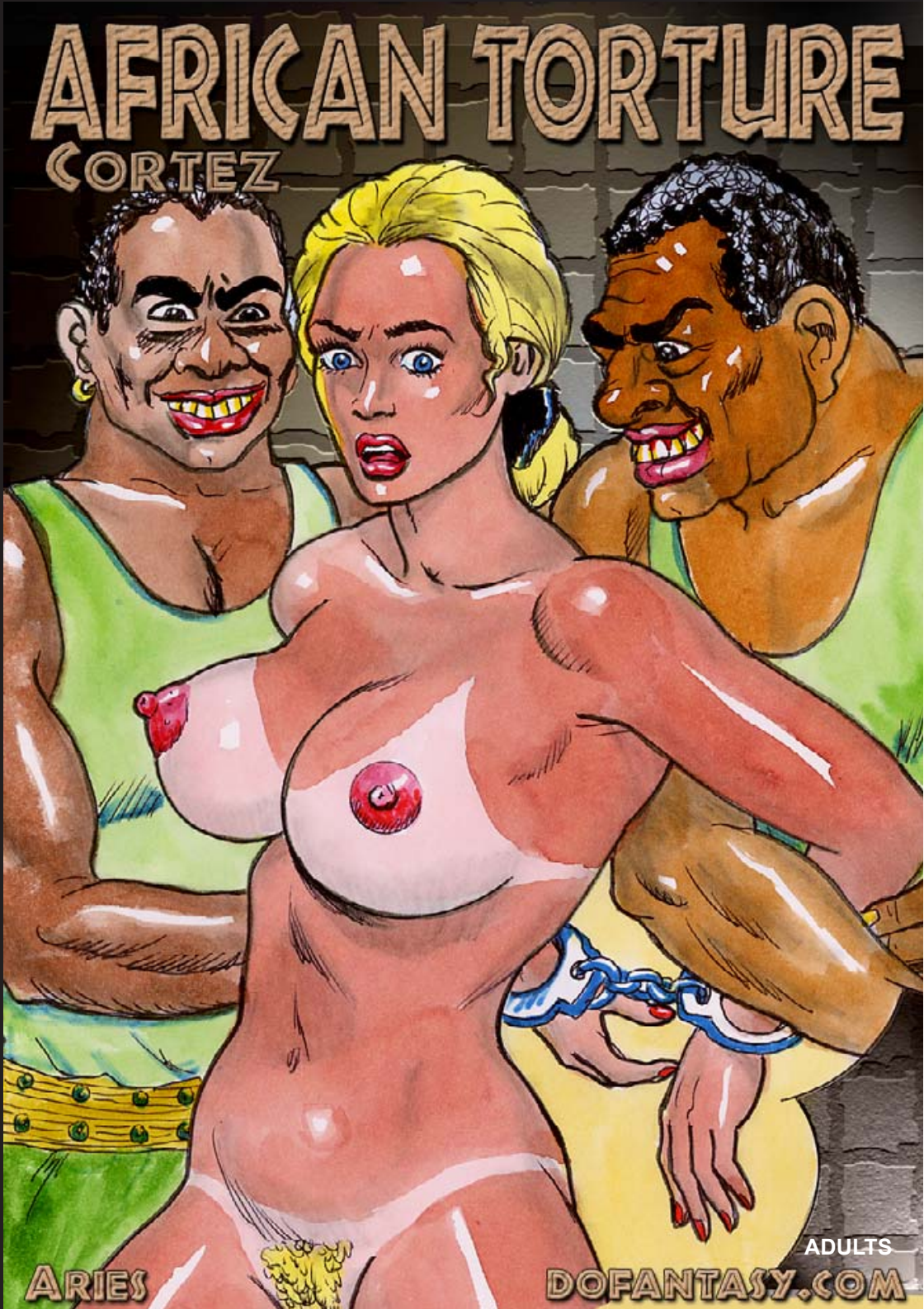

AFRICAN TORTURE
CORTEZ
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AFRICAN TORTURE

CORTEZ

Illustrated by ARIES

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AFRICAN TORTURE

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The characters and situations portrayed in this novel are imaginary. The story is fiction and any resemblance to persons living or dead in purely coincidental.
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Introduction

The setting is an emergent, central African state. The country has suffered a series of internal conflicts and increasingly inept and corrupt governments since independence. Some ten years ago the military took over. Since then the regime has become increasingly corrupt and repressive. Power lies in the hands of an army junta that rules with the support of the armed forces.

The junta's secret police force is the notorious and hated ISB, the Internal Security Bureau. Immune from court or legal interference, the ISB uses a mix of informers, intimidation and physical torture to deal with anyone daring to object to the regime's excesses.

Two men, General Jonas Achebe and Internal Security Minister Oliver Tembo, control the ISB. The general has a lucrative private sideline in providing beautiful and untraceable, young women as sex slaves to a number of immensely wealthy men across Africa and the Middle East. Never one to ignore a good opportunity, he also supplies extreme video tapes of some of the more stimulating interrogation and torture sessions to a very select and influential groups of very rich customers.

The General, and his friends, are well protected and anyone setting out to expose their activities places themselves, and their friends, in extreme danger. Unfortunately for her, and those connected with her, Carol Wainwright, a Human Rights lawyer working for an international relief organisation, doesn't realise the true extent of the General's power and influence.

The Main Characters *(not in order of appearance)*

General Jonas Achebe: mid 50's and over six feet tall. Heavily built and although some of the muscle has now turned to fat he is still a commanding and powerful figure. A cultured thug, he is equally at home at a diplomatic reception, suppressing a riot or conducting the torture of a suspected dissident at ISB Headquarters.

Oliver Tembo: about the same age as General Achebe. A dapper, slight figure rarely seen dressed in anything but an expensive lightweight suit and dark glasses. Officially Minister of Internal Security but really is the General's assistant. As a politician he doesn't like to get his hands dirty but is an avid voyeur of the interrogation and torture tapes.

Prince Rashid: One of the General's most important and influential customers. Forty, still strong and muscular although showing signs of his excesses; he is immensely wealthy as a result of his family oil interests. His wealth allows him to indulge his tastes for cruel and perverse sexual pleasures without restriction. He has a fondness for young, blonde western women, particularly Americans, although most girls do not last long in his household. The General has been meeting his regular needs for fresh sex-slaves for years.

Inspector Moses Lubala: mid forties and a senior Inspector in the ISB. Slim, elegant and always calm and composed. He is in charge of the General's private interrogation centre and responsible for selecting and arranging the disappearance of suitable candidates for the general's sex slavery operations. Inspector Lubala is a cruel and merciless sexual sadist. Not for him the casual brutality of others, he enjoys watching as his assistants take a victim to peak after peak of agony with slow, carefully applied sexual torture.

Mrs Lucy N'goya: mid thirties, very fit with a full, curved figure. Seems cheerful and harmless, dresses in bright casual clothes and cotton dresses always has her nails painted scarlet and wears bright lipstick. Inspector Lubala's chief torturer and a dominant lesbian by inclination... she loves

working on young, attractive women. She is often rewarded by Inspector Lubala by being allowed to sexually abuse the female prisoners between torture sessions.

Sergeant Joseph: Inspector Lubala's other trusted assistant. Also in his mid thirties and over six feet tall he has a body builder's power and physique. The size and thickness of his penis means he is often used to rape victims, male and female as a part of their interrogation.

Captain Lucas Kipengi: runs ISB operations in the north from the border town of Tengani. In his early sixties and, like Lubala, a refined sadist.

Jumo: Captain Kipengi's Nubian assistant, immensely strong and heavily built. Enjoys the chances for administering physical punishment offered by the ISB.

Selima: Also works for Captain Kipengi. A woman of Arab descent in her mid-thirties, with long black hair and a slim, figure with high, firm breasts. Strongly defined high cheekbones. A cruel, arrogant attitude. Enjoys sexually tormenting young women.

Carol Wainwright: A blonde, 25 year old American-born lawyer who is working for a relief organisation in the capital. She is fit and attractive, a sports lover but also driven by her work. Carol came to work in Africa following death of both parents in a car crash. With her two assistants, Helen Perry and Mimi Namuma, has spent the past year building up a dossier about ISB torture and the sex slavery business. Finally she challenges General Achebe to do something about it. Too late she realises it is the General who is behind the whole operation and so is forced to go on the run.

Suzy Wilkins: Nineteen years old, red-headed with an insatiable appetite for sex, men or women or both. Suzy has a slim, curved figure with high, pink tipped breasts. She grew up next door to Carol Wainwright. Her parents have virtually disowned her and are now divorced. She is spoilt, rich and bored and recently dropped out of college before being expelled. She decided to visit Carol on a whim whilst travelling.

Helen Perry: 22 year old researcher. Born in the country although parents originally from England. Her parents were killed in the fighting during the Independence riots and she was then brought up by an elderly aunt who returned to England two years ago. Like Carol, a true blonde. Skin tanned to a soft honey gold. Knows all the stories about the regime but always believed that such horrible things always happened to someone else.

Mimi Namuma: Just 20, native born she is working for Carol as part of her degree course at the university. Short curly hair, she is pretty with a fuller figure than Helen. Her breasts are larger and more pointed with prominent tips. Has been involved in student politics and is already known to the ISB. Like Helen always thought 'someone else' would be arrested and tortured by the ISB

Mindi Ankuma: just nineteen, a student arrested by the ISB on a minor and trumped up charge. Young, black and attractive she is just the kind of subject Inspector Lubala enjoys torturing the most.

Lady Nyala: in her mid thirties a tall, elegant woman and long-time partner of General Achebe. Black with a superb, toned figure she is sophisticated and well-educated and acts as the General's companion and hostess for public events and occasions. Like the General enjoys subduing and controlling young women. A refined and cruel torturer who is a lesbian by inclination, she looks after the organisation and running of the General's private estate, The Lodge, the base for his slavery operations. Enjoys wearing designer and *couture* clothing but prefers wearing nothing but a cache sexe in private, particularly when leading a training or punishment session for one or more of the girls.

Samuel: General Achebe's head guard at The Lodge. He is very much in the same physical mould as Sergeant Joseph, and comes from the same tribe. Entrusted, under Lady Nyala's supervision, with the training, preparation and punishment of the female slave stock held on the estate.

Gloria Collins: One of the girls held at The Lodge. Her papers *say* she is nineteen but she could be younger. An American from California, she is has a playboy figure, a deep tan and blonde hair. Arrested and abducted from the main airport having supposedly mislaid her passport and papers.

Nadine and Brigitte: Two young French girls caught trespassing on the General's estate. They are friends and lovers; eighteen year old Nadine is slim, an almost boyish figure with small breasts and a taut firm bottom. Her light brown hair is streaked blonde by the sun. Brigitte is six months older and taller than Nadine. She has short, jet black hair and, while Nadine's body is plucked smooth, Brigitte still has a carefully trimmed line of black fur running down her mons to fringe the fullness of her genitals. In contrast to Nadine's pert figure, Brigitte's breasts are much larger, firm, full and high riding with long, almost black nipples that jut upwards like small fingers when she is aroused.

AFRICAN TORTURE

1 – The General

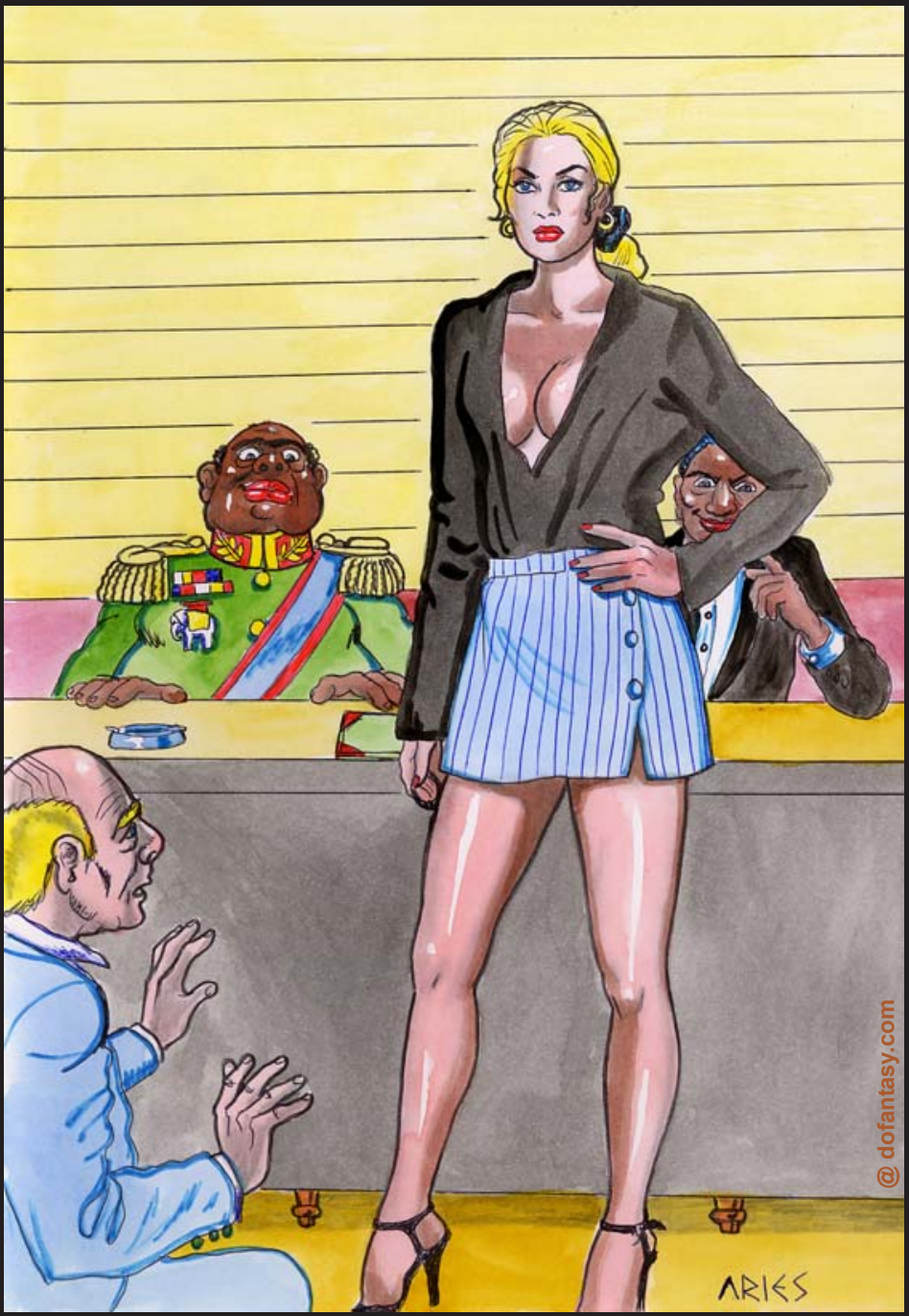
The heat and humidity of late afternoon was barely stirred by the lazily circling fans in the Interior Ministry's small conference room. The slatted blinds only served to emphasise the brightness of the African sun. The General had made sure that his visitors wer0e facing the window. The woman was on her feet, squinting blindly into the glare when she finally lost her temper.

'Your so-called government is a fucking disgrace!' Carol Wainwright took off her glasses and peered, red-faced with anger, at the plump, toad-like figure of General Jonas Achebe at the other end of the oval table. The twenty five year old blonde lawyer's angry stare also raked across the neatly suited figure of Oliver Tembo, the Minister for Internal Security, who sat impassively as though carved from polished black wax next to the General.

'Torture, murder, convenient disappearances, anyone who lifts a finger or dares to say anything will find themselves wired up to the mains in some fucking cellar having their genitals fried…' She turned back to the General, ignoring the other two men, one to her left, and the other by the door, both standing silently with their arms loosely folded.

They were the General's minders, both aggressively fit, dressed alike in dark trousers and white, open-necked shirts; both carried automatics in shoulder holsters. Carol Wainwright had been aware of their crude sexual interest from the time she came in, knowing that they were taking their cue from their boss's attitude, studying every movement of her body and undressing her with their eyes with a kind of knowing insolence. *Damn them, damn them all*, she thought, *but someone's got to say it…*

Before either the General or the Minister could react, Carol's companion, a tired looking man in a crumpled lightweight jacket and even more crumpled white shirt lurched to his feet to interrupt her tirade.



After Carol Wainwright's outburst her boss, Brian Woods, tried to calm the simmering row between her and General Achebe.

'…Miss Wainwright, Carol, please….' Brian Woods, Carol's boss at the InterAfrica Aid Agency, was, as usual, trying to pour diplomatic oil on his young aide's outburst. 'The General and the Minister have been good enough to make time to see us personally.' Carol swung round to confront him.

'For God's sake, Brian, open your eyes. Ever since so-called independence this… this…' Whatever she had been going to say, a sudden spark of something hot and cruel in the General's eyes made her pause. But she was so angry she threw caution aside and went on regardless. 'This regime has got the worst human rights record in the region; in the whole fucking continent probably. If you happen to be young and interested in politics, or student or a journalist… just having a different viewpoint makes you a target and very likely to end up dead or missing. And that goes double if you're white or foreign…'

She looked at the two men, sitting calmly at the other end of the table, and shivered at their blank expressions, but went on. 'And God help you if you get caught by those licensed thugs in the Internal Security Bureau… the ISB just love any opportunity to get you an interrogation room *helping with their enquiries*… especially if you're unlucky enough to be young and female. This place is a sick joke. I know it… you know it… every goddam foreign government and aid agency knows it but they do fuck all because *it's an internal matter for a sovereign state and we cannot intervene*…'

She mimicked the words of so many official communiqués and stabbed her finger on the papers in the file lying in front of her. 'I've spent weeks putting this report together, General. Two other members of staff and myself, have talked to dozens of people and it's clear that someone high up… very high up indeed in your administration is running what amounts to a private torturer and sex slavery racket and no-one, no-one at all wants to know.' She slammed the folder closed, pushed it across the polished table and sighed in exasperation.

'I'm sorry General, my apologies Minister; I don't think I can take any more *sincere denials* and promises of *immediate and searching enquiries*.' She took off her reading glasses and wiped the glow of perspiration from her forehead, flicking her short blonde hair away from her eyes as she did so. The movement meant that she didn't catch the sudden spark of cruel brutality in the General's eyes; but she was just quick enough to see the Minister's oily, knowing smirk at her words. With growing horror she realised, much, much too late, that she had just made a major tactical mistake.

Oh God! Why had she not made the obvious connections…? The real enemy was here, these two men looking at her so keenly. All her stupid investigations

had done was to mark herself, Carol Wainwright, very clearly and unmistakably as their next target. She went cold with fear and growing panic as the General continued to smile wetly, watching her like a great, black toad. She had to get out…out of the building and get back to the office.

Thoughts raced through her head… it wasn't just her; there was her young friend, Suzy to worry about too. Her unexpected arrival had been difficult to say the least and tempers had flared recently. Now she must include Suzy in any arrangements to get out of the country quickly, before the general's tame ISB thugs got their perverted hands on her too.

Her words became hurried and flustered. 'I'm sorry to have troubled you, General. I guess Mr Woods is right… this is something we'll have to take up with UN agencies and the consulate. Thank you for your time. Please excuse me. Brian, I'll be at the office when you finish here.' She gabbled her apologies, almost knocked the chair over in her haste to grab the folder before rushing out, every line of her beautiful body still taut with suppressed rage.

The door slammed shut behind her fleeing back. 'General, I can only apologies… Miss Wainwright is still… young and inexperienced in African ways; idealistic even… sometimes her words run away with her. It's nothing, nothing at all, Please take my personal assurances that Miss Wainwright's investigation will be concluded immediately. There will be no report filed… I will personally ensure there is no record of this…nothing at all'

General Achebe bent his head and listened to a softly whispered comment from Oliver Tembo… 'Yes, yes of course, that would be best. I'm sorry Mr Woods; forgive my rudeness, I quite understand.' His voice oozed sincerity and concern. 'Most helpful of you, disciplining Miss Wainwright is entirely a matter for the Agency; there will be no complaint from my government. After all, such things are best kept quite *private* I feel… don't you agree?'

Brian Woods wiped his gleaming forehead with a damp handkerchief and nodded, smiling fixedly as the two men waited for a few moments. The general waved a languid hand. 'But we are detaining you, I'm sure a person of your importance will have matters that need your urgent attention…?'

Summarily dismissed, Brian Woods scuttled gratefully out of the room, hugely relieved at being able to make such a rapid exit. Oliver Tembo watched the door close. 'We have the two other names, Jonas, both involved in preparing the original report, both female, both living here in the capital, Helen Perry and Mimi Namuma. They work with Miss Wainwright.'

'Then I think it is time ISB had a little talk with Miss Perry and Miss Namuma.' The General rose and slammed both hands down on the table, the brute rage showing in his voice. 'And once you are certain that fool Woods has shredded every copy of her bloody stupid report; I want to hear your plans for dealing with that arrogant white bitch of a lawyer as well. I want her removed, Oliver… quickly and quietly… before she talks to anyone else.'

'Relax Jonas,' the minister smiled, lizard-like in his complacency, 'Phone Inspector Lubala at the Centre and tell him to expect the other two tomorrow for *special* questioning. Arrangements to deal with Miss Wainwright are in hand,' he paused. 'You'll understand we've got to be a little more cautious. She's a US citizen so we don't want any stupid officials sniffing around, do we?'

He waited for the nod of agreement before continuing. 'ISB have been watching her for the past few weeks. She has a young friend, nineteen years old I believe, staying with her. There has been some difficulty of an *intimate* kind.' His tongue flicked over thin lips, relishing the salacious details. 'It seems the younger one enjoys fucking both men and women a little too much and a little too often. She has been somewhat less than *discreet* in her behaviour, especially at the Country Club. I'm told the holiday is being cut short one of the watchers reported that she is booked on a flight tomorrow.'

Oliver Tembo grinned and chuckled. 'Mr Woods has offered to drive them both to the airport. He paused, 'you know how dangerous that road can be…' He left the statement dangling and the general beamed happily in understanding. 'I'm afraid that there will be no survivors. Mr Wood's body will provide the identifiable evidence and we have suitable other *material* to allow Miss Wainwright, and her unfortunate companion, to disappear un-noticed.'

He smiled grimly, 'Let Lubala have a free hand with the lawyer until we are sure we've got all the other names we need… whilst you can have the fun of testing the younger one's reputed sexual abilities to the limit at the Lodge. She's a red-head I believe… something different to the usual run of blondes.'

The General leaned back so the leather chair creaked with the strain of his bulk. 'Excellent, yes, excellent, I'll give the Inspector his orders immediately. Perhaps you'd like to join me at the Lodge tomorrow morning… The new monitoring system is a great improvement.' He chuckled happily. 'You will be able to enjoy watching the Inspector teasing a very different kind of song from Miss Perry and Miss Namuma… in complete comfort of course.'

Tembo got to his feet, 'I'll be there about eleven, my thanks Jonas. Do excuse me, I must get back for a meeting… you won't forget to alert Lubala will you…?' As

he left the General lifted the phone and punched in a short number, still smarting from Carol Wainwright's insults and her insolence in daring to challenge him so openly… *she would pay, oh yes, she would pay dearly…'*

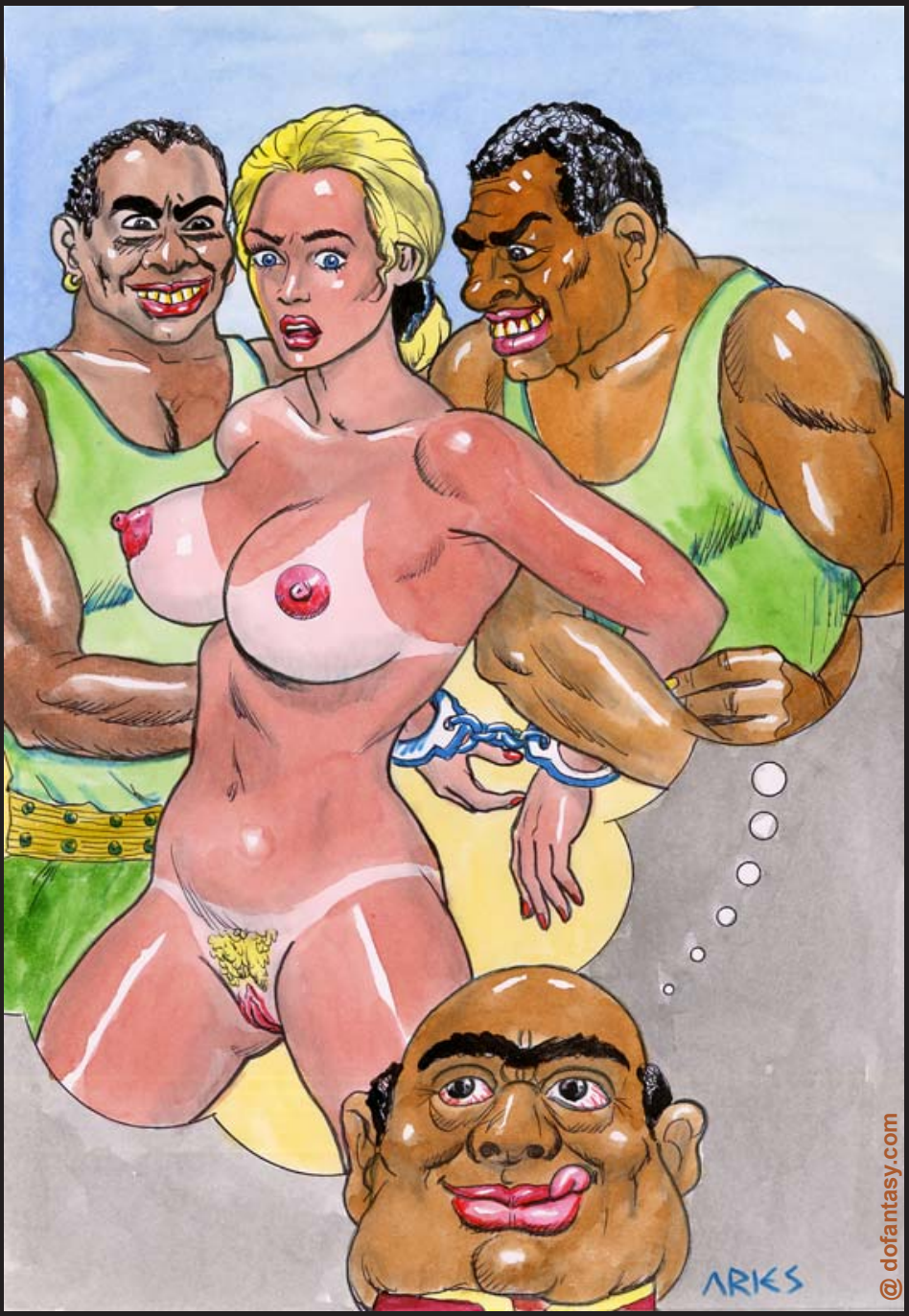
'Inspector Lubala… General Achebe…Yes two more subjects for interrogation… the usual thing, consorting with known terrorists… we're looking for names and addresses... The minister is arranging for the usual ISB squad to pick them up and deliver them to you at the centre... Tomorrow morning I expect. No, no immediate hurry… yes you'll have time to use your ingenuity I'm sure… and Inspector, the white one could be a possible subject for training so… no *permanent* damage to her please… no, the other one doesn't matter so much, use as much pressure as you wish with her… give the men some fun. Very good, I'll inform the arrest team of your involvement…' He cut the connection and tapped in another number.

'Samuel… I'm leaving now. I need to relax so put the new girl, the American, on the frame… warm her up for me… no not the *sambjok*, perhaps a strong tonguing, say fifty to start with… Yes, yes, Nyala can play with her when I arrive… Oh yes at least twice… you know I like to watch as she makes those white sluts cum… yes, about forty minutes…' He put the receiver down and raised one finger to the guards. 'Get my car; I'm going to the Lodge.'

Secluded in the middle of a very large private estate ten miles from the city, Kinduma Lodge had originally been the private retreat of a wealthy Englishman in the 1920's. The General had realised its potential and had appropriated it for his own uses many years before. The size of the grounds, the range of buildings and Lodge's isolation ensured maximum privacy, as did the fences and the armed patrols. Whisked out of the city in the cool comfort of his armoured Mercedes, the General allowed himself to imagine what would be happening at that very minute in what was privately referred to as the *playroom*.

It was spacious, a dark, polished wood floor with a wide panorama window looking out over the parkland and down to the lake. The mirrored security glass served two purposes; not only screening the worst of the sun's glare, but also preventing anyone snooping with binoculars or telephoto lens from the distant trees. Such privacy was important as the General's pleasures, and those of his favoured guests, were often painfully damaging to the other, more unwilling, participants.

The room contained an odd mixture of furnishings. A large bed jutted from the back wall racked on either side with expensive video and communications equipment. Comfortable armchairs made a semicircle round a very large and modern wide screen television. There was a fully stocked fridge and drinks



'She would pay, oh yes she would pay dearly...' General Achebe smiled at the mental picture of Carol Wainwright in the hands of his men – stripped naked and ready for torture.

cabinet by the door whilst a number of unusual-looking pieces of equipment were pushed back against the walls. The centre of the room was uncluttered by furniture, apart from the oddly shaped frame that had been carefully positioned in front of the big window.

Samuel should just be strapping the girl onto it about now, thought the General, becoming harder as the exciting images played across his mind. *She would be naked of course, arms cuffed behind her, just the brief paler triangles at her groin and across those big, rosy tipped breasts, revealing the depth of her tan. The guards would hold her against the shorter edge of the elongated triangular base. Her bare feet forced and kicked into the covered metal stirrups at the bottom of each of the leg struts. Then they would hold her by the arms whilst the women tightened the holding screws clamping the wide, padded thigh cuffs high up round the tops of her legs.*

The General twitched and stroked himself harder as he imagined the young American's fear and discomfort, knowing what was coming as they buckled those strong, metal cuffs then tightened the webbing straps one by one until she was braced so hard against the cunningly angled bars, held painfully astride with her knees locked and legs held rigid by the metal struts. For the tonguing he'd ordered, they'd probably leave her torso free. After all, it didn't matter how much she bent and twisted… her arse would still be held in position, the splay of her legs allowing the split tails of the heavy rubber tongue to snap and nip agonisingly against the newly shaved lips of her cunt until her whole bottom was a fiery red blaze of pain.

The general sighed happily, *now what was this one's name? Lorna? Lena? No, Gloria, that's it… said she was nineteen but the Inspector had thought she might be younger, ah well… no matter.* He watched disinterestedly as the last few shacks and battered mealie patches disappeared in the cloud of red dust billowing from the car's wheels. *It had been so foolish of her to loose all her documents… but so convenient for them… especially as the immigration records now clearly showed she left the country almost two weeks ago…*

'*Noooooo! Hih, hih, hih, yaaaaahhhh! Noooooo, please stop, please…*'

General Achebe grinned, pausing for a moment in the hallway as he heard the regular, flat wet smack of the rubber tongue and the pleading cries coming from the large room beyond. The blows ceased as Samuel, tall, heavily muscled and the acknowledged expert with any kind of whip or cane among the general's small, specially selected team of enforcers sprang to attention. His near naked body gleamed like oiled ebony, his only garment a white athletic support that cupped his genitals into a heavy bulging pouch, the wide waistband emphasising the hard, tight muscles of his abdomen and buttocks. From the way his thick

cock was outlined against the straining fabric, Samuel was enjoying his work… as usual.

He had been wrong about her arms, Jonas realised with a grin as he studied the whimpering figure strapped to the frame. Someone had used a bit of imagination after all and she had not been left to twist and wriggle freely. The young American was bent forwards sharply at the waist, arms stretched vertically up behind her back by the strong nylon cord connecting her handcuffs to the hook in the beam above.

Loving care and attention had also been paid to the heavy globes of her breasts that now dangled and bobbed so enticingly beneath her body. No longer rounded, each was pulled down into a bulbous cone by the lead weights swinging from the soft, pink nipples. Nipples that were taut and shiny and slowly turning from pink to a dark purple from the biting grip of the copper wires bound so carefully round and round the tip of each one.

The General grinned as he recognised Lady Nyala's particular cruel handiwork, the older and taller of the two women standing quietly awaiting his arrival at the side of the room, Now thirty five, Lady Nyala Lutemba had been born to a life of wealth and privilege; a tall, fine-boned woman with glistening ebony skin, her poise and manner exuding an air of absolute confidence and control.

She had shared her life with the General for years. He had discovered her talents for sexual sadism and torture when he had kidnapped her, together with two other girls when she was only fifteen. Now, assisted by Samuel and a few other carefully chosen staff, as his partner, she looked after the General's lucrative *personal services* business, as he liked to call it.

Although equally at home at diplomatic receptions or society functions dressed in the most expensive designer gowns; tonight she was dressed as she preferred, almost naked except for a black silk thong that cupped her sex before riding high across her hips. Thin gold rings hung from each ear; matching rings pierced the long black nipples crowning the firm cones of her breasts. A fine gold chain connected the rings, looping between the dark points so that it swung and swayed as she walked. Her skin was almost black. The gleaming oiled sheen of her body showed off her tall, elegant figure and rippling muscular fitness. The general felt a familiar tightening in his groin as he looked at her. *There was a fifth matching ring*, he remembered...*pity she decided to keep those ridiculously brief panties on...the sight of that other ring threaded through her clitoris hood and just glinting and winking between her labia as she moved around was enough to make anyone want to fuck her on the spot...*

He barely glanced at the younger woman. Bebe was Lady Nyala's personal servant, latest in a long line of maids all of whom shared in their mistress's perverse delights and cruel pleasures. Petite and pretty against Lady Nyala's elegance, her small breasts ended in long up-tilted nipples that jutted like tiny fingers. Her light, olive complexion and long black hair hinted at an Arab influence somewhere in her ancestry. Her tiny yellow thong was even more explicit than her mistress's black one and looked as though it had been pasted onto the pouting bulge of her mound. The general smiled as he noticed the darker line down the centre of the fabric running into the vee of her thighs… Like Samuel's obvious arousal, Bebe was clearly enjoying the American girl's pain and humiliation too.

He turned back to where Gloria Collins was now snivelling and twitching in her bonds. The general grinned; those weights might almost be an ISB trademark. Easy to make in any size or shape, the soft copper wire embedded in the lead at casting meant there was no need for messy clips or needles. Just wrap the long end round the chosen part of the body a few times… and let gravity do the rest. From the tension on her nipples and the girl's anguished expression, there must be half a pound of lead in each of the crudely fashioned teardrops that were swinging gently from her tits.

Of course, with his entrance Samuel had stopped hitting her so she'd been able to keep still for a few moments but the General knew that each fresh stroke of the rubber tongue would set them twisting and jiggling once again.

'How many, Samuel?'

'Only twenty so far, General, but Lady Nyala and I thought the arm position and weights would amuse you…'

The General nodded. 'Good, very good indeed, but I think our guest should have the full fifty before we begin playing with her…'

'*Oh God, no, no you can't please, no, no I'll do anything, please anything but no more with that thing it hurrrtttts! Aaaaaah*!'

Gloria's pleas became frantic as the General smacked her reddened and sore bottom… She then screamed even more as her movements jerked and jolted the weights and her abused nipples were pulled and twisted unbearably. 'It's meant to hurt… that's part of the fun…for us!' The general laughed at the girl's frantic squirming movements. 'I'll take a shower whilst you give her the rest… Bebe can help me.'

The General tugged his uniform off, throwing each item on the floor as he padded across to the door leading to the bathroom. His frame showed the musculature of a very strong man despite the bulk of recent good living. Coal black skin gleamed and glistened with a film of perspiration and he idly scratched the thicket of coarse wiry hair at his groin whilst under the swell of his belly his penis jutted up in a gentle curve, pushed out by the heavy sac of his balls. Even semi-erect the shaft was long and thick, the large purplish head emphasised by a prominent flange.

The two women exchanged glances, Lady Nyala nodded towards the bathroom and Bebe grinned and followed the General.

Standing under the stinging jets of the shower he stretched contentedly as he felt the girl's fingers soaping his chest, her massaging fingers rubbing the tensions of the past hour away. He grinned at the thought of the particularly delightful kind of relaxation still to come. He closed his eyes as Bebe's soapy hand closed around the shaft of his penis, sliding up and down, slowly and expertly bringing him to full hardness. Under the delicate fondling his cock stirred and rose, slippery and shining with wetness, the wide glans gleaming as though polished, the shaft ridged by the twisted network of swollen veins.

He groaned in pleasure as he felt the girl's lips engulfing the head and then there was the sliding, silky warmth as she took him deep into her throat, tongue flickering round the shaft to tease him to that extra aching hardness. Careful not to take him too far, she let his cock slide free, cupping his balls as she licked the under side of his glans so the black rod curved out and up until the tip almost brushed the under swell of his jutting belly.

Through his growing pleasure and the noise of the water, General Achebe was suddenly aware of Gloria's increasing song of pain, the rhythm of her screams imposed by the biting *'splattt!'* of the rubber tongue. Fully aroused and impatient to watch what was happening, he stepped from the shower without warning; moving so abruptly that Bebe lost her footing and thumped down onto her bottom with a squeak of surprise. She followed her master as he strode back into the main room, dabbing himself with a towel as he went.

The young American was writhing madly as she squealed and pleaded in vain. Samuel, glossy with sweat, had changed sides and was now swinging the long, leaf-shaped blade of the black, rubber tongue so the viciously split ends curled right up under the other cheek of her bottom. Each slapping impact brought a new quivering scream as the heavy, flexible tip of the tongue flayed Gloria's swollen cunt lips. The diabolical slits cut unto the tip ensured that her most tender places were also nipped and pinched at every stroke, doubling the blazing

agony of the strapping.

'Bring the last ten right in if you can…'

Samuel grinned at his master's command and moved round until he was standing next to Gloria's side facing away from her out thrust buttocks. He grasped the handle more carefully and brought the tongue over his shoulder then whipped down into the open valley between her bottom cheeks with a deeper, wetter impact.

'Yyyyyyyyiiiiiiiiaaaah!'

'Oh yes, that's it… nine more like that and I think she'll be nicely warmed up…'

'Splockk! Splockk! Splockk! Splockk! Splockk!'

'*Naaaaaaahhhh!* Ah p-p-p-pleeeesssee, oh, oh, oh no, s-sorry… aaah, aaaaaah… *Yaaarrrggghhh!'*

The silvery-grey weights bounced and twisted merrily, each movement stretching and twisting the swollen purple nubs of her nipples more and more as Gloria bucked and wailed. Samuel and the General burst out laughing as the girl lost control and a thin trickle of liquid ran down her legs.

