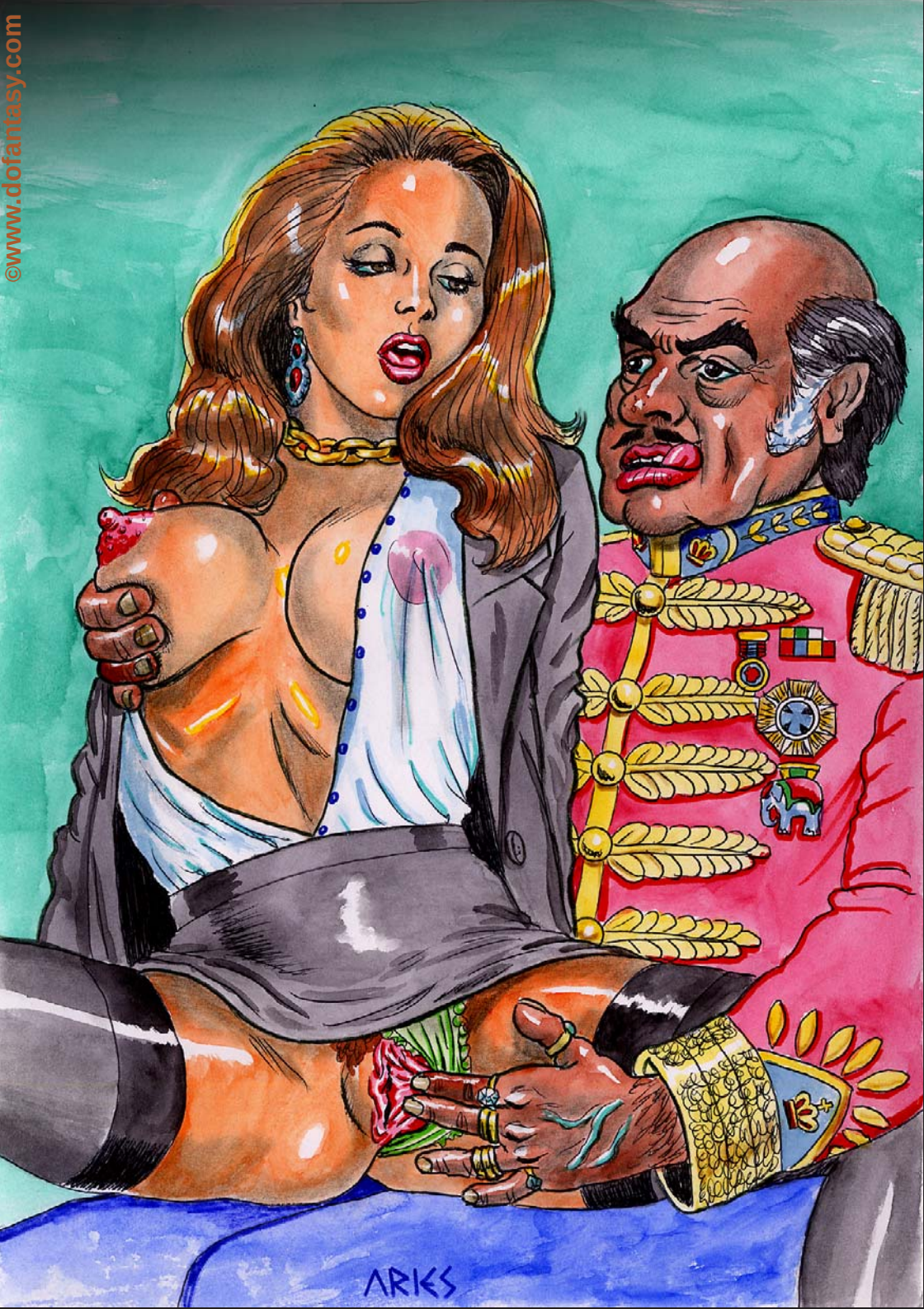
Monica crawled behind him on all fours, as confused as she was terrified. Who were these people and why were they kneeling in the palace of the most feared and despised man in the country? More importantly, what was she doing here?

The President reclined on his red satin cushioned throne, then ordered Monica to sit on his lap. As soon as she had obeyed, the two naked men at his feet started to lick his boots, while their female partners began kissing and fondling one another on the floor. The others remained kneeling nearby, like dogs anxiously awaiting a command from their master.

"You're a very attractive woman, Miss Brightman," said Carrende, stroking her breasts through her blouse. "Not to mention very dangerous. It will be nice to add a killer to my little slave collection."

"Your Excellency, I don't understand," she said, her voice trembling.

"Of course you don't," he replied. "All this is a great big mystery to you. Permit me to explain. These people that you see before you are criminals of one kind or another. Drug smugglers, embezzlers, or subversives, just like you. And just like you, they have confessed to their crimes and should be dead. But that would


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ARIES

be such a waste of highly motivated and highly intelligent personnel. Instead, I have persuaded these enemies of the State to renounce their Imperialist corporations and come to work for me. I believe the corporate term is head-hunting."

As he spoke, his right hand moved up under Monica's skirt and nudged aside the gusset of her panties. She tensed as she felt a finger slip inside her. His other hand was inside her blouse, groping the silk cupped mounds of her breasts. Though she hated what he was doing, it did not even occur to her to protest.

"After what you've been through, I'm sure you will have no objections to joining my organisation," he continued. "Your alternative prospects are sadly limited. It isn't as though you can return to working for a United States corporation, as you are officially dead. In return for your services as an executive slave, you will be provided with your own luxury apartment in my palace compound and a salary equivalent to that which you earned with GLT."

Monica thought she must surely be dreaming. She was sitting on the lap of one of the most brutal dictators in the world, being groped like a schoolgirl while he offered her the choice of a highly paid executive position in his palace, or death. It was even more bizarre than the sight of her fellow captives willingly degrading themselves.

"You must have some questions," said Carrende. "Please speak freely. It is the last time you will be permitted to do so in my presence."

"What exactly will my duties involve, Excellency?" she asked, choosing her words carefully.

"Doing whatever I tell you, of course," he replied. "I have always enjoyed the exercise of power, just as you and these other executive exploiters once did on a much smaller scale. But look at them now. Look at you. All helpless little slaves, licking the boots of their conquering master. How I wish I had the power to reduce your entire nation to such a level!"

"Why would you pay me?" she demanded. "I mean, we're

your prisoners. You can do as you please with us."

"What an un-American attitude!" the dictator tutted. "You will need money to pay for your servants, your clothing, your vices. You have a penchant for young prostitutes of both sexes, do you not? In your free time, in the privacy of your own apartment, you will be free to indulge yourself to your heart's content. I have a pimp who will supply whatever you require. You will at least be able to pretend you are a high-powered corporate executive once more. But be warned - the power and free will you enjoy is as substantial as the air I permit you to continue breathing. Should you be foolish enough to abuse my generosity in any way, the consequences will be more terrible than you could ever imagine. There will be no second chances. Any more questions?"

Monica knew she might regret the query that sprang to her lips, but she could not resist asking. "How long do you intend to keep me here, Excellency?"

"Until you decide you no longer wish to continue working for me, or I decide you are no longer performing your duties to the required standard," he replied. "In either event, once your contract is terminated, so too are you."

Monica shivered. She had no more questions. Everything was crystal clear. She was a slave, whose life would forever more hang by a thread.

"Let me demonstrate my power over these once arrogant Imperialist scum," said Carrende. "Mister Rosslyn, come here!"

One of the two kneeling men immediately crawled to the throne. The dictator withdrew his damp finger from Monica and presented it to his mouth. The man sucked it greedily.

"How does she taste?" Carrende demanded afterwards.

"She tastes very nice, Excellency," the man replied.

"Then wet your own fingers in her," the dictator invited. "Open your legs, Miss Brightman. Good girl."