'Naughty, naughty girl…' Samuel chided, 'wetting yourself earns you another fifty when the General's finished playing… better hold it in for the last few if you don't want it doubled…'

The screams grew louder and louder until Samuel finally stepped back, panting with the effort, and wiped his forehead with the back of his hand. 'Fifty, sir, as ordered.' Gloria just slumped forwards, the cheeks of her bottom blazing red, her muscles still twitching uncontrollably with the deep, throbbing pain. Nyala and Bebe padded over to the sobbing figure on the frame, eager to have their turn tormenting such delightful young, white flesh.

'Did you want to watch me make her come first, General…?' Nyala asked, running her fingers along the girl's flank to tickle her armpit. Gloria lifted her head, and then cried out again, flinching away so the heavy nipple weights bobbed and twirled in torturing response to her every movement.

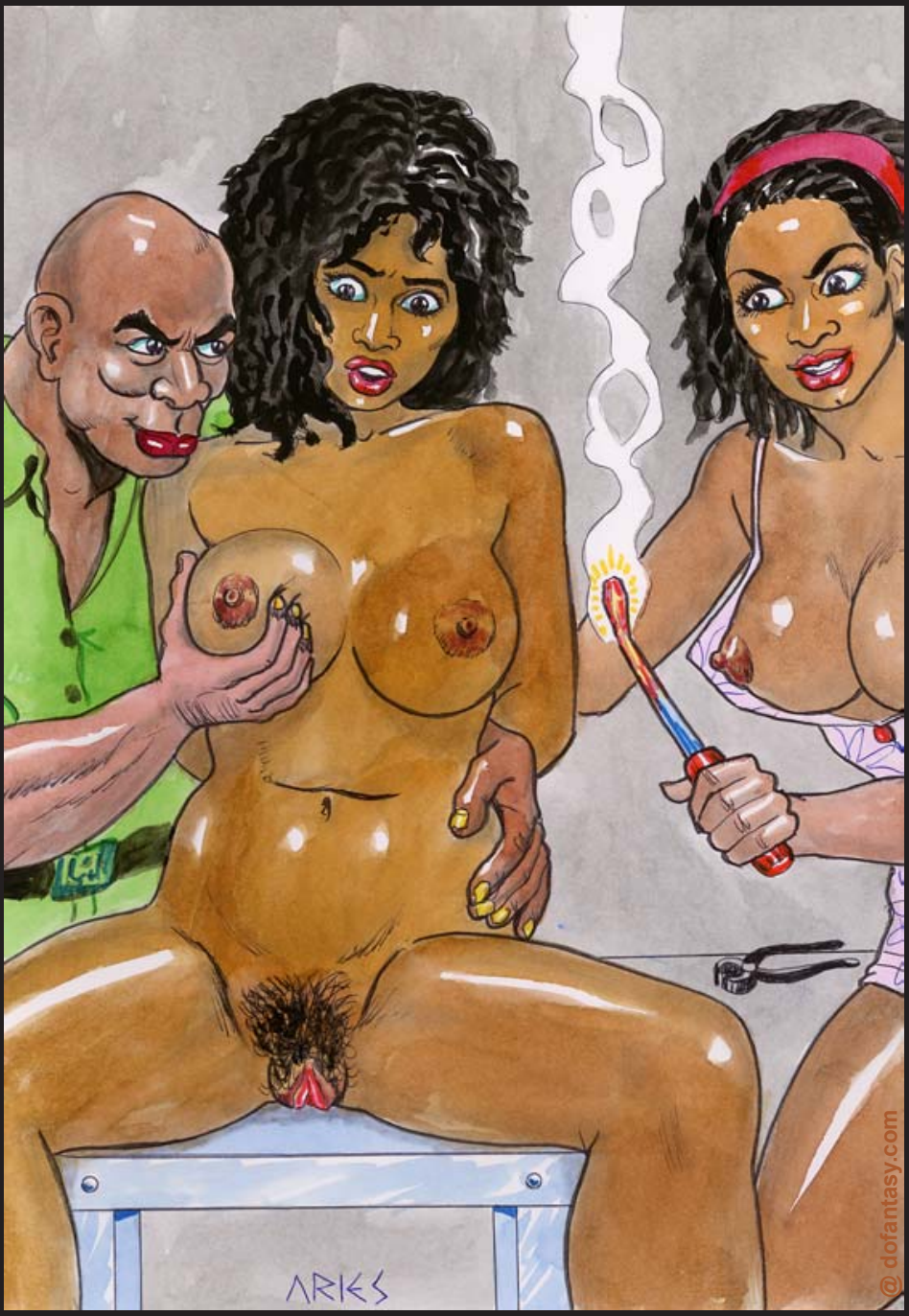
2 – The Squatting Posts

Alone in his quiet, basement office, Inspector Moses Lubala replaced the telephone receiver precisely on its rest before leaning back in his swivel chair. He allowed himself a thin smile of satisfaction; such orders from the General were always enjoyable to obey. Not until tomorrow morning though… in one way the delay was useful, he thought, especially as that minor official's wife they'd been working on had held out for a lot longer than he'd expected….

An image of last night's session in the main interrogation room next door suddenly sprang to mind. The naked black woman, body gleaming wet with sweat, writhing against the straps holding her so helplessly exposed in the torture chair whilst Sergeant Joseph's thick fingers cupped one shiny, moist breast. Her eyes staring wildly as he delicately held the heavy globe out and away from her body so his favourite assistant, Mrs N'goya, could suck and lick the thick nub to hard, jutting stiffness *… oh yes, and then that moment of sheer disbelief from the woman as the sergeant had continued to hold her breast so gently as Mrs N'goya giggled and touched the very tip of the engorged nipple with the soldering iron… just that one, delicious moment… then she had stroked the scorched tip with the iron a second time and the woman started screaming properly.*

Stubborn though, he remembered with a shake of his head, *Mrs N'goya had skinned both nipples right back to the edges of the woman's aureoles without result. It was only when they'd switched, letting her ride the serrated anus spike whilst Mrs N'goya used the iron to barbecue the bitch's clitoris, that she'd finally broken. And all they'd wanted was the details of where she'd hidden the money her late husband had been embezzling, stupid bitch! Ah well… $40,000 for a few hours work was a useful bonus… even if the General would want half as his share.*

A deeper smile of pleasure showed the Inspector's white teeth, brilliant against his dark skin as the grin creased his slim, angular face. Oh, he did enjoy this special and private part of his duties. Here, in the secret world of the Centre, a regular stream of young women passed through the hands of himself, and his



Sergeant Joseph and Lucy N'goya finally broke the woman's stubborn resistance when Lucy used the red hot iron on her clitoris

small team of experts. Officially, Inspector Moses Lubala was just a senior member of the new regime's much-feared Internal Security Bureau, the ISB. However, for a select group of rich and powerful men he and General Achebe also supplied the young female flesh they demanded to feed their darkest and most evil sexual needs and desires.

In the underground rooms of the Centre, the Inspector too could indulge his own passions freely, without fear of interference or investigation. Each new girl in turn could be taken slowly to the limits of agony and sexual torture for the enjoyment of that select, anonymous audience in the darkness behind the torture chamber's spotlights. Not just that audience… videotapes were also swelling Inspector Lubala's private Cayman Island account, and that of his patron, General Achebe, very nicely. Particularly stimulating torture sessions were carefully recorded for circulation among the jaded, wealthy individuals willing to pay top prices for such entertainment.

Every so often carefully selected young women would be removed for special training and duties at the General's very private retreat, The Lodge, before being sold on as pleasure slaves to their wealthy clients across the continent. White girls were always a favourite as the General and his guests, usually senior party members and influential guests from neighbouring African countries, took particular delight in fucking white meat whenever possible. Inspector Lubala kept the General well supplied… and also ensured that each new girl vanished into the General's private domain without trace. He was very, very good at his job.

Having thought about the call for a moment, he leaned forward, picked up the phone again and pressed a button for an internal extension. It was time for some personal entertainment and relaxation.

'Sergeant? Inspector Lubala here… Yes, two prisoners… female… one coloured, one white...probably sometime tomorrow morning I expect. The arrest squad will radio in more exact timings later. Once they have secured both of them, they are to bring them here. No notes, no entries, the special routine… clear? Any questions? Now, present my compliments to Mrs N'goya and ask her to bring the student… the one we arrested yesterday, idiot… to me in Room Two.' He paused, 'and, Sergeant, do *not* interrupt me there, unless it is an emergency.' He listened to the brisk acknowledgement and put the receiver back in its rest.

A last mental check that all was ready as the General wanted and the Inspector rose and walked to the door. He paused and half turned, checking his appearance in the full-length wall mirror. The reflection showed a slim, spare figure dressed in crisp white shirt and pale grey lightweight suit. Like most of the ISB officers,

he wore no uniform or military insignia. They didn't need to… their powers were unlimited and woe betide anyone in the regular forces, be it police, customs or the army who crossed them.

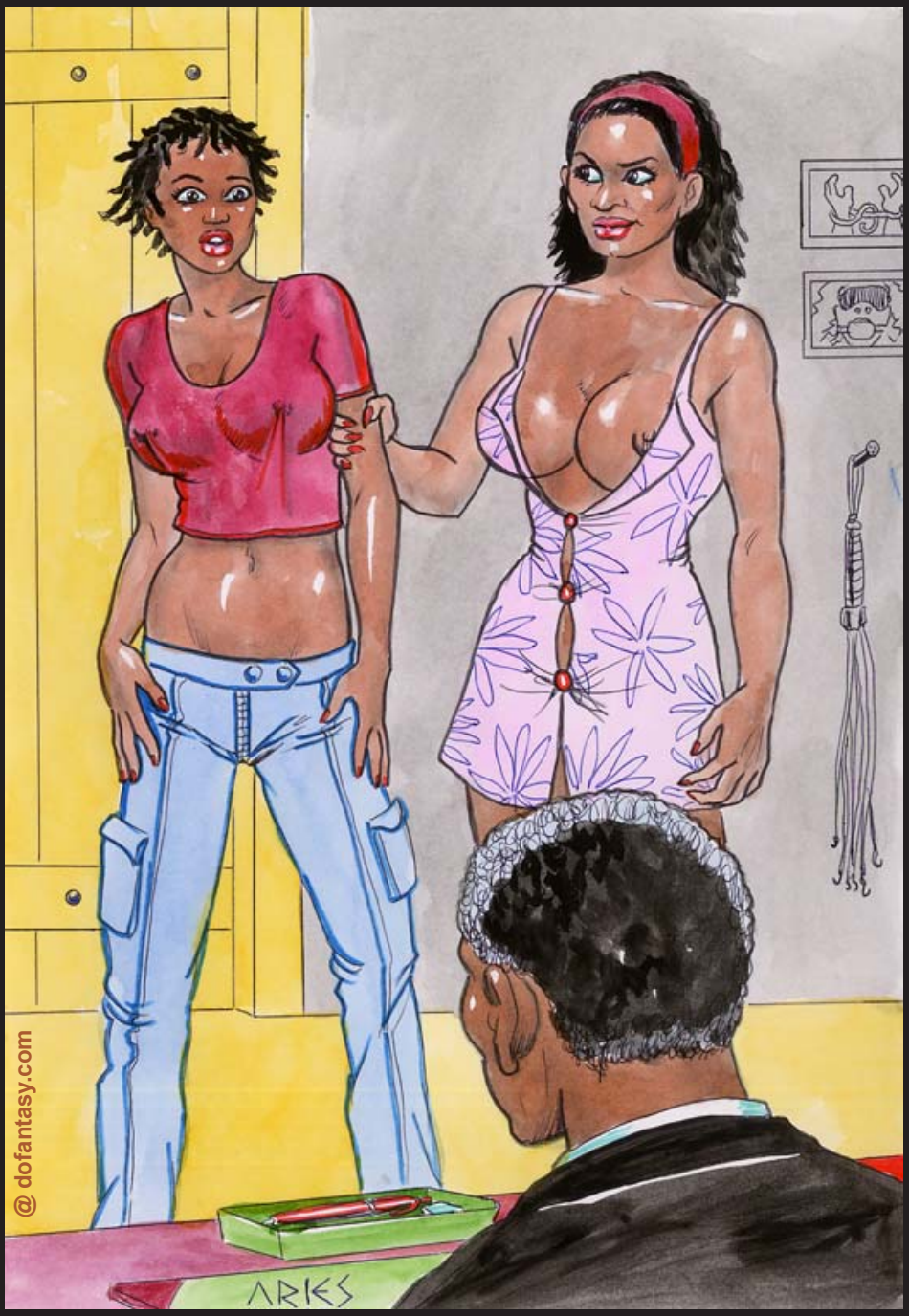
Turning his head allowed the light to catch the puckered, circular scar under his chin, it showed as a pinkish disc against his black skin. The man, whose spear had caused the wound, had died seconds later when bullets from the Inspector's own gun took the top of his head off. The Inspector's thin lips curved briefly as he thought about that long-ago encounter. The smile widened as his thoughts turned to the young lady he was about to interview for the second time. He knew he was going to enjoy the session but, somehow, he rather doubted if she would share his enthusiasm.

Closing the door behind him, the Inspector walked briskly down the quiet, concrete passageway. No illumination from the bare ceiling, just functional wall lamps that broke the dimness with regular pools of light between the doors lining each side of the underground corridor. They were steel, green-painted with a small eye-level hatch, and each with a heavy bolt and handgrip. An American company had built this complex a few years ago, just before the liberation coup… with UN funds provided to create a conference and cultural centre… the Inspector allowed himself another smile as he though about the kind of *conferences* now usually held in these secret rooms.

Reaching the end of the corridor, the Inspector paused before the two heavy wooden doors set into the blank end wall. Both frames had thick rubber gaskets round the edge but the right hand door was very slightly ajar. The Inspector smiled again, pushed the thick door open, and walked into the chamber beyond. Most of the room was in semi-darkness. The only light came from the four powerful spotlights that threw a brilliant circle of illumination onto to the centre of the floor. Round the white-tiled walls, half seen in the gloom, there were the outlines of oddly shaped pieces of equipment. A tangle of straps and buckles lay on a bench in one corner; black webbing and leather, the straps showed the wear and polish of long use.

The centre of the room was empty… except for a heavy, circular wooden board about two feet in diameter lying in the brightly lit circle. Two square posts, each about a foot long stuck up from the edge on opposite sides of the circle. An odd fitting like an open toe high heeled shoe, crudely made from black metal and fitted with heavily buckled ankle straps was bolted to the top of each one. A polished wooden trapeze rod hung above the sinister looking apparatus, wrist cuffs dangling from each end.

Inspector Lubala paused, looked round in satisfaction, and then walked across



Mrs N'goya escorts eighteen year old student, Mindi Ankuma into the torture chamber to meet Inspector Lubala.

to a small table and chair. The front edge of the table just caught the shadow line made by the glittering spot lamps. Sitting in the chair, a person would be quite invisible in the darkness to anyone trying to look beyond the harsh glare of the lights.

Inspector Lubala had barely settled himself when there was a soft knock and two figures came in. One, the taller of the two, was holding the other by the arm. The two walked into the pool of light, the first urged on by the other. The Inspector looked out of the darkness, enjoying the sight of the two women standing before him.

Mrs Lucy N'goya, the Inspector's special assistant, was, as usual, dressed in a flowery print button-through cotton dress with heeled sandals. About thirty years old, her figure was curved and almost voluptuous. The thin cotton pulled taut across her full breasts and the deep vee of her neckline showed an impressive cleavage. Lipstick emphasised the width of her mouth and pouting everted lips and her long nails gleamed a glossy scarlet. She looked extremely fit, confident with the poise of someone well able to look after herself. Her grip on the arm of the other girl was hard and uncompromising.

Moses Lubala ignored her, concentrating instead on the pretty, young student she was holding by the arm. Only just twenty, Mindi Ankuma was definitely pretty… and completely terrified. Medium height with soft, coffee-coloured skin and a tight cap of black wiry curls she was dressed in the usual student uniform of well worn jeans topped with a colourful tee shirt, in this case bright red. From the high swell of her chest and smooth lines of the cotton fabric it was clear that Mindi was both well endowed and young and firm enough to do without a bra. But, just at this moment, her appearance was the last thing on her mind, as she stood dishevelled, trembling and blinking in the hot blaze of the lights

'Good morning Mindi,' the Inspector said softly. 'I said that we would be meeting again this morning. I do hope you've been looking forward to our little session?'

'Please, please don't cane me again… I wasn't doing anything, really I wasn't... and you promised. It hurt so much and you said….'

The Inspector cut her off, 'I said that we would discuss your little escapade again this morning. It's no use complaining. The caning was only a first taste of what we do to naughty little girls who insult people. Now, here you are, and its time for you to have the rest of your lesson.'

'What are you going to do to me? I promise I will be good next time, I promise, please… *please!*'

Mindi was almost gabbling as she strained forwards, leaning towards the sound of the Inspector's voice. She couldn't gesture with her hands because the plastic tie round her wrists was holding them firmly behind her back. The woman pulled her back to the centre of the room.

'Ah, Miss Ankuma… promises, promises, it's always promises with you. Well, you are about to find out that I always keep my promises, I said you would receive another lesson, and so you shall.' He let the silence and the expectation build for a few long seconds before he spoke again. 'Lucy my dear, if you would untie Miss Ankuma's wrists for me…'

Mindi gasped with relief and began massaging the angry, red lines round her wrists as soon as she was freed. 'Now, Miss Ankuma, in a moment I want you sitting on that stool Mrs N'goya is putting behind you… that's so you can put your feet into our special exercise sandals.' Mindi twisted to look at the ominously shaped board and the tall wooden stool the smirking woman was placing close to it. She lifted her hands to her mouth, shaking her head, the tears rolling unheeded down her cheeks. The woman turned her easily, forcing her to squint out into the blinding glare that concealed her tormentor.

The Inspector's soft, unexcited voice continued from the darkness, 'however, my dear, I fear you are a little over dressed at present. So, if you would take your clothes off we can begin…' Mindi wrapped her arms around her body, gripping the fabric of her red tee shirt with pale knuckles and shaking her head even harder.

'No, no I won't, no, don't make me, you can't make me… *I've promised… I'll do whatever you want.'*

'I know you will,' came a sinister chuckle from behind the lights. 'And what I want you to do now, is for you to follow my orders, my dear and get undressed. Now, will you remove your clothes all by yourself, or must I summon a couple of guards to do it for you? I know they'd like that…'

Mindi looked round desperately, the tears falling more quickly as she understood she had no choice, no choice at all. Slowly, she undid her belt and wriggled the stiff denim down over her hips, hopping inelegantly on one foot as she worked her jeans down. Inspector Lubala grinned behind the lights at the delicious, wriggling display of her bottom and the glimpses into soft dark cleft between her cheeks as Mindi bent and struggled to get both her trainers and the jeans off at the same time.

Like the tee shirt, her panties were red, a tiny thong that swelled in a taut pouch over her cunt. With all her frantic movements the back string had disappeared high in the crack of her bottom so from the rear she looked naked. Mindi pulled the tee shirt over her head then clutched it quickly against her breasts in a last, futile gesture of modesty.

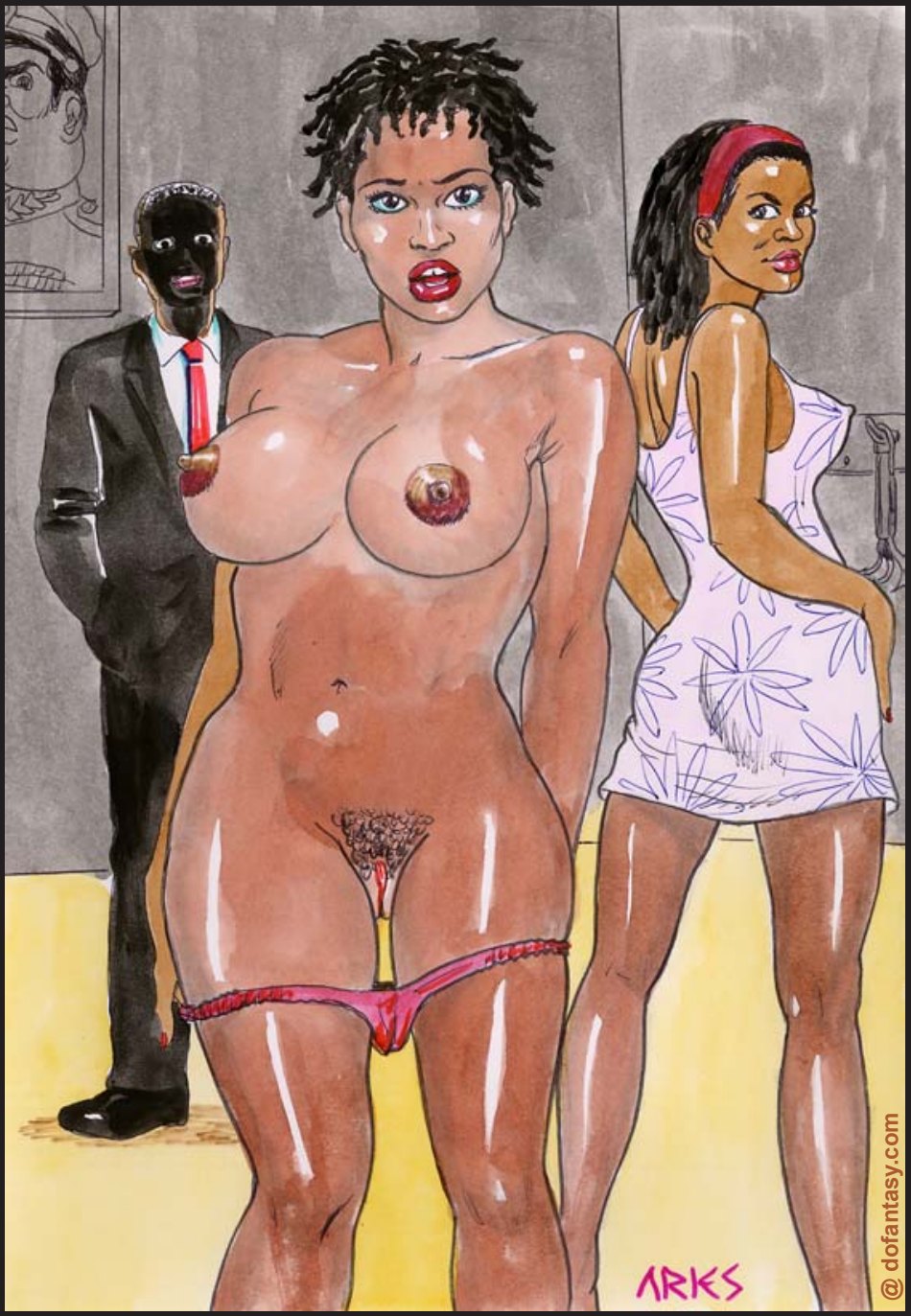
In the glare of the lights, the Inspector was able to see that there was a faint patch of darker shadow in the middle of the thin material cupping the girl's genitals. Protests or not, Mindi's own body was betraying her with the moisture of her unwilling arousal.

'I said *everything* Miss Ankuma, completely naked if you please,' came the soft, insistent voice from the shadows. Mindi started wildly as Lucy reached over and pulled the tee shirt away. 'Those charming little panties, take them off…' his voice was like the soft lash of a whip. Slowly, Mindi hooked her fingers under the waistband and reluctantly peeled the damp cotton triangle away from her sex and down her slim, brown legs until she could step free of the minute scrap of cloth. She had shaved her body hair, leaving just a single, narrow strip of black curls that stopped at the top of her slit. Her outer lips were full, jutting forwards and slightly parted so the prominent bulb of her clitoris showed between them as she stepped out of her underwear. 'Thank you! Now, Mrs N'goya if you please…'

Mindi, who was trying unsuccessfully to shield her body from the Inspector's gaze, started violently as her arms were grabbed and the woman moved her next to the stool. With the skill of long practice Lucy twisted one arm back and above her head so she could buckle the cuff on one end of the trapeze bar closed around the girl's wrist. Before Mindi could even think about struggling properly the woman had the nineteen year old's other wrist twisted up and secured in the second cuff as well.

Mindi couldn't do anything; she was staring down at the metal sandals because the pressure on her arms bowed her forwards. Almost tenderly, as though anticipating the torments she would soon be inflicting on her slim body, Lucy N'goya reached under and stroked one of Mindi's breasts very gently, flicking her finger over the tumescent nipple before pushing her back until she could rest her bottom on the high wooden stool.

'Foot up…' Lucy's grip on Mindi's instep allowed her to lift the girl's left leg, turning it out and then bending the knee to force the girl's toes into the metal 'shoe' on top of the post. 'Point those toes,' the command was sharp as Lucy buckled the straps.



Mindi Ankuma is forced to strip naked whilst her two torturers watch every terrified, unwilling movement.

'Arrrrggggh! You're pinching me…' Mindi jerked, bucking forwards as the ankle straps bit into her skin, pulled so tight that her flesh bulged out above and below the leather band. Her toes were squashed agonisingly into the sharply tapered front of the 'shoe' by the vicious pressure of the straps.

Lucy giggled as she dragged the girl's other leg towards the second post. 'Then do what you're told girlie… push your toes down… no, right down.' The hot, silence was broken by the soft click of buckles and a shuddering intake of breath as Mindi tried to ignore the sharp, throbbing discomfort of the foot clamps. 'Right now, up you get… go on girlie… let's have you up so I can move this stool.' A sharp smack and squeal of pain from Mindi showed that she'd been slow to obey the Lieutenant's command.

'Miss Ankuma… those are what we call squatting posts… all you have to do is bend your knees.' The trapeze clattered and swayed as the girl tried to keep her balance perched precariously astride on the posts. With her ankles securely strapped she was posed on the balls of her feet, toes pressing ever more painfully into the tapered iron holders, each instep arched cruelly upwards by the carefully angled metal 'sole'.

With her arms up behind her back, Mindi was already half crouched anyway, her knees splayed wide and thrusting her bottom backwards to relieve the pressure on her arms. She started to obey, bending her knees a little more and then she stopped, frozen with fear as she suddenly realised the awful position she was being forced into.

'Thwack!'

'Haaaaaaargh!'

Mindi Ankuma arched forwards with a scream as the bamboo rod cut into the soft out thrust curve of her bottom. Lucy N'goya waited deliberately for the first mad wriggling frenzy to stop before sending the second stroke curving up to slice into her bottom just below the first.

'Nnnnnggggggg! Nuh, nuh aaaaah!'

'Ten strokes… that's what your petulant little refusal has cost you… no, it's no use bending down now… it's too late and….'

'Thwock! Thwock! Thwock! Thwock!'

Yyyyiiiiiiiiaaaaaaah! No… no… no… no… no… nooooooooo!

'…And I was about to say that it makes you an even a better target for Mrs N'goya to hit with her cane. A chuckle from the darkness, 'but from the sound of it you've already discovered that for yourself. Go on Lucy, I suggest you lay the next three a little higher.

'Thwuck! Thwuck! Thwuck!'

'P-p-p-p-p-p-pleeeease, ah, aaah, Arrrgh! Please, please stop, please STOP!'

The yellow rod zipped viciously through the air. Each cruel swish ended with a sharp report as the bamboo dented the soft brown curves so they bounced and vibrated like jelly with the force of the impact. Only as Lucy lifted the rod away for the next cut did the paler line deepen and darken to match the other angry weals branded like purple bars over her bottom cheeks.

'Thwick! Thwick!'

'Eeeeeeeyaaaaah! Pleeeeeeeeesssse'!

The trapeze bar rattled and twisted violently as the girl threshed and writhed like a mad thing at the scalding pain of the final two strokes. Lucy N'goya nodded in satisfaction at the wetter, deeper sound of the rod … that was just where she wanted them, low down so they cut across the outer cunt lips and the soft, tender groove at the base of the girl's buttocks. She also managed to slice across the first few weals… weals that had been given those important few moments to reach full sensitivity. Oh yes, she'd felt those all right!

'Ten…! Come on Miss Ankuma, squat right down on your posts… don't be shy.' Shuddering and panting with pain and humiliation, Mindi sank down, knees spread wide and almost touching her shoulders. In that position and held so wide open, the split
pouch of her cunt and the delicate openings of her vagina and anus were wonderfully available for what ever her torturers might wish to do to her.

'W-what are you doing, Sir, what's she doing… what are those for?' *Those* were the heavy rubber straps that Lucy N'goya was lacing round the girl's doubled legs, tucking each one as high over the girl's thigh as she could before tightening it round her shin to keep the girl's leg doubled and clamped in place. 'I c-can't g-get uh-uh-up!'

'No, no you can't…now for the arms Lucy, slowly please,' said the Inspector. Walking across to the back wall, Lucy N'goya unfastened a rope and began to

pull down, each movement jerking the trapeze bar higher and higher. The Inspector watched intently as his pretty young victim seemed to curl forwards with each jerk; her torso bending over as her arms were twisted agonisingly up behind her back. Inspector Lubala watched the growing tension in the girl's straining muscles carefully, judging the moment before lifting a finger to order Lucy to secure the rope.

Squatting on the posts, her thighs touching the backs of her knees and her arms stretched taut and apart by the trapeze bar, the tender sexual core of Mindi Ankuma's body was helplessly wide open and exposed. With every painful breath the full, dangling globes of her breasts bobbed and swung enticingly, their long black nipples pointing out to where the Inspector sat concealed beyond the blinding spotlights.

After only a few minutes Mindi was shivering with the muscular strain of the deep squatting position and her viciously twisted arms. The only thing she could do to ease the cramps in her legs was to crouch even lower, thus exposing herself even more obscenely to the Inspector's gaze but... The girl twitched and whimpered in her tortured dilemma. Squat further and suffer even worse stabbing agony in her shoulder joints, or try lifting herself just a little to ease the aching joints but then face the burning, throbbing agony in her thigh and calf muscles.

Watched by her two torturers, Mindi Ankuma rose and fell very gently in time with her sobbing, useless pleas for mercy. As she tired so the movement became quicker, as though she was fucking an invisible cock driven deep into her obscenely displayed cunt.

Picking up his chair, the Inspector walked slowly into the pool of light. Mindi raised her head as her chief tormentor appeared before her through the glare. He reached out one bony finger and stroked along the crease of her inner thigh, watching her muscles tense and quiver as Mindi tried, and failed, to bring her legs even part way together. He nodded approvingly, 'Now, Miss Ankuma, I think we are ready to begin. Lucy, my dear, what would you suggest we do to entertain this young lady today?'

'Perhaps the cord, Sir?' Lucy suggested eagerly. She was an expert at using a knotted cord to bring a suitably prepared victim to a peak of torturing sensation.

The Inspector stroked Mindi's hair before lifting her chin so he could look into her tearful, brown eyes. 'Yes, you may use your cord certainly, but a little later I think. First, let's explore Miss Ankuma's tender little bottom some more, shall we? Something to tickle inside now we've warmed up the outside a bit.' There

was a hiss of anguish as Mindi realised the implication of what the Inspector had just said.

Lucy N'goya coughed softly to attract her boss's attention and then handed him a long, finger-like vibrator. He lifted the slender, curved rod and let the bulbous tip touch Mindi's mouth before tracing along her full, everted lips. 'Think of it my dear, in just a minute or so this will be sliding all the way up into that little opening you guard so vigorously. So, we will let Lucy here do all the work, and you can let me know how it feels as she plays about inside you.' He used Mindi's gasp of fearful anticipation to let the grape-sized bulb of the dildo's head sink a little deeper into her half-open mouth. 'Get it nice and wet...all slippery so it slides in easily… that's right, lick it…He continued, rolling the smooth plastic against the wetness of her tongue. 'Now, you can find out how it feels…'

Not waiting for an answer, he handed the cunningly made instrument back to his eager companion, watching her walk briskly behind the girl. He knew from there she would be able to see the full spread of Mindi's cunt, more importantly she had clear access to the dark rosette of her anus. Lucy N'goya gently stroked the taut globes of Mindi's out thrust bottom as she watched the Inspector. Satisfied that Mindi had been given sufficient time to anticipate what was going to happen to her, the Inspector nodded for Lucy to begin.

Lucy N'goya ran her hand over the sweaty curves of the girl's body, wetting her fingers before sliding her right hand down the groove between the painfully parted buttocks to probe and tickle the hot dampness of her victim's sex. The Inspector watched in fascination as Mindi's head jerked up, her mouth opening and closing fishlike as she gasped and mewed quietly, trying to stifle and suppress the sensations from those oily fingers probing and teasing her most sensitive places.

Without warning, she gave a loud squeak of protest, jerking violently and throwing her head back, her mouth gaping wide with surprise and shock. The Inspector chuckled at her reaction, knowing from many such sessions that one of Lucy's fingers had just wormed its way into Mindi's anus. Within a few minutes, as Lucy worked her finger deeper and deeper, the Inspector could see the girl's whole torso trying to flex and move, the big muscles in her thighs tensing and working so hard that the flesh bulged over the rubber straps as she desperately attempted to ride the sweet impalement.

'Noooooo!'

'Oh yes, my dear, don't worry, we won't stop there.' The Inspector murmured softly, stroking the young student's tear-stained cheek. She moaned into his hand

as the woman slid her teasing fingers along the wet furrow of her cunt to spread the girl's own juices along the shaft of the vibrator, stroking the black plastic until the whole curved length gleamed and glistened in the lights.

Lucy N'goya knew that Inspector Lubala's real enjoyment came from watching what was being done to bring each victim to new peaks of screaming pain or pleasure. As the girl sobbed and panted, head twisted back to try and see what her tormentor was doing, Lucy undid the buttons of her dress, letting it fall open so Mindi could see how shiny black silk cupped and lifted her heavy breasts. Smiling at the girl she pulled the sodden crotch of the black thong panties to one side so she could slide the glistening shaft of the vibrator between her own puffed and turgid cunt lips. 'Making it all nice and slippery for you, Mindi…Ooooh yes, yes that feels goooood…!' She pushed the glistening plastic finger in and out; making sure the girl could every movement as she slid it deep inside her vagina.

'Lucy…' the Inspector's soft command was enough for the woman to slide the vibrator out of her cunt as she moved round behind the girl's parted buttocks. Her left hand caressed the whip-marked brown swell of the girl's outthrust bottom, pulling one cheek even wider apart as she used the other to stroke the bulbous tip down into the cleft before pressing the swollen end against the tight, black rosette of her victim's exposed anus.

The Inspector ran his tongue along his thin lips, watching avidly as Mindi's eyes bulged, her mouth forming a gasping 'O' of astonishment, as she felt the slick, rounded head stretching her virgin anus. The Inspector grinned delightedly as she suddenly bucked and hissed in wild surprise, eyes bulging even wider with outrage and shock. He knew without looking that Lucy had just pushed the enlarged head of the dildo through the tight muscle ring and was now working the thin shaft slowly up into the girl's rectum.

Moving the slim rod with long slow strokes, wrist twisting to turn the bulbous head against the walls of her victim's rectum, Lucy worked the slim vibrator deeper and deeper. Mindi Ankuma whined and panted harder and harder, hot breath whistling across the Inspector's hand as she felt the rising tide of sensations begin to take hold of her in a tormenting mixture of pain and pleasure

'Oh yes, m-more please, yes, yes deeper, please, deeper, yes, that's sooo nice, *Aaaaah!'*

The last exclamation was wrung from her as Lucy twisted and turned the curved shape within her body. Mindi couldn't move much, but she began to shake and tremble with joy as the Lieutenant skilfully worked her towards a peak of

excitement.

As Mindi's head threshed to and fro, the Inspector cupped the girl's chin, judging the moment. 'Time to turn it on, Mrs N'goya…' Lucy smiled back and pressed the little button on the base of the vibrator she was using so expertly. It was though Mindi had been electrocuted! Every muscle locked and she threw her head away from the Inspector's hand to stare straight up at the blazing lights above her. The trapeze bar shook and jingled madly, almost drowning the muffled buzzing from deep within her body as Mindi Ankuma rode the vibrator's insistent stimulation.

Lucy thrust the full length of the black shaft in and out of the girl's anus for two or three minutes, working her unstoppably towards her first climax. Then, Mindi screamed out in ecstasy and began to thresh against her bonds once more. With eyes tight shut, she wriggled frantically, gabbling and crying in pleasure.

'Yes, yes, yeeeees. Please, more! Don't, don't stop, please, please don't stop!'

She babbled on, ignoring everyone and everything around her. Perspiration beaded her body as she continued her wild jerking vibrations crouched astride the squatting posts. He smiled to himself as he also saw the intense, excited concentration on Lucy N'goya's face, her right hand delicately turning and twisting the tormenting instrument deep inside her victim as she listened to the young student's familiar babbling chants of pleasure.

She was caught in the delirious spasms of her approaching orgasm when Lucy reached up with her other hand to stroke the wet, oily lips of her naked cunt with a light feathery caress. The shaking and trembling grew stronger, while drops of sweat sprayed from the body of the helpless figure so firmly straddled on the wooden posts.

'Aaaah, oh yes, yes there, please there… *don't stop, please, please don't, don't stop… Aaaaah!'*

The Inspector laughed quietly at the babbled request. «Oh course we won't stop, my dear, we'll do exactly as you wish. You want to come so badly, I know. You're nearly there, aren't you? Only a little touch more… just feel how Lucy is stroking just where you want her too. Go on Mindi, come for me, you know you will, don't you… and this is just the first time, isn't it. How many more times can you manage I wonder, four… five… six perhaps?' Inspector Lubala enjoyed watching the pleading longing and rising panic warring in Mindi Ankuma's face as the meaning of his comments fought with the storm of pleasure she was trying to control.

The Inspector once more lifted the flushed, sweat-streaked face of the young woman, and carefully stroked a damp strand of hair away from her eyes. 'Now, if Lucy can just tickle that special little place, you'll come for me, won't you?' Despite her anguish at what might happen in the future, Mindi nodded desperately, mad with the need to reach the climax her body was demanding.

Lucy heard the Inspector's instruction, and began to circle the little stub at the top of Mindi's cunt with a single finger. The teasing touch on her clitoris, and the deeper vibration in her bottom, drove the young student over the edge. She screamed and yelled in pleasure as her orgasm burst through her. The rubber straps flexed and groaned and her cuffed hands clenched then opened to spread her fingers wide in the ecstasy of her release.

'I'm there, yes, yes, yes! I'm there, I'M THERRREE! Hah, hah, p-please, *please'*

The cries changed, her pleasure giving way to pleading panic as she realised that the woman was continuing to use the vibrator and her finger was still vibrating her clitoris.

'N-n-n-n-n-nuh, nuh, p-please, s-s-stop, I've cum, I've cum, I've cum, nuh, nuh st-st-stop, stop please, p-please…'

The cries became more and more frantic until Inspector Lubala grinned and let the girl's chin go. 'Enough, enough I think Lucy; let our young friend gather her strength for the moment.' Lucy moved her hand from Mindi's cunt, straightened up and slowly withdrew the long shiny length of the vibrator from the girl's anus. The gasping, sweating figure slumped as far as the tight bonds would allow, mumbling as she tried to recover her senses and her breath.