Without even glancing at Monica's face, the man thrust his right hand up between her thighs and eased a pair of fingers into

her slick sex. Carrende instructed her to unbutton her blouse and play with her own breasts. Sensing his mood, the two naked women at his feet moved hastily into a pussy licking sixty-nine position. Their two male companions were ordered to stop licking his boots and sodomise the pair. They obeyed eagerly, the two women continuing to feast as their rear holes were simultaneously penetrated.

"My own little human sex toys," Carrende chuckled gleefully. "As helpless and obedient as figures on a chessboard." Grabbing the neckchain of the man kneeling before him, he raised him to his feet. "The lady wants to suck her pussy juices from your fingers. Isn't that right, Miss Brightman?"

"Yes, Excellency," she lied.

The young man pushed his wet fingers into her mouth. While she sucked like a baby, Carrende pulled her skirt up over her hips and pushed her legs apart. He then took her hands from her breasts and guided them down between her thighs.

"Show your pussy to your new friends," he told her. "Open it up and let them all have a good look. Come on. There's no reason to be shy."

Tugging the gusset of her panties as far to one side as possible, Monica spread her glistening vaginal folds with two fingers of either hand. While she remained in this position, her five kneeling fellow slaves were each called forward in turn to carefully study her gaping orifice, probe her with their fingers and then lick them clean. When the degrading inspection was finally over, Carrende thought carefully for a few moments, then selected a slender, blonde woman whom he addressed as Miss Nobelle.

Only the dark brown eyes of the young French woman betrayed her discomfort as she removed Monica's panties and began sucking the damp crotch.

"You like the taste of the whore?" Carrende grinned.

"Yes, Excellency." It was obvious that nothing could have been further from the truth, which was probably the reason the

dictator had selected her.

"Mr Rosslyn, take your fingers out of her mouth and stick your cock in her pussy," Carrende barked.

The blonde man immediately hitched up his skirt and tugged his lace trimmed scarlet panties down over his silk stockinged thighs. Any embarrassment he might have felt about his enforced femininity was long gone. Here, all were equally humiliated. It took him only a few seconds to stroke his cock to full stiffness. Then, standing before Monica, he eased it into her slick chute. At the same time, she became aware of Carrende unbuttoning his trousers. Feeling his hot shaft in the cleft of her buttocks, she raised herself slightly, to allow better access to her back passage. But the President chose to force his huge cock into her already stuffed pussy instead. The two men thrusting together inside her felt as large as a fist.

"The rest of you, strip off and come here!" he bellowed.

The three remaining women and their male companion shed their clothes with such speed that they might have been on fire, then scurried obediently to their master's side. He grabbed the right hand of one of the women and forced her to thrust two fingers into Monica's anus, at the same time ordering the man to wrap Monica's panties around his cock and fuck the face of the kneeling French woman. The two other females climbed onto the massive armrests of his throne, one to either side, and crouched so that their shaven and pierced vaginas were level with his face. He then hooked the long finger of either hand in their gold labia rings and pulled until they screamed in agony.

While Monica was certainly not enjoying what was now happening, she did take some perverse consolation from knowing that at least she was not the only one to have had every last shred of her dignity stripped away. She did not doubt that her fellow playthings had also endured the full terror of Carrende's brutal State, before they were reduced to virtual zombies. Though only one of the naked women was branded on her buttocks, the bodies of all ten captives bore the unmistakable signature of the whip.

The dictator took great joy in directing his orgy, shouting threats at any of the participants who did not appear sufficiently enthusiastic. As he became more excited, he yanked with ever increasing force on the rings of the women perched upon his throne, stretching their pussy lips almost to ripping point.

"Hit her!" he shouted suddenly.

The woman to the left responded first, slapping Monica across the face with as much force as she could muster. Her companion immediately struck the opposite cheek. Encouraged by Carrende's delighted roars, the pair began slapping her even harder. After a few moments of this, he permitted Monica to take hold of her tormentors' labia rings and make them suffer for what they were doing to her. She was only too glad to obey. This had the desired effect of further enraging the two women, who proceeded to pull viciously on her hair as they continued to strike her face. Carrende pushed two fingers of his right hand into her anus, to join the pair the brown haired woman was already moving up and down inside her.