Inspector Lubala took the opportunity to talk quietly with Lucy N'goya. 'I'll use the bamboo next; you can use the vibrator on her. After that, once she recovers again, you can have the chance to strip her cunt with the cord… only a dusting of sand on it this time, …I want her raw but not ruined if you follow my meaning.'

He paused and smiled knowingly at his chief assistant. 'However, I will need you again tomorrow morning. Two new subjects, one white one coloured… both suspected dissidents. I thought we'd put the coloured one on the Stallion first and then see what other of our entertainments they might enjoy. I'll let you use that cord of yours on the other. Once we've squeezed them dry… I think the blonde might be suitable for the general… we'll try her out before I decide.'

'I understand, Sir. I suspect this one won't last more than another hour. When

she's back in the cells, I'll see the Stallion is ready for us in Room One for tomorrow.' The two torturers exchanged brief, understanding smiles as they turned and looked back to where Mindi Ankuma, like a moist, chocolate statue, squatted on her little wooden posts. Her head hung down, the only visible movements being the slow heaving of her ribcage, and the gentle swaying of her breasts. As they watched, one droplet of sweat ran down her shoulder, across the slope of her breast and fell from the peak of her nipple splashing onto the wooden disc below.

The Inspector moved into the shadows and picked up the yellow bamboo rod Lucy had used to give Mindi her punishment earlier in the session. He grabbed a handful of her sweat-soaked hair and lifted her head. 'Now, Mindi,' he continued in his soft, reasonable voice. 'As you insisted so loudly, we are not going to stop playing with you, well, at least, not yet. So, now it is time to begin again.'

'*Oh God, no, please no.* I didn't mean that. You know, I didn't mean it that way. It was what you were doing to me! I couldn't help it. Let me go. My legs are hurting, please let me go!'

Moses Lubala shook his head slowly. 'First the fun and then the lesson, isn't that what you were promised?' He lifted the polished length of bamboo so that she could see it clearly. 'This comes next, another application across that delightful bottom of yours.' He watched as her muscles clenched in anticipation and the trapeze bar rattled and shook. 'No, no my dear, that won't help at all, I assure you.'

As he talked, Lucy quietly took the Inspector's place on the chair. Out of the corner of her eye, Mindi saw the polished shape of the vibrator in her hand and she began to cry softly, realising what they were going to do to her this time. Lucy N'goya smiled at her and, like the Inspector, gently stroked her damp cheek. 'There is nothing you can do. This little toy will make you tremble with pleasure, even with the heat of the cane. But first look down… see what the Inspector is doing!'

Letting her hair go abruptly, the Inspector walked round until he was standing behind the squatting figure. He paused and admired the smooth curve of her buttocks, now glazed with a film of oil and the wetness of her own climax. He lifted the polished bamboo cane and carefully moved it up between her parted thighs. As the cane to touch the puffed, sticky lips of her cunt, Mindi gave a shuddering gasp of horror.

Just as Lucy had suggested, she automatically bent her head, looking down

between her breasts at the prominent pouch of her cunt, hanging so vulnerably between her opened thighs. She stared transfixed at the yellow tip following it as it delicately caressed the slit of her sex. Tantalisingly slowly, the Inspector sawed the ridged shaft to and fro. Mindi, helpless to prevent it, trembled as her labia parted, folding round the slim rod as the Inspector lifted it, pressing it further up into the cleft of her sex.

The quivering young student gasped aloud each time one of the prominent ridges on the bamboo bounced across her clitoris. The little nub was still throbbing from her recent orgasm, and she couldn't help reacting as the Inspector's stimulation began to arouse her once again. Suddenly, the cane was lowered six inches, then, *'tap!'* She jolted as the cane smacked very lightly against her outer labia. A pause then the inspector began to tap it, very, very softly against the plump lips of her sex. Mindi jolted in her bonds at each gentle contact, jerking rhythmically as the cane kept up a regular series of light blows.

'Tap… tap… tap… tap… tap… tap… tap… tap…tap… tap… tap…'

Despite her Pain and exhaustion, Mindi Ankuma felt a fresh trickle of moisture in her cunt as the remorseless rhythm continued to drum a new surge of sexual excitement through her body. Her breathing speeded up again as she bucked involuntarily at each touch of the cane.

Inspector Lubala kept the snapping torment going until he saw the sheen of Mindi's own moisture glinting on the yellow shaft. Then he stepped away to stand slightly to one side of the bowed, gasping body on the posts. Lucy N'goya now took over the torture, reaching up to press the buzzing bulb of the vibrator into the wet slit of Mindi's cunt.

'*Aaaaaaaaah!* Oh God, no, not again, not so soon,'

Grinning at the words, Lucy turned it on and slid the waspishly buzzing bulb of the vibrator up between the girl's engorged labia, moving it slowing from Mindi's erect clitoris up to the opening of her vagina and back again in a steady stroking rhythm. Very quickly the girl's jerky movements and the whimpering, inarticulate cries told her two tormentors that the young student was well on the way to a second orgasm.

Knowing that his victim was now fully aroused, Inspector Lubala brought his forearm snapping round, the cane thrumming viciously through the air before landing with a crisp *'thwick!'* across the already sore curves of Mindi Ankuma's bottom. A sharp scream burst from her lips. At the same time, the uncontrollable forward thrust of her hips pushed the vibrator deep into her vagina. Jerking

backwards to free herself from the buzzing plastic finger meant the whimpering girl offered her bottom cheeks even more proudly to the next, hot kiss of the bamboo cane.

Their sadistic rhythm established the two experts began to torment the writhing figure in earnest. Each flaying stroke of the bamboo was met by a deeper thrust of the buzzing vibrator. Spurred by agony, Mindi Ankuma was soon riding the maddening little rod as vigorously as she used to ride her boyfriend's thick black cock.

Both the Inspector and Lucy could hear the mixture of pain and ecstasy in the cries that were being wrung from the body between them. Mindi gabbled and shouted as she tried to deal with the conflicting signals she was feeling. The Inspector knew the scalding lines he was carving across her buttocks were building slowly into a different kind of heat. Between them, they were forcing her remorselessly over the edge into that zone where pain and pleasure became as one.

Within five minutes, the demented young woman was shuddering and shaking for a second time as the caning and the vibrator worked her to another orgasm. The Inspector increased the speed of his strokes, and Lucy N'goya began to press and twirl the bulbous head of the buzzing rod under the hood and round the stem of Mindi's clitoris. The twin assaults were just too much for her to bear and with a series of high-pitched screams; Mindi Ankuma bucked and thrust her way to her second climax.

This time, it was Lucy who let her rest first, switching off the vibrator and sitting back in the chair to drink in the sounds of the girl's pleasure-spasms as she shuddered and bucked violently with every fresh stroke of the cane. Inspector Lubala allowed himself ten more slicing cuts, expertly placed low down and cutting in to stripe the edges of the girl's outer labia with blazing agony, each stroke hard enough to draw out tiny beads of blood along the tortured weals. They were enough to drag a last despairing series of agonised wails from Mindi before her head fell forwards as she collapsed with pain and exhaustion.

3 – Gloria Entertains the General

'A moment Nyala, my dear… look at me, Gloria.' General Jonas Achebe stood in front of the young American tourist and gripped her matted blonde hair with both hands. He rocked her head backwards, forcing her tortured body into an agonising arch as her shoulders twisted against the pull of the rope stretching her cuffed hands up toward the ceiling.

'Swack!'

The general's be-ringed left hand smacked against her cheek, twisting her face to the side. She couldn't ride the blow because of the fingers still entwined in her hair. Her squeal of shock and pain was followed by a series of whimpering sobs as her movements set the dreadful weights dangling from her nipples bouncing and twisting again. He shook her head from side to side

'I said...*look at me!* Do it… you stupid white cow!' The general pressed his fingers into her temples so her eyes opened with the pressure and she stared through bloodshot eyes at her chief tormentor. 'Now, that's better… it's time for you to show your new master proper respect.' He shuffled his feet astride the frame's extended peak, chuckled and pushed his hips slowly forwards so the slippery purple head of his erect penis bobbed against her lips.

'Eat it, white bitch… let's see how good you really are…'

'I… I c-can't… please…'

The general grinned as speaking made her lips move against the sensitive underside of his cock. 'Perhaps another fifty with my Tongue will help yours in its work…?' The girl screamed again as Samuel swung the heavy rubber blade against her tormented bottom with a sharp *'splaatt!'*

The fresh blaze of agony across her throbbing bottom cheeks was all that was



'Eat it, white bitch...let's see how good you really are...' General Achebe enjoys some oral stimulation from Gloria Collins.

needed and her lips parted in surrender as nineteen-year-old Gloria Collins let the general's thick penis slide into the warm wetness of her mouth. Desperate to avoid any further strokes from the stinging blade, she worked her tongue around the slippery dome, teasing up into the vee underneath where she knew he would feel the most intense sensations.

General Achebe let her work for a few moments and then pulled her head back so his cock bobbed free. 'Slowly my little white fuck toy…slowly, now let me feel you taking it all…' He pressed her head down once more, arching his hips forwards so the thick, black column slid deeper and deeper into her mouth. He smiled with pleasure as he stared down at the sight of the girl's pink lips stretched round his thickness, the smile widened as he rocked to and fro and those lips bulged and puckered, saliva bubbling and oozing from the sides of her mouth as she tried to take his length without choking.

'Yes, yes… that's a good little cocksucker…' He turned to the where his elegant companion was gently caressing her maid's breasts, fingers lazily circling the wide, brown aureoles to make her nipples stand up like pencil rubbers. 'Nyala my dear, before you play with her… I think Miss Collins would like you to take the weights off.' He felt the girl's frantic nods of agreement as a series of bobbling caresses along his cock. *She was going to be less keen in a few moments when they unwrapped the wires and she felt the circulation returning,* he thought. *How delightful, she has no idea, none at all*. General Achebe leaned into the girl's face making her jerk in spasms, fighting for air and trying to control her gag reflex as the smooth dome of his glans pressed deeper into her throat. *Those nipples were going to be so wonderfully sensitive when Nyala and Bebe got to work on them with the needles later on…*

'Ooooogggh, Pleeeeg, oh, oh… Pleeeeg…!'

A series of sudden panting gasps and muffled sounds of pain from Gloria accompanied the careful unwrapping of the copper wires. There were even more pleading cries bubbling past the general's cock as Nyala and Bebe cupped one dangling breast each and began to suck and tease the girl's horribly swollen nipples.

'Let's see how quickly you can make this American cow come with both of you playing with her… Bebe, you take her arse, make it nice and slippery for me. We'll leave her Ladyship to play her favourite game on her clit with the brush.' Laughing at the girl's sudden frenzied efforts to free her breasts from the women's devilish attentions, he pulled himself free of her busy tongue and sprawled back in one of the comfortable armchairs gently caressing his own saliva-soaked erection. Freed from the muffling gag of the general's thick cock Gloria gave

voice to her agony.

'Noooooo, don't, t-t-touch them, p-please don't touch meeeee, nuh, nuh, nuh… Aah, aaaaah w-what, what are you d-doing, oh no, oh please ple… Aaaaaaaah!

Obedient to her master's orders, Bebe brought frantic new pleas from the girl as she worked KY gel into the groove of Gloria's buttocks and then gently pushed her forefinger into the nineteen-year-old American's anus. Bebe giggled, enjoying the fun as the girl writhed helplessly, bringing fresh squeals of outrage as she skilfully worked two, then three fingers into her victim's anus to open the way for the general's thick penis.

Held astride by the angled metal struts and the thigh cuffs, Gloria Collins' hot, moist cunt was completely exposed to the two women's expert attentions. Nyala, the expert tormentor, waited until a definite change in the girl's frantic song told her that Bebe's three busy fingers, now buried deep inside her rectum were giving the pinioned teenager a new and obscenely exciting experience.

Only then did she kneel and reach under the American girl's body, parting the wet swollen cunt lips with her left hand. 'Oh, yes, white girl… nice big clit… let me stroke… you'll like that won't you…' Slippery, knowing fingers fondled the swollen nub of flesh so lightly and delicately that Gloria hissed and jerked again. Despite all her pains, the girl surged and moaned with excitement as the two women slowly and expertly masturbated her, listening to every panting sound as they worked together to drive her on to her climax.

'Go on sing out, girlie! Let the general hear you coming nice and loud… he likes that kind of white girl's music,' Nyala smiled, catlike, as her fingers worked faster and faster. Bebe joined in, driving in and out of the girl's anus with rapid movements that matched Nyala's flickering attentions to her clit.

'Uh, uh, yuh, yuh, oh yuh, oh oh, oh! OH! O-o-o-o-o-onnn, g-g-go o-o-onnn!

Seeing and hearing Gloria's frantic sexual excitement, the two women increased their efforts. Bebe used her free hand to lean forward and caress one dangling breast, stroking and teasing that swollen, tender nub so that the American jerked at the maddening stimulation. But it was Lady Nyala who took her over the edge as she rammed all four fingers, brutally in and out the of the sopping wet entrance of the girl's vagina like a blunt spear, deliberately hooking her fingertips to stroke that one special place deep inside her body…

'*Yeessss, yeees, yeesss, I'm cumming, I'm cumming, yes, yess… YEESSS!*

General Jonas Achebe almost came himself as he stared at the writhing, screaming figure of the American girl vibrating and jerking like a mad thing held on the frame whilst the two coloured women masturbated her unmercifully to a frenzied climax. Hearing her squeals of release as she reached her peak was his signal. He lumbered across the floor, the thick up curving shaft swaying and bouncing with every movement until he was behind the bound girl.

Bebe pulled her fingers free and guided the thick purple helmet between the girl's oily, slippery bottom cheeks. Gloria, her breath heaving and her hair plastered across her bright red face, twisted round as she felt his glans nuzzling the opening of her anus. Her mouth opened in protest just as the general thrust forwards…

'No, NO! Don't, don't, don…. *Aaaarrrrgggghhhh!'*

He grunted with pleasure as he felt the sudden, spastic convulsion as the head of his penis broached her ring and then the moist warmth of her bottom clasped his thick, black shaft. Fully embedded in her anus, General Achebe smiled, clutched the young American's pinioned arms and slowly rocked backwards and forwards letting the velvet glove of her rectum stroke every inch of his penis. With each long, sliding thrust her anal ring stretched and pouted round the glistening black cock like a pale pink band… and with each long stroke Gloria wailed and cried in a mixture of shame and pleasure pain as she felt him filling and stretching her bottom.

Bebe knelt opposite her mistress and concentrated on tickling the girl's tender udders as they swayed and jiggled with every movement. Naturally, those shiny, swollen nipples were her main targets and she pinched and squeezed them without mercy, adding to Gloria's torment with every caress. But worse was to come.

Lady Nyala's favourite toy at present was an electric toothbrush; the harsh nylon bristles carefully shaved and shaped to provide a broad chisel tip with delightfully sharp, spiky edges. Waiting until the general was concentrating on his own pleasure, she reached under the girl's body again, parting those puffy, wet lips with forefinger and thumb whilst turning on her waspish tormentor with the other hand. Then she brought the buzzing head up between the girl's labia to stroke the carefully trimmed bristles across the taut, erect bulb of her swollen clitoris.

The first delicate touch of the vibrating nylon spines against her clit sent Gloria wild! A scream of mingled ecstasy and pain echoed round the room and her head arched back as the stubby brush flayed and worried the oh-so-sensitive

button, still throbbing and so tender from her first climax.

General Achebe leaned back too, eyes screwed shut with pleasure as the girl's muscles spasmed and clenched around his penis. 'Oh yes, yes milk me, white bitch, go on, milk your master, go on, go on…' The buzzing noise became deeper as Nyala pressed the vibrating head up into the girl's cleft, twisting and turning the handle, carefully working the girl's spasms to give her master the most pleasurable sensations.

Within a few minutes, she saw the familiar flurry of hard, jolting thrusts and knew he was on the brink of coming. Stretching the girl's labia wide apart she held the hornet-like brush head hard against the swollen bulb of her clitoris… struggling to keep it on the most sensitive spot as Gloria bucked and squealed at the sudden overwhelming ecstasy of stimulation.

General Achebe leaned back even more, burying his thick shaft deep inside the spasming girl, roaring his triumph to the ceiling as he spurted again and again to fill her rectum with warm fluid. Held helpless in the frame, Gloria was given no pity or respite as both the women continued to hold her at her peak; wringing orgasm after shuddering orgasm from her so she clenched and milked the general with every movement.

At last, he pulled free, panting and gleaming with sweat, to throw himself back into the chair. Still breathing heavily the general idly flapped one hand ordering the women to stop. They moved away reluctantly leaving Gloria Collins hanging from her bonds, chest heaving madly and thin streams of saliva drooling from her parted lips, her face and upper body glowing scarlet with the effort of the last quarter of an hour.

'Most talented, Miss Collins, most enjoyable…' The general flicked his fingers, wiping his softening cock with the towel as Samuel padded forward. 'Now Gloria, I seem to remember hearing Samuel telling you that you were naughty earlier… Here, I insist that naughty girls are properly punished. Samuel… I think you said she'd earned another fifty with the tongue …

'Oh God NO! No you can't you'll kill me, please, please I've do what you want it was an accident, please I….'

'Nonsense, of course the Tongue won't kill you… it might sting a bit, especially as bottom does look a little hot and tender from the first fifty but…' He grinned sadistically, '…I'm afraid, Miss Collins, you don't have any choice at all, do you?'



The General thrust his cock slowly into the young American's anus whilst Lady Nyala tormented Gloria's clitoris with her favourite toy - an electric toothbrush.

The first, wet *'splattt!'* of the heavy rubber Tongue brought a high-pitched scream from the dementedly wriggling girl on the frame. The general watched her scrabbling antics and the mad bouncing of her dangling breasts, for a few more strokes and then called Nyala over. 'I knew I'd forgotten something, my dear… put the weights back on will you… I like to watch them swinging as she moves…'

There was a fresh echoing scream of total despair from the girl as she felt Nyala and Bebe's fingers on her breasts. The scream became an animal squeal of agony as she felt her grinning tormentors stroking and stretching the sensitive pink tips. Fingers and tongues flickered, teased and caressed Gloria's teats to aching hardness. Her screams became shrill squeal of agony as she felt the women carefully wrapping the soft copper wires so very tightly round each sore and swollen nipple once again.

4 – Mindi Rides the Knotted Cord

While the General relaxed by taking Gloria to the limits of her endurance in the seclusion of the Lodge, Lucy N'goya was gently running her hands across Mindi Ankuma's body as the girl squatted helplessly, panting and trembling, under the hot lights in one of the Centre's basement interrogation rooms. Using Mindi's own sweat to oil her fingers, she caressed and fondled her victims dangling breasts occasionally letting the fingers of one hand trail down the gentle curve of her belly and tickle the short wiry curls on her mound. The Inspector grinned as he watched, knowing that once he left, Lucy would strap on her favourite harness with its long, cruelly ribbed dildo to fuck the girl forcibly in the anus once again.

A fleeting, mental picture of the two women together, Lucy crouched between Mindi's splayed buttocks, thrusting the thick, black column deep into the young student's body, stirred the Inspector's imagination. Perhaps he should join in, and see how talented Miss Ankuma was with her mouth? Smiling to himself, he dismissed the idea. He'd taken her yesterday in his office and she hadn't been that good… anyway he had other plans for the evening.

'Lucy,' the Inspector interrupted her gentle stimulation of their captive, ', I need to ask Miss Ankuma some questions… I think your silk cord should encourage her answers. After all she has told us nothing of real importance yet.'

'At once, Inspector, at once,' Lucy N'goya stopped her careful massage, hurrying to fetch a small silk pouch from the bench, offering it almost eagerly once the Inspector had again taken his seat by Mindi's head. Opening the drawstring, she unrolled a red silk cord, about three feet long with leather loops at either end. Letting it run slowly through her fingers, she handed the cord to the Inspector.

He also ran the silk through his open hand, grinning at the sensation as each of the intricately woven knots along its length bumped and scraped across his

fingers. Letting it lie over his palm, he held the cord so that Mindi could see it clearly. 'Mindi… Mindi!' Slowly, the young woman responded, fearful of what new torment she now faced at the hands of these two experts.

'Mindi, are you ready my dear; time for another little session.' Her head shook frantically in denial. 'You want to stop? No, no I'm sorry, but you told us an hour ago you didn't want us to stop. *Ssssh*, stop mumbling, look, do you know what this is?' He held the cord closer. 'It comes from Japan. It's another way for us to encourage you to tell the truth.' He stroked the cord against her cheek. 'Can you feel it is still damp? That was yesterday, another young lady, just a girl like you, very slim, very excitable. She was shouting and crying each time she came… on and on for hours. Well, now it is your turn,'

He stopped his bantering conversation. 'Watch what Lucy is doing to it, watch most carefully…' He turned the girl's head so she could look into the shadows where Lucy was wetting the red silk in a bowl of water. 'Ah, this is the bit you should really look at.' The young student stared into the gloom, trying to work out why Lucy was just dusting the surface of the wetted silk with something fine and yellow. 'A little extra something to increase the stimulation, my dear… you will find the sand makes the sensation quite unbearable I assure you.'

Lucy positioned herself close to the side of the platform. The Inspector knew that Mindi hadn't really got any idea of what was about to be done to her, or how the cord was used. For him, that was part of the delight, watching the faces of each girl as they first felt the cord begin to torture their most sensitive flesh. Then, the rising realisation that agony was only going to increase, going to continue without stopping no matter what they said… or did… or promised.

He watched Lucy fitting the fingers of her right hand into one of the leather loops before letting the cord dangle so that it nestled in the crack of Mindi Ankuma's buttocks. Reaching in carefully between the girl's splayed thighs with her left hand; she caught the hanging loop before bringing the rest of the cord up to lie directly in line along the moist split of Mindi's cunt.

Looking round, Lucy waited for the Inspector's slight nod. Very gently she lifted her hands, pulling the cord. It began to tighten. Mindi stirred as she felt the growing pressure along the length of her sex. Seconds later, her mouth formed a familiar O of surprise and she gasped aloud in discomfort as the sand-covered cord sank deep between the lips of her cunt, coming to rest along the wet groove of her sex; some of the cunningly placed knots barely touching the trigger points of her clitoris, vagina and anus.

Easing the initial pressure and moving her hands achingly slowly, Lucy N'goya

pulled the cord along the length of Mindi's cunt. Within seconds discomfort turned to rasping pain as the sand flayed and scratched the inner membranes of her cunt.

'Oh noooooo, don't do that, that hurts, please…no, no, no! *Don't pull it back don…. Arrrrrgggh!'*

Lucy just giggled and dragged the red cord back, sawing it up into the crease of her victim's body. By the end of that first complete movement of the cord through her cunt, Mindi was shivering and pleading with Inspector Lubala. She now understood exactly how the cruel device worked, knowing that there was no way she was going to be able to cope with the agony it was going to inflict on her.

'No, no, please, *Aaaaah! Aaaah!* The knots, please, not again, no please, stop *no more please!'*

She screamed out, looking at Inspector Lubala, her eyes wide open in fearful anticipation and supplication. He shook his head gently as he watched the frenzy building up in Mindi's body. Lucy, completely focused on her task, ran the cord gently backwards and forwards. As it moved between the tender leaves of her labia, each sandy knot and strand scraped and tortured every crevice of Mindi's cunt, especially the little nub of her clitoris and the other sensitive openings of her body.

Watching the increasingly frantic movements of the figure before her, Lucy also squirmed with her own excitement. She loved this point in a session; her victim pleading, the creaking of the cruel ties as she desperately tried to close her legs against the scraping, unbearable sensation of the sanded cord flaying the most sensitive parts of her sex and the desperate heaving movements of her hips as she rode the silken tyrant without ceasing.

There was another effect of the cord's stimulation...sensory overload. With no chance to prepare or adjust, Mindi Ankuma was catapulted into her third orgasm of the afternoon. She screamed and twisted once again, buttocks clenching and spasming as she tried to dislodge the tormenting, burning line buried in her sex. The extreme splay of her thighs meant that it was impossible for her to guard or protect her cunt in any way and, guided by the woman's delicate and expert touch, the abrasive cord continued to bobble and rasp between her legs as she screamed her song of agony and release.

Those screams soon became almost inhuman as Mindi realised that the insistent masturbation of the cord had not ceased with her climax. Lucy N'goya continued



Still strapped down on the Squatting Posts, Mindi Ankuma squeals in agony as Lucy N'goya uses a sanded cord to strip the flesh from inside her cunt.

to run the now sopping silk to and fro, letting the little gritted knots do their devilish work. The intense torture grew worse and worse as Mindi was forced to begin the almost unbearable ride to another peak.

The first smears of blood on the cord signalled to Lucy N'goya that she had skinned the main channel of the girl's cunt raw already, so she let the long, careful sawing become a gentle and rapid rocking. Inspector Lubala knew from many sessions with his assistant that she was now letting a single scouring knot bobble to and fro across the tender nub of Mindi's raw clitoris. The young student could offer no resistance to the piercing torture now being applied so directly, and Mindi Ankuma began to scream and buck uncontrollably once again as she was forced on and on. Lucy kept up the scraping, flaying agony as she squealed and jerked her way to yet another threshing, unwilling orgasm.

Her breath rasped and wheezed as she desperately fought to ride the waves of sensation. Sweat drops, thrown from her body by the violent writhing and twisting movements of her climax, spattered over the floor as she fought to handle the torment of the cord. Finally, after being held at an agonising peak for long minutes, Mindi Ankuma gave a final scream and slumped forwards against her bonds in a dead faint.

Inspector Lubala rose from his chair, stretching in satisfaction. He watched Mrs N'goya carefully coiling up the sodden silken cord before replacing it the drawstring bag. 'Bring her round and allow her fifteen minutes to rest, Lucy, and then I'll talk to her again. I suspect one further touch of the cord will make her sing any song we wish. He paused, looking at the slumped figure squatting on her little posts and grinned at his favourite torturer. 'Don't tire her too much, will you… Understood?'

'Of course, Inspector, fifteen minutes will be more than enough.'

Inspector Moses Lubala walked to the door smiling gently... As he closed it behind him, he heard three sharp slaps then the murmur of Lucy's voice as she brought Mindi Ankuma round. 'There now, that's better. Look what I've got for you now. The Inspector's gone so we can play together a little...' The long, pitiful wail in response from the young student that echoed through the chamber door made the Inspector shake his head and smile a little more. He knew that Lucy had put on her favourite harness and was now showing the girl the viciously ribbed black dildo attached to it. From her reaction, Mindi Ankuma was not looking forward in the least to another encounter with his talented assistant.

5 - Preparing Helen for Interrogation

Mimi Namuma and Helen Perry knew nothing of their boss's disastrous meeting with the general as they laughed and chatted in the shabby offices of the InterAfrica Aid Commission. They should at least have been on their guard, alert to the dangers of a sadistic and brutal regime that enjoyed terrorising anyone who dared to complain. But it was more fun to talk about tonight's party.

Oh yes, they knew all about the horror tales of arrests, disappearances and the torture of anyone falling into the clutches of the security forces. Those were the kinds of stories they heard every day. And that's all they were, just stories…

It was the screams of the girls in the other office and the pounding thud of army boots that brought them both to their feet, rooted to the spot with shock as the door was smashed wide open and the room suddenly filled with men with guns.

'Helen Perry, Mimi Namuma?' A man in a white shirt and black trousers, eyes hidden behind dark glasses, read the names from a piece of paper. Both girls nodded dumbly, clutching each other with terror. 'You will come with me… you are wanted at Headquarters' He grinned unpleasantly at them. 'It is a matter of state security… bring them!'

Eager hands grabbed them and the two young women were thrown forwards over the desks, wrists wrenched and twisted behind their backs until metal cuffs clicked shut. Mimi started to say something then gasped in agony as a fist smashed into her ribs. Helen thought she heard the man say something like 'hood them' then her world went black as a thick cloth bag was pulled over her head and she was dragged to her feet. She gasped and wretched, desperately trying to draw breath though the clinging, stinking material clogging her nose and mouth.

Harsh fingers pinched and tweaked their breasts, fondling the curves of both



Arrested, handcuffed and hooded, Helen Perry and Mimi Namuma are unable to stop the soldiers pinching and mauling their breasts as they are dragged away.

women's bottoms as they were hustled down stairs and into a waiting van. Helen cried out as her legs scraped on the metal floor then Mimi's weight thudded into her. The van rocked again and booted feet kicked them both as the doors slammed shut with a crash.

Something hard and thin touched her, a gun's muzzle caressing the swell of breasts, and she heard a voice, giggling with amusement as she lay half on her back, lost in a black world and panting with fear. 'Nice, very nice… the Inspector likes talking to pretty girls.' Her tormentor added something rapidly in Swahili and the soldiers roared with laughter.

The journey lasted barely fifteen minutes. Then the two hooded figures were half marched, half dragged across a strip of gravel and into the back entrance of ISB Headquarters. Struggling had only made the pinching fingers worse as the men forced them across the foyer to an anonymous green door and down two flights of steps. Only then were their hoods removed.

Helen had nearly wet herself with fear as she saw the long concrete corridor with the metal doors lining each side. This was suddenly so horrible and real that she couldn't help remembering all those stories; the whispered rumours of what was supposed to have happened to other young women who had been 'arrested' by the ISB…

One door was open and someone pushed her inside. 'Stand in front of the desk… wait for the officer.' A fist in the back pushing her forwards reinforced the order. She heard Mimi sobbing and muttering as the other guards marched her away. The one who'd spoken pulled the door to, folded his arms and leaned back against the white concrete wall. Helen tried to ignore the way the bullnecked, muscular thug was leering at her as she peered round at the bare, whitewashed room.

No windows, just two small ventilation grilles high up near the ceiling. The air was thick and heavy, the heat made worse by the powerful lamps blazing down. She could feel her blouse sticking to her back and the growing wetness under her arms as the stinking humidity brought the sweat out in little beads over her body. The walls were stark white and completely bare of decoration. The floor was a patchwork of worn green vinyl tiles that showed the pits and scars of endless cigarette stubs and metal chair legs. A grey, metal desk, its top bare apart from a grubby telephone, and a worn swivel chair were the only items of furniture.

In her fear and panic, Helen Perry didn't stop to wonder why the lights were so bright… but then, neither did she notice the miniature lens of the remote-controlled video cameras hidden behind the ventilation grilles. Of course, the

lights ensured the images being taped by the video recorders at the Lodge were of the highest quality. After all, their clients expected only the best.

Ten miles away General Jonas Achebe and Oliver Tembo sprawled at ease in the armchairs, drinks in hand, watching the girl's growing fear on a large, modern wide-screen television. From the clarity of the picture and quality of the sound it was clear that someone had spent real money on the set up.

Sweating, despite the air conditioning, General Jonas Achebe fiddled with the remote control, bringing Helen Perry's terrified face into full close-up. 'Oh yes, a pretty little morsel. You're certain no-one will make a fuss, Oliver…?'

Oliver Tembo, long time friend of the General's and now Minister of Internal Security in the new regime, allowed himself a brief smirk. 'No near relatives living here… she was brought up by an aunt who left in a hurry four years ago immediately she reached eighteen and got a job. Reports say they didn't get on and there's been no contact between them since.' He smiled again, savouring some recent memory.

'She and the other one, Mimi Namuma, are the only ones the irritating Miss Wainwright trusted. Luckily we were able to pick them up together at work. I'm sure one or other of them will have a good idea what that stupid American bitch's escape plans were… Once we find them all the rest is covered as planned… Mr Woods and two passengers died tragically in a car crash two hours ago. Documents will show that Miss Wainwright and her stepsister were those passengers… I don't expect any trouble at all once they are located… the fire was really *most* intense…'

He stretched in the expensive chair and smiled at the terrified face on the screen. 'I must say, these special interrogations have really been most… *satisfying* lately. Remember that South African girl… the one Moses hung up by the nipples?' The General nodded happily at the reminder, 'telling him she wouldn't say anything even if he took the stool away, then she couldn't talk fast enough when he did!'

The Minister smiled although there was little humour evident in his cold, cruel eyes, '… so general, once we find Miss Wainwright and the girl they are all yours… and from the surveillance pictures, and the tapes, young Suzy will be an entertaining bonus. Allows us to be a little more forceful when talking to Miss Wainwright, as we don't have to worry about spoiling her *resale* value.' He giggled at the thought.

Jonas Achebe nodded approvingly. 'I know how you like these sessions so

thought you might enjoy seeing Inspector Lubala warming up Miss Perry before she is taken along to watch them working on her friend. ' He stretched, 'since both of them are young, and very attractive the tapes should fetch a premium price.' He nodded and smiled wetly as the girl's image on the screen suddenly moved as her head turned at some sound. 'Ah, I think we're about to begin…'

Both men stretched, reached for their drinks and settled more comfortably in the soft armchairs as, on the screen, the figure of a man entered the room.

Oblivious of the camera, Helen Perry was clenching her hands together so hard the knuckles showed white as she wished silently for lots of things…. She wished she'd listened to the rumours and warnings more carefully. She wished she'd worn flat shoes because her high heels were making her leg muscles tremble so much she constantly had to shuffle her feet, heels clicking and scraping too loudly in the hot, horrible silence.

She wished she'd worn trousers and that her blouse was of thicker material and clung less tightly because she knew the guard was looking at her body. She could feel him staring at her, at her blonde hair, her tanned legs, her slim waist and breasts; undressing her with those hot eyes and picturing what lay beneath her short linen skirt and the thin silk blouse. Above all… she wished this was just a bad dream and she was really back at her flat in the nice, safe white enclave near the country club…

The door squeaked open as another man entered. Helen knew instinctively that he was the one who mattered, the one with the real power. Although he wore no signs of rank and was almost casually dressed in light grey slacks and a white shirt open at the neck, he still radiated an air of cruel menace. Nodding to the guard, he ignored Helen completely as he walked to the chair, threw a cardboard file on the desk and sat down.

The chair squeaked softly as he turned slowly and raked his eyes up and down the figure of the shivering young woman before him. Finally, he leaned forwards, placing his forearms were on the desk and looking up at her with a quizzical, almost bored expression. White teeth gleamed briefly as his thin, purplish lips twitched in a cold, cruel smile. He opened the cardboard file.

'Helen Perry, twenty two years old, single and currently working as a…' a heavy gold wrist chain clinked softly as he turned a page, '… *researcher*…yes?' He made the job sound like some kind of crime. Helen nodded frantically, trying to stand still in front of the metal desk. He looked down again, 'and you work for Miss Carol Wainwright at InterAfrica Aid I believe?

'Y-yes, Sir, there is an office here in the city… Wentworth Street numb….'

'…We know the number. That is were we found you… remember. Your so-called Aid organisation this morning is nothing more than a dirty imperialist front organisation attempting to spread lies and rumours about the government… your own government. After all, you are a citizen of this country aren't you?' The man grinned unpleasantly. 'Tell me… white *researcher* girl… how long have you and your friends been working for the CIA?'

'I don't, I mean never, I mean I don't, we don't…' Helen leaned forwards anxiously. 'That's not true… we just collect information, write reports a-a-and… interview people!'

'So you admit it! You *are* a spy just like Miss Wainwright, an agent collecting information for your imperialist paymasters in the CIA!' The words were harsh, loud with condemnation. The man paused and studied Helen once more; when he spoke again his tone was quieter, almost casual. 'Well then, let us see what a white CIA spy looks like… take your clothes off, Miss Perry…'

Helen stared blankly at the man in the chair in front of her, momentarily shocked and unable to believe whether she'd heard his last request properly or not. Then, something about that arrogant smile allowed her anger to overcome the terror of her plight, Helen slammed her hand down on the desk so hard that the phone gave a muted '*ding*' as it was jolted by the impact.

'No, no I won't, you bastard… how dare you… you can't do that! Who the hell do you think you are anyway? Why have those goons brought me here? Who's in charge? I demand to s…'

'Silence! I am Senior Inspector Lubala of the ISB…' He nodded at Helen's horrified expression, 'Ah, I see you've heard of the Internal Security Bureau…' He stopped, watching the girl's terror grow, before continuing more softly, 'we can do anything we want to you… anything at all. That last insulting outburst was really most unwise, most unwise indeed.' The Inspector grinned nastily, 'as you will discover very shortly.' He bent his head, pretending to study the notes in the file, toying with her before looking up again. 'You have been brought here because we have information that you… and a number of others… have been engaged in *undesirable* political activities, shall we say.

The Inspector paused, relishing the way the girl was now panting rapidly, mouth open with terror and disbelief that all this could be happening to her. 'Now, will you obey my order… or shall I ask Sergeant Joseph to strip you by force?'

'But, you ca…'

'Sergeant!'

'No, *NO! No*, please, I'll do it…' Helen's fingers fumbled at the buttons of her blouse in panic as she heard the guard moving behind her. Awkward in her desperate haste, her arms got tangled as she tugged the thin silk off her shoulders, her struggles making her breasts bounce and jiggle delightfully as she fought to pull herself free from the tangle.

Her short black skirt followed rapidly and both the Inspector and the Sergeant grinned as their victim's outwardly demure appearance was stripped away. Helen Perry's athletic figure showed the toned muscles of someone who exercised regularly whilst the soft honey-coloured tan set off her blue eyes and fine, shoulder length blonde hair perfectly.

Helen's fitness and good figure emphasised her high, jutting breasts, now barely concealed from the Inspector's hot, intent stare by the flimsiest of lace half-cup bras. The girl's only other garment, a pair of white thong panties, cupped the plump bulge of her genitals like a painted film… highlighting rather than concealing the fullness of her mound and prominent cunt lips.

The Inspector casually flicked his fingers towards her chest as Helen crossed her arms, hunching over in vain attempt to preserve some remnants of modesty as her cheeks and shoulders flushed red. 'No, Miss Perry *clothes* mean the brassiere too… please.' Sobbing with shame and embarrassment she reached back and fumbled behind her, the straps falling forwards down her arms the moment the clip came loose. Still sobbing and shaking her head in a last futile attempt at resistance she clutched the lacy cups in place, arms folded protectively across her body.

'Ah, no, no you bastard, no, don't, no, n…. AAAAH!'

Joseph, the big muscular Sergeant standing behind her, had been waiting expectantly for this first point of resistance. Grinning with excitement, he wrenched Helen's arms away from her body, ripping the flimsy cups free. In the same movement he spun her round at arm's length with one hand and swung the other hand against her cheek with a powerful, flat *'smack!'*. Helen gasped and whinnied in shock, her embarrassment forgotten as she shook her head, pressing both hands to her stinging cheek.

'You were warned, now, put your hands on the desk… flat on the desk and keep your arms straight… *Do it, you white bitch!*'

Helen jerked violently at the Inspector's shout of anger. Frantically, she scrabbled to obey as she saw the Sergeant lifting his hand again. Placing her fingertips on the very edge of the desk she tried vainly to shield her naked breasts from the Inspector's gaze by keeping her elbows close together. Inspector Lubala sat back, teeth showing startling white against the gleaming blackness of his skin as he deliberately stared at the young white woman's quivering efforts at modesty for a few moments then shook his head as though despairing of a particularly stupid child. 'You had better show her the proper position, Sergeant.'

Joseph knew exactly what the Inspector wanted and grabbed Helen's left wrist, pulling her arm away from her body before slapping her hand down flat on the desktop near one end. He strolled round behind her to grab her other wrist pulling it towards the other end of the desk and forcing Helen to lean forwards to keep her balance now her palms were so wide apart on the scratched metal surface.

'Feet apart too! Come on, wider… no, wider than that white bitch!' Joseph's voice was coarse with enjoyment and malice as he kicked the young researcher's ankles apart. Like his boss, Joseph always enjoyed this part of the familiar routine. Inspector Lubala nodded in approval as the near naked young woman was forced to straddle her legs to avoid the Sergeant's booted feet, stretching so wide and off-balance that her weight rested precariously on her toes and her outspread hands. All protection gone, the firm high globes of her breasts juggled and swung gently with every tiny movement, framed for the Inspector's gaze by the quivering, inverted vee of her arms.

Flushing scarlet with shame and panting with the heat and the effort of holding the position, twenty two year old Helen Perry tried to gather her courage once more as the Inspector calmly gazed across the desk into her wide, terrified eyes.

'I told you…' his voice was soft and gentle. 'I can do anything I like… anything… at… all.' He moved his hands between her outstretched arms whilst Sergeant Joseph held her right wrist and leaned his weight across her naked back… Joseph was grinning broadly because he knew exactly what was coming next.

The Inspector's fingers lifted, touching the dangling tips… and Helen bucked madly at the tormenting caress. It didn't do any good because she was held firmly in position by the sergeant's weight and muscle. 'Do you enjoy fucking, Miss Perry… *making love* as they say…?' Lubala's clever fingers twirled and tweaked, stroking the wrinkled nubs, cupping and fondling those so-sensitive places; teasing the long, pink nipples so they rose and stiffened and Helen felt the warm, unwanted flush of arousal sweeping up her body.

'Nuh, nuh, nuh… don't touch me, please, I'm not like that, really… *Oh God, ah, ah, p-p-pleeeeeease!*' Her golden tanned skin gleamed with perspiration as Helen bucked and squirmed again. She tried to control her breathing; tried to ignore the horrible, wonderful feelings as the Inspector toyed so expertly with the peaks of her breasts, his long thin fingers circling the sensitive aureoles again and again before returning to flick and tickle her nipples whilst the Sergeant held her down, both of them watching and enjoying the signs and sounds of her body's betrayal.

'You haven't answered my question, Miss Perry…' The fingers tightened, pinching the swollen pink teats so Helen moaned softly behind the hanging curtain of blonde hair. 'Do you like fucking?'

The hair swept to and fro, 'Oh God… Ah, aaah yes, yes I do! Please, please stop now, please, please sir.'

'Well, well, just as I thought, another white slut… a dirty, little spying slut… stand up, stand up straight!' The tormenting hands disappeared as the Sergeant dragged her upright, deliberately twisting her arms behind her back so the rigid tips of her breasts jutted upwards and outwards like little pink pegs. Inspector Lubala lolled back, staring arrogantly into Helen's tear-filled eyes. 'Now, Miss Perry, now you understand the position so… let me tell you what happens next. Sergeant Joseph here is going to cane you… ten strokes across that delightfully firm bottom of yours. Just to remind you of the need for respect when you speak to your betters.'

He ignored her gasp of disbelief and let his eyes linger on the abbreviated tight cotton panties that cupped her genitals so obviously. 'After that…' he smiled coldly once more, 'After that, I think it will be time to pay a visit to another room… so you can see what we are doing to your friend… and you can tell me all about Miss Wainwright and the rest of your subversive friends.'

'That's not right, you can't… not cane me you can't… that's assault that is… I'll… I'll… I'll scream for help if you touch me again…' Helen wriggled and twisted as the words tumbled out but it was useless, the Sergeant simply squeezed her arms more tightly, holding her still without real effort.

The Inspector waved a hand in invitation. 'Scream as much as you want, Miss Perry… we often give lessons to naughty little girls here… the door is soundproof and there are no windows, so please feel free to make as much noise as you wish…' He stopped and stared into her tear-filled blue eyes, 'there is just one more thing before we begin… I'd like you to bring me the object that's in the corner to the left of the door.'

He jerked his head and the big sergeant released his grip. Helen hugged herself, covering her traitorously erect nipples and trying to stop the rising panic as she looked round towards the corner of the room. She shook her head frantically, panting and gulping for breath as she saw what it was she had to fetch. 'No, no please, you can't make me, you can't no, no…'

'Miss Perry… that little refusal has just doubled your punishment. You either do what I ask… or the Sergeant will do it and you will get fifty strokes rather than the twenty your stupidity has earned you so far… make your mind up!'

Suddenly unsteady on her high heels Helen Perry turned and wobbled across the worn vinyl. The two men moistened their lips, as the sight of the young white woman's delightful jiggling buttocks, each firm cheek framed by the shallow vee of the waistband and so blatantly split by the thin white string cutting up into the cleft of her bottom, whipped at their senses.

Only too aware of the men's excited, prying eyes; Helen crouched quickly and awkwardly, keeping one arm across her body as she picked up the shiny, three foot long cane. Despite her feeble attempt at bravado she was shaking so badly she almost fell as she stumbled back to place the horrible yellow rod on the desktop.

'Best Malacca,' the Inspector flexed the highly-polished cane in a semicircle then let one end go so it whipped out, slicing the air with a vicious *whirrrr!* 'Unlike bamboo it doesn't split or break… however hard you try. ' He smiled again, running his fingers down its wickedly ridged length before holding it out in front of Helen's horrified eyes, 'and the Sergeant will try very hard… believe me.' He stroked one of the raised brown rings circling the rod at intervals. 'See here, notice how each joint is raised into a sharp edge… they really add to the effect of each stroke… as you are about to discover.' He flicked his eyes towards Joseph, 'But first… Sergeant!'

Sergeant Joseph grabbed her wrists again, pulling her arms behind her back. Whilst Helen was still struggling to ease the sudden pain in her shoulders, he slipped the loop of a white nylon tie over her hands and yanked it tight. The sharp '*ziiiiiip*' of the fastener brought another gasp of pain from the twenty two year old as the thin unbreakable band dug into her flesh, pinioning her arms behind her. He shifted his grip to Helen Perry's upper arms and steered her round until she was close to one end of the desk.

'Do you know how I get such a fine polish on this little toy?' The Inspector mused as Joseph held her still, pressing into her back so she could smell the

sharp musk of his arousal… and feel the hard, warm bulge of his cock butting against the cleft of her bottom. He waited for a word of response but Helen just shook her head dumbly. 'What, no ideas at all, Miss Perry?' The rounded tip of the cane lifted, tracing low across the smooth, tanned skin of the young researcher's lower belly, running across just above the narrow waistband of her abbreviated thong panties, teasing the delicate skin so she shivered and cried softly.

The yellow rod moved lower, tracing the tight, white triangle downwards to where Helen's legs were pressed together, touching the plump bulge of her cunt then teasing up the other leg before moving slowly back, retracing the teasing stimulation. Helen shivered again, nipples rousing once more as the Inspector let the cane tickle the thin, taut fabric, bringing her arousal unwillingly on… despite her terror and certain knowledge of the pain to come.

'Ah, yes,' the Inspector grinned as the first transparent spot of moisture showed on the taut cotton. 'I see you *do* know the answer. Cunt oil, that's what polishes this little rod… He tapped her labia gently; making her gasp with each tiny touch as the wetness grew and the furrow of her slit started to show as a darker line against the taut, translucent cloth. 'You can help Miss Perry remove those now Sergeant… I think she's ready to give my little *persuader* that special extra shine…'

Joseph's thick fingers eased the waistband over Helen's hips, peeling the damp pouch down so the Inspector could see the moist pouting lips and the inrolling slit with just a few beads of moisture glinting in the cleft. Nothing was hidden, she was shaved clean and smooth, her labia just showing a darker pink tinge against that carefully tanned skin.

The Sergeant eased the string from between her buttocks, working the flimsy panties down until she was able to step clear… twenty two year old Helen Perry was now quite naked, apart from the tiny, impractical strapped heels that kept her teetering on tiptoe. She whimpered, terrified and all alone in a room with two cruel and merciless men who were going to beat her for no good reason before they…

...She jerked, drawing a sudden, sharp breath as the cane pressed up between her legs, rubbing gently at the soft lips… moving slowly in and out then lifting insistently until…

'Ah, huh, huh, puh, p-please… aaaa…aaah, AH! Noooooo!!'

Helen bucked violently; fighting the Sergeant's iron grip as the cane finally parted

her labia and slipped up into the hot wetness of her slit. The Inspector adjusted his hold on the shaft, moving his wrist delicately whilst twisting the yellow rod as carefully as a surgeon. Each movement deliberately worked the shaft deeper so the plump lips flexed and moved, caressing the raised knots like a soft, wet mouth. With each slow movement the rod gleamed and glistened with the juices of the young woman's body, spreading the thick honey so her labia and the junction of her thighs gleamed with a shiny wet glaze.

'Taste…' the Inspector touched the wet end to Helen's lips so she was forced to lick the acrid copper tang of her own body. 'Now… bend forwards, across the desk…' As she obeyed the Inspector reached into the desk drawer and tossed a flat, heavy coiled strap to the Sergeant who let in unroll on the floor with a solid *'thwack!'*

'Your cheek touching the top, white bitch…' Joseph hissed then dropped the end of the webbing strap across Helen's back just where her wrists were tied. He kicked the other end back under the desk so the Inspector was able to pick it up and thread it through the metal clip. Joseph spat on his palms and pulled the webbing strap tight, leaning back so it bit into her soft flesh and Helen was clamped down so tightly that she only managed a strangled gasp of protest.

Seeing his victim was now quite secure the Inspector got to his feet and looked down at Helen's pinioned body. He stroked the prominent curve of her left buttock, watching how her head scraped from side to side as she struggled to resist, to move… to do anything that would help avoid the coming pain.

One finger probed the cleft of her buttocks then his hand cupped the fullness of her bottom. He smiled as he felt the toned muscles squirming and clenching beneath his fingers 'Twenty strokes, Miss Perry… it will hurt dreadfully because Joseph is an expert… but I'm afraid there's nothing you can do.' One finger dipped between her thighs to brush the very edges of her labia and Helen heaved forwards, muscles jerking taut, shoes clattering on the tiles as she tried to avoid the intimate tingling caress. The finger twitched again, the very tip parting those soft lips, sliding deliberately down to caress the jutting, fleshy hood before carefully feathering across the engorged tip of her clitoris.

'Eeeeee…nuh, uh, uh, ooooooooh!'

Inspector Lubala listened to the sounds of the young woman's anguish for a few moments then pulled his hand free and threw himself back in the chair. He idly traced one finger, still moist and scented from her body, across Helen's lips. 'See, just as I thought… so very wet and ready…' He stroked the blonde hair back away from her face where it was pressed against the scarred grey top.

'Now you can show me how each stroke feels. When you're ready, Sergeant.'

'Thwock!'

'Nnnnnggggg! Ah, ah, aaah!'

He smiled as Helen's eyes bulged wide, her mouth opened in a wide O of agony as Joseph sliced the rattan cane across the out-thrust curves of her bottom with brutal force. The instant thin, white line of the impact swiftly darkened, showing as an angry red weal against the golden tan.

'Thwock!'

'Oh God, oh God! Oh no, please noooooo!'

'Thwock! Thwock! Thwock! Thwock!'

'Aaaah… huh, huh, huh, nuh, nuh, Noooooooooo!'

The Inspector's finger's stroked the young woman's cheek, wiping away the tears of agony as the rattan continued to sear across her bottom like a fiery brand. Every so often, as the agony became too much, he watched complacently as she reared back, arching up so her breasts bounced and joggled wildly, trying vainly to ride the blistering pain of the strokes.

Intent on their own pleasure both men ignored those frenzied movements… just as they ignored the madly kicking feet and pleading cries of pain… the strap holding her down was the kind normally used to secure loads on lorries and there was nothing she could do to escape the full application of her sentence.

'Thwock! Thwock! Thwock! Thwock!'

'Noooooo, stop it, please, please STOPPP!'

'But that only ten so far, just half your sentence Miss Perry… I do suggest you save a little breath… our guests usually express themselves even more loudly when Joseph starts cutting across those stripes…'

The Sergeant grinned at the comment and brought the yellow rod zinging round to sear yet another line across the laced and bleeding cheeks of the young woman tied down over the desk.

'Ih, ih, ih nnnnnggggggg! Oh God no, please no!'

By the fifteenth stroke Helen Perry was squealing continuously, struggling so much that the desk clattered and joggled on the worn plastic tiles. But her efforts were quite in vain… for all the frantic kicking and the wild threshing movements of her head the strap held her helpless, her bottom bent and thrust out so invitingly for the last searing strokes of the cane.

'A little lower, Joseph… after all she's not going to be showing her arse to anyone outside in the near future is she?' The big sergeant grinned and brought the next stroke cutting up from floor level so it sliced into the soft groove at the top of her thighs. Then, as Helen reared back to scream even more loudly, he crossed the fresh mark with two more vicious cuts so a network of bloody spots appeared along the raised weals and her shoes beat out a clattering tattoo of sheer agony against the metal end of the desk.

'Thr…wuck!' 'Thr…wuck!'

The last two strokes crossed the cruel weals already striping the young woman's bottom, each cut bringing a fine spray of bloody droplets from the places where the cane's prominent ridges had done their work. Helen's cheek banged on the desktop, as she lay semi-conscious; her body heaving as she gasped for air, her throat raw with the effort of screaming. Sergeant Joseph tapped the thick purple weals with the end of the rattan cane, proud of a job well done and eager to claim his usual reward of being allowed to fuck the prisoner whilst she was still tied down.

Inspector Lubala had more immediate concerns as he seized a hank of the sobbing researcher's hair and twisted her head round. 'You will have a chance to thank Joseph properly later… But first Miss Perry, I have one question. How was your so-called boss, Miss Wainwright… planning to leave the country?'

Helen trembled, stuttering with fear. 'D-don't know w-what you mean… C-Carol's n-not l-leaving… she's got six m-m-months to… *Arrrrrgh!'* The Inspector twisted his fingers tighter in her hair, shaking her head slowly from side to side.

'But she's already left, you stupid bitch! She's left her apartment, her clothes and her car. We know she hasn't gone to the airport but she must have gone *somewhere!* So tell me where that place might be…' He waited for the sobbing to die away and then peered into Helen's bloodshot eyes.

The Inspector allowed himself a small, self-satisfied smirk as he saw the faint spark of defiance reflected there. 'Oh yes, you do know… I'm sure you know exactly where she's gone. What a pity you've decided not to co-operate, a pity

for you…'

Whatever else he was about to say was interrupted by the '*brrrrr*' of the phone.

'Yes… Ah Mrs N'goya… what, she has! Excellent... Where did she say exactly? By bus to the border post at Tengani you think?' The Inspector smiled sadistically, carefully watching the expressions of panic and horror filling Helen Perry's eyes as she listened to his side of the conversation. 'No, let her a rest and we'll join you in a few minutes.' He patted Helen's head …I've just had all the confirmation I need…'

He put the receiver down and shook his head, still smiling broadly. 'Don't bother to deny it… your friend Mimi was right. I can see it in your face. So, down to business… Joseph, untie the strap and then escort Miss Perry to Room One. I will join you as soon as I've made a call to the police post at Tengani…'

6 – A Lesson in Manners

Suzy Wilkins rubbed the grit from her eyes and tried to see through the dust cloud cloaking the bus as it shuddered its way towards the border post at Tengani. One of only two white people aboard, the nineteen year old's red hair and creamy, freckled skin made her an object of curiosity for the other travellers.

Only twelve hours ago she'd been lying in bed gently fingering her cunt as she thought about meeting David in his room the Country Club for lunch. Food was the last thing on her mind… it was images of riding David's lean, tanned body, working herself to climax after climax on the long, hard shaft of his cock, that were feeding her imagination and making her so wet and excited.

The dreams had vanished when Carol had stormed in yelling that things had gone wrong and they had to get out now! She'd argued and yelled back… until Carol had slapped her face. Only then did Suzy understand fully that they were running for their lives and the danger was all too real.

Trying to ignore the stares of the other passengers, she was thankful that, for once, she'd obeyed her Carol's orders. Loose trousers, a man's denim shirt and her most battered pair of trainers may not have been the height of fashion but at least she was comfortable and covered up. She'd tried arguing over that too when Carol had ordered her to put on her oldest shirt and most worn and tattered pair of jeans.

Carol simply slapped her again, repeated her order and had gone on stuffing clothes and documents into a bag. Then she'd totally ignored Suzy's whining complaints as they struggled on foot through the crowds to catch the daily bus to the northern border. Pushed up the aisle, the girl had thrown herself into a window seat near the back, hunching up with arms round her knees, her nose wrinkling in distaste at the pungent smells of a typical African market place and the closer, acrid reek of too many hot bodies. She had sulked for hours, staring rudely out of the barred window space as Carol sat stiff and icily silent in the

other seat clutching her battered leather travel bag protectively.

After the panic of getting clear of the city, Carol was thankful that at least Suzy's usual skimpy tops and tight shorts were hidden in her bag. Like her young companion, she'd played safe by wearing a long sleeved shirt but preferred a full-length cotton skirt to trousers. *At least on this bus I won't have to worry about who she's fucking for a few days*, thought Carol wryly. She felt a sudden rush of warmth between her thighs as she recalled the incident three days before.

Suzy's antics at the Country Club had become increasingly difficult. Hearing two friends discussing her latest exhibition had been the final straw and she'd gone storming into her Suzy's bedroom intending to have strong words about her sluttish behaviour. The sight of the girl lying deliberately sprawled back on the sheets, flushed with arousal and the newly shaven lips of her cunt still wet and glistening with her cream, had stopped her dead in the doorway.

It had taken all Carol's willpower to ignore the explicit invitation in the redhead's eyes. She remembered staring; feeling the heat of her own blushes as Suzy slowly inserted one finger between her dusky pink labia, sliding it in and out in explicit pantomime. Carol had watched, frozen for long moments, as the girl's caresses grew more urgent. Then, looking straight at Carol, she had deliberately sucked the sticky juices from forefinger before pushing it deep inside her cunt once again.

Finally, she had somehow broken away, slamming the bedroom door behind her and running for the safety of the kitchen. Carol enjoyed sex but she'd never, never thought of Suzy in that way. Since then though, the thought of lapping and tonguing Suzy's delicious young cunt, making her squeal with pleasure as she came and came again, had become her only masturbation fantasy.

Carol's thoughts were interrupted, making her clutch her leather bag against her body, as the bus lurched to a halt at the checkpoint next to the old Victorian barracks on the edge of the border town of Tengani. Orders were shouted and the passengers shuffled off to form two lines, men to the left, and women to the right.

'This is the last checkpoint. Just do as we did last time. Here, put these in your passport.' Carol passed Suzy some American dollars. 'Keep close and let me do the talking… this could be difficult.' She silenced Suzy's comment with an irritated flick of the hand. 'Don't *do* anything… just let them take them.'

The line shuffled forwards surrounded by gesturing, shouting soldiers. Suzy pressed close to Carol, realising that this was one time to keep her mouth firmly

shut. Reaching the makeshift desk Carol held out her passport, Suzy copied her, also making sure that the green and cream edge of the dollar bills peeped from between the leaves. Hands scrabbled through the pages, insolent eyes casually stripping the attractive tawny blonde tall lawyer and her young redheaded companion whilst coarse remarks brought a flush to Carol's cheeks and grins from the soldiers. The dollar bills vanished like magic.

More soldiers gathered, chattering and joking. Suzy's passport was peered at equally intensely and once again the notes vanished. A series of quick, brusque questions followed; yes, they'd come from the capital, a sudden change of plans, no they'd booked in but the flight was overfull and they'd been bumped, no, by bus to Tengani, then Makali airport to fly to the States. Finally, shaking with tension, they were waved on.

Carol took two steps…

'A moment, if you please…' the man was slim, about sixty with silver flecked hair and a quiet, commanding presence. Against the dusty uniforms his gleaming white shirt and black trousers looked freshly pressed. 'Miss Wainwright… it *is* Miss Carol Wainwright, isn't it?' A snap of the fingers and their passports and papers were immediately handed over. 'I am Captain Kipengi, Internal Security Bureau… I've been told to expect you. We need to have a little talk…'

'Bring her!' Two men grabbed Carol, a third seized her bag and she was hustled away towards the two-storey police station. The soldiers began shouting and pushing the rest of the passengers back to the bus.

'Leave her alone you bastards!' Suzy threw herself forwards, fists thumping the guard's back as they dragged Carol away. 'Leave her alone I said…!'

'Suzy, shut up… *just shut up!* Get on the bus and *get out!*' Carol twisted in the soldiers grasp frantic to make Suzy understand. 'Tell them what happened *when* you are safely across the border… please!'

Her warning words were too late. The Captain turned, '…and bring that one too…' he said softly. '…Any friend of our Miss Wainwright may be useful… besides, she needs a lesson in manners.'

Hard, brutal fingers dug into Suzy's upper arms and she was pulled forwards too. Inside the shabby stone building they were hustled along bare echoing corridors and into a large room with plain walls and peeling paint. No windows and the door was thick and solid, two battered ceiling fans stirred the air doing little to relieve the clammy heat and humidity. A metal desk, swivel chair and

some metal frame chairs together with a battered filing cabinet, a wooden cupboard and a picture of the President in full military splendour, made up all the furnishings.

'Stand there,' the guards pushed and shoved the two women in front of the desk.

Captain Lucas Kipengi settled himself comfortably in the swivel chair, cold, black eyes raking over the two women before him. 'Search them…' Suzy cried out as coarse, probing fingers worked down her body. She gasped even louder as the guard discovered she wasn't wearing a bra and took full advantage, squeezing and pinching her firm, pointed breasts until she squealed and squirmed madly.

Carol tried stifling her own cries of outrage as she was subjected to the same crude treatment. If anything the soldier took longer with her, mauling her large breasts and taking particular care to dig his nails agonisingly into the prominent, rubbery stubs of her long nipples. His fingers probed into her cunt and the tender rosette of her anus, scraping the material of her panties across the sensitive inner flesh of her body so she whimpered and twisted at the crude invasion.

The guards finally left the two women standing alone. Carol was trembling violently at thoughts of the future. She knew only too well the security services operated outside what little law there was and had an evil reputation for cruelty and refined torture. She knew after yesterday, she was already facing pitiless and exquisitely agonising interrogation. Her panic now was to shield Suzy from their foul attentions if that was at all possible.

The swivel chair creaked as the Captain leaned backwards. 'I'm so pleased to catch you before you left us, Miss Wainwright. I understand that two of your staff decided to tell us about your travel plans…' He chuckled at the words, 'not immediately of course but, after a few hours and a little technical persuasion, they became very eager to tell us everything we wanted to know… very eager indeed. So now it is your turn… to fill the gaps. My colleague Inspector Lubala has asked for you to be transferred back to the capital as soon as possible. I gather he…and General Achebe…are very keen to talk to you…'

The grin on his face widened as he saw the fear and despair on Carol's face. Playing with her growing terror he rocked back, taking his ease with cruel enjoyment, before deliberately turning and ignoring her to study Suzy instead. The nineteen year old's shirt was undone to the waist so that the inner curves of her breasts were clearly visible. She was breathing in short, angry gasps, cheeks flaring red with embarrassment and anger at the crude body search Such obvious signs of bad temper from the pretty teenager seemed to amuse him even more.

'Whilst we wait for the car … I really must deal with your young companion's bad manners, Jumo!' One of the guards, over six feet tall and with skin like polished coal stepped forwards, 'Jumo is a Nubian, Miss Wainwright. For centuries their women have been prized for beauty and their men for their strength and… *endowment*. He works as my chief persuader, together with Selima… who you will meet quite soon. Unfortunately for you… they both find great pleasure in extracting the information I require… especially from young and attractive women.'

He looked at the grinning figure. 'Fetch a chair for our spoiled American brat, Jumo, if you please… and your cane.' Jumo's smile widened as he pushed a battered, metal-framed chair into the middle of the room and then turned to pick up something from the floor. Suzy stared at the bare, tubular metal frame in bewilderment; yes, it was a chair… but since both the canvas seat and back support were missing it was useless. She shivered at the thought of what other purpose the metal frame could be used for.

'Miss Wilkins, listen to me… Jumo is now going to beat you. The punishment for your disrespect outside is ten strokes with that cane. Bend over the back of the chair and put your hands on the sides. You will hold that position. If you do not… you will be tied down and the punishment doubled. Take the position please.'

Suzy stared in horror at the whippy four-foot cane flexing gently in Jumo's hand. 'What! You can't do this, I demand to see someone, *I won't, I won't*!'

'That brings you ten more, Miss Wilkins… do you wish to continue the argument?'

'I'll get you for this you creep!' Suzy strode over to the chair and bent over the back in one fluid, athletic movement. 'If this gives you a cheap thrill, get on with it, you're just a *pervert.*'

'Oh, Suzy, no, no… don't say anything else…' Carol pleaded.

'Good advice again, but a little late I fear. Now Miss Wilkins, as a forfeit for that little outburst I think you should remove your trousers. A more intimate lesson is needed, I fear.'

Suzy went white as she realised what her loss of temper had done. She started to say something… then bit her lip, undid the buttons and let the trousers fall at her feet. Still decently covered by her shirt, she kicked them away and bent

reluctantly over the chair again, flushing with embarrassment and keeping her eyes fixed on the floor in front of her.

At a nod from his boss, Jumo stripped off his own shirt to reveal glossy, coal black skin and a physique bulging with muscle. He casually flicked the tail of the girl's shirt back over her shoulders. Half-hidden by the cloth, Suzy heard the appreciative intake of breath as the men saw the smooth rounded curves of her taut little bottom.

Although she'd followed Carol's advice about her outer clothing, Suzy had little that was remotely modest in her underwear, and her present flimsy covering was more immodest that most. A tiny scarlet thong, high on her waist with the cord slicing enticingly up between her buttocks provided no concealment or protection at all. The sweet curves of her bottom already strained taut and trembling by her bent position were left quite naked and wonderfully exposed for the caning to come.

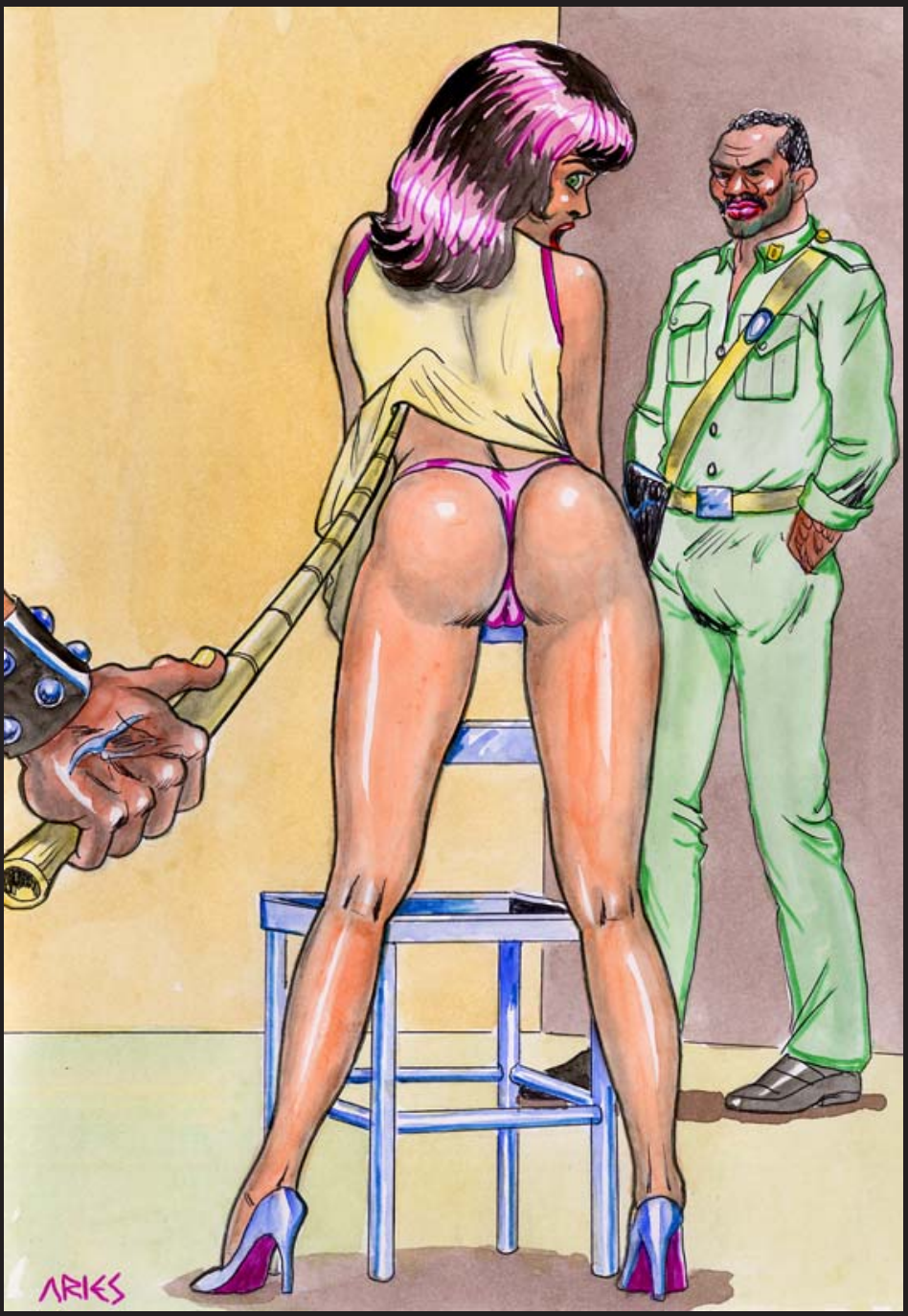
'Delightful,' the Captain chuckled at the erotic view of Suzy's behind. 'But I fear such a decadent display must be reprimanded even more severely. Make that thirty *strong* strokes, Jumo.' He ignored Suzy's wailing gasp of anguish as he turned to Carol.

'Miss Wainwright, since you have failed to instil discipline into your young friend, you will assist in her punishment. Please stand in front of the chair and hold her head between your knees… I suspect that she will try very hard to get up in a few moments… it will go badly for you indeed if she should succeed…'

Once in position, Carol tucked up her long skirt, edging her knees apart until she felt the warmth of Suzy's head between her thighs. She braced her legs against the girl's shoulders and leaned forward to grab the metal frame on either side of her hips. She knew, for both of their sakes, she had to keep Suzy doubled over despite the agony to come.

The hot, wicked thoughts of the other night flooded back through her as she felt Suzy's neck pressing against her panties… She stared down on the delightfully taut buttocks bent over the rail. Unconsciously, her thighs tightened on Suzy's head; her own warmth growing at the sight of the thin red cord arrowing down between the cheeks; down to where the material stretched tautly over the prominent pouch of the young redhead's shaven cunt.

The big Nubian swung the long, flexible cane in a whirring arc. There was a hissing swish then a sharp, wet sound as the whippy rod sliced into Suzy's Wilkins taut little buttocks.



Captain Kipengi finds the sight of young Suzy Wilkins bent over the chair for her caning so stimulating he orders his big Nubian Sergeant, Jumo, to increase the punishment to 30 *strong* strokes...

'Thwock!'

The teenager jerked madly with the impact and for a moment there was silence, then…

'Nnnngggaaaah!'

The sound rang round the room only slightly muffled by the folds of Carol's cotton skirt. Carol's hands clenched white as the girl surged wildly as the scalding pain grew and grew, her bottom cheeks bouncing under the force of the blow.

'Thwock! ... Thwock! ... Thwock! ... Thwock!'

The strokes fell with cruel, relentless precision, each weal exactly parallel to the last, marching down the jiggling, spasming cheeks like brands of fire.

'N-n-n-n-n-aaarrggggg, aaah, Aaaah, ARRRGGGHHH!'

The sounds from between Carol's thighs became a screaming, gabbled frenzy. Suzy bucked and squirmed insanely as the count passed thirteen; Jumo's grin of pure pleasure growing wider and wider as the young girl's legs flexed and juddered; her bottom cheeks jiggling and bouncing as she clenched and wriggled so desperately in her agony.

Carol's anguish was very different. Forced to ride astride Suzy's neck, the girl's wild bucking movements were now masturbating her relentlessly, exactly as the Captain had intended. Shame and arousal fought for control as she tried to stop herself coming all over Suzy's back.

Jumo paused at the eighteenth stroke…. Then, he stepped back, summoning a burst of extra energy for two extra powerful strokes.

'Thwock! THWOCKK!'

'OH GOD! PLEEESSSEEE! Noooooo! Please NOOOOOOO!'

Jumo paused, letting the throbbing, fiery torment build up, deliberately torturing Suzy with the false hope that it was all over. 'Don't forget the extra ten for that indecent display, Jumo…' the Captain's amused voice brought another despairing wail from the girl clamped between Carol's hot, moist thighs. 'Hold her firmly now, Miss Wainwright… Jumo will place these last strokes on top of the others… since Miss Wilkins is already a little tender there I suspect she may

try even harder to rise…'

Jumo flexed his shoulders, his black skin gleaming with a fine sheen of perspiration. The cane whirred again even more viciously as it sliced the air and then cut across Suzy's well-striped buttocks with a deeper, more solid *'thwuck!'*

'AHHHHH! Yyyyyyyyyyrrrrrgggggh!'

Suzy shook her head dementedly, her whole body bowing and quivering as her muscles locked in spasm at the pain blazing through her bottom. Carol felt the short back hairs on Suzy's neck prickling and worrying her cunt lips thought the sodden material of her panties as every frantic spasm drove her closer to the edge. She eased her thighs apart, letting Suzy's neck press up into her even harder, and then clenched her own powerful muscles, rocking to and fro in the first throes of coming.

'Faster, Jumo, faster… let us not deny Miss Wainwright the pleasure she has earned from completing her task,' the Captain chuckled as he saw the woman's hips working faster and faster astride the bowed head of her captive young friend.

'Thwuck!'... 'Thwuck!'... 'Thwuck!'... 'Thwuck!'...'Thwuck!'

The blows struck home with sadistic timing as Jumo watched the unmistakable signals of Carol's approaching climax.

'Uh, uh, uh, nuuuuuuh… huh, huh, ah, aaah, aaaaaaah… hah! Hah! HAH!'

Carol flexed and clenched her thigh muscles as ecstasy gripped her body, almost stifling Suzy as the spasms made her jerk and buck uncontrollably. The men grinned and exchanged knowing looks as she grunted in the throes of her release; the rhythmic chants of her orgasm audible even over Suzy's high-pitched squeals.

'Enough, Miss Wainwright, enough… let her up.' Suzy catapulted upright, face wet with tears, scrubbing frantically at the throbbing weals branded across her rump. All dignity and bravado forgotten, she danced on the spot, shirt flapping wildly; half hobbled by her jeans still tangled round one ankle as she tried to cope with the blazing, throbbing agony of the beating. Carol, breathless and panting for very different reasons, fell to her knees, scarlet with shame and the aftermath of pleasure. She pressed her hands into her groin, hoping stupidly that her skirt would hide the sopping wetness of her panties as she too fought to regain some small composure.

'Come here!' Lucas Kipengi's voice was still measured and quiet but both Suzy and Carol knew better than disobey. 'Now Miss Wilkins… after that short lesson let us see what we have here...' He tipped the contents of Suzy's bag across the desk. With a clatter, a ribbed and contoured black plastic cylinder rolled free of the tee shirts, make up and coloured froth of underwear. 'Well, well… what a delightful little toy.' Lucas Kipengi let a smile flicker across his face as he pressed the vibrator's base and a hornet-like buzzing filled the room. 'A young lady of passion I see.'

He looked up; eyes alight with cruelty as he studied the trembling, tearful figure of the nineteen year-old high school student. 'Jumo, you have competition,' he chuckled as he put the vibrator to one side on the edge of the desk. He studied the two women for a moment longer. 'Miss Wainwright, I hope you are feeling particularly strong… I suspect that your intention is to 'keep silent' as they say. If so, the process of extracting the information we want will be intensely enjoyable for my colleagues at headquarters… and exquisitely painful for you. As for Miss Wi…'

'…Suzy has nothing at all to do with this! You've no right, not right at all to drag her into your filthy schemes…' Carol Wainwright pressed forward, fear and anger driving her words.

'Ah, so *you* say… Unfortunately for her she may know something important… besides, whilst I very strict orders about you, I have a certain *freedom* with regard to Miss Wilkins.' He grinned maliciously at Suzy still hopping from foot to foot, her shirt flapping round her thighs and revealing glimpses of her scarlet thong panties with every movement. 'But for you, it is time to begin your interrogation. He pressed a button on the desk and two more guards appeared. 'Take her downstairs, Room Two and wait for me. I ask Selima to join us.'

Carol was led out as the Captain dialled an internal number and spoke softly for a few moments. Suzy was left alone rubbing her abused bottom and sobbing to herself as the big Nubian forced Carol across to a side door and pushed her through it. Suzy tried to tug the tails of her shirt down but realised that her efforts were only amusing the captain as he lolled back in his chair.

'You wanted me sir?' Both Suzy and Carol stared across the room at the middle-aged woman who had walked in. In her late thirties with olive skin, her long black hair pinned was swept back into a severe bun, the style emphasising the strong, cruel lines of her face. The clothes added to the sense of quiet menace, black knee length skirt, soft flat shoes and a black shirt that was tight enough to strain the buttons over the fullness of her breasts.

The Captain nodded towards Suzy. 'This naughty little girl is ours for a little while until I complete any investigations that might be necessary. I thought with your particular skills you might wish to assist us in finding out a little more about our young American guest, Selima.'

The Arab woman studied Suzy's slim, half-naked figure with eager eyes. She took her time. Jumo watched her, grinned as he walked over to the desk, picked up the explicitly formed shape of the girl's vibrator and handed it to the Arab woman. 'Pretty girl, and hot too… perhaps you would like me to check her responses and reactions for you…Sir?' The Captain grinned broadly at the familiar innuendo of the question, settling back in his chair and gesturing for Selima to continue.

Suzy froze as Jumo gripped her arms from behind and then began trembling with a mixture of fear and excitement as the Arab woman gently undid the buttons of her shirt one by one. She used both hands to ease it off the girl's shoulders before letting it fall so Suzy's slim shapely body finally displayed openly for their attentions, the scanty red triangle of her panties against the light tan of her freckled skin only emphasising her near nudity.