By the time the two men inside her climaxed, several minutes later, Monica was red faced and dazed from being slapped. Afterwards, Carrende flung her to the floor and ordered her to lie on her back, with her legs wide apart, and spread herself open with her fingers, obscenely displaying her flooded pink tunnel.

"Piss girl!" he shouted, staggering to his feet, cock gripped in his right fist.

The two pussy pierced women leaped instantly from their places upon his throne. It was obvious they had already practised this routine many times, as one of them bent over and thrust her backside in his direction and the other fell to her knees and opened her mouth, offering their master a choice of receptacles in which to relieve himself. He considered for a minute, before sliding his semi-flaccid cock into the doubled over woman. She grunted in discomfort as he urinated into her.

"For the new slave," he said, smacking her buttocks.

Monica found out soon enough what he meant. As the woman staggered towards her, she was trying desperately to contain the flood, but yellowy fluid still dribbled from her slit and down her thighs.

"Open your mouth like you open your pussy, Miss Brightman," he shouted.

Like the well trained submissive she had become, Monica immediately obeyed. The other woman lowered herself to within an inch of her mouth, before expelling Carrende's urine in a steady stream, using Monica's throat like a drain.

"You, fuck her!" he yelled, grabbing the neckchain of the man who stood before the kneeling figure of Miss Nobelle.

He was not allowed to unwrap Monica's wet panties from around his cock before kneeling between her thighs and penetrating her. The dictator watched for a short while, then untied the thick strip of whipcord from around his waist and turned his attention to the foursome writhing on the floor nearby. The women were lapping frenziedly between one another's thighs, while the cocks of their partners pistoned in their bottoms. Anxiety was etched on the faces of both men. If they climaxed before their master gave permission, they could find themselves in serious trouble. Their moans and grunts turned to cries of shock and pain as Carrende began lashing out indiscriminately with his whip.

"Howl like the dirty fucking dogs that you are!" he roared. "Louder! Or would you like to feel my electric whip?"

Leather cracked on flesh, in devilish harmony with the cries from the four helpless victims of his insane fury. He thrashed them for several minutes, then turned the whip on the man who was fucking Monica as though his life depended on it. Fearing she might be next in line, unless she did something sadistic to impress him, the woman riding her face leaned over and dug the sharp fingernails of both hands into her breasts. Monica's scream was muffled by the soaking pussy plastered against her mouth.

Carrende continued to whip the man until he climaxed. He

then ordered him to stuff Monica with her own panties. When he was finished, only a fragment of the shiny white silk remained visible.

"Now, Miss Nobelle, you eat!" Carrende roared, dragging the terrified French woman forward by her chain.

Only after she had removed Monica's semen soaked panties from her vagina with her tongue and teeth did the young woman realise that they were what she was expected to eat. She almost protested, before remembering the price of dissent.

"She would eat shit if I told her to," the dictator chuckled, patting her on the head.

Miss Nobelle appeared dangerously close to getting sick as she ripped a small wad from the underwear with her teeth, chewed, then swallowed. While she continued to force down her distasteful meal, her master dragged Monica to her knees and thrust his tumescent cock against her lips. Scarcely had she opened her mouth to receive him, when a pair of hands seized her throat from behind.

"Ungrateful bitch!" the nude woman hissed. "His Excellency offers you the honour of sucking his cock and you don't even have the manners to thank him!"

"I didn't know!" she gasped.

When she attempted to prise away the fingers squeezing her windpipe, Carrende grabbed her wrists to restrain her.

"You have much to learn about the ways of this particular corporation, Miss Brightman," he growled. "Here, the slaves show the appropriate respect for their master. Pain is such a wonderful teacher, as I'm sure you already know." He smiled at the grim faced woman standing over her. "It isn't so long since you were in her position, Mrs Channing. Now it is your turn to subject her to the same punishment. I hope you are as hungry as Miss Nobelle."

"Oh Excellency, thank you so much!" the woman cried delightedly.