Suzy's shivers increased as the woman's fingers scraped delicately over the pale pink tips of those pert little breasts. Each touch accompanied by a soft stream of air as Selima blew on the sensitive flesh making the crinkled buds rouse and stiffen for all to see. Her touch was feather light, each teasing caress starting at the edge of the wide aureoles before scratching lightly and slowly down the length of the teenager's erect, upturned nipples. Despite her fear, Suzy Wilkins moaned and gasped with rising excitement as the woman stroked her.

Satisfied with the initial reaction to the slow, deliberate pleasuring of her young victim, Selima changed her attack to a gently milking action, her forefingers and thumbs working the two peaks to aching hardness. Suzy clenched her fists, trembling with delight and fear of what she knew was to come. 'W-What are you g-g-going to d-do to m-m-me…?'

'Make you come of course… I'm sure you'll enjoy it. Perhaps, after you've entertained the Captain and Jumo here… I'll see how many times you can manage…to compare with the native girls I usually get to play with. Eight, nine… maybe ten times; you look as though you've got the stamina.' The hands stopped and Selima picked up the vibrator. She pressed the base and its angry buzzing filled the room, '…as for your little plastic man…' She touched the explicitly domed head to Suzy's breasts, drawing circles that carefully avoided the stiff peaks. 'How do you like him to pleasure you? Here…?' The buzzing tip moved over the wide pink aureoles before grazing each nipple with a single fleeting touch.

'*Oh, oh no, no n-nooo… d-don't… p-please, oh yes, yes y-y-yessss…*'

'They do get nice and stiff don't they…' the woman touched and twisted the vibrating head against the jutting tips in turn; forcing Suzy to squirm in delight as the ripples of sensation aroused her to near boiling point. 'Let's see what happens if I just tickle these wet little panties.' The vibrator moved downwards, each touch making the young girl's stomach muscles shiver and ripple with contractions. Suzy caught her breath, unconsciously shuffling her feet apart as Selima began to stroke the polished head over the soaked, clinging fabric… tantalising and arousing the girl by deliberately avoiding any touch on the pouting wet labia still cupped by that taut, scarlet pouch.

Suzy's hips jerked forwards as the buzzing head finally traced along the wet fabric, pushing it up into Suzy's slit so she moaned and twisted on the very edge of coming. Selima pressed the vibrator deeper into the girl's vagina, using her other hand to repeat the tormenting, scraping caress along the teenager's nipples. 'Are you coming, Suzy, are you? Come on, spurt for me little one. Oh yes, that's it, yes, come on, yes, yes…'

'Whooo… whooo… I'm there, yes… yes, I'm there…I'm there… I'm THEEERRRREEEE!'

At the peak of sensation Suzy bucked forwards, clamping her thighs together and bending her knees so she was only held up by Jumo's iron grip. Her hips continued thrusting and twitching madly as she tried to force the buzzing, tormenting rod even harder and deeper into her body. The wet, clinging fabric provided an extra stimulation as it was rubbed and scraped against the tender inner membranes of her labia by the woman's expert masturbation.

Silence fell as Selima switched off the vibrator and pulled it free. She licked the girl juice from the gleaming plastic head, studying the panting, gasping figure with quiet satisfaction.

She waited for the harsh sobbing breaths to ease a little before she led Suzy back to the middle of the room. 'Over the chair, right over… just like before but this time…' Selima ran her hands over the girl's sweaty skin, teasing her nipples again so she twisted and gasped at each touch. 'Let's get rid of these shall we…?' Selima's clever fingers rolled the waistband down, easing the sodden fabric away from the girl's cunt to leave her doubled over and completely naked for the first time. 'She's ready for you, sir.'

7 – Mimi Rides the Stallion

Still naked, hands bound behind her, Helen Perry was dragged down the corridor and through a heavy wooden door. At first she couldn't see past Joseph's bulk, but was aware that the only illumination was coming from powerful spotlights that were focused beyond him, shining down onto an area in the middle of the floor. Abruptly, the sergeant turned, pulling Helen forward until she could see what was happening in the hot glare of those blinding lights.

Her best friend, Mimi Namuma had been stripped of her dress, bra and panties, which now lay discarded to one side. Completely naked, she seemed at first glance to be sitting astride a thick polished wooden post. Her legs had been straddled painfully wide apart. Each ankle was tied firmly to its own ringbolt, so that she was forced down in an obscene squatting position. Like Helen's own wrists, hers were tied behind her back, in addition a thick leather strap had been buckled so tightly round her upper arms that it had sunk into her flesh, cinching her elbows together and straining her shoulders back. To Helen, Mimi's cruelly arched posture made it seem almost as though her friend was offering the heavy, swaying cones of her breast for the attentions of the shadowed figure next to her.

Helen gradually took in more details of Mimi's plight as her eyes adjusted to the glare. The post ended in some kind of shaped saddle that splayed Mimi's buttocks wide apart. She could see that her friend was being held upright by a rope through the elbow strap that ran up and over a hook in the ceiling but couldn't understand why she didn't slide forwards off the horrible narrow saddle. The position deliberately allowed her breasts to dangle freely and unprotected because of the forward arch of her torso.

It was only after taking in details of how she was tied that Helen realised poor Mimi was actually impaled on something mounted on top of the post. All she could see was the base of a thick black shaft stretching the opening to her vagina,



Helen Perry gasps in horror as she sees her friend Mimi Namuma mounted astride the saddle of the torture device Inspector Lubala calls the *Stallion*.

a shaft so thick that it was making her labia pout outwards round its width. But, whatever it was, it still left the sensitive core of her body horribly vulnerable and open. The pink inner flesh of her labia and the little peak of her clitoral hood were obscenely spread and exposed between her parted thighs.

Helen had barely begun to absorb the horror of what she was seeing when she felt hands busily tying something round her own wrists which were still secured behind her back by the harsh nylon band. Jumo signalled to someone in the darkness and Helen's arms were immediately wrenched back and up into the air. She too bowed forwards, scrabbling for balance as the rope tightened further. She was almost on tiptoe before the horrible lifting pain stopped, leaving her bent over like Mimi, her breasts also swinging and joggling madly as she fought to keep her footing on the rough concrete floor.

Inspector Lubala watched her antics from the doorway, nodding approval as the rope was made fast. Ignoring Helen Perry's frantic scrabbling he walked over to talk quietly with the other figure by Mimi. Helen's eyes widened in shock when she realised that the figure was not another man, as she automatically assumed, but a woman. The cotton dress and strapped heeled shoes looked so out of place that for a moment Helen thought she might be some kind of nurse or secretary. Then she saw the excitement in the woman's eyes, and the way her scarlet nails were gently stroking away the droplets of sweat running down the outer curve of Mimi's left breast dangling invitingly beside her.

The Inspector turned to where Helen swayed on her rope. 'This is our *stallion*; a mount that teaches obedience very quickly. Your friend here is learning… but I'm afraid a few more lessons are going to be needed before it is your turn.' The Inspector smiled at Helen's blank expression and walked over to the shadows to pick up a thick, gently curved cylinder from a bench. 'She's riding one of these… that's why she doesn't fall off as you'd expect…. Our *stallion* is exceptionally well endowed… as you can see.' He held the torture shaft up so Helen could study the thick, foot long phallus in detail, his teeth gleamed in the gloom as he smiled in delight at her sudden shock when she realised the *stallion's* true horror.

The thick, bulbous object was a parody of a man's penis. The enlarged glans was covered with short, stiff bristles and a further ring of the stiff hairs stuck out from the edge of the prominent flange. Spiral lines of longer, sharper hairs encircled the shaft itself and just above the base a ring of thicker bristles jutted out, pointing back up the shaft towards the head.

'Oh God, no, no you can't, no she can't be…'

'She is… you missed all the noise when she first sat down… now she's being very careful not to move at all. However, since Miss Namuma was quick enough to say where Miss Wainwright had gone, Lucy here has allowed her a little rest.

He paused and his thin lips twitched in a thoroughly unpleasant smile full of sadistic enjoyment. 'Now you are here to watch we can begin again…' He paused like a teacher explaining something to a new pupil, 'You see we are going to make your friend move rather violently in a moment. And...as the stallion will have already made her extremely sore… I know the effect will be even more dramatic than last time.' The Inspector didn't say that the 'rest' had nothing to do with rewards but was part of the torture. The pause allowed time for the internal swelling to develop after the bristles had already scored the length of her vagina. Any movement now against raw flesh would be twice as agonising.

The Inspector looked across at the woman in the cotton dress as he continued to talk to Helen Perry. 'Mrs N'goya is one of my experts in these matters. As a woman, she knows exactly how to stimulate all those delightful little places that a man might so easily miss.' He turned again to the woman still standing quietly stroking Mimi's breast and talking softly into her ear. 'Lucy, Miss Perry also has things to tell us I believe…'

The woman grinned at Helen with expectation, and looked at the jewelled watch on her left wrist. 'Of course, Inspector, this one has had plenty of time to rest so we can continue when you're ready' The Inspector waved his hand in agreement and the woman caressed Helen's cheek in anticipation then turned back to the sweat soaked figure mounted on the stallion.

Mimi looked up, saw her torturer returning and began to fidget on her agonising perch, wincing at every little movement whilst pulling at her bonds in a futile effort to escape the woman's skilful hands. Very tenderly, Lucy N'goya reached out and stroked the damp wiry curls of the young African's hair

'No, please not so soon. You said I could rest. Please, I need to rest. Don't touch me again, please. Don't make me move, *please…!*'

Smiling at Mimi's sudden babble, Lucy N'goya looked back to where Helen and the Inspector stood in the darkness. She listened to the young woman's frantic words pouring into the air behind her. Speaking mainly for Helen's benefit, she replied in a soft teasing voice 'It's no use complaining, you've had a rest and now its time to ride again,' She turned back to stand between Mimi's braced legs. 'Now, let's see if you're getting all nice and ready for me, shall we?'

She squatted in front of the pinioned girl and, almost tenderly, she reached up

to cup the dangling breasts before her. Lucy N'goya stroked and cupped the heavy brown globes in her upturned hands for a few moments and then gradually began to focus on tweaking the unwillingly offered nipples. . Mimi craned forwards, staring down in anguish, biting at her lip helplessly as she saw, and felt, those expert hands gently cradling her most sensitive flesh once more.

After a few minutes, the lieutenant grinned, looking down at the two hardening peaks between her fingers. The girl's body was making its inevitable response to her intimate caresses. Mimi, meanwhile, continued to gabble into the darkness beyond the blinding lights.

'No, no, no more, not again please, pleeeease no, not again. I've told you what you wanted!' She began to pant even harder in awful anticipation of what she knew was coming as the woman continued to cup her breasts and toy with her rigid nipples.

'Now, now,' the woman continued teasingly whilst gently tugging at the hard, nearly-black tips. 'Don't lie to me. These little ones are saying you're all ready for me again.' She chuckled as she flicked the tender stubs with her nails. A long desperate wail answered the soft coaxing voice.

'She'll use the electric crabs this time…' The Inspector's fingers touched Helen's left nipple very delicately. 'Watch… after all, both of you are so well equipped for this…' Helen gasped in horrified understanding as she saw Lucy N'goya pick up two toothed copper clips, each attached to a red wire that snaked back to a humming black box on the floor

The Inspector continued to stroke Helen's stiff, jutting bud as Lucy carefully opened the jaws of one clip before positioning it across the aroused stub of the young researcher's nipple. Helen could see the excitement in the woman's eyes as she let the spiked jaws close, pinching the delicate flesh in an agonising grip. Desperate not to move, Mimi Namuma bit her lip, moaning softly as the little teeth drew beads of blood as they bit into the sensitive tip.

Helen moaned in sympathy as she felt the Inspector's fingers squeezing her own teat, mimicking her friend's torment and making her sway on the end of her rope. 'Watch again…' the fingers pinched cruelly. 'You were brought her to see this so *look!*'

'Aaaah! Please, I'm watching… don't do that, please…' Helen writhed at the touch of his fingers, eyes fixed on her best friend's coming agony as she saw the second copper crab had been clipped on, gripping the other nipple in a vice of pain.

Giving the clips a contemptuous flick, Mimi N'goya picked up something from the floor behind the shaft of the *stallion.* The small grey box was quite plain… apart from a black plastic knob and a single red button set into the top face. Helen could see there was another wire plugged into a connection on the side of the box, a thin black wire that trailed across the floor to the same humming electrical device as the red wires from the copper clips.

Showing Mimi the box in her hand, the woman turned the knob on the front. She waited for Mimi to react; watching as she began to babble in terror, obviously knowing what was about to happen to her. Lucy grinned, shook her head deliberately at the young African's frantic and useless entreaties and pressed the red button.

There was a moment of stillness broken only by a faint buzzing from the copper clips. Seconds later Mimi's Namuma's gleaming body arched backwards, the tendons in her neck showing like two steel cables as she strained to look upwards. Her lips peeled back in a rictus snarl and her eyes bulged as the current fizzed through the tender points of her breasts. Then, as her first wild screech of agony echoed round the hot, acrid chamber, Mimi Namuma lifted herself from the impaling rod of the stallion, rising impossibly on tiptoe until Helen could see the whole, evil length of the shaft and only the egg-sized glans was still held within the scraped and swollen tissues of her vagina.

Inspector Lubala dipped one finger in unmistakable signal and Lucy lifted her thumb from the button. The young African slumped back as the current was cut, her weight driving the thick shaft deep into her body once again. The vicious bristles raked the already raw membranes once again and a second animal squeal of agony filled the torture chamber.

'Yyyyyyyaaaaarrrrggggh! No, no please, no, no m…'

The Inspector's single finger flicked again, and Helen cried aloud in sympathy as she watched her best friend arch back, rising onto tiptoe and screaming dementedly at the twin assaults of the electric shock and the scouring bite of the stallion's torturing phallus.

Helen's cries became frantic protests as she felt the heated flesh of the Inspector's penis nuzzling between her buttocks. Ever since the caning, Helen Perry had known her guards would fuck her sooner or later. But she still wasn't prepared for the feeling of the inspector's cock head, slippery with her wetness, sliding to and fro between her bottom cheeks.

He cries turned to screams as his fingers pinched the soft flesh of her underarms. 'See how she makes her ride, every moment is pure agony but she can't help it… Soon she will come again and after that she will pass out…' The Inspector's voice was soft, thick with lust and sadistic delight as the slippery helmet probed the rosette of Helen's anus.

'No, no, NO! Not that way, NO PLE…. Ah! Aaaaarrrgggh!'

Held by her up stretched arms, Helen Perry bucked forwards, jerking and losing he balance as she felt the head of his cock stretching her anus wider and wider. The Inspector simply used her own movements, pressing forwards as she wriggled then, as she tired, letting her body sink backwards onto him so she squealed wildly as her body submitted and the protective ring of muscle gave way so the head of his penis popped through and into the warmth of her rectum. The Inspector flexed his hips, edging the thick shaft of his cock deeper. 'Watch your friend Miss Perry, think what it will be like for you to be mounted on the stallion…'

'Aaah… s-slowly, please, Sir, s-s-slowly… huh, oh God… I don't want to; p-please stop… *nooooooo*!'

Moses Lubala held the tanned hips still and pressed harder… waiting for the pleas to quieten before pulling back, easing his glistening black shaft out of the young researcher's anus until only the purple head remained, held in by the painfully stretched ring of muscle. In front of them Lucy N'goya was pressing the control button in a dreadful, expert rhythm, each touch sending another jolt of electricity through the nipple clamps so Mimi lifted onto her toes once again, forced to rake her cunt up the full length of the torture shaft.

Every arching movement was accompanied by hysterical squeals as the current seared her breasts and the vicious bristles scoured the already raw membranes of her vagina. Then, with the current cut off, Mimi sank back, screaming anew as the spines scraped and teased the other way as the stallion's shaft impaled her once more.

'*Nooooo, oh please d-d-d-d-don't, ple…huh, huh, huh, ah, aaah nuh, nuh, t-too dee, too d-deep… Oh God, oh, oh, oh, oh!'*

With his eyes fixed on the gleaming brown figure of Mimi Namuma shuddering and squealing mindlessly astride the bristled rod of the Stallion, Moses Lubala rocked contentedly to and fro, working his thick, black cock slowly in and out of Helen Perry's anus in time to her desperate chants and pleas. Adding to his rising excitement he clawed his nails over the tender weals lacing Helen's bottom

cheeks, every touch bringing fresh screams and pleas for mercy but also making the dangling young white woman writhe and twist quite frantically, and delightfully, on the end of her rope.

His cruel hands clawed at her, working her into a frenzy of pain so her internal muscles squeezed and milked his cock unmercifully. In the jerking throes of his own climax, the Inspector forced Helen so far forwards that he actually lifted her off the ground, driving into her anus as she hung suspended from her wrist tie and impaled inches deep on the full length of his penis.

With a final series of hard, painful thrusts Moses Lubala came, jetting in a warm flood deep inside her rectum. Helen felt the warm spurts filling her rectum as she scrabbled for balance, still in pain from his fingers on her behind but also shamed by the feeling of pleasure at the intense, slippery stimulation of his cock inside her. She heard herself moan with disappointment as he withdrew, wiping the remaining sticky strands across her abused buttocks as he fumbled to adjust his trousers.

'Sergeant, you have my permission to play with Miss Perry if you wish… no real damage mind you… she has some questions to answer.' Hearing Helen's indrawn gasp of horror he lifted her chin. 'I suggest you are particularly nice to Joseph, my dear. After all… it is Joseph who will mount you on the stallion later on… and you wouldn't want him to be rough with you… would you?'

As he spoke, Helen could see the massive figure of Joseph peeling off his singlet. He deliberately moved so the backwash from the spots gleamed and played across the bulging muscles of his abdomen and upper body before letting his trousers fall so Helen could see the power of his physique. The tight, white briefs bulged ominously, a strong curved line revealing the thickness of his penis through the taut fabric.

Grinning at her horrified expression Joseph's grin grew even wider as he hooked his fingers into the waistband and eased the briefs down. His cock caught for a moment and then popped free, springing back so vigorously that the head slapped against the ridged muscles of his belly before jutting out like a curved black horn, arching up from the wiry black triangle matting his groin. With one paw-like hand he stroked himself, caressing the upcurved shaft then cupping the soft weight of his balls to hold his genitals out towards the pinioned figure.

Unable to look away, Helen noticed with awful fascination that Joseph's cock was not particularly long but it was immensely thick, the shaft bulging out below the curved flange of his glans, the whole length ridged with a twisting network of prominent veins. 'Since you are on a level as it were, and your mouth is… Oh

don't worry; Joseph is going to fuck you too.' He watched his sergeant positioning himself, just letting the bobbing crest of his cock brush across Helen's lips. 'The wetter you make him the less painful it will be for you. Even so, I fear he is going to stretch that tender bottom of yours a good deal more than I did in a moment…'

Moses Lubala laughed openly as Helen's lips parted, her mouth gaping wider and wider as Joseph carefully guided her head down over his cock. The Inspector laughed again as he heard the soft, wet noises and watched her drooling and struggling to cope with the choking mass of flesh invading her throat. Her cheeks hollowed and her lips worked frantically as Joseph moved back, letting the shiny wet shaft emerge almost fully before pushing into her mouth once more… *I know what you're trying to do but there's no chance,* he thought as she licked and sucked his Sergeant's cock with mad eagerness, *Joseph's done this so often he's not going to be forced to come before he's had a chance to fuck another piece of white meat in the arse…*

'That ain't goin' to do you no good, miss fuck bitch…' Joseph pulled free, casually backhanding Helen's face so that her head jerked away to one side and thin streams of saliva flicked away to splatter on the grey concrete. The sobbing young woman twisted on the end of her rope as the naked sergeant stepped between her legs, grabbed her by the waist and pulled her hips back so his erection slithered into the slick, slimy furrow between her buttocks.

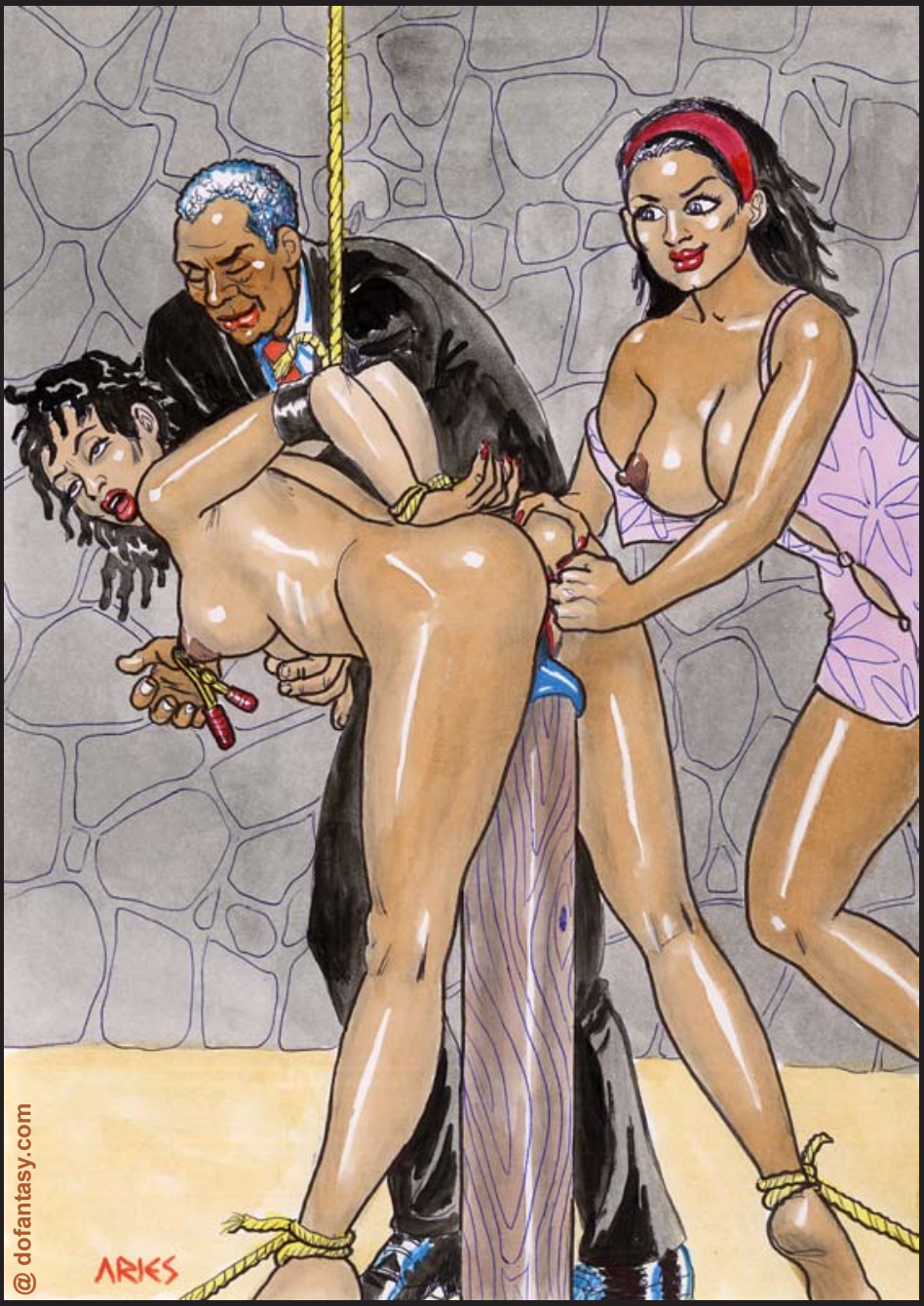
Jiggling her body with both hands he forced her forwards as his master had done only minutes before. She cried out uncontrollably as he leaned closer, grabbing her upper arms so that pain tore through her twisted shoulder joints. Not just in her shoulders… for the second time in that awful session she felt the stretching, stabbing aches of a man's penis broaching the tender opening of her anal ring.

'Huh, Oh, oooooah! T-t-too b-biggg! Huh, huh, nuh, Naaaaaaaaaaahh!'

Helen Perry's frantic protests made not the slightest difference. Joseph just moved her hips to and fro, each movement letting the massive thickness stretch his victim's anus an agonising fraction wider as he forced himself deeper and deeper into her rectum.

Despite her pain, Helen couldn't stop watching the gleaming brown body of her friend, Mimi, writhing and quivering in the circle of light. Her screams were weaker now but held a note of pure agony as each tiny movement she was being forced to make astride the stallion tortured her raw internal tissues even further.

The Inspector and Lucy stood close on either side. With the current turned off



Inspector Lubala and Lucy enjoy working Mimi Namuma to a screaming frenzy of pain and pleasure.

the inspector was whispering in her ear whilst gently twisting and tugging at the copper clips still crowning each of her desperately sore and swollen nipples. To add to her misery Lucy N'goya had inserted one finger deep into Mimi's anus and was twisting and scraping her fingernail against the tender membranes just inside.

Between them they were forcing their young victim to continue jerking and wriggling, despite the horrible rawness caused by the *stallion's* bristles. They knew from long experience that soon the pain would turn to something different. The unbearable internal stimulation would continue as the Inspector asked his questions, whispering softly; promising rest for just a few little answers…

'H-h-h-hurts, oh please that hurts!'

Helen's panicking voice tore out of the gloom as she felt the full thickness of the sergeant's cock opening her body, stretching her so that sharp, agonising pains stabbed through her rectum. The cry died away, replaced by a harsh, rapid panting as he withdrew… then bucked his hips forward once again…

'Nuh… nuh… nuh… nuh… n-naaaaaarrrgggh!'

'Do you hear that Mimi?' The Inspector's long fingers turned the copper clip, clamping it harder into the taut, shiny skin. A row of tiny, bloody dots marked where each spike of the toothed jaws pierced her tortured nipple and she moaned with each careful, delicate movement of his hand. 'Your friend, Helen, is enjoying another kind of stallion ride too, just to warm her up so she can take your place. You'd like that wouldn't you; for us to take you off your little toy, to have a chance to rest? All I want are the names of the others, the ones Miss Wainwright was talking about in her report. The ones *you* met… Who are they? Where will I find them?'

In the darkness beyond the lights Helen's cries became louder and faster as Joseph fucked her arse harder and harder. The Inspector paused in his careful deliberate torture, also telling Lucy to leave the sobbing Mimi alone for a moment. He smiled at his assistant, both of them understanding exactly what the panting cries, and the wet, slapping noises meant.

Their grins widened as they heard the sudden change in the white woman's pleas. The driving rhythm and constant stimulation of Joseph's cock sliding in and out of her anus was bringing a different kind of heat and feeling. Helen Perry was panting and crying, not with pain, but was now urging Joseph on as her own arousal demanded satisfaction.

'Oh God, oh yes, huh, huh, huh, yuh, yuh, t-that's it, go on!, yes, go on, go on , yes, yes! YESSS!'

'I'm always surprised how quickly Joseph gets to know our guests…' the Inspector chuckled, watching avidly as the big sergeant jerked and bucked, grunting like an animal as he spurted deep inside Helen Perry's rectum. Those last driving strokes took her over the edge too. The Inspector and Lucy saw Joseph arching back, muscles taut with the pleasure of release as Helen's muscles gripped and squeezed his shaft. The velvet glove of her body milked him of the last drops of semen as she in turn was overcome by the shuddering spasms of her orgasm.

The hot, wet air in the chamber was thick and acrid with the smell of sweat, sex and agony. Inspector Lubala let the clip go and looked at the sweat-slick body of Mimi Namuma still mounted so agonisingly astride the stallion. He tipped her head back and studied the angry, pain-filled eyes for a few moments. 'This one still has a long was to go… take her off. Give her some time to think things over then we can try something a little different....the water treatment perhaps.'

He looked to where Helen Perry swung and trembled at the end of her rope. He paused for a few moments, 'and a cell for Miss Perry too… let her think about things for a few hours. Anticipation should whet her imagination but this one…' he let Mimi's head flop forwards, 'the General wants Miss Perry at the lodge…eventually, but this one, he chuckled, 'she's ours to play with as we wish.'

One finger traced the sweat slick line of Mimi's jaw as she heaved and gasped between them. 'Let the men have her for a session in the Wet Room next… yes, yes, I know you want to use the cord on her but let's keep that for later on. Of course, we can always put her back on the stallion later…or maybe Joseph can help you with a little soldering practice…' The Inspector smiled, sharing the private joke with his assistant. 'Anyway, I know she'll want to tell us everything… sooner or later.'

8 – Suzy Alone

The interrogation room in the old barracks stank of sex, fear and sweat. The three near-naked figures grouped round the metal chair were all glistening with perspiration, not just from the cloying heat but also from their own obvious excitement and arousal.

The fourth figure was completely naked, her red hair and lightly tanned skin in glaring contrast to the ebony black figures of the two men and the lighter brown of the woman. She was standing against the back of the chair being held by a woman and looking frantically from on to another as the two guards towered over her.

An hour before nineteen-year-old Suzy Wilkins had been arrested whilst trying to feel the country with her lawyer friend, Carol Wainwright. Watched by the sadistic Captain Kipengi, Jumo, his big Nubian Sergeant had forced the red headed teenager to bend over that same metal frame chair before beating her with a bamboo cane whilst Carol held her down.

Allowed to stand up at last, Suzy had realised both their ordeals were only just beginning when they took Carol away to another room. From inflicting pain they had moved on to pleasuring the nineteen-year-old American. The woman had arrived at that point and used Suzy's own vibrator to tickle her tits and cunt before making her lean over the chair again. The Captain and Jumo had watched as the Arab woman had masturbated the highly sexed girl slowly and expertly forcing her to climax before the Captain took his turn with her.

When he had finished fucking her he'd given the big sergeant a few quiet orders and left to continue Carol's interrogation. That was when the other man had arrived. Suzy was trembling at what they were going to do to her next but even more terrified about what horrible things were being done to Carol. She was holding the chair trying to get her breath back when she saw Jumo taking off his tee shirt and uniform trousers. The other man, Suzy had heard them call him

Henri, had laughed and done the same.

Suzy looked at the Arab woman, Selima for help as the men closed in. Then she realised in despair that this was all part of a well-rehearsed plan. Suzy tried to conceal her body, crossing her thighs and clutching her arms across her pert, pink-tipped breasts as she saw Selima's hot, cruel smile. Any hopes of help vanished as the Arab woman too slipped off her shirt, letting her black skirt fall round her feet as she did so.

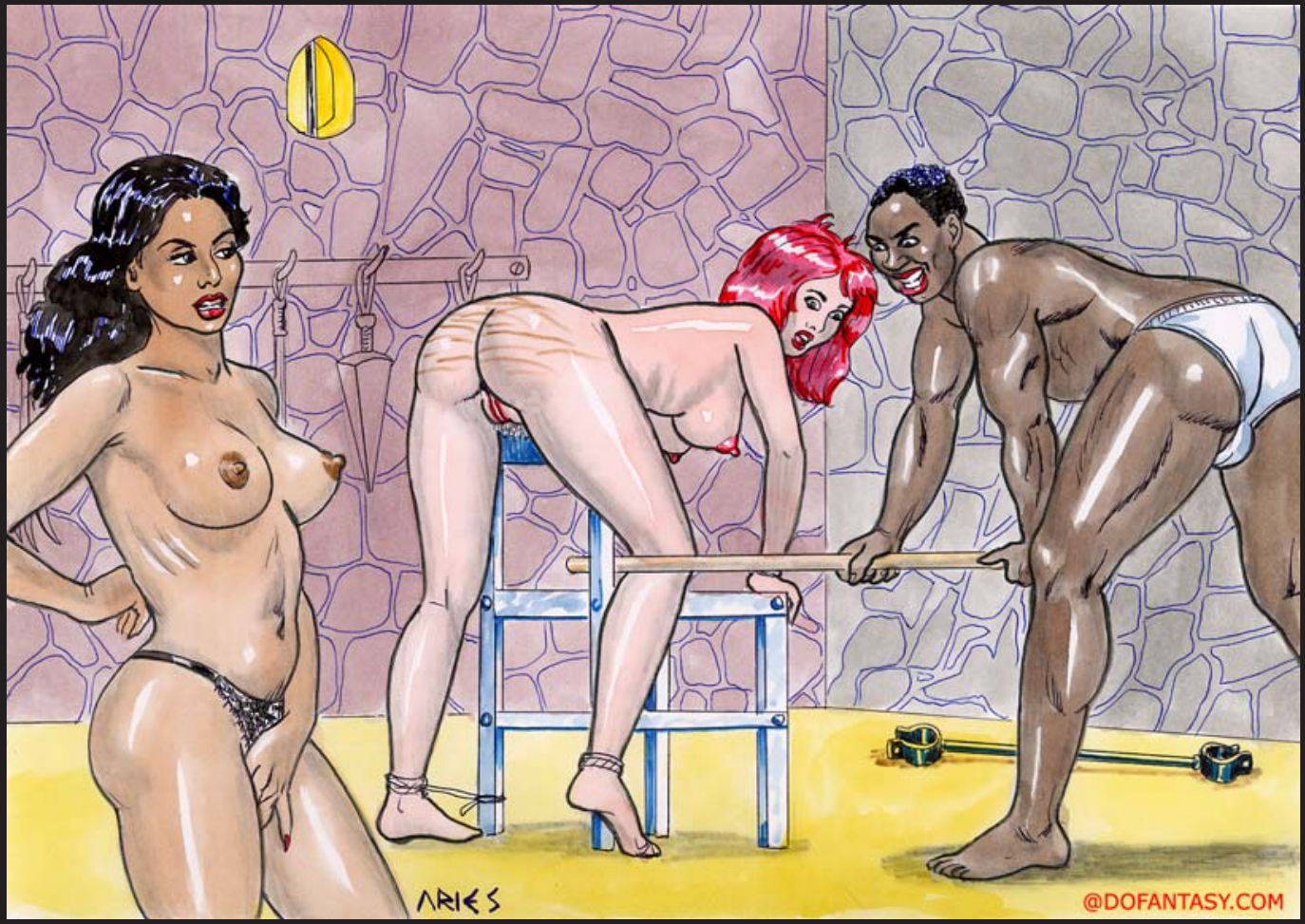
Selima unclipped her bra, letting the cups fall away from her heavy breasts so Suzy could see their wide, dark aureoles. She pressed against Suzy's side, letting the girl feel the hardness of her thick, stubby nipples against her. 'Such a pretty little girl… now the Captain's gone… you're going to be nice to Jumo and Henri here… and extra nice to me for helping you.' Selima stroked Suzy's cheek, lifting her chin and moving the girl's head so she could stare hungrily at the muscular black bodies of the two men. Both were tall with the physique of wrestlers or weightlifters; all bulging muscles that moved and flexed with obvious power beneath glossy black skin.

Jumo's white briefs were tented by the thick curve of his erection; the domed head outlined by a moist oval in the taut wet cloth. Henri, the other guard, was taller but less massively built than Jumo. He was wearing a white tanga slip that barely cupped the full bulge of his genitals, the crotch string leaving the hard, firm muscles of his buttocks fully exposed.

Despite the pain of her beating and her awful predicament, Suzy Wilkins felt her own wetness increasing as she imagined the wonderful feeling of being fucked by both those long, black cocks so very soon. Then she felt the woman's hands on her arms, pulling them away to reveal her own breasts, letting the long pink nipples jut out for the men to see. Suzy shivered in fearful excitement as Selima turned her, pressing the teenager against the back rail of the chair once again…

Jumo and Henri were there immediately… slipping a nylon tie over each wrist and fastening them to form bracelets; not painful but quite impossible to remove without cutting. Selima rubbed her breasts against Suzy's back, her own hands busily teasing those delightfully sensitive pink points of the girl's body once more. Suzy shivered and wriggled with pleasure as she felt the thrilling sensation of wiry hair confined by silky material against her bottom. Selima's black panties were strained taut by the woman's pouting labia and Suzy could feel her heat and wetness with every slithering touch.

'Apart, against the sides little one… put your feet against the side rails.' Hot



To stop you wriggling too much...' Selima watches as Jumo slides a broom handle between Suzy's knees and the chair back to hold her even more open for their pleasure.

with excitement Suzy obeyed, only flinching a little as more of the nylon ties were used to bind her ankles in position. 'That's better, now… over you go.' The caressing hands were suddenly harsh, pinching claws that gripped each nipple, tugging downwards with agonising force. 'Down, get those hands down and hold the front rail… now!'

'*Oh Christ, you bitch! Oh fuck that hurt's! Yes… aaaaah, ah no, no don't twist your f-fingers… I'm doing it, please, I'm doing it…!*'

Suzy folded over, hands scrabbling for a hold on the chair's front bar. Jumo and Henri laughed aloud at the screamed comments from the American girl, and her sudden willingness to obey. They continued laughing as each one used a short length of wire to connect a wrist bracelet to the metal frame. Suzy could let go if she wanted to, even move up and down to the limit of her arms… but there was no way she was going to be able to straighten up until they cut her free. Only then did Selima release her agonising hold on the girl's nipples.

She flicked the dangling tips. 'Just one more thing… to stop you wriggling *too* much,' she smiled and stepped clear as Jumo picked up a polished broom handle from the side of the room. Selima smacked Suzy's bottom with one hard slap across the worst of the weals so Suzy tried to jerk upright giving another outraged scream. Aided by Henri, Jumo quickly forced the broom stave behind one knee, across in front of the back legs of the chair, and out behind the other knee.

Screaming out in pain, anger and frustration, Suzy Wilkins was now locked over her improvised punishment frame. She still had some movement in her upper body but the chair frame straddled her legs wide apart whilst the broomstick forced her down into a half squat; exposing the rosette of her anus and the split pouch of her cunt for their eager attentions.

Jumo silenced the screams very simply. He twisted one ear, forcing Suzy's head to the side and then pressed the thick black meat of his penis against her lips. 'Take it, all the way in now… let's see how good you are…' The screams became a wet slobbering as Suzy was forced to take the thick shaft into her mouth. 'Oh yes, go on, that's good, that's very good…'

The muffled sounds increased as Selima licked her fingers and gently stroked the tender slit peeping out between the girl's parted thighs. One finger slipped inside… then two. Selima grinned at Henri as she worked the fingers, now oily with the girl's juices, in and out of her vagina. The young guard moved closer, easing the waistband of his tanga briefs over the long curving shaft of his erection. He smiled broadly as he felt Selima's fingers bending his cock forwards, gently guiding him into the hot wetness of the American teenager's cunt.

'*Og yeg, yeg…ooooooooh*!'

The wet bubbling sounds from Suzy were garbled but unmistakable as Henri pushed deeper. With her mouth full, only the shivering of her breasts and the constant flexing of her buttocks showed the level of Suzy's growing sexual heat as the two men fucked her slowly and deliberately, working on her slim white body with a steady, remorseless rhythm.

'That's so nice, isn't it my dear… go on, push back… let him go all the way in.' Selima whispered as she knelt by Suzy's side. She licked the girl's ear and her fingers got busy once again, tickling and milking Suzy's nipples so the teenager's excitement grew and grew. With each of Henri's thrusts, Suzy worked the thick rod of Jumo's massive penis just a little further into her throat. Her nostrils flared and her faced flushed bright red with the effort of breathing round the obstruction that was nearly choking her but she continued licking and sucking madly.

For Suzy it was now a kind of sexual race, trying to make Jumo come before the long slow fucking brought her to a second writhing orgasm that morning. Selima licked the fingers of her left hand and reached under the girl's body to stroke the wet, pink-tinged sex lips. For Suzy there was no protection to this new assault… the chair held her bent and astride, opening and exposing her whole cunt. With every deep, long thrust, Selima could watch the girl's glistening and shaved labia flexing round the purplish-black shaft… sucking on Henri's penis like a sticky mouth. Selima's delicate caresses simply made the teenager shudder and twitch even harder.

'As our guest it's only right that you come first…' The caress became something more tormenting as Selima continued to whisper in Suzy's ear. Her forefinger traced along the wet slit until a gobbling cry and spastic convulsion told the experienced Arab woman that her long, sharp fingernail was scraping exactly the right spot, worming under the little hood and right against the nerve stub of the girl's clitoris.

'*Og, ooooooooh! Nuh, nuh, nuh…*'

The cries became a desperate chanting refrain as Selima moved her finger very slightly, just fretting the nail edge over the taut sensitive tip of flesh again and again until Suzy suddenly jerked in a series of mad convulsions, squealing through the thick, meaty gag of Jumo's penis as Selima made her come for a second time inside half an hour. 'And now for the men's turn… go on; make them come now as I tickle your special place a little bit more.'

'Slop… SLOP! Gooooo! Gooo pleag… goo PLEEEEGGGG!'

Selima's finger vibrated and scraped faster, applying a torturing overload of stimulation that gave Suzy no respite. Screaming and wriggling she licked and gobbled Jumo's penis in a mad frenzy; first engulfing the thick black shaft so deeply that the wide bulb of his glans bumped against the back of her throat. Then, as the need to draw breath became overwhelming, she used her lips and tongue on the most sensitive points. Teasing the smooth dome of the head; working under the flange and then driving him over the edge by flicking the tip of her tongue maddeningly against the nerve centre under the taut purple head so he bucked and gasped at each rapid, slippery caress.

Jumo suddenly clasped the base of his cock, vibrating his fingers up and down the wet shaft, hip canted forwards to keep the helmet in the warm clasp of Suzy's lips. 'Suck me, bitch, suck meeee… g-g-go on yes, yes, lick me, yes lick me there, hard, harder, HARDER…!' His free hand twisted her short red hair so she squealed, a short, sharp noise interrupting her frantic, grunting cries as Selima's nail continued to torture her clitoris unmercifully.

Jumo's cries of pleasure drowned the girl's squeals as he shuddered and jerked. He pulled away deliberately so the sticky white strands coated Suzy's face and lips. He worked the shaft a few more times to milk the last drops before wiping the sticky, gleaming helmet of his cock across the girls gaping mouth so the hot breath of her cries made him jerk as the heavy length softened and drooped as he relaxed.

'Iiiiiiimmmmm cummmmminnnggg! Yes, yes, yes, Oh Christ I'm there, on, on, go on yes I'm there I'M THEEEEEERRRREEE!'

Suzy Wilkins's squeals echoed round the room as she was finally able to give voice properly. The metal frame chattered and clattered on the wooden boards as she shook and bucked even more wildly as the finger torturing her clit brought her to a third crashing orgasm. Henri kept still, holding her hips so he remained buried deep within her vagina. He was biting his lip, desperately trying to keep control as the girl's internal muscles squeezed and stroked his cock in a liquid velvet clasp.

'That's right… now make Henri come too… go on… feel him deep in side… lets see how you like to be played with here as well….' Keeping her torturing touch against the taut, ultra-sensitive tip of her clit… Selima ran her other hand over Suzy's sweat-soaked bottom until she could use the other forefinger to probe the opening of the girl's anus as well. 'Come on little one; let Selima in so you can come all over again….'



Selima wriggles a finger deep in Suzy's anus whilst using her other hand to strum the squealing girl's clitoris, forcing her to come again and again as the young redhead rides the big Nubian's massive cock.

The knowing finger wormed its way through tight little ring to tease th soft sensitive tissues of her rectum and Suzy Wilkins arched back in agony and ecstasy as she felt Selima working the two trigger points together; one finger still scratching so lightly on her clitoris whilst the other pistoned in and out of her anus in a high speed matching rhythm.

Already brought to a peak three times, Suzy's nerves were tingling and sensitised so much that she couldn't resist this new assault. Henri grunted and bucked forwards and back adding to her stimulation as he lost the battle to hold back his climax and knew he was about to spurt his load deep inside the body of the red-headed girl tied down over the chair frame.

Henri came… slamming into Suzy's beaten buttocks and forcing Selima's finger deeper and deeper inside the girl's anus with every thrust. 'Oh yes, yes make him come… on, on go on you fucking American bitch. You too, yes, yes I can feel you coming again… That's right, scream little one, and scream all you want to… Henri loves that sound. See…' she dragged her finger free, circling the base of Henri's penis and vibrating her hand violently to drive him over the edge in a fast and furious finish that made him spurt all the harder.

'N-n-n-n-nuh, nuh, nuh, p-p-please s-stop, p-p-lease… aaaaaah! Ah yes, yes! YES! M-more, h-h-harder, go on, go on, GO ON! Yes….yes…yes!

As Henri came so Selima's clever finger fucking brought Suzy to her fourth climax in less than an hour. Henri pulled free and then joined Jumo in watching the woman continuing to masturbate the teenager unmercifully; teasing her sore and abused clit then fondling the wet swollen lips of her cunt before curving two fingers into the liquid heat of her body. Those fingers, delicately hooked to allow her clever, tormenting nails to fret that one special place on the front wall of the girl's vagina, kept Suzy Williams shuddering and bucking in frenzy for long minutes. Every fresh spasming climax being marked by Suzy's hoots, wails and screaming pleas for her clever Arab torturer to stop the unbearable stimulation of her cunt and anus.

The jangle of the phone broke the spell finally. Selima straightened up as Jumo answered it. She cupped the silk-clad bulge of her labia, gently fingering the wetness of her own excitement as she watched the big Nubian. Like Henri he was already dressed once more in the uniform green tee shirt and loose camouflage trousers most of the men wore.

'Henri, get our little fuck toy untied,' he said as he put the phone down. 'Captain wants us for another job. This one is to go to Headquarters with that lawyer

bitch. Captain says Selima is to look after her,' his shining black face split into a wide grin. 'Says you've got a couple of hours...but no permanent damage.' He picked up Suzy's vibrator from the table and handed it to the hot-eyed Arab woman. 'Guess you'll be able to find a use for this…'

Selima's eyes gleamed with anticipation. She gripped Suzy's arm with strong, pinching fingers as Henri finished snipping away the last of the nylon ties holding her to the chair frame. 'Lets go somewhere quieter... Come on, straighten up and walk to the door… remember, I've still got my turn to come…

Suzy obeyed slowly, muscles cramped from being held bent double whilst the men fucked her. She was still trying to get her breath back and recover from the exertion and over-stimulation of being forced to come again and again. Her face was flushed red, cheeks and lips glazed with her own saliva and the sticky trails of Jumo's semen. Her nipples, sore and swollen from Selima's constant attentions, stuck out like polished, rounded spikes whilst the rest of her torso was covered in the red blotchy marks of hands and fingers.

Suzy was young and naïve; she rubbed the angry purple weals crisscrossing the cheeks of her bottom as she allowed Selima to lead her docilely from the room to one of the holding cells. Somehow she believed that the worst of her ordeal was over. She was completely wrong of course…

9 – Working on Helen Perry

They left Helen Perry alone in a small cell in darkness for hours. The young, blonde researcher sobbed and whimpered, kneeling on the bare concrete, vainly trying to sooth the angry red weals lacing her bottom with her bound hands. Every time she moved she felt the sticky wetness between her thighs whilst the soreness of her puffy, swollen cunt lips, the deeper throbbing ache in her rectum and the salty taste of a man's cock at the back of her throat were constant reminders of what they had done to her in that awful room.

Memories of the way Inspector Lubala and the big sergeant had fucked her anus in turn kept going round and round in her mind, memories that were mixed with the images of her friend's torture. The way Mimi's naked brown body had jerked and danced on that horrible device, the thing the Inspector had called their *stallion*. She kept hearing the low buzzing noise of the electricity and how Mimi's breasts had bounced so wildly that she had almost shaken the crocodile clips free from her nipples. And how the buzzing had been drowned by the frantic squeals of agony and how exciting Mimi's beautiful figure looked as she arched up and down with the shocks.

Helen Perry sobbed with shame… even now, as she tried not to think about the things they would do to her very soon, she felt the guilty warmth spreading though her body, that illicit ripple of excitement as the images came back again and again. She pressed her legs together, squeezing her swollen labia between her thighs so the wet, slippery inner folds rubbed and slithered against each other.

They made me come, she panted in the darkness. *Oh God yes, yes I want to, I want to come again… oh Mimi I'm sorry… but watching you made me so hot and those cocks…so thick…so hot…so hard…*

Her body twisted and turned, jerking up and down as she replayed the thrill of watching her friend's torture once again. Now, in her mind it was her who was

riding the stallion, feeling those cruel bristles scraping and scratching and tormenting deep, deep inside. The muscles in her thighs and buttocks tensed and relaxed in a driving rhythm, lifting her up and down as she fucked a phantom cock, going faster and faster in the hot smelly darkness of her cell, crying out in guilty pleasure as she worked herself to another climax.

Helen Perry was still panting and breathless, the shame and guilt of what she'd done growing once more, when she heard steps outside and men's voices. All the old terrors came flooding back as the door crashed open. The young blonde researcher curled away, trying to hide in a corner with her eyes screwed shut against the sudden flare of light from the corridor.

'Playtime girlie… come on!' Rough hands dragged her upright, the two men ignoring the naked blonde's cries and protests. Their groping fingers pawed her breasts, pinching the jutting pink tips so her sobs turned to shrieks of pain as she danced and jerked under their hands. That made them both laugh…so they immediately did it again…and again.

One of the guards leered at her as her body responded, his hands tickling the stiffening peak of one breast. 'Come on little piggy…' his finger and thumb pinched her right nipple, flattening the tip and twisting it viciously so she shrieked even louder. 'Oh I love that sound, go on squeal piggy, squeal…'

The other guard turned her round. 'Come on man, give her a tug and make the white bitch move!' His partner giggled, keeping her nipple twisted he pulled her forwards stretching her tit out into a bulging cone. Helen had to go with him. Whimpering and dribbling with pain, her feet slapping on the painted concrete, Helen Perry was led down the corridor towards the heavy wooden door of the torture chamber…

'No, no I don't want to, no, not down there, please, please…' she tried to stop but the pain in her breast was too much and she stumbled through the doorway into the dimness. The one holding her nipple let her go whilst the other gripped her arms from behind, holding her up and pushing her forwards towards the lighted circle.

Helen shuddered in terror as she looked to the middle where the thick phallus shape of the *stallion* reared up from the little triangular saddle that topped the polished wooden shaft.

Suddenly, all those masturbation fantasies in the darkness of the cell vanished in the face of what they were about to do to her. That horrible thing was waiting for *her*… soon it would be *her* body impaled on it. She stared, mesmerised by the



'Squeal, piggy, squeal...' The guards play with Helen Perry before taking her along to the torture chamber.

sight of the evil-looking dildo glistening in the lights, the spiralling bristles round the stem and the finer hairs on the bulbous helmet shining with…Helen bit her lip, head shaking as she tried to back away only to feel the unyielding hardness of the guard's chest against her arms, it was shining in the light because it was still wet with the juices of Mimi's body.

'No, NO! You can't put me on there, you can't, please… Oh GOD NO!'

The last wavering cry came as the two men lifted and carried the frantically writhing figure of the young, blonde researcher towards the middle of the floor where the jutting shaft waited for her.

'I did promise that your turn would come Miss Perry…and I always keep my promises.' Moses Lubala smiled broadly as he stepped out of the shadows.

The guards twisted Helen's arms harder; holding her up on tiptoe, presenting her slim, tanned figure with its enticing pink points for the Inspector's slow, deliberate study. His fingers probed the soft, plump split of her cunt, fondling the sensitive folds so she twisted and bucked helplessly with every touch. He lifted his fingers to his face, rubbed the sticky wetness coating them then sniffed delicately, savouring the sharp, acrid tang of her recent orgasm. 'Well, well…such excitement Miss Perry, you find our little entertainment stimulating I see…'

He paused, thinking about the General's orders that this one would be wanted at the Lodge later on, then walked back to a small table and picked up the phone. 'Mrs N'goya? Good…I'm in Room 2. Join me please…and, bring that cord you are so fond of too…' He smiled at the response and put the receiver down. 'Tembi, a change of plan…for the moment, we won't use the stallion just yet…so fetch a chair for our guest.'

Helen gasped with instant relief as she heard his words but then she searched desperately, trying to see what the guard was doing as he released her arm and hurried off to the other side of the room. Her rapid, terrified breathing made her breasts and flanks heave and tremble uncontrollably as she stood awaiting her fate.

There was a clatter as the guard carried something into the lighted area. At Helen's first glance, the chair Tembi carried into the lights looked so, so... *ordinary*. Made of chrome tubing, with a black leather backrest, it looked more at home in an expensive office rather than here, in a basement torture chamber. It was Helen's second, more careful, look that set her heart thumping even harder cold shivers of fear running up her spine. For a start, the chair was wider than normal and there were a number of rings and clips attached at various points to the frame.

But, in her eyes, the most sinister thing was the seat, or what passed for a seat. Helen could now see that the normal cushion had been replaced with two leather pads, one jutting from the front of each side frame, and nothing else. Sitting down would leave someone's bottom and lower body completely open and unsupported. She felt her self tremble uncontrollably as she realised that it was going to be her body that would soon be seated in the diabolical chair, ready and open for whatever they wanted to do to her.

The Inspector was grinning broadly, watching as Helen began to understand the purpose of the chair. 'Yes, you are quite right, my dear, the possibilities are endless; something to stimulate you a little more before that meeting with this little toy.' His fingertips stroked the fine bristles sticking out of the enlarged domed head of the torture dildo. 'Ah, Mrs N'goya…Miss Perry is about to take her seat so we can begin…'

Lucy N'goya gently pulled Helen away from the guard, her hand stroking the young researcher's waist and bottom as she turned her round and pushed her back towards the chair. Helen thought of resisting, of striking out or struggling in protest, then she looked across at the smiling, implacable face of Inspector Lubala. His tongue flickered across his thin, pale lips. In that moment, deep inside, she knew that she had no options at all. If she didn't obey, at the very least there would be a beating and maybe something worse.

Making sure she had a fierce grip on the armrests, Helen cautiously lowered herself onto the worn leather pads. She discovered very quickly that they only gave her any support if she kept her legs apart and pressed hard against the sides of the chair. Instinctively, at the same time, she braced her hands and wrists on the chair's padded arms, pushing herself back against the upright frame to hold her body up.

Lucy N'goya and the guards took over, working with the speed of long experience. First, came two soft leather straps, buckled tightly, just above each knee; each one cinching Helen's thighs tightly against the pads and side rails. Next, each ankle, strapped even more tightly to a front leg so she was fixed in place. Finally, before the wrist cuffs were tightened, the one called Tembi pulled Helen's arms viciously backwards, pressing her elbows in towards each other as he did so. The other man slid a long, polished pole between Helen's elbows and the chair back. Now, she was not only clamped down hard to the chair frame, but her shoulders were braced backwards, forcing her breasts out from her body… offering them ready for her torturers attentions.

Helen immediately began tugging at the supple black leather straps, struggling

in a vain attempt to seek some small movement in her bonds. Her efforts brought a gleaming sheen of sweat to her body, but no relief at all. Held in the chair's grip, only her head, feet and fingers were free to move.

Helen gave up as her movements sawed the leather straps against her flesh, rubbing raw, bleeding bands round her wrists and ankles. Not only that but the pain was getting worse as her body slumped down so the wooden rod dug fiercely into the tender skin under her arms. Now she understood the reason for the chair's extra width, as every movement now seemed to be spreading her buttocks even wider apart. The cruel refinement of the pole between her arms doubled her sense of exposure, preventing her bending forward to shield or cover her body, particularly her cunt, anus or nipples in any way.

Increasingly terrified, Helen peered up through swollen, tear-stained eyelids at the cruel, excited faces of her tormentors as they stood watching the familiar antics of their victim. 'You ladies are all the same when you meet that chair for the first time, but your movement are still delightful to watch, nevertheless. Now, Miss Perry, before I ask you anything further, it is time for you to experience Mrs N'goya's personal attentions… you remember, she was playing with your friend Miss Namuma when you were here before.'

He smiled cruelly, 'it's a simple little device. Nothing more than a length of cord.' He held out his hand and Lucy N'goya handed him the knotted silk, still damp and slippery from the previous afternoon and the body of Mindi Ankuma. Inspector Lubala let the cord trail across Helen's breasts. Gently, he drew it to and fro, carefully moving it so that the chain of little knots bumped and bobbled across the points of her nipples.

'We find that young ladies like yourself respond to it caress so enthusiastically. You feel the little knots? Well now, let yourself imagine how they will feel as this cord is drawn up between your legs. Then, using these handholds, Lieutenant N'goya will pull it back and forwards, again and again, bumping across all your most exciting places until you are screaming…for release…for help... for anything really as long as she stops… Of course…if you decide to be foolish I'll tell Mrs N'goya to just keep sawing and sawing away. Of course by the time she's sliced your cunt in two it won't be good for very much…ever, I'm afraid…'

He watched as Helen renewed her efforts to shield her lower body in some way, smiling quietly at her suddenly renewed efforts. 'Don't waste you energy, my dear I assure you it's no use; the chair will hold you exactly as we want. Besides, you'll need all your strength for coming and screaming very soon' He lifted the cord to her nose and she caught the familiar tang of a woman's juices from the wet silk.

'Fresh cunt juice you see…it was only used yesterday. She was a student the last one, very noisy, very confused. First pleading for us to stop, and then telling us not to, then screaming and screaming for us to stop all over again. She just didn't seem to know what she really wanted. Now, it's your turn to make Mrs N'goya's little toy all wet and slippery again.' He paused and let the cord fall once more across her breasts.

He looked down at the beautiful, blonde researcher, enjoying the sight of Helen continuing to twist and turn in the chair before him. 'Once we've played with you for a little while, I'll let you see how your delightfully shaped friend Miss Namuma has been entertaining my men.'

'For God's sake Inspector, why are you doing this? What have Mimi and I done wrong? Why are you hurting us? It's Carol, isn't it? You're trying to make me betray Carol because she's American. *You can't do this, you can't! Mimi and I only did our job. We didn't hurt anyone! Leave us alone!*' Helen's outburst echoed in the dim chamber. Inspector Lubala titled her head back.

'Ah yes…the elusive Miss Wainwright. She's not the problem...now, is she? It's you, and all those people you talked to… the ones spreading the rumours, the lies, the stories about your government... the ones you are going to tell me all about… very soon.' As he talked, the Inspector continued to let the little knots caress the hardening peaks of Helen's breasts as the cord swung to and fro. Under the Inspector's teasing stimulation, her body began to moisten as the restraints and the threat of the sexual torture to come aroused her once more.

The Inspector could sense the battle of emotions in Helen's mind. He knew that she was terrified by her situation but also excited by what they'd done to her, the climaxes she'd been forced to reach as she watched Mimi Namuma's torture.

Lucy N'goya hung the cord across Helen's strapped arm and gently began to run her hands across the tethered body of the young blonde researcher. Gradually, her hands worked their way lower until she was able to reach between the parted thighs. 'Did you enjoy your little session earlier… watching me playing with your friend?' Lucy whispered softly as her fingers began to caress the full lips of Helen's slit.

One finger teased the tender ring of her bottom then slid slowly into the warmth of her anus bringing a groan of pleasure from the young blonde. 'Oh yes, you liked being fucked in the arse did you… Just a white fuck toy, that's all you are…' Her finger slid deeper, wriggling about so Helen surged up against her straps. 'This time you will scream for me to stop, but the cord will make you



Tied down helpless in the torture chair, Helen has now way of avoiding Lucy's clever fingers as she is masturbated towards a climax.

come, again, and again and again.' Lucy N'goya looked into Helen's eyes as her fingers began to slide up into the moist folds of her cunt.

'D-d0n't...p-p-p-please d-d-d-don't...aaaaaaah!' Despite the words there was no real conviction in her pleading. 'P-please I d-don't want to c-c-cummm...noooooo! Please, *ah...aaaah...aaah yes, yes, there, please there...harder, yes, yes....harder, HARDER!...'*

Lucy N'goya sighed with satisfaction as she continued her clever masturbation of the young woman. Strapped in the chair, Helen could only flail her head from side to side and twist her arms against the leather ties. All thoughts of protest or anger were driven from her mind. She just wanted those maddening fingers to delve deeper into her body, she wanted the cord to scrape her sex raw, above all she wanted to come and come again!

'One moment,' Inspector Lubala stopped the deliberate masturbation of the young woman. 'There's one other thing Mrs N'goya needs to do to prepare the cord for you.' Lucy took her time, making sure Helen could see exactly what she was doing she stood up and walked to the little bowl on the side table. Like a master chef she dusted the moist red silk with fine sand, coating the surface with the abrasive dust that would strip the skin from the delicate folds of Helen's cunt in a few agonising minutes.

'Ah, that's better… now you will really feel it…'

He beamed at Helens horrified expression. All thought of pleasure had vanished and the metal chair rocked and clattered on the rough concrete as the young white woman heaved and fought to free herself from the torture chair.

Lucy N'goya dangled the silk cord by one of the leather grips so the free end snaked down between Helen's splayed thighs to just brush the pouting, naked mound of her sex. 'You goin' to come for me *soooo* hard white bitch,' she whispered, reaching under Helen's bottom to gather up the other loop with her right hand. Carefully avoiding any pull on the cord, she lifted both hands, watching intently to ensure that the cord came up to nestle exactly along the slit between the full, engorged lips of Helen's sex. Satisfied that it was in exactly the right position, she glanced up at the Inspector

The Inspector pulled an ordinary, grey plastic chair across so that he could sit down in front of his trembling victim, so close he was almost between her parted knees. He looked steadily into the blonde researcher's eyes, seeing the awful fear, and the unwilling sexual arousal, reflected there as she panted softly, anticipating the pain of the torture to come. Resting his hands on her knees, as

though to brace them even wider apart, he nodded gently to Mrs N'goya. All three people in that dim chamber seemed to hold their breaths as the woman's wrists tightened and lifted.

Inspector Lubala heard the young researcher's long, deep intake of breath; felt the sudden, frantic tensing of her thigh muscles as the red silk cord tightened and slid forwards; slicing up between the exposed labia. As the individual knots popped into view, each one made the soft, inrolling lips bulge and flex around it. Lucy N'goya pulled the cord up with her left hand, easing it fraction by slow fraction on this first delicate pass. The inspector felt a familiar surge of pleasure as he drank in the young blonde's initial responses as the torture of her cunt began.

Helen Evan's teeth worried the flesh of her lower lip and her head rocked frantically. Then, the silence was broken by a series of rapid hissing breaths and under his hands he felt her muscles flexing and heaving as the young blonde bucked as each cruelly sanded knot bobbled over the jutting nub of her clitoris.

'Aaaah! Oh, God! Aaaaah! Yes, oh yes, nuh, nuh Ah! Aaaah! Aaaah! P-p-p-pleeeese… uh…uh…uh… nuh…. Nu…NOOOOOOO!'

She cried aloud now; shuddering indrawn breaths at the awful rasping sensations of the first delicate kiss from the cord. Not just her clit, but also the wildly sensitive tissues of her inner labia, vagina and anus were being scoured unbearably by the little nodules of sanded silk. A couple of dozen teasing passes of the cord later and Helen Perry was crying and pleading for the rocking hands to stop; pause… anything to stop the terrible flaying arousal of the knotted cord.

The Inspector wetted his lips with an eager tongue-tip, gazing intently into the pain-distorted features while the muscles of the young blonde's thighs and bottom writhed and flexed in her futile attempts to avoid the torturing silk scouring and abrading the wet, sensitive folds of her body. Lucy N'goya watched her Master's growing pleasure as she listened to her victim's gobbling cries of agony, carefully judging the pressure needed as she waited for those other noises she knew would come; the sounds of the young woman's first orgasm as she was made to ride her silken tormentor to climax after climax.

Moments later she exchanged knowing glances with the Inspector as they heard the cries coming from the young woman's open mouth taking on a familiar hooting refrain. Helen Perry's face lifted, eyes closed and mouth wide to release a rising chant of urgency as the delicate back and forth sawing of the wet silk stimulated her clitoris quite unbearably.

'Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, AAAAAH! NO! No-o-o-o, p-p-p-please yuh… yuh… yuh… yuh… puh P-P-P…PLEEEEESSSEEE!'

The frenzied gasps were now a harsh staccato rhythm, each one jerked from Helen's throat by the devilish, flaying movement of the cord. With horrible skill, her torturer's hands were now almost still, holding the silk taut with just a tiny rocking motion that stroked one knot to and fro across the raw, swollen bulb at the top of the young woman's cunt in time with the pleading pleasure cries. Then, with one long arching wail the young blonde came… her head threshed wildly; the grunts of pleasure became screams of ecstasy as she bucked and surged uncontrollably against the leather straps holding her down.

Inspector Lubala lifted his hands to fondle the slick, gleaming curves of the blonde researcher's breasts, thumbs flicking across the hard, pink nipples in time to the relentless *scrape…scrape…scrape* of that single torturing knot against her clit 'That's just the first time, my dear... you wouldn't want to disappoint Mrs N'goya by finishing so soon would you…?'

'Oh God, oh p-please s-stop… I've cum, please I have, I've cum please no, no I'm s-sore, please stop, please…. Iiiiiiaaaaah!'

Helen's useless pleas ended in another wild scream as Lucy N'goya ripped the full length of the red silk cord along the flayed furrow of the young blonde's cunt. Her hands clenched white and she arched her back in agony as the tender folds and membranes were stripped to raw flesh in an instant.

Inspector Lubala waited for the twenty two year old's convulsion of pain to subside then gripped her taut, swollen nipples in the forefinger and thumb of each hand. 'Miss Perry…,' he pressed gently, turning each wrist a little to add a twisting movement. 'Listen to me…' The fingers pressed harder so the pink tips bulged under the increasing pressure...'*listen* I said!' His hands turned, twisting the delicate coral peaks so Helen squealed once again, staring back at her tormentor with pain-wide eyes.

'Y-yes, yes I'm listening, *Aaaah, ah please d-don't... please*…' Moses Lubala smiled gently, relaxing his fingers and turning his wrists back to relieve the vicious twisting pain for a few moments. He rolled the moist tips between his strong, black fingers making the young blonde writhe and moan softly at this new sensation in her aching breasts.

'That's better… now, in a moment Mrs N'goya is going to start again…' He stopped, waiting for the sudden outburst of babbling pleas to subside a little, and then wriggled his fingers so the firm globes jiggled and bounced with his

words of admonishment. 'No, no… stop being so foolish there's nothing you can do… nothing at all,' a swift smirk, 'except scream of course… And when you've come a couple more times then you'll be ready for your ride on the stallion… Remember I promised you would have your turn... just like your friend Miss Namuma… See, it's all ready for you...'

Helen Perry's head whipped round, her eyes bulging in horror as she realised that she hadn't escaped after all. The thick curving rod glinted and gleamed under the spotlights, sticking up obscenely from the middle of the little tan leather saddle bolted to the top of the polished wooden post a few feet away from the torture chair where she was held so helpless. The spirals of bristles round the shaft still held beads of Mimi Namuma's sticky cum whilst the wickedly bristled dome glistened with the oily secretions from deep inside her womb.

'What do you want? I'll talk... please anything you want, I'll do anything! You can't torture me like this... you can't!

'*Can't,* Miss Perry? Of course I can, I can do anything at all to you... with or without your permission. But enough chatter, you've rested for quite long enough... Mrs N'goya, your turn again I think...' Moses Lubala let her nipples go, giving the rubbery tips a final dismissive flick as he did so. 'Must give these some attention too once she's on the stallion... have you still got that very thin riding crop, the whalebone one?'

'Of course, Inspector, it will be my pleasure to take care of that little job personally. Now Helen, I can call you Helen can't I...? If I just lift the cord again...'

Aaaaaaaaah...!

'...Oh yes, didn't I say you'll feel it even more this time....' the woman raised the scarlet cord so once again it sank between the young blonde's swollen cunt lips. 'Just a touch on that tender little nubbin to begin with and...'

'Nooooooo... n-n-no... aaaaarrrgggghh!'

She bent close to the tangled, sweat-soaked blonde hair and licked the protruding curl of her victim's earlobe. 'Oh but yes little one… cum really hard for Lucy this time…' The woman's expert hands moved with cruel delicacy, sliding the wet silk along the raw wet inner folds of the young blonde's cunt with a surgeon's skill. Helen Perry arched back against her restraints and howled in torment as the remorseless masturbation started again…

10 – Entertaining his Highness

'Your Highness, how nice to welcome you back to The Lodge,' General Jonas Achebe beamed as his visitor was ushered into the comfortable upstairs reception lounge. 'I'm sorry I was not here to meet you but I trust you enjoyed the chance to relax.' Like his guest, formal clothing had been replaced by a towelling robe and expensive kid sandals; after all it was so much easier just to slip off a bathrobe when indulging in the pleasures of the flesh than all that tiresome undressing.

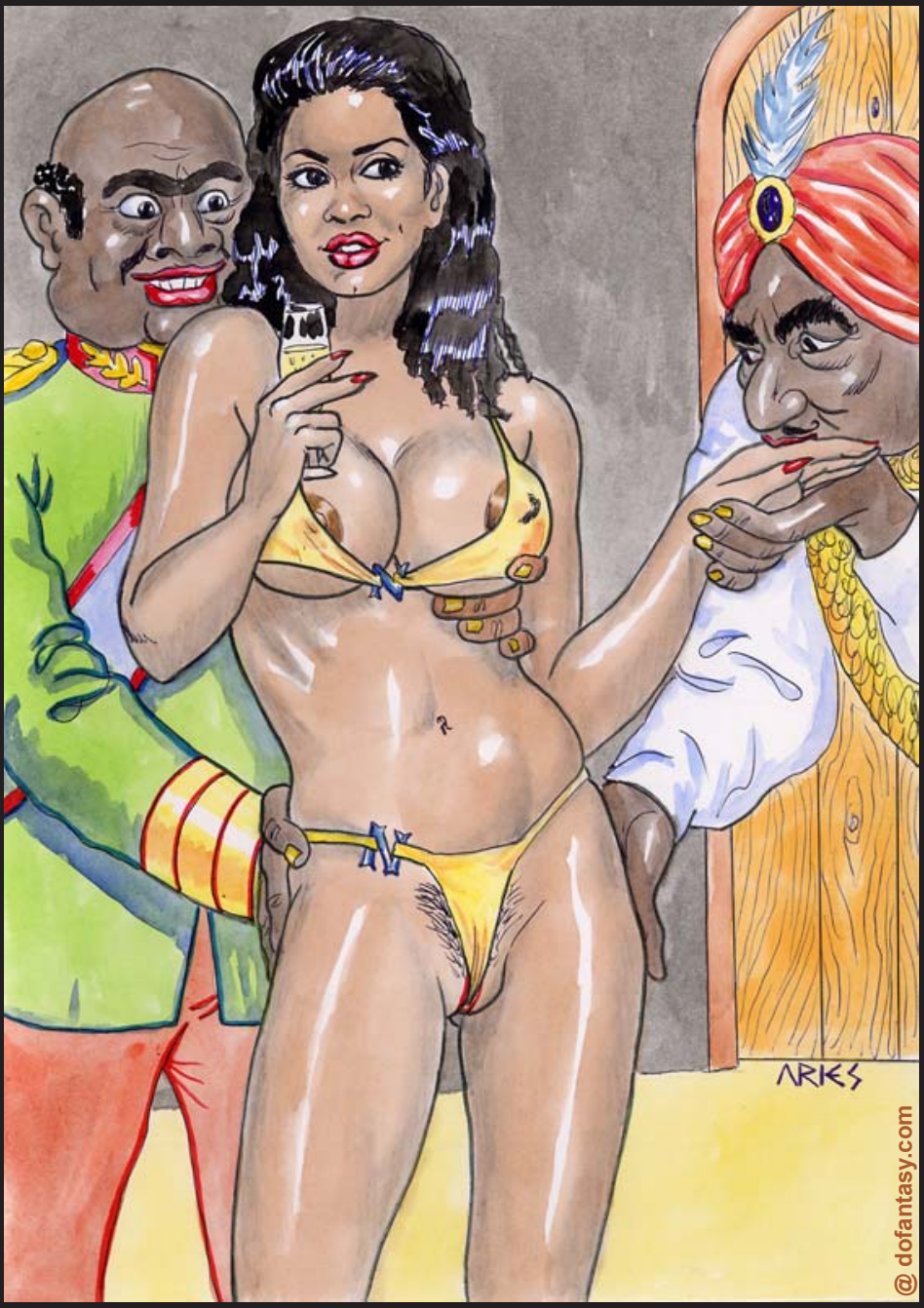
The mood may have been casual and relaxed but General Achebe was still intent on doing business. Prince Rashid was an old and valued client for continuing supplies of young and pretty slave flesh.

Forty year old Prince Rashid was plump, oily and superficially charming. From past experience, the general knew this charm was simply a front. Jaded, cruel and wealthy beyond measure as a result of his families oil interests; he was a regular visitor to The Lodge. American girls, preferably blonde, were his particular preference and, since merchandise tended to wear out rather quickly under his unpleasant attentions, he was also an excellent customer for repeat business.

On this occasion, the General was sure that Gloria would suit the Prince admirably, with the extra stimulation and entertainment provided by the two French girls ensuring his satisfaction and a lucrative evening. Jonas smiled, chatting idly until he heard the click of heels on the polished parquet.

'Nyala, my dear, come and meet our guests.' Tall and elegant, stunning in a minute, pale yellow bikini so sheer it left virtually nothing to the imagination, Lady Nyala stalked across to the two men, collecting a cocktail from a tray held by one of the guards on the way.

She smiled and held out one hand, regally allowing Prince Rashid to kiss her fingers. 'Your Highness how delightful to see you again, Has Jonas told you we



Lady Nyala dresses informally to meet Prince Rashid.

have a new girl for you tonight, American and only just nineteen... rather delightfully she still has some foolish notion that this is all a mistake and the US government is even now preparing a daring rescue plan to free her.' Her comment brought a chuckle of cruel laughter from the two men.

'Somewhat unexpectedly, we also have two French girls, 'backpackers' I believe the term, is who were caught a few miles away this morning. Before they're handed over to the ISB for a full interrogation, the General thought they would provide a diverting evening's entertainment for you.'

The Prince's happy smile greeted her words and the General looked at his watch. 'Samuel will have things ready by now, shall we go downstairs?'

Lady Nyala led the way to an arched opening on the far side of the room. Prince Rashid licked his already wet lips as he watched her walk ahead of them. The yellow string had ridden up between her buttocks leaving them almost naked. He wiped his forehead, excited by the sway of those taut black globes and earlier images of her pointed breasts almost completely revealed by the brief triangles of her bikini top, the fabric so taut that he had been able to see the outline of her nipple rings... He wondered, *what kind of price would the General be willing to accept for her?*

Fully aware of the Prince's lecherous stare, Nyala deliberately emphasised the sway of her hips and the play of her buttocks, allowing the string to ride even higher into the crack between her cheeks. She enjoyed flaunting her body like this...it wasn't modesty that led her to wear anything at all, simply that she liked the feel of the material rubbing her nipples and stretched taut over the bulge of her cunt, cupping the lips and holding them closed so the heat and wetness grew and grew...adding to the excitement...and the pleasure of the session to come.

The archway led to a flight of shallow steps, curving downwards to another arched opening, this one sealed by a heavy soundproofed door leading into the large underground chamber the general jokingly referred to as his 'playroom'. Entering the combination Nyala led the way inside. It was a large chamber, a place of shadows and pools of brilliant light. The walls were painted matt black and without windows. On every side, there was the glint of steel and chrome and the gentle curves and loops of ropes. The exposed beams were fitted with all kinds of hooks, pulleys and fastenings.

Other pieces of torture and restraint apparatus were placed against the walls, ready for use as the General's mood required.

Right next to the door on the left was a low table equipped with straps and a curious curved stand fixed in the middle of it. Next to it was a modern frame chair, like much of the equipment in the *showroom*, it was similar to the one used at ISB headquarters, chrome and black leather and fitted with thigh pads but no seat. Further back in the dimness, the sharp angles of a modern whipping frame stood in front of a giant polished wooden cone, four feet high and over two feet wide at the base, mounted on castors.

At first glance the far end wall seemed oddly bare. All that broke the flat, black surface were a series of three gilded oval frames in a line at waist height and a pair of stainless steel rings bolted into the brickwork above each frame on either side. Each of the 'frames' was blank, the middle closed off by a metal shutter. Half seen in the shadows along the right hand wall, there were two more ominous-looking devices. One was a polished wooden stake nearly four feet high sticking up from a sloping circular base. Rather than ending in a point, it swelled out at the tip into a tapered, egg-sized bulb. The other resembled a padded half circle on edge. A visitor looking closely would see it had stubby arms sticking out on each side at either end.

The middle area was clear and a twelve foot square of different, dark grey material was set into the polished wood that made up the rest of the floor. There were numerous sockets, recessed rings and steel fixing points set into the dark grey surface.

There was some object on the other edge of the square but it was impossible to say what it was as it was draped in a thick, black cloth that touched the floor.

The wall to the right of the door was completely fitted for storage; shelves held a collection of instruments, electrical equipment and other small items, whilst carefully designed racks displayed an impressive range of canes, whips and paddles...all of which showed the wear and patina of long, hard use...

Perhaps most chilling of all, because they all looked so ordinary, almost domestic, were the comfortable armchairs, occasional tables and two large sofas placed in a semicircle round the central area. Uplighters and table lamps provided a gentle, flattering illumination; drinks waited on side tables. In contrast, an array of powerful spotlights were hung on the wall behind the lounge area, lighting the central square, allowing watchers to see without being seen themselves if they wished.

Lady Nyala led the Prince to the luxurious semicircle of chairs and sofas and the two men settled comfortably, drinks to hand peering eagerly to where the lights blazed down on the grey square in the middle of the room.