A few moments later, Monica was doubled over in the doggy position, her arms and legs gripped tightly by the four men. It was

apparent that she was the only one who did not know what she was about to be subjected to. One of the women forced her fingers into her mouth, grabbed her tongue and squeezed tightly.

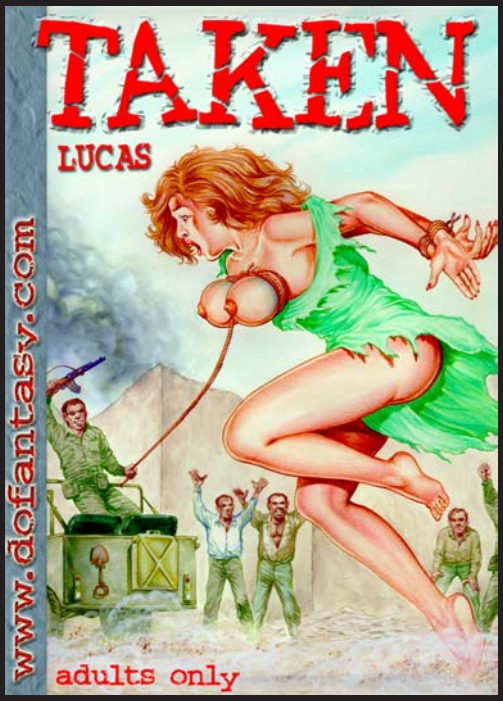
"His Excellency would prefer you didn't scream," she whispered.

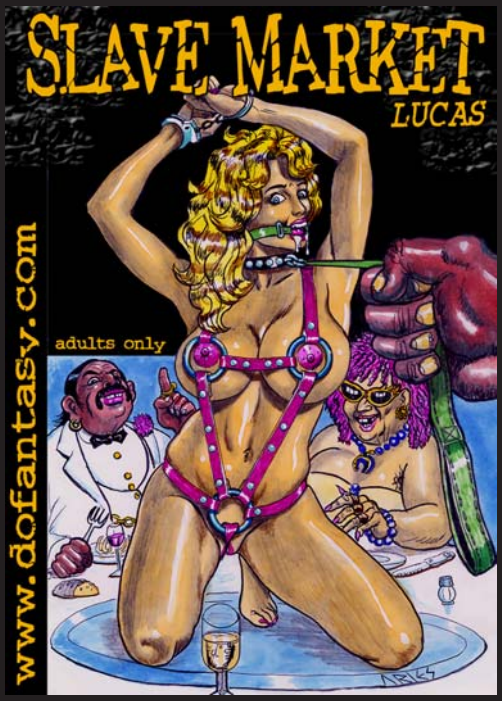
Lying beneath Monica, the honoured Mrs Channing positioned her head between her thighs and guided her master's cock to her anus, cupping his balls with her free hand. But the pain Monica experienced upon being anally penetrated for the first time since leaving prison was nothing compared to the agony that seized her a moment later as the other woman ripped out a tuft of her pubic hair with her teeth and began chewing.

Monica began to cry. For a short time, she had dared to believe the worst might be over. She knew now that an entirely new nightmare was just beginning.