There was a second door concealed in the wall opposite the lounge area. As they settled themselves, the General clapped his hands and it opened silently. The sounds of scuffling feet and a girl's muffled wails came from the corridor beyond.

The wails and noises became louder as Samuel came in followed by two guards pulled a struggling figure forwards into the glare of the lights. It was difficult to say if she was pretty or not because her mouth was strained wide by a round rubber ball gag; her cheeks flattened and distorted by the tightness of the nylon straps holding it in place. The girl was completely naked so there was no difficulty in seeing she had an excellent figure with long legs, a slim waist and taut, hard buttocks. No bikini line interrupted the soft golden tan and her short brown hair, now matted and spiked with the sweat of terror and her useless struggles, was streaked almost blonde in places by the sun.

Her arms were cuffed together in front of her at the wrists, allowing her to make some attempt to conceal her breasts and genitals from those she knew were watching from beyond the lights. Unfortunately, she was no match for the strength of the two men who simply lifted her bound arms above her head as soon as they had forced her into the position they wanted.

Her breasts were only medium sized but high and firm, the brown tips pointing upwards and jiggling nicely with every futile, struggling movement. The watchers could also see every detail of her mound and labia as, like many of the General's girls, she had been shaved and plucked clean so the full, plump lips and prominent inrolling slit were displayed to best advantage. They could also see that the girl had already been caned severely, her bottom still a sore red with deeper purplish lines criss-crossing both cheeks

'Gentlemen, this is Nadine.' He smiled at her sudden struggling escape attempt as she heard him. Everyone studied her attractive young body writhing in the grip of the guards as Samuel hooked a rope round her wrist cuffs. There was the soft whirr of a motor and the men let her go as the winch dragged her arms above her head. The wet, gobbling noises from behind the gag got louder and more frantic as she was lifted higher and higher. Samuel waited until she was poised on tiptoe, her body stretched full length and every muscle showed in painfully taut relief under the honey bronze skin before signalling a halt.

The General ran the fingers of his left hand down the girl's upraised arm, tickling the tender hollow of her armpit so she bucked and twisted like a mad thing on the end of the rope. 'Nadine is eighteen...she's French, claims to be on holiday with her friend Brigitte...who we will meet in a moment. They say they got 'lost' near this house... but the cameras and other items found at their campsite tell a

somewhat different story...'

The General's comment was greeted with a wet chuckle from the Prince...and a series of wild, threshing gyrations from the suspended girl. The general held up a hand. 'Thought you'd like to see a delicious little device that I came across when spending a few days with the Headman of one of the remoter jungle tribes recently.' He turned to Samuel, 'the legs at full stretch please, Samuel then we'll want the gourd and the other things.'

Samuel and the guards grabbed each of Nadine's ankles in turn and strapped a strong black leather cuff round it. The nylon cords attached to each cuff were led out sideways to recessed fittings in the floor. The motor hummed again and Nadine slumped down, panting with the release to tension but still unable to bring her arms down completely...

'Naaaaagggh! Pleeg, glo, pleeeeg...pleeeg!'

The words were distorted and muffled but their meaning was clear. Nadine was desperately trying to stop her ankles being pulled apart as the two men hauled enthusiastically on the cords. Soon she was in an agonisingly wide straddle, only stopped from doing the splits by the rope round her wrists. Samuel lifted one finger, the winch motor hummed again and Nadine's arms were pulled up once more. Samuel moved behind her, fingers tickling under her arms as he used her frantic struggles to check the growing tension in her body as Nadine was stretched out into a tortured, inverted Y. Finally satisfied, he nodded and the motor stopped. The girl was once more on tiptoe, arms vertical, but this time her legs were splayed wide astride so the soft, split pouch of her cunt was horribly exposed.

Lady Nyala stalked into the spotlights and stood close behind the outstretched figure. There was a murmur of excitement and appreciation as Prince Rashid saw she'd removed her bikini top. The almost black tips of her breasts stuck out like blunt points, jutting so stiffly upwards that the thin gold rings were held out at an angle. Those hard, roused nipples raked across the eighteen year old's back as Nyala leaned against her, her hands reaching round to cradle the girl's breasts...scarlet painted nails teasing and fretting the wide tan halo's before scraping to and fro along the unwillingly roused peaks of her nipples.

'Young Nadine here likes girls rather than boys, don't you my pet?' Lady Nyala's nails pinched the girl's nipples so she squirmed and gasped in a mixture of pain and excitement. 'So, before her lesson, I think we should meet her special friend... Samuel, please...'

More noises in the corridor and the two guards pulled a second girl into the lights. Only some six months older than her friend, but equally naked, she had a fuller figure, her body beautifully curved with wide hips and a narrow waist emphasising the attraction of her high, thrusting breasts with their darker, plum coloured tips. With her hands tied behind her, Brigitte's large breasts showed to best advantage, bouncing and jiggling wonderfully as she tried to resist the guards' cruel fingers.

She didn't walk, she waddled, a struggling, awkward gait with her legs stretched wide apart. With her ankles strapped to each end of a thick, three foot long bamboo rod, it was only the fierce, pinching grip of the guards on her upper arms that kept her upright.

Like her friend, Brigitte's hair was cut short and her deep tan showed no telltale costume marks. She had been allowed to keep a carefully trimmed line of black fur running vertically down the soft bulge of her mound and framing the dark reddish-purple lips of her cunt. As the men twisted her arms, forcing her to arch back on tiptoe, Prince Rashid leaned forwards, eyes hot with lust and cruel excitement as he saw how the young French girl's clitoris poked out like a little taut fingertip from between the black fringed lips.

Her chin and the front of her body glistened with a shiny coating of dribbled saliva and with every wet, gobbling noise she made, more drooled from the edges of her mouth. It wasn't that she was being deliberately rude by sticking her tongue so far out at the General and his guest.... she just couldn't help it.

The two thin bamboo rods were joined at each end with strong elastic bands and someone must have levered them apart them apart whilst the girl's tongue was pulled between them. The dowels were held tightly in the angles of her jaw, her lips stretched wide as though she was wearing a particularly uncomfortable bridle. The laces attached to the ends of the rods had been tied tightly at the back of the girl's head, preventing any possibility of her freeing herself...so she was obliged to go on slobbering and dribbling helplessly.

A second rope hung from the ceiling a few feet away from Nadine, Samuel casually hooked the end clip through the second French girl's wrist tie and jerked his thumb upwards. The winch hummed and the rope tightened. Brigitte seemed to be bowing to the Prince and the General as she was bent forwards by the agonising pull on her arms. She paddled furiously on the composition floor, bare feet slapping madly as she tried to hold her balance.

The two guards added to her problems by letting her go as the winch remorselessly pulled her arms up to full stretch so she was left dangling on

tiptoe, legs straddled and her arms twisted up almost vertically behind her in an agonising *strappado* position. Samuel nodded to the darkness and the noise of the winch stopped.

'She's ready, Sir...do you want me to fetch the other things you wanted now?' Jonas Achebe nodded, smiling happily as he studied first Nadine, stretched and shivering with terror and then Brigitte, also terrified, twisting and bubbling on the end of her rope. Hoisted up as she was with the pole holding her legs wide apart, her full breasts swung and dangled enticingly and the plump, split bulge of her cunt were held deliciously open and exposed. There was nothing at all the dribbling nineteen year old could do to cover or protect her most tender and sensitive places from the cruel finger of her tormentors. Lady Nyala moved closer.

'Such a foolish girl,' Lady Nyala purred at her side. She cupped the dangling globe of the girl's right breast, scratching the sensitive circle of her aureole then tweaking the long, dark nipple into a stiff peak. 'But you like me playing with you...don't you my pet?' Her hand brought a trembling shudder and a liquid mewing noise from the girl as she scratched her nails over the taut skin of her flanks moving downwards to where the groomed hairs fringed the open, dark pink slot of her cunt.

'Naaaaath...pleeeth, pleeeth...naaaaaaaah, na-aaaah!'

One elegant finger stroked along the edge of Brigitte's labia, scratching the soft, wet inner folds with a light, teasing caress before moving inwards to scrape so delicately across the exposed tip of the girl's large and prominent clitoris. The nineteen year old French girl juddered spastically, jerking against the straps holding her ankles splayed apart in a futile effort to clamp her thighs together. Nyala kissed the lobe of the girl's ear, her finger probing and stroking the wet slot more deeply, then rolling the swollen tip to and fro, vibrating it faster a little faster, enjoying the spasms, the noises and the way the glistening trail of liquid trickled down the girl's belly to form a shining, glinting coating in the hairs framing her cunt.

'In a little while the men will fuck you too..., but first you should watch your friend, Nadine. Look, look carefully at what Samuel is holding...' Brigitte's eyes opened wide, staring at the carefully shaped and carved yellowish gourd with its plaited leather laces hanging from it. It was only when Samuel turned it, showing the hollow interior to her friend that she realised what it was.

'Oh yes, see how it fits over her cunt so nicely...' Nyala murmured, watching Samuel pressing the shaped bulb of the gourd into the girl's groin so it covered the plump lips. Her own fingers cupped Brigitte's cunt, pressing up to emphasise

what was being done to her friend and lover. Samuel worked the long tapering neck right into the cleft of her body, the curved end nestling against the rosette of her anus. Plaited leather laces were threaded through the gourd in three places; either side of the bulbous front... the third one right at the tapered tip.

He let the gourd come loose, holding it in one hand he turned to show the bare inside to the two men. 'The men of the Tikiku people use these as a punishment for their wives and daughters,' the General said, settling back in his chair. 'It seems harmless, doesn't it...but add a little extra something before the gourd is tied in place and...' His evil smile was mirrored by the cruel excitement of his guests as Samuel handed the gourd to Ben, one of the guards, and padded over to pick up something else from the table behind him.

'Oh Gloggg, Nuuuh, pleeeeg, PLEEG! Oooooh canttthh, OOOO!, Nuuuuh, nuh, nuh Pleeeeg!'

The girl's screams suddenly rose to a demented wail as she saw the wriggling mass of amber colour insects inside the glass jar Samuel was holding.

The Prince giggled, caressing the thickening length of his cock, his excitement rising as he understood what was going to be done to the girl. He flipped the edges of his robe aside impatiently, arching his hips as he stared at the scene before him whilst he stroked his fingers up and down the eight inch length of his erect penis, spreading the oily seepage over the naked head so it gleamed wetly in the soft lights of the lounge area.

General Achebe smiled at the Prince's open masturbation and rubbed the thick bulge of his cock through his robes. 'Our native fire ants...small, but their sting is particularly vicious...' he raised his voice a little. 'Samuel spent half an hour this morning finding a fresh nest...just for you, Nadine my dear.' He nodded and Ben moved behind the girl, reaching round to fit the gourd back in place, working the curved neck up until it the end pressed into her anus then pulling the plaited tail high into the cleft of her buttocks.

Satisfied with the position he let the front drop forward so the bulbous cup was open. Samuel shook the jar, twisted off the cap and tipped the writhing, gingery ball of insects into the gourd. He pressed the cup over the girl's cunt immediately, sealing it by pressing the edge against her mound and high into the creases of her thighs. Samuel kept it in position while Ben reached round, pulled the two side laces up and over the girl's hips and knotted them securely at the back. He finished securing it by tugging the tail even higher between her bottom cheeks before tying it to the other laces so she was wearing the gourd like an obscenely bulging thong.

Samuel put the jar back on the table and returned with a finger thick bamboo cane. For the watchers, it seem as though nothing much was happening. True the girl's chest was heaving and she was panting in a shallow frantic rhythm, but, apart from the shivering of her muscles and the twitching movements of her head there was no sign of real discomfort at all.

To the left of Nadine's outstretched figure, Brigitte was twisting her head round and staring at her best friend in horror. She was bucking up and down and panting rapidly at well, but for a very different reason. Lady Nyala's finger, now slippery and glistening with her juices, was still rolling and caressing her clitoris, making her more and more excited despite her desperate efforts to ignore the deliberate, expert masturbation from her elegant tormentor.

The general stood up and let his robe fall to the ground. His thick cock, not yet fully erect, jutted forwards, bobbing with each step as he walked over to Nadine and ran his hands over her taut flanks, his fingers tickling the exposed hollows of her underarms so she gasped and hissed, twitching as much as she was able to at the unbearable stimulation. Jonas Achebe smiled down at her terrified expression and walked round behind her.

More gasps were forced from the girl as she felt the thick rod of his cock swelling and hardening as he pressed against her back, rubbing his erection in the cleft of her bottom. 'This is for you...but a little later my dear. First we must let you enjoy your lesson.' He pinched her nipples. 'Your Highness, perhaps you would like to help start Nadine's punishment...'

The Prince shrugged off his own robe and waddled over. Although he was running to fat his physique was still good, the soft olive brown of his skin gleaming with a sheen of perspiration. His excitement was obvious, his cock curving up so strongly that his balls were lifted almost away from his body by the pull of his erection. His chubby face alight with the anticipation of what he was going to be allowed to do to make this girl scream and beg for mercy but still a little puzzled about exactly what torture the girl now faced.

The general bent the girl's head forward, forcing her to look down the length of her body so she was staring at the yellowish bulge of the gourd between her thighs. 'I think you can feel them, my dear, I'm right...yes? Crawling and tickling all over your cunt.'

'Aaaah, uh, uh, aaaaaaah!'

He grinned at the Prince as the girl jerked violently, 'and sometimes they touch

you inside...between those tender little lips and right up inside... yes?' He shook his head at the girl's frantic nods of agreement. 'But they're very quiet at the moment, Nadine...just busy exploring their new home...quiet because it's dark...and warm...and moist...and there's nothing to disturb them.'

'Samuel, hand his Highness the cane.' Prince Rashid took a couple of well practised strokes, enjoying the girl's horror as the bamboo rod whirred through the air in front of her. 'What is so delightful with this technique is that Nadine will do most of the work to annoy her little guests for us. All you have to do is provide a suitable stimulation for her bottom, Rashid.' He walked round to stand in front of the girl once more.

'When I saw one of the village women being punished in this way, the Headman started by waking the ants up like this.' He slapped the bulge of the gourd a couple of times, hard enough to make the girl jerk violently against her bonds. 'Then, once they start the pain of the caning and the stings will make her move violently enough to do the rest...' He slapped the gourd a few more times then beamed in pleasure. 'Ah yes, that's done the trick!' The Prince nodded excitedly, his face flushed with sadistic pleasure as the girl's movements suddenly became more urgent and desperate.

'...Aaaaarrrgh, glare bliting, pleeg, naaaaaggh, O Glog, pleeeeg, pleeeeg glare bliting, ooh oooor, pleeg its oooh ooooorrrr!'

The screams got louder and louder, liquid gabbling cries that were only partly muffled by the bright red ball-gag. Matching the frantic, gobbling noises, the eighteen year old French girl's hips bucked violently back and forwards, muscles jerking and shuddering as though she was climaxing in the throes of fucking some invisible lover.

Lost in the pleasure of the girl's agony the Prince took a step to the side and swung the cane in a vicious whirring arc. The girl arched forwards as though she'd received an electric shock and another wild, bubbling wail leaked from the edges of the gag. Three more strokes sliced across her bottom cheeks in quick succession making her surge and buck dementedly with each vicious *'swack'* of the cane, each slicing cut bringing louder and more agonised screams and even more violent convulsions as the ants were driven to a frenzy.

'You see your highness...her jerking movements annoy the ants and they respond by biting and stinging. The inside of the gourd is too smooth and hard so they concentrate on the girl's cunt, all those nice soft, wet folds. Once a few of them start stinging and biting the smell of the venom triggers the rest of them to attack too.' General Achebe pinched the squirming girl's nipples as she vibrated and

cried at the steadily increasing pain as the ants flayed and stung her labia, clitoris and the soft, inner folds of her vagina. 'It's not just the pain and the swelling...the Headman told me that the venom leaves the flesh ultra-sensitive and sore for hours. Claims that fucking a woman who's been punished in this way is like taking a young virgin...she's wonderfully tight and squeals at every touch.'

Prince Rashid nodded, panting slightly from the effort he was making but engrossed in the ecstatic pleasure of caning the girl's bottom His eyes were drinking in the desperate jerks of her body and the spasms of torment on her face as the ants did their work, stinging and biting every tiny fold and crevice of her most sensitive flesh.

'There you are Brigitte, see how wonderfully Nadine is responding....just look at the way her breasts are jiggling and those noises!' Immediately Prince Rashid started caning Nadine, Lady Nyala's finger pressed a little harder and moved a little faster, strumming the older girl's clitoris, listening intently for the involuntary bucking spasms and sharp, chanting cries that would signal her young plaything's enforced climax...the first of many she would be made to reach during the long evening ahead...

'Naaaah, ah, ahh, aaaah, yeth, yeth, pleeeth, pleeth, yeth, YETH! Ah, aaaah. PLEETH! PLEETH!'

'Oh darling, you want to come? Of course you do...Shall I press just a little bit harder then...yes, yes that's it... now, do you like it if I turn and flick my nail like this?' The girl's toes flapped and paddled in a frenzy of movement as the girl vibrated in a frenzy of excitement, thigh muscles shivering and her body arching to and fro so hard that the rope from her wrists creaked and groaned at the strain. 'Oh yes...that's it isn't it...go one then, come for Nyala darling... go on, hard, really hard...'

'Mmmm there, yeth, yeth, there, there...mmmm there, I'm therrrre! YETH, YETH! YETH!'

'So you are darling... but you can manage another one can't you...' the single tormenting finger moved, stroking the parted inner lips, teasing the openings of her vagina and anus, before returning to fret the red, swollen bulb even more unmercifully...

'Naaaaaaaaaggghhh!'

Brigitte's squeal's distracted the Prince who paused and looked up. The General lifted his hand. 'Just a few more strokes your Highness then we can leave our

little insect friends to do their work. From the noises, I suspect that Nyala has almost got young Brigitte ready for us'

Prince Rashid grinned and sent ten vicious cuts slicing across the thick red weals already scored across her bottom, After each stroke his eyes flicked between Nadine's agony and the delicious sight of Lady Nyala skilfully masturbating her squealing friend to her second screaming climax in just a few minutes.

'There, there darling...that was so nice, wasn't it.' Nyala's clever fingers tweaked and teased the dangling globes of the girl's breasts as she whispered into her ear. 'Now we're going to play a little game...see how unhappy poor Nadine is?' She twisted one hand in the girl's hair, forcing her to look across to where he lover was screaming and threshing in the agony of her torture. 'If you want the men to take that gourd away and let her rest...all you have to do is be especially nice to his Highness and the general.' She paused, waiting while the two men walked across to where Brigitte hung bent forwards from the wrist rope. 'Now, darling, they're going to fuck you...one at each end.'

The girl's head shook violently and strings of saliva fell to the floor as she reacted to her tormentor's words. 'No, no don't be silly, of course they're going to fuck you... sshhhh, listen...no *listen*... but you do get a reward!' She waited for the girl to calm down a little more, 'and the reward is that once you make them both come then Samuel over there will take the gourd off Nadine's cunt. Of course, the longer you take...the more she gets bitten...'

She looked up, 'Ben, take the tongue gag off will you...Brigitte is going to need it.' Her voice hardened, suddenly cruel and quite pitiless, 'but get it wrong or do anything stupid, bitch and you'll be wearing ant-lined panties for the rest of the day... then Samuel, Ben and rest of the guards can take turns, understand?'

Brigitte's chest heaved and she made a series of anguished, liquid noises as Ben untied the bamboo 'bit'. The noises became a series of anguished, grunting moans as he removed one of the rubber bands and pulled the rods free of the girl's tongue. Her three tormentors exchanged knowing grins as she cried even more, her head threshing from side to side; Brigitte was discovering the full, thudding agony of returning circulation in her tongue.

'Front or back, your Highness?' the General murmured, the perfect host as always.

Prince Rashid pulled the nineteen year old French girl's head back and studied the full pouting lips, watching as they worked and flexed to try and relieve a little of the aching pain in her tongue. 'Oh definitely front, Jonas... such a pleasure to enjoy the pleasures of a young lady's mouth.' His voice became quiet and

menacing. 'Be careful, my dear, very, very careful... remember Nadine's waiting for you...' He turned her head, holding it steady with both hands and brought his hips forwards until the slick purple dome of his glans butted against her lips.

'Perhaps a brief reminder would help your Highness,' Jonas Achebe snapped his fingers and Samuel hurried forwards to pick up the bamboo cane from where the Prince had dropped it. 'Give her twenty, Samuel, hard as you like. The silly bitch is resisting.'

'No, no please, I'll do what you want, please don't hit me please... see...' Her words stopped as she parted her lips over the thick helmet and the Prince felt her swollen and bruised tongue flickering against the sensitive rim. The Prince pushed a little deeper, smiling at the girl's obvious skill. He rocked for a few moments relishing the warmth and stimulation and then pulled free.

He turned her head up once again. 'Too late, my dear...you really must learn to do what you're told without argument.... with your permission, General I feel that twenty five will provide a more stimulating lesson.' General Achebe nodded in agreement and Samuel tapped her outthrust buttocks with the cane, measuring the distance as she squealed in frantic protest.

'Oh, please, please. No I did what you want, please, plea....Naaaaaarrrgh!'

Brigitte rocked forwards as the cane sliced low into the soft crease at the base of her bottom cheeks. He feet performed a little hopping dance as she fought to ride the sudden agony of the cane and hold her balance at the same time.

'Thwack!' 'Thwack!' 'Thwack!' 'Thwack!' 'Thwack!'

'Naaaah, Pleeessse no more iiiiaaarrrgh, nah, nah, Naaaaaaah!

Samuel waited for the girl to relax just a little before whipping the next cut in to sear a thick white weal immediately above the last one. Then, as she bucked forward once again the weal darkened, developing swiftly to match the others striping the soft, tanned curves. He had given her fifteen when Lady Nyala stopped him. 'General, may I give her the last ten...?' Her fingers reached under the whimpering girl's body and cupped the dangling teats, 'warm these up too...'

'Oh yes, excellent Nyala my dear, excellent. Samuel, your Mistress will give her the last ten... will you fetch her a fine switch, the sting-ray tail one will do admirably.' Grinning at the thought of watching the girl getting her tits whipped by a real expert, Samuel collected a slim tapered whip from the wall rack. It

looked like some kind of unpolished rapier blade, very thin and tapering to a fine point. As the General has said, it was made from the tail of a sting-ray, dried and mounted in a silver-inlaid handle.

'Now Brigitte, here is the second part of your lesson. Get it wrong again and I'll use this to slice these open.' Lady Nyala tapped the slim whip against the girl's dangling breasts, flicking the rough surface deliberately against her nipples so they rose and stiffened. 'Ten to come darling, are you ready?'

They all heard the girl's heaving intake of breath followed by the *swish-thwick* of the whip. Prince Rashid stroked the shaft of his cock feeling it jerk with his excitement as he saw the switch slice across the dark brown circles of the girl's aureoles.

Silence fell, broken only by Nadine's pitiful, whimpering cries, then Brigitte's eyes bulged and her mouth opened, gaping in an 'O' of agony before a single, echoing scream pierced the still, hot air of the underground room.

'Yyyyyyyaaaaaaarrrggghhh! Nuh-nuh-nuh...naaa... Aaaaarrrggghh!'

Lady Nyala waited until the girl was desperately trying to draw a full breath then whipped the switch in again, this time catching the peak of her left nipple with the viciously stinging tip.

Both the General and the Price laughed aloud as Brigitte twisted madly from side to side in an effort to ride the pain. Her breasts flailed and bounced wildly, slapping together at the end of each twisting movement. Lady Nyala waited, the switch poised, until Brigitte paused to draw breath once again.

'Thwick!' *'Thwick!'* *'Thwick!'*

'No-no-no-no-no-naaaaaaaah... Iiiiiiiyyyyyaaaaaah!'

Lady Nyala stalked round Brigitte's body, waited until she paused for breath once more and...

'Thwick!' *'Thwick!'* *'Thwick!'*

'A hundred dollars says you can't get the nipples only with the last three,' the Prince chuckled.

'Accepted Highness, a hundred dollars for each one, agreed?' Nyala smiled quietly as the Prince nodded. 'I'm sorry darling...this is going to be a little painful



'*A 100 dollars says you get the nipples only with the last three...*' Accepting the Prince's wager, Lady Nyala uses a stingray tail whip on the tips of Brigitte's breasts.

for you but you can't expect me to pass up three hundred dollars can you?' She moved back to her original position and touched the tail of the whip against the swollen tip of the girl's right breast.

Even Brigitte seemed to freeze motionless as the tall black woman tapped the thin blade so very gently against the fleshy stub. Then, with a lightning fast flick of her wrist, she brought the switch hissing round to catch the very tip of the jutting, rounded peak with thinnest part of the switch. The noise of the impact was tiny, just a small *'thuck!'* of sound, but the girl's nipple vibrated violently before springing out like a little fingertip once more.

Her demented scream of outraged agony was still echoing round the room when Nyala's second stroke hit Brigitte's left nipple with another *'thuck!'* 'Last stroke, darling...which one shall I try for this time?' Brigitte, eyes screwed shut and gabbling nonsense as she tried to cope with the pain scalding through her breasts, didn't reply.

'It's not fair to ask her to make that kind of choice, my dear,' Jonas interrupted. 'Tell you what...I'll throw in the extra hundred and you can try for one more on each, how's that?'

Lady Nyala smiled wickedly at the General, nodded and waited for the girl to quieten a little. 'Easy money General, I've got a bigger target now...' she used the tail of the switch to point to the girl's nipples, already taut and shiny, swollen out to almost twice their size from the two previous strokes.

'Thuck!' 'Thuck!'

'Naaaaarrrrgggggh!' 'Aaaaaa...'

'Hmmm, don't think much of French stamina, Jonas... this ones fainted clean away and the other's almost as bad,' the Prince grumbled as Brigitte's head flopped forwards. 'Still, my dear,' he smirked at Lady Nyala, 'you've earned that four hundred dollars, a most impressive performance. Perhaps I can persuade you to train some of my people at some point?'

Lady Nyala inclined her head acknowledging the Prince's compliment. 'Why don't we relax for a moment, your Highness and ask Samuel to bring out Gloria. She's new...she *says* she's nineteen, American and, surprisingly, a genuine blonde. Completely untrained of course...but both the General and I have found she's delightfully responsive. Her nipples are particularly sensitive.'

Still chatting and leaving the two French girls hanging from their bonds the

three of them strolled back to the comfort of the arm chairs. General Achebe called Samuel across. 'Time for the American, make sure she's wearing the clothes Lady Nyala told her to.' He looked across to where Nadine was still twitching and whimpering. 'Take her out but leave the other one. Hose her down outside when you take the gourd off...don't want any of those damned ants in the house. You and the boys can use her when you've finished here... but no permanent damage...understood? I want her available for the party tomorrow night. Samuel nodded, beckoned the others to unstrap Nadine and they carried her out quietly. General Achebe leaned across to pour the Prince another glass of single-malt whisky.

11 – The Water Treatment

Helen Perry had passed out still strapped in the torture chair. She came round back in her cell with hard, pinching fingers forcing her to her feet once more. The big sergeant who had raped her earlier said nothing as he dragged her, shuffling and limping back down the dim corridor. At the end a bar of light showed from a partially open door. As they got nearer she could hear sounds, odd, inhuman noises and a rhythmic squeaking over the chink of metal. The room was brightly lit, white tiled walls and a floor of smooth, red painted concrete. The floor was gleaming wet and running with water.

At first all she could see was the backs of two more guards, tall, heavily-muscled men, both bent over something in the middle of the floor. They looked round and straightened as the Inspector followed her into the room. Despite the things that had been done to her, Helen still blushed as she realised both the glossy black figures were almost naked, just a waist string holding a cotton pouch in place over their bulging genitals. Broad grins flashed white as both men studied Hellen's dishevelled figure held in Joseph's iron grasp.

'I wanted you to see one of the other little games we play with silly young women here…' The Inspector said softly as she was pushed further into the room and…

Helen Perry retched helplessly, twisting and jerking in Joseph's grip as she saw the rest of the room for the first time… and realised she was in a torture chamber. Even worse, the pinioned figure the men had been working on was her friend Mimi Namuma.

A low slatted wooden bench had been placed in the middle of the floor. Mimi was lying on her back, stretched out in an agonising X and held in place by cords round her wrists and ankles; cords that were secured to ringbolts sunk in the concrete floor. Patches of raw, bleeding flesh marked where each of the cords cut into Mimi's arms and legs. The extent of each raw band showed just how desperately she'd been struggling against her cruel bonds. To add to her agony



Mimi Namuma strapped down on a bench undergoing a session of Water Torture.

she was lying with the small of her back over a thick log so her body was arched up, her buttocks held just clear of the wooden slats by the tension of her agonising position.

Her head was dangling down off one end of the bench, cheeks flattened by the straps of the metal ring gag holding her mouth open in a wide dribbling circle. The agonising arch of her back had flattened Mimi's firm high breasts but her long, black nipples jutted upwards like hard spikes. Helen retched as she saw how sore they looked, the flesh taut and swollen from whatever torture they'd used earlier. But it was what they'd done to her belly that brought more horrified retching from Helen. Below her breasts, her abdomen now swelled grotesquely, a smooth thrusting mound that quivered and trembled with every twitching movement from the pinioned woman.

Between her splayed thighs, her fleshy labia thrust out obscenely, slightly parted to reveal the jutting nub of her clitoris sticking out at the top of her slit.

Like her nipples, her clitoris look horribly sore, the flesh taut and swollen from whatever awful things they'd already done to her. Helen realised that her torturers had only left her cunt and tits alone because they'd turned their agonising attentions to her friend's anus. Dangling from between her buttocks a red, rubber tube snaked across the floor to a connection at the base of an old-fashioned stirrup pump. The thick black, enamel and brass cylinder with its polished wooden handle was propped in a metal bucket full of water. More buckets, empty ones this time, were pushed against the wall. Another full one stood under the brass tap that jutted from the wall tiles at waist height.

The two men looked the Inspector and then grinned nastily as they studied Helen. 'Watch carefully, Miss Perry… she'll take at least another bucket yet…' the Inspector said sharply, signalling for the men to continue. There was a metallic clatter as one of the men pushed the bucket with the pump a little closer to Mimi's outstretched legs. The other one stood put a foot into the stirrup to hold the pump in place, raised the handle, and then leaned his weight forwards, using all his strength to force the shaft down.

Mimi Namuma writhed upwards and a long bubbling wail came from her mouth. The near-naked guard grinned sadistically at his friend, the muscles of his chest and arms bulging as he began to work the pump handle up and down with slow deliberate strokes. With each movement the pump made a regular squeaking noise… the noise Helen had heard from the corridor. The rubber tube jerked with each stroke and a thin seepage of water trickled and dripped from the point where it disappeared between Mimi's clenched buttocks.

'Nnnnaaaaarrrrgggggghhhh!'

The young woman's body heaved desperately and her mouth gaped wide as an inhuman wail burst from her throat.

The Inspector watched the taut mound of her belly swelling with each slow deliberate stroke. Only a few inches of water remained when he flicked his fingers and the grinning torturer straightened up. Leaving Helen with the Sergeant he walked up to the other end of the bench and lifted Mimi's head. 'Look, Mimi… I brought Miss Perry to watch us playing with you. Remember how the two of you were helping me...? Now she's going to watch as my men persuade you to tell me all the things I want...' He paused, watching to see that the squirming, tortured figure was still listening. 'Of course, if you don't tell me...the men can start work on Miss Perry too....'

'Huh-huh- Heleg… Oh Glog glay a-a-a-ade eee, h-h-h-horry… I d-d-dihunt glean t-to… Oh p-pleag, pleag… it hurgs, pleeeeg iht hurgs slo muhg…'

Her word were hardly understandable, a gobbling, drooling mixture of apologies and desperate pleas for the torture to stop. Inspector Lubala idly flicked one of her up thrust nipples to and fro, watching how it jiggled with each movement and listening to yet more frantic dribbling noises coming from the cruel metal ring-gag.

'Shall I ask them to unplug you…hmm?' He pretended to listen to the gabbling wail as his finger toyed with her up thrust breasts. 'It's going to hurt… but you know that from last time don't you…? But you're right; I think Miss Perry should see the whole treatment…just in case. He walked back and held the terrified blonde's arm.

'Joseph, would you mind?' The grinning Sergeant squatted down and reached in between Mimi's outstretched buttocks; gripping the protruding end of the carefully shaped nozzle that was inserted deep into the young researcher's rectum. His muscles bulged as he twisted and pulled the red rubber probe until it came clear with a wet sucking noise accompanied by a further slobbering wail of agony from Mimi.

Nothing happened until Joseph moved to the girl's side and placed his outspread hands on the monstrous swell of Mimi's belly. He leaned forwards. Helen Perry closed her eyes as the sound of water spraying out of her friend's anus filled the tiled chamber. Joseph gleefully pressed and relaxed, working her flesh exactly like some obscene pump and with each movement Mimi Namuma screamed and writhed in demented agony as she expelled the water so recently forced

into her body. Finally, Joseph straightened up and patted the shallow curve of the young woman's abdomen. 'You *really* clean… inside and out.' He gave a swift look at his boss. 'She's good and strong this one, Sir, will take plenty more yet. We can start again in a few minutes.' He grinned down at the moaning, writhing figure across the log, 'mebbe try a touch of chilli powder in the water next time?'

The Inspector nodded and studied the girl's sweat-beaded features. 'You *know* you're going to tell me everything in the end… but now you're being all silly with this show of defiance… perhaps you need a little more stimulation…' One of the men picked up the rubber nozzle. 'No, not yet, aaah yes, Joseph...let's try concentrating Miss Namuma's mind in a different way. After all you can always go back to the water treatment later.' The other two men grinned, nudging each other in anticipation, their white teeth gleaming as Joseph wiped his hands on his trousers and swaggered over to a little glass and chrome medical table to pick up a syringe from a kidney dish.

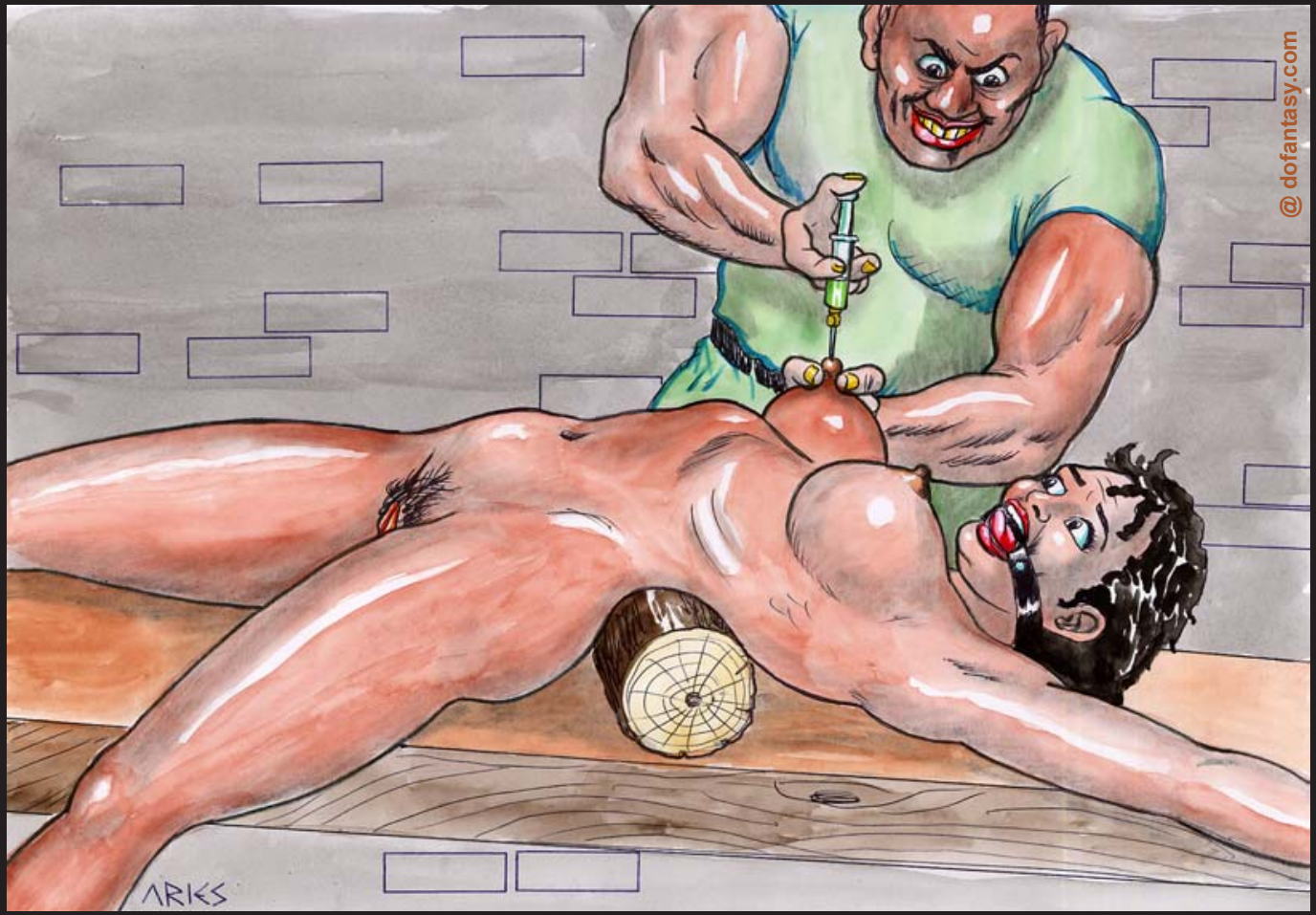
The Inspector pulled Helen with him then crouched down by Mimi's head as Joseph made great play of filling the syringe with a clear liquid, making sure that she was able to see everything he was doing. 'Remember… just those few simple names and all this could be avoided…Watch carefully, Miss Perry.' He nodded and Joseph delicately lifted the swollen peak of Mimi's breast between finger and thumb, holding the stiff black stub steady. He paused, watching as her head strained up and forwards, eyes bulging frantically as she stared at his fingers in horror. Slowly, very slowly, he pushed the needle into the very tip of her nipple...

'Naggggggaaaaarrrghhh!, nuh…nuh…nuh… Naaaaggggghh!'

Whatever Mimi Namuma had being going to say was lost forever in her screaming frenzy as her tongue curled and flickered against the ring gap and the tendons in her neck showed like cables as she convulsed in agony. 'A simple stimulant, not *too* strong but it does make the nerve endings ultra sensitive for some considerable time. Joseph will give her the other two little injections and then we can continue…'

Helen only realised the horrible significance of his words as Joseph repeated the injection into the meat of Mimi's other nipple. She fought uselessly against the Inspector's powerful grip as the still grinning Sergeant moved round to the other end of the bench… 'Oh no… no you can't, no, no I won't let you…'

Joseph grinned even more widely and waited patiently whilst the other two helped the Inspector easily brought Helen Perry's struggles under control. 'You



Mimi screams as Sergeant Joseph slowly injects each nipple with a stimulant to make them even more painfully sensitive to the slightest touch.

won't let us, Miss Perry…?' The Inspector's voice hardened, 'what *you* want is a matter of complete indifference to me. Joseph, you may carry on, now we have Miss Perry's full attention.'