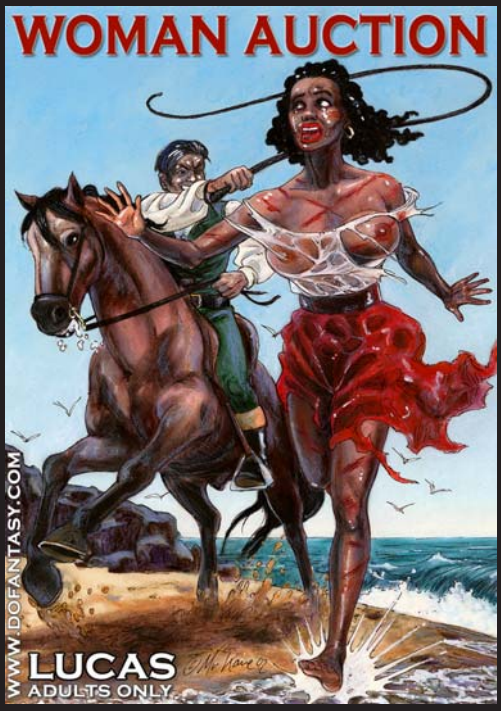
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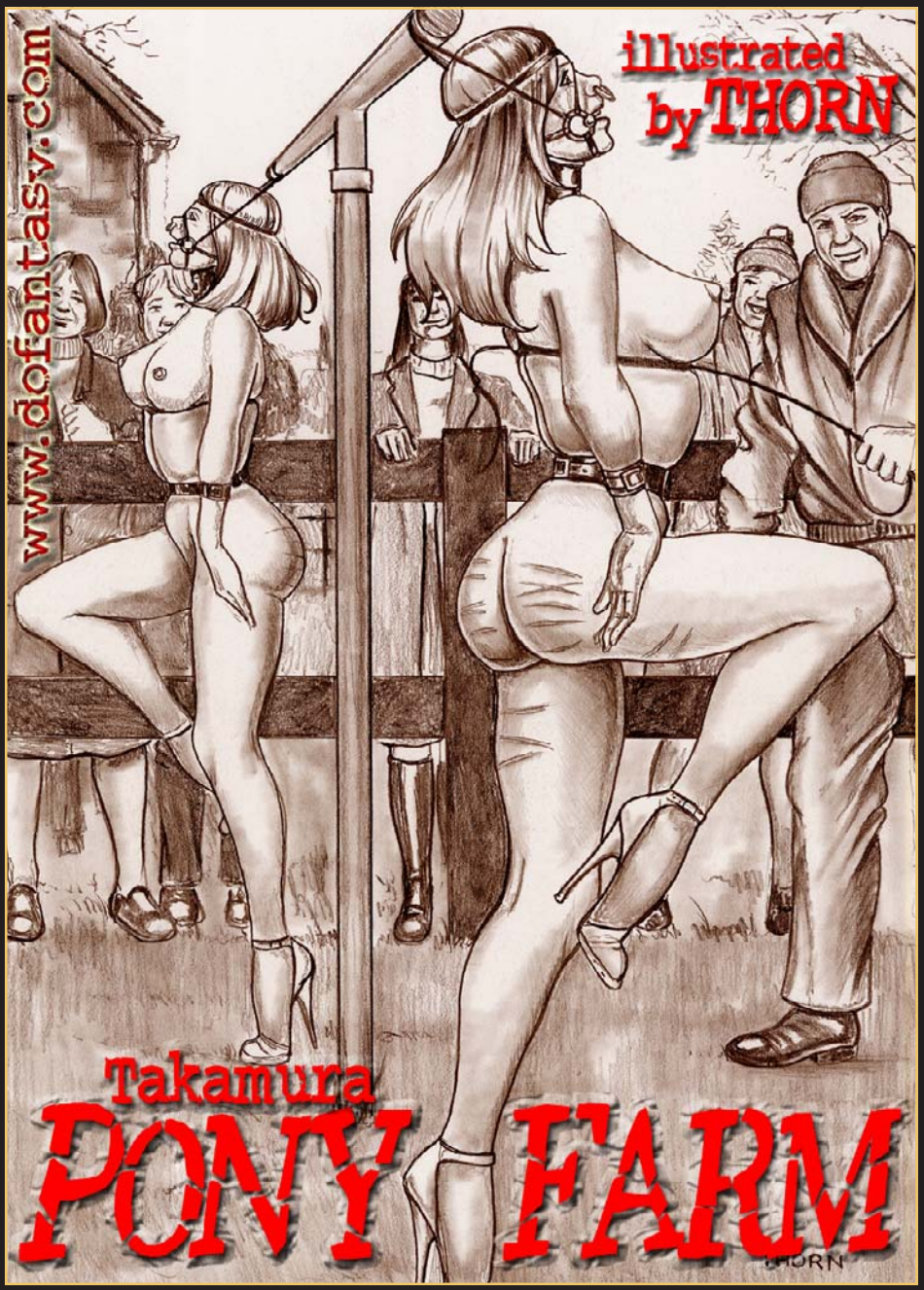
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THE SLAVE TRILOGY BY LUCAS. ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL



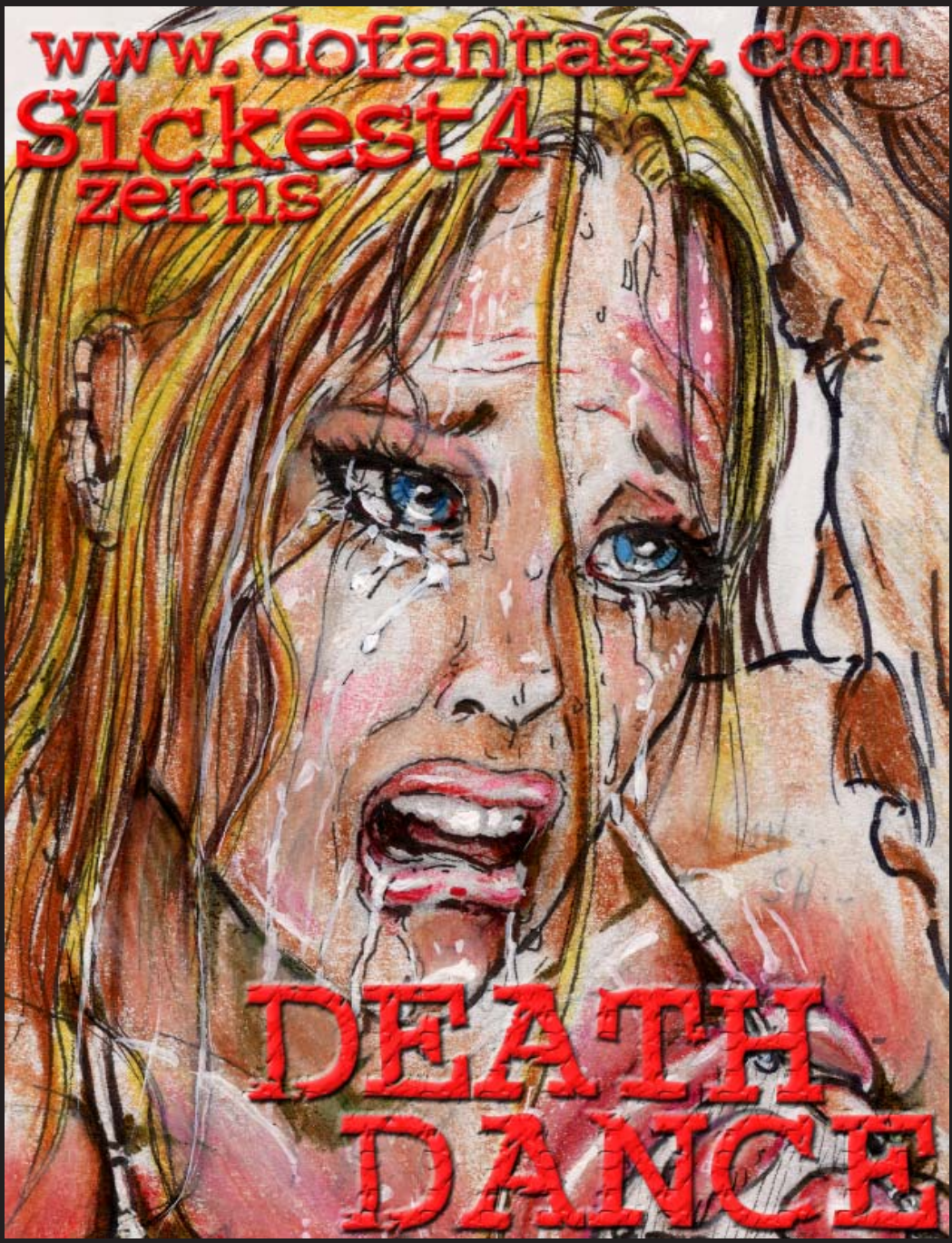


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