The big sergeant parted the young African's engorged cunt lips and touched one finger to her already swollen nub. 'You can't do anything at all to stop it… unless of course one of you has something to tell me? Or you would like to take Mimi's place perhaps?' The Inspector smiled at Helen's sudden confusion. 'No, I thought not… but later perhaps…,' he and the big Sergeant waited a few moments then he gave the briefest of nods and Joseph slowly pushed the needle slowly into the taut, swollen bulb of Mimi Namuma's clitoris.

'Yiiiiiiiiiaaaarrrgggghhh! Ih, ih, ih, ih… Aaaarrrrgggghhhh!'

Joseph held the needle in position, waiting for the first squeal of pain to become a frantic, panting cry of anguish before pressing the plunger of the syringe. Mimi arched back, the taut curves of her abdomen moving and heaving as she fought against the cords, convulsing in agony as the stimulant burned inside her most sensitive flesh.

'Now, Miss Namuma… Joseph is going to cane you again… do you want to guess where he's going to hit you this time…? The big sergeant put the syringe back on the table and picked up a thin, whippy rattan cane. Helen's eyes widened in horror as he bent the thin rod in a circle then let one end go making it hum through the air with a vicious *'ziiiiiip'*. Moses Lubala traced the wide black circle on Mimi's right aureole with one fingertip, watching his victim heaving and gobbling with terror in her cruel arch across the log. 'Joseph is very skilled, Miss Wainwright… watch how accurate he is…' The finger bobbled against the swollen peak to bring another gobbling wail from below, 'just the tips and the aureoles to start with…'

Joseph moved to the side of the bench, shuffled his feet then brought the thin, whippy rattan slicing down across the peaks of Mimi's breasts. Horrified, Helen actually saw her friend's nipples denting under the cane's impact before springing back stiff and proud once again. Joseph had paused; arm high and ready for the next stroke, before the bubbling animal squeal burst from Mimi's throat as the blazing agony of the first cut seared through her body. She surged impossibly against the cords holding her down and Helen saw the line of that first cut thickening and developing; a line that ran exactly over the peaks of Mimi Namuma's horribly swollen and sensitive nipples.

'Thwick…thwick…thwick…thwick…'

'Naaaaaaah, nah, nah, nah, naaaarrrgggggghh!'

'Let her rest a moment, I want to look,' the Inspector peered at the five raised lines now showing across the wide black circles of Mimi Namuma's aureoles. 'Very good, Joseph, now tickle her clit and see how she likes that….'

Helen moaned, biting her lip in terror as Joseph stepped up onto the bench, straddling Mimi's body facing her feet. This time the strokes were slower, even more deliberately placed so that the very end of the cane bit down between her labia with a ghastly wet *'thrrrwuck!'*

He'd only given her three strokes when she suddenly slumped back, head dangling limply and her outraged squeals of agony abruptly silenced. 'No, no you've killed her… you fucking bastards... you've killed her!'

Inspector Lubala watched as Joseph lifted Mimi's head then let it fall back to clunk against the wooden end of the bench. 'Of course we haven't, Miss Perry…' He sighed theatrically, 'no stamina these people, no stamina at all. Wake her up, Joseph then you and the men can play a little. Show Miss Perry what she's got to look forward too, eh?'

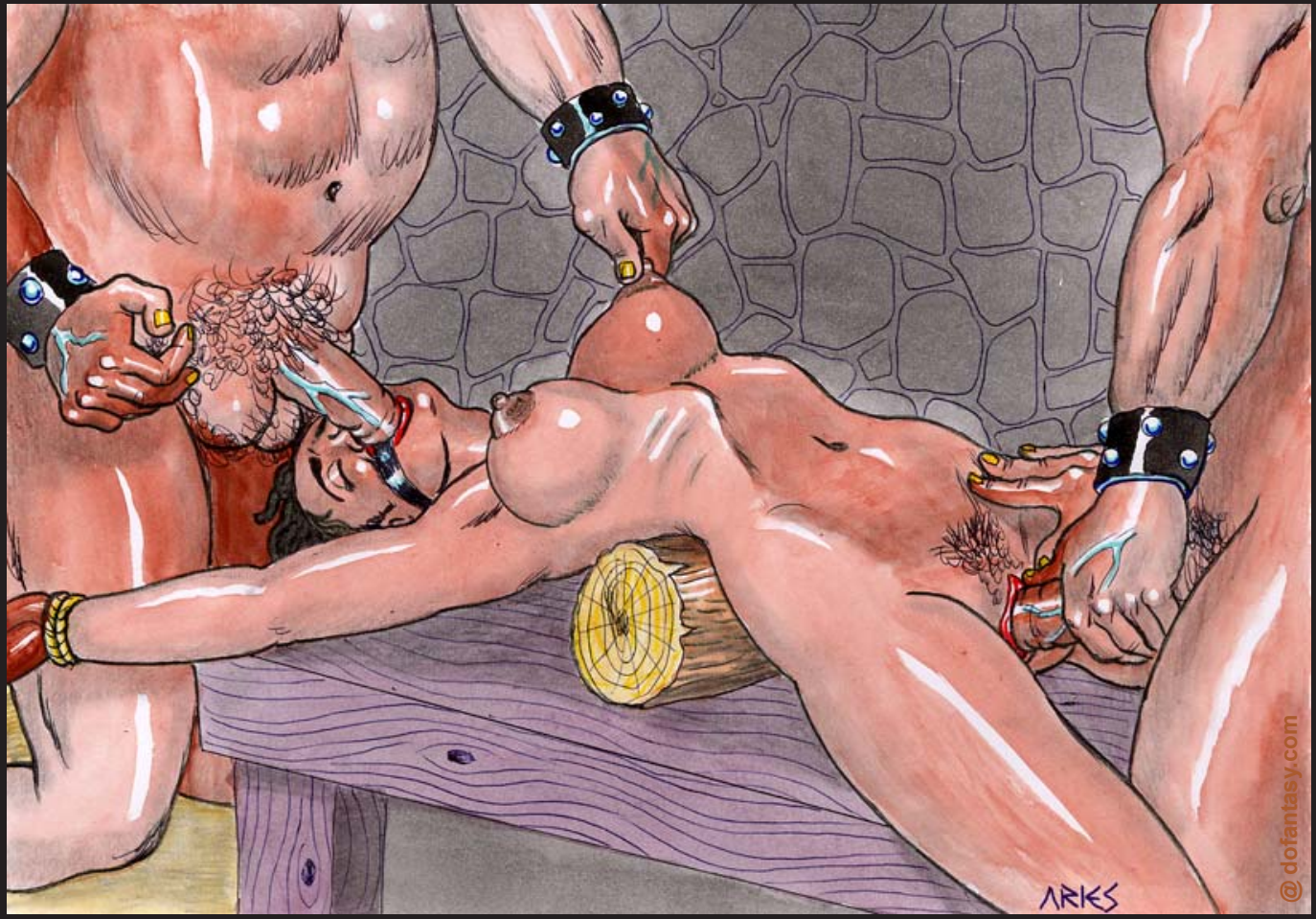
'Splaaat!'

The sergeant's open hand slammed down between the splayed legs in a stinging slap against the young African's outthrust cunt.

'*Ollllgggg, oooooog, oh Glog pleeeg!'*

Mimi Namuma lifted her head, shaking it from side to side as she was jerked back to consciousness by the shock and stinging pain in her groin. 'Wakey, wakey bitch… see what comes next…' Joseph's fingers gripped her short wiry curls and twisted her neck round so she was forced to look at the side of the torture room. The other two guards grinned back as they finished slipping their g-strings off. Each one stroked his long black cock, fingers wrapped round the shaft to point the gleaming purple head at the pinioned girl.

The shorter one wasted no time in bringing his penis against Mimi's face. He squatted slightly and used both hands to tilt her head back then slowly pushed the glans through the metal ring gag into her mouth. Her babbling protest noises became a series of squelching, bubbling moans as he rocked to and fro. Held securely by the Inspector, Helen Perry was forced to watch the man almost choking her best friend as he face-fucked her. With each long, sliding movement she saw the veined shaft of his cock sinking deeper and deeper, glistening and



'I like giving my men a chance for a little relaxation now and then... unfortunately for your friend their stamina is excellent...' Helen watches as the guards fuck Mimi from both ends at once.

shining along its full length with a thick coating of pre-cum and saliva.

With his friend fully occupied, the other man moved between Mimi's legs, still gently jacking off the thick, curved shaft of his nine inch cock. Getting a nod from the Inspector he reached forward and parted her swollen labia with one hand and rolled the uncut foreskin back from his oily glans with the other. He pushed his cock down until the domed head spread her cunt lips then he pressed forwards in a single, slow thrust to bury his cock deep inside her vagina. Beneath him the arched body bucked and spasmed at this second horrible invasion. He waited a moment then pulled back until just the helmet nestled between her lips.

'I always like to give my men a chance for a little relaxation now and then,' murmured the inspector. 'Unfortunately for your friend, their stamina is excellent... I fear she is in for an unpleasant hour or so yet…' He stroked the curve of the young blonde's right breast, watching her shivering, terrified reaction, 'But, don't worry... I want you to have a good rest. We have a number of important guests to entertain tomorrow and I always like to keep a few special individuals in good condition for the demonstrations. Not just you, my dear, I believe your boss, Miss Wainwright will be joining us.'

He paused while Joseph padded over and held Helen's upper arms from behind. She closed her eyes, trying to shut out the increasing tempo of grunts and soft squelching noises of Mimi's double fucking.

'Splattt!'

The Inspector's hand smacked against her cheek, the force whipping her head to the side so hard she was completely dazed for a moment. 'Look at me, Miss Perry!' She opened her eyes, wincing and biting her lip in a desperate attempt to conceal her panic at the horrible promise in the leering, sadistic Inspector's words. 'We'll put you in here a bit later on...but tomorrow morning you've got a riding lesson booked...or had you forgotten?'

The Inspector's laugh was drowned out by Helen Perry's wail of despair as Sergeant Joseph pushed her out into the concrete corridor and frog-marched her back to her cell.

12 – Presenting Gloria to the Prince

'Ah, this is the young lady I was telling you about, your Highness.' General Achebe interrupted his own story and lolled back, caressing his erect penis with long, slow strokes, his finger tips tracing lazily along the underside of the thick, ebony shaft. Samuel pushed the sulky looking teenager forwards until she was standing on the edge of the grey square, fear-filled eyes flicking to and fro between the whimpering French girl suspended from her rope on one side and the shrouded shape on the other.

Lady Nyala knew all about the Prince's fantasies...and the value of pleasing a good customer. Gloria teetered in unsteadily on tiptoe, trying to cope with the height of the pencil thin heels on her tiny, insubstantial gold shoes; the strain on her calves showing off her long, tanned legs showing to perfection. Wearing only a very short, pleated navy-blue schoolgirl skirt and short-sleeve white blouse; and with her hair tied in bunches on each side, she looked barely fifteen. The thrust of her high, firm breasts against a deliberately tight translucent cotton blouse made her look obscenely available...jailbait in the flesh.

Lady Nyala walked forwards, she had discarded the bikini top and the gold rings piercing her long, black nipples glinted and winked with each step. She took the girl's arm from Samuel and edged her closer to the half circle of chairs. Prince Rashid closed his fist around his stiff, eight inch cock and pumped his hips very gently, tongue licking over lips already wet and parted with lust, and making sure the girl could see exactly what he was doing.

Gloria stumbled to a halt then gasped as Nyala's nails pinched the soft flesh under her arm. 'Go on, closer darling...let his Highness get a good look at you.' Eighteen year old Gloria Collins took two more steps then stopped dead as her eyes adjusted to the glare and she saw the bulky figure of the General sprawled naked in the other armchair grinning at her... just like last night when they'd strapped her to that frame.

'Oh God, oh fucking hell, no, no please, please let me go, please. I'll keep quiet, honest I will, just let me go... you've had your fun please...'

'Gloria, Gloria, how rude...you know what happens to naughty girls here don't you...?'

Gloria burst into tears, clutching her arms across her chest in an effort to shield herself from the men's hot, cruel staring eyes. '*Noooo, please don't hurt me again, please...I've said I'll keep quiet, honest I will.*'

Lady Nyala caressed the back of the girl's neck, tickling the delicate skin under her left ear. 'Oh dear what a pity... you see the General and his Highness don't *want* you to keep quiet darling...that's why you're here. Scream as much as you want to, Prince Rashid likes to hear the sound of young ladies squealing in pain...'

'Gloria,' General Achebe waited until the snivelling girl looked up, 'show his Highness what a big girl you are.' His voice became harder, 'unless you want to end up like Brigitte beside you...' The General smiled to himself, *of course the silly bitch was going to end up like her...but a reluctant amateur strip show was always amusing and would give Rashid an early eyeful of the goods on offer...*

'Oh God, it's a nightmare, you're mad, fucking mad all of you...' the sobbing eighteen year old hunched up even more, head tucked down as she tried to cover herself and keep her balance on the tiny gold heels at the same time.

General Achebe roared with laughter, 'as I said your Highness, completely untrained but that should be no problem with your facilities...' He gave the trembling girl another few moments to make her disobedience clear. 'Nyala, perhaps you...' the elegant black woman smiled, her lips slightly parted. She breathed a little more heavily and pressed her thighs together. She leaned into the girl's back scraping her nipples against the damp cotton; feeling the wetness and the warmth seeping between the slippery lips of her cunt at the prospect of working this shivering young blonde to more squealing peaks of agony and excitement.

Her hands clasped the girl's shoulders and then slid slowly down to her wrists, easing them very gently down to her sides. '*Sshhhh*, no, no don't struggle, it will be worse if you do...just let Nyala...' She could feel the wonderful, terrified trembling of the girl's muscles as her fingers found the buttons of her blouse, popping them open one by one so the jutting globes of the eighteen year old's jutting breasts were revealed bit by bit. The lacy white bra barely contained the full, high-riding mounds, the cups cut so low that a semicircle of soft pink showed above the lace edging of each one.

Lady Nyala held the blouse open, then slid it off the girl's shoulders and let it slither to the floor. Two more buttons at the girl's waist; the soft 'zzzz' of a zip and Nyala was able to ease the short skirt over Gloria's hips until it too fell to the floor in a soft puddle of fabric. Deliberately directing the Prince's attentions to the eighteen year old's genitals, she hooked her fingertips under the elastic string of the girl's minute thong panties, pulling them high on her hips so the sheer fabric stretched to cup the girl's cunt like a film of translucent paint.

Prince Rashid masturbated a little faster, eyes fixed on the erotic contrast of the American's brief white underwear and soft golden tan against the long black fingers and vivid, scarlet nails of the woman fondling her breasts and the pouting bulge of her cunt through those tiny, tight panties... so tight that he could see the indentation of her slit and a telltale line of moisture seeping onto the sheer fabric.

Lost in the shame, fear and growing excitement of what Nyala was doing to her, Gloria ignored the whispered conference between the General and his servants. She also ignored the sounds behind her as the men moved the cloth-covered object into the middle of the grey square.

Another gasp was forced from Gloria as she felt Nyala's fingers behind her back then she instinctively clutched her breasts as the fastening of her bra came loose. 'Go on darling...let his Highness see you properly...' Lady Nyala's hands gripped the girl's wrists again pulling them down to her waist. The lacy cups fell forwards; the straps sliding down the eighteen year old's arms as her bra came free and joined the other garments at her feet. The two men's own excitement quickened, their hands busy stroking themselves as they watched Nyala working the girl up; noting the signs of her growing heat. Her rapid panting, the slack expression with half closed eyes and open mouth, the rising colour in her cheeks and the soft, pleasure moans. Lady Nyala licked the lobe of the girl's ear, hot breath bathing the delicate whorl while her long, scarlet-tipped black fingers cupped and lifted the full globes. Gloria whimpered as those nails scratched lightly over the wide pink aureoles...grazing the taut, swollen nipples so...

'A-aaaaaaaahhh! Nuuuh, p-p-please...aaaah they're s-sore..'

'Take your hands away...or I'll ask the men to fetch the weights again...' Nyala's words were hissed viciously into Gloria's ear as the girl tried to prize her tormentor's painted nails away from the swollen tips of her breasts. 'That's better... Now, it's time to get rid of those panties...take them down...slowly or...' she left the threat unspoken, her fingers continuing to fondle the long pink tips as the quivering teenager eased the thin elastic waistband over her hips before peeling the clinging fabric triangle away from the moist, engorged lips of her cunt.



Gloria is forced to put on a show as she strips for Prince Rashid unaware that he is about to become her new owner.

Nyala's hands tightened on the girl's breasts, steadying her as she stumbled in her efforts to step free of the tiny garment too quickly. 'That's better, now, arms up! Hands clasped together behind your head and look straight...straight ahead.' For a moment Gloria didn't do anything, her hands cupped over her genitals in a futile gesture of modesty.

General Achebe exchanged glances with Lady Nyala, well used to this particular game. 'Samuel, have you got that rubber tongue you used yesterday, the one with the split blade?'

'Yes Sir, right here...' There was a single wild scream from Gloria's left as Samuel swung the heavy rubber 'tongue' with its wickedly split end against Brigitte's already well-whipped bottom. 'Would you like me to secure her?'

'Nooooo, no, no, I'm doing it, please, I am, really I am!'

Gloria lurched upright, tottering on her heels and frantically lacing her fingers together behind her head. Of course, with her head up and her arms lifted, the firm high globes of her breasts were raised and thrust forwards even more blatantly, the swollen tips jutting up from each rounded peak like a stiff pink peg.

'Walk, go on, walk over to his Highness,' Nyala's hands guided her forwards, left still cupping one breast while her right fondled the inner curve of the girl's bottom, fingertips teasing up into the soft cleft.

'*Nuuuuu...aaaah'*

A soft noise, half protest, half desire, was forced from the girl as her movements allowed Nyala to touch the soft, brown rosette of her anus, one fingertip stroking the wrinkled opening with diabolical skill. 'Down, down on your knees Gloria...*NO!'* Her voice snapped out the command like a whiplash, '...no darling, keep your hands where they are.' Nyala crouched down with her, right hand working more deliberately as the girl's buttocks parted as she knelt and her fingers could caress the girl's anus more freely. Her forefinger pressed against the opening.

'Go on, lean forwards...show his Highness how much you like him...' Gloria moaned as she felt Lady Nyala's finger twisting gently, skewering into her anus to caress the sensitive inner lining of her rectum. Kneeling between the Prince's thighs like a cow bending to graze, Gloria Collins obeyed her Mistress, folding her pouting red lips round the moist sticky glans of Prince Rashid's penis. Her

breathing hissed and bubbled in her nostrils as she took most of the thick shaft into her mouth, the domed head butting into the back of her throat.

Each time she drew back, her tongue licked and flickered round the sensitive rim, fluttering against the little nerve centre under the head and making Rashid jerk and gasp with pleasure. Gloria too was jerking and twitching, her breasts bumping and slapping on the Prince's thighs as she responded to the long, black finger pumping and twirling so wonderfully inside her bottom.

Prince Rashid groaned, bracing his hands on the arms of the chair to lift his hips as the soft, liquid warmth engulfed his cock. 'Y-you're right, Jonas old friend...this one has real possibilities, *ooooh, oooh yessss!*' His hands came forwards to clutch the young blonde's head, moving it up and down to exactly the rhythm he wanted. Jonas Achebe got up and walked over to where Brigitte still hung, awake again but still whimpering softly from the pain in her bottom and the constant, throbbing agony in each taut, distended tip of her whipped breasts.

'Nuaaaggggghh! Nuh please, oh-oooh, oh God p-please d-d-d-don't...no, Aaaaaaaah!'

The French girl's protests were useless, the General's powerful fingers pried her buttocks apart and the heavy, purple head of his cock slid into the soaking groove of her cunt. She surged forward in pain as his glans stretched the opening of her vagina painfully wide, Jonas just waited, then grunted in satisfaction as the girl's own struggles did the work for him and the massive head popped through the ring.

His big hands grabbed her upraised arms and the thick curves of muscles bunched beneath his glossy, black skin. General Jonas Achebe thrust his hips forwards, burying the full, thick length of his cock inside the eighteen year old French girl in one stroke. He let the wailing scream of protest die a little then slowly pulled back, paused...and rammed his hips forward again impaling her completely on his gleaming ebony shaft, driving so deep he could feel the pressure of her cervix's mouth on the head of his cock.

'Oh yes, YESSS!' his cry echoed Prince Rashid's excitement as the two men reached the brink of coming at the same time. Rashid was arched back in the chair, hands pumping the girl's head up and down; his teeth bared in a rictus grin of pleasure. Gloria herself was kneeling, legs splayed wide as she opened herself to the slow, remorseless anal masturbation from Lady Nyala, whose fingers were twisting and pumping relentlessly in time with the Prince's rhythmic fucking of the girl's face.

Watching both of them, General Achebe also took his rhythm from Prince Rashid

as he rode Brigitte unmercifully, forcing her to arch backwards as he fucked her with long, hard strokes, ignoring her increasing wails of excitement just as he'd ignored her protests and squeals of pain a few minutes before.

'C-c-c-cumming, g-go on b-bitch, harder, harder, yes, yes. Ooooh Yes, yes YESSS!'

Prince Rashid rammed his cock deeper and deeper into Gloria's throat with a frenzy of driving, jerking thrusts. Thin trickles of saliva and semen bubbled out from the edges of the girl's stretched lips as he came, filling her mouth and forcing her to swallow convulsively to avoid choking. He relaxed as the final spasms passed, letting the girl's tongue lick the creamy film from the softening length of his penis while he watched the General reaching his climax just after his own.

Gloria mewed in disappointment as she let the Prince's penis slip free and felt Nyala's fingers slide out of her anus. She was still on the brink of coming herself, bemused by events and therefore meekly allowed Lady Nyala to pull her hands apart and turn her arms down and back behind her. She only realised that something different and more threatening was happening when she felt the sudden painful bite of the nylon band as Lady Nyala pulled the disposacuffs tight around her wrists.

'Just in case you get any silly ideas about trying to struggle when the men put you on the whipping saddle darling...see, that one over there...in the middle of the floor...'

13 – The Nubian Slave

The two guards, big, grinning men dressed in grubby tee shirts and baggy combat trousers, hurried Carol Wainwright along the echoing corridor. They stopped in front of an iron grille across the entrance to a side corridor. 'Where are you taking me? Where's Suzy, why isn't she here...?' Carol whimpered as the grubby black fingers dug into her arms.

They said nothing but their faces showed a cruel excitement as one unlocked the grille and they pushed the twenty five year old year blonde lawyer. At then end a flight of dimly lit stone stairs led downwards.

The corridor below was lit by naked bulbs in metal shades, pools of light and patches of gloom revealing glazed Victorian tiles roughly patched with concrete. One wall was plain, the other side lined bay a row of metal doors, all painted dull green and fitted with battered brass locks and hinges.

At the far end, one door was partly open and a wedge of brighter light spilled out from the chamber beyond. The men hurried her down, still ignoring her protests and frightened outbursts of anger. One pushed the door wide with a calloused foot and they forced her inside. Holding an arm apiece they marched her to the middle of the sinister room then they stopped, doing nothing but holding her upright as they waited patiently for the Captain to arrive.

Although the walls were whitewashed, the low, vaulted chamber was only dimly lit and almost bare of furniture. A long, low bench against one wall, another metal chair frame like the one up stairs, a table and office swivel chair and a workbench with a clutter of equipment on the battered top. There was a white bell push and an old style black telephone on the desk

But, for Carol Wainwright, all these things were irrelevant. Her gaze was fixed on the thick, vertical wooden post bolted into a socket in the rough concrete floor.

It was rough sawn, like a section of fence post, but the device mounted on top of it was the work of cruel, obscenely skilled craftsmen. Over a foot long, and more than a hand span wide at the base, it looked as though it was made up from a series of bulbous rings, each a little larger than the one above. It was carved from black wood, ebony Carol guessed, that gleamed and glinted even in the dim light. At the top, instead of ending in a rounded point, it flared out into a swollen bulb the size and shape of a large hen's egg. The evil-looking black cone reared up like a grotesque, monstrous mockery of a man's penis.

The men gripped her arms even tighter, pushing her towards it as Carol resisted, shuddering and trembling with fear. Their broad grins and mocking comments added to her terror. They knew what was coming and their cruel anticipation confirmed her worst fears of what they were goin to do to her in a very short while. She looked down and saw the two low wooden stools waiting in position on either side of the stake...stools that were positioned so carefully... just waiting for her scrabbling, desperate toes to touch them as they let her down slowly onto that diabolical black cone...

Like a rabbit transfixed by a stoat the young American stared at the horrible device. She realised bit by bit that size was not going to be the only torture; the surfaces of each ring and the domed head weren't smooth as she'd thought. No, each was carved with a pattern of twisting stems and leaves...each carving deliberately raised with sharp, curving edges that would scrape and scratch unbearably...

'No, oh God no, no....I won't...you can't put me on that thing, you can't...Nooooooo!'

'Ah, I see you've been studying our little persuader,' the voice from the doorway made Carol halt in mid-flow, twisting round to see who had spoken. Captain Kipengi walked past her, smiling cruelly at Carol's terrified expression and stoked one bony hand down the carved ebony torture cone. 'The men call it their *Nubian Slave* you know...partly because of its size and colour, a compliment to Sergeant Jumo who you've met already...but also because it never gets tired...' He looked at the young American, his words deliberately crude, 'tired of fucking reluctant young women, I mean...' He looked at the shivering, white-faced blonde lawyer and shook his head gently. 'Oh no, don't think I've brought you down here just to frighten you while waiting for the transport to be arranged. I've told you General Achebe wants to talk to you, but he knows all about our well endowed friend.'

He smirked at the helpless women held so tightly between the two grinning guards. 'Actually it was the General who suggested that a session astride our

Nubian Slave might help improve your memory... loosen you up as it were before you are interrogated more vigorously by Inspector Lubala at Headquarters. Seems the General enjoyed watching it in use last time he was here.' He thought for a moment. 'Oh yes, I remember it was a South African student... only just eighteen but extremely talkative... eventually...'

He settled himself on the swivel chair and put lighter and cigarettes on the table beside him. His voice changed to a hard, pitiless note of command. 'All right, get her ready...'

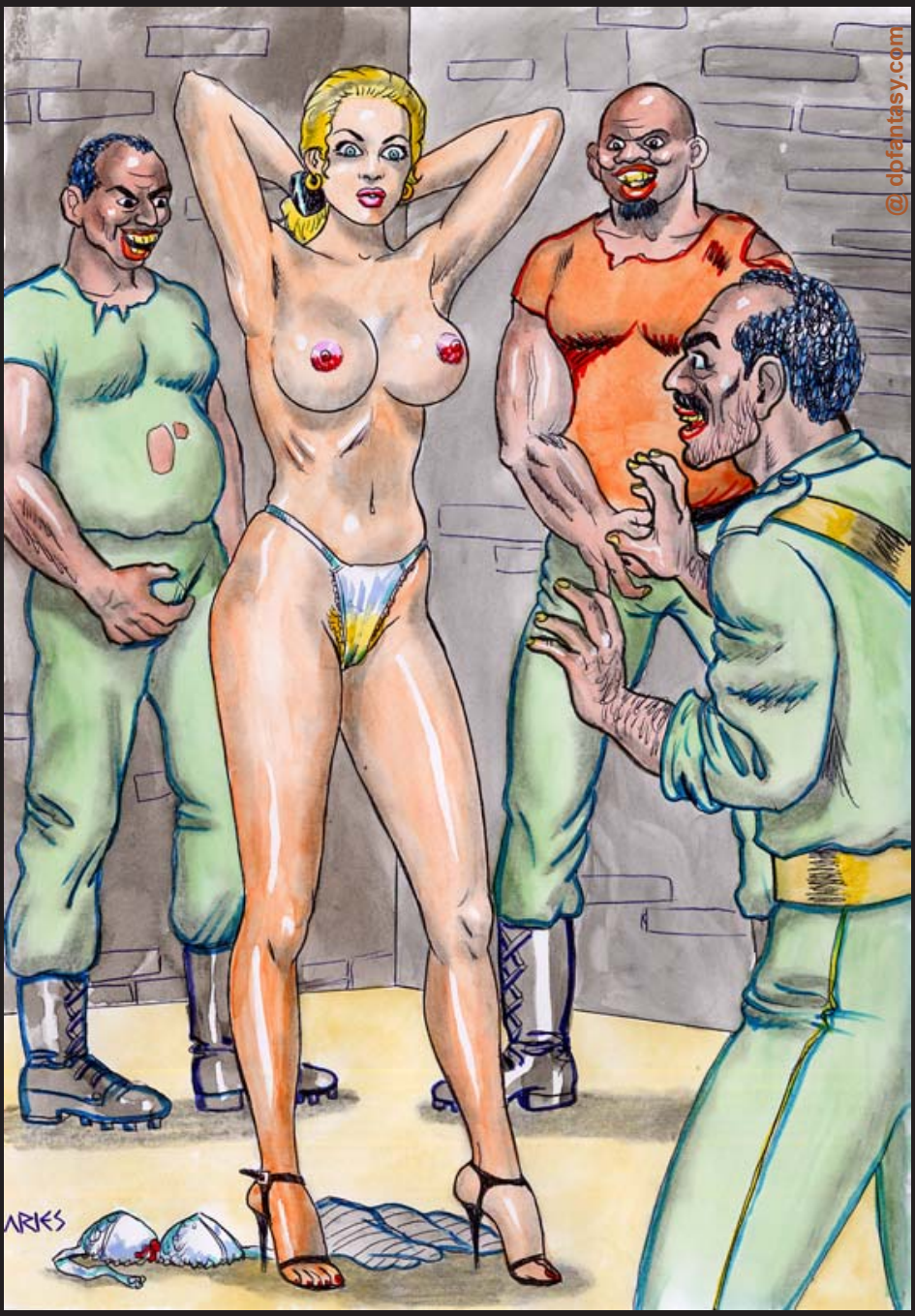
Instantly, one of the men pulled Carol's arms together behind her while the other grabbed the sides of the open collar of her shirt in each hand. He paused for a moment, leered, and then ripped the whole shirt open, the force sending buttons flying to the corners of the room. He let the tattered front edges fall open revealing Carol's expensive white silk bra and immediately dug his fingers into the waistband of her long, cotton skirt.

She jerked forwards as his muscles bunched again ripping the fastening and the zip wide open. She staggered, thrown off-balance as the material tore and he tugged the ruined waistband down over her hips. Another jerk to pull it down her legs and weight of the cloth did the rest. Carol's skirt fell in a crumpled heap around her ankles.

Flaring red with embarrassment Carol tried to curl forwards, crossing her thighs and hunching her shoulders to cover as much of her body as she could from the hot, raking stare of the Captain and the leering excitement of the two sweaty guards. She knew that her matching silk thong, so brief and closefitting it only just contained the bulging swell of her genitals, had ridden right up into the crack of her bottom.

Even worse, she was horribly aware of the seeping wetness from where she'd been forced to cum as she held poor Suzy bent double over that horrible chair upstairs. Stupid thought...*If only she'd worn the black pair instead...the wetness wouldn't have shown.* With this pair of thong panties she knew, from other more pleasurable sexual encounters, even a hint of moisture turned the fine white silk to a clinging milky translucence that revealed every detail of her full labia and the soft split between the lips.

They weren't finished stripping her yet. With her wrists still held the guard now pulled her shirt down her arms. Working together, they took turns gripping her arms to get it off without allowing her a moment of freedom. Still holding her wrists, one of them fumbled with the clasp of her bra. It flicked open and Carol hunched her shoulders even more as she felt the band give way and the low-cut



Captain Kipengi and his men enjoy the sight of Carol Wainwright being forced to strip naked.

lace cups come loose. Scrabbling hands pushed the straps off her shoulders until it was only Carol's arms, clamped tight to her sides that held her bra roughly in place... still concealing the full globes of her breasts from her tormentor's eager gaze...but only just.

'Enough...leave her a moment you two. Now, Miss Wainwright, I want you standing up straight, hands clasped behind your head...' There was a moment of near silence as the guards stepped back and Carol hunched forward even more. 'Miss Wainwright, refuse again at it will be very much the worse for you...so now... *DO AS YOU'RE TOLD!*'

The screamed command jerked Carol upright facing the Captain. 'Good,' his voice was instantly calm again, the abrupt change of tone somehow even more menacing than the scream, 'now the hands...behind your head or...' Not waiting to be punished for refusing a second time, Carol Wainwright closed her eyes and lifted her arms up to clasp her fingers together on the nape of her neck. Slowly and reluctantly she spread her elbows wide.

There was a soft noise as her bra fell to the floor and she felt the swirl of cooler air across her chest. She shivered uncontrollably, tears leaking from under her closed eyelids as her full, high breasts were lifted and offered to this dreadful man by her humiliating posture. Even worse she also felt the unmistakable tingling tightness in her aureoles as her nipples swelled, jutting up like stubby little fingers, hard and stiff with unwanted arousal.

Despite her growing terror, Carol Wainwright was horribly aware she was standing virtually naked in front of her torturer with her body showing all the signs of full, sexual arousal. Any foolish hopes they hadn't noticed her erect nipples, or the tell-tale moisture seeping from her slit, were dashed as Captain Kipengi walked forwards and stroked one fingertip across the taut wet material cupping the pouting bulge of her cunt. She jerked, unable to stop herself flinching, even though she knew it made her jutting breasts bounce and jiggle drawing attention to them even more obviously. A dull red flush swept up her chest and neck, making her cheeks burn with mortification as she heard the sniggers, and the obscene, whispered mutterings from the men beside her.

'So wet already...it seems you rather enjoyed your friend's punishment.' The finger traced along the waistband making her stomach muscles flutter uncontrollably. 'Take them off...slowly please.' A pause, 'Oh I see...yes, you may unclasp your hands.' The three men stared at Carol's groin as she worked the thin elastic waistband down, the material rolling over so the firm swell of her mound with its little strip of carefully trimmed brown hair was gradually revealed. 'I do so enjoy this moment...,' Captain Kipengi murmured to his men

as the full, pouting lips of her cunt and the moist slit between them were exposed, 'don't you?'

Hurrying to finish as fast as possible, Carol pushed her final tiny garment down, stepping unsteadily out of the scrap of damp fabric. She kicked them, and her ruined skirt, away from her feet as she did so. The Captain smiled to himself as, without being told, the naked blonde American lawyer put her hands back behind her head, opened her elbows and stared defiantly at the wall in front of her.

He laughed... enjoying her blushing confusion and adding another tormenting humiliation to her ordeal. 'No, no Miss Wainwright...; he chided, 'arms *behind* you now...' The mocking laughter of the two guards added to her anguish as the naked blonde American hurried to obey their captain's command.

'Ah-aaah, t-that's t-too tight... aaaaaaah no, please not together please... aaaarrggh!'

Carol's protests were forced from her as the guards wrapped thin straps round each arm above the elbow then pulled her elbows together, cinching the straps tighter and tighter with each enthusiastic pull. At last Captain Kipengi held up his hand. 'Enough...lift her on.' He must have caught a sudden tensing of her muscles or a glint of resistance in Carol's eyes because he held up his hand again as the men grabbed her legs and arms. 'Do not do anything stupid, Miss Wainwright...if you do they will drop you onto the crest and it will split you open like a ripe fruit...' He smiled, 'believe me...I have seen it happen in this very room.'

Carol whimpered in terror as they lifted her onto the oversized bulb of the Nubian Slave, trying not to resist as her legs were parted. Her breath raced as they let her down and she could feel the torture cone nuzzling the tops of her thighs. Suddenly, she went rigid and she sucked in air in a single, shuddering gasp of terror and fear as the black, egg-shaped bulb spread her labia apart and began to stretch the opening of her vagina very slowly.

'Naaaaggggghh, t-t-tooooo big...oh God no it's too big, please, please... hold me please...please... HOLD ME!'

The men grinned at the shouted demand as the young American babbled frantically. Teasing and tormenting her in her growing agony they obeyed her frantic command, holding her still and letting the sharp, stabbing pains build up as her muscle ring tried to accommodate the size of the carved bulb. Then, just as she begun to ride the pain a little... they her down another inch or so and...



Arms once more strapped behind her back, the guards force Carol to sit on the torture cone they call ‘The Black Nubian’.

'Na-aaaah, no-no-no-n-n-n-no! Oh, oh God, oh plea....yyyyyyyyyaaarrrggghh!'

All her efforts were in vain and the massive bulb finally broached the opening to pop up into her vagina. Carol felt it being drawn up further inside her vagina as her overstretched muscles clenched in spasm round the narrower neck of the intruder. The ebony cone pressed deeper until, suddenly, her feet touched the low stools on either side of the stake. She scrabbled for a secure foothold, stretching her legs onto aching tiptoe in a frantic effort hold her body as high up the torture cone as possible.

She gasped again, a mixture of fear and pain as the men released their grip and she was left posed, leg muscles already trembling and burning as she fought to stop the cone sinking any deeper into her body. Behind her back her hands writhed and flapped uselessly quite unable to reach down to do anything to stop the stretching, scraping agony of her impalement.

'Breathe deeply, Miss Wainwright this next bit always gets a good reaction from our guests...' the horrible, bantering voice of the Captain warned her that something was about to happen. 'Right, take them away...'

'Aaaaarrrrgggghhh!'

Carol Wainwright screamed in outraged agony as the men pulled the little wooden stools away driving the diabolically shaped cone even deeper. As she slipped down, the first donut-like bulge stretched her cunt even more and she felt the dull, aching pressure of the domed head against the mouth of her cervix. And, just as its fiendish creators had intended, with every tiny movement the carved decorations round each part of the black torture cone scraped and scratched at her delicate internal membranes.

Captain Kipengi settled down in his chair, enjoying the sight of the attractive twenty five year old, and totally naked, blonde American woman teetering agonisingly on tiptoe before him. Like all who rode the Nubian Slave, the width of the black cone had forced her to stand with legs slightly astride. The straps round her elbows held her shoulders back so those delightfully shaped breasts with their long, tan coloured nipples were held out high and proud. Her toned flanks and belly under the arch of her ribs fluttered and heaved as she breathed in rapid shallow pants. Her lightly tanned body gleamed with the sweat of fear and the sheer, desperate effort of holding her muscles rigid as she stretched up quivering with strain on the balls of her feet.

The Captain waved irritably at his grinning men, 'the legs damn you...get the bitch's legs apart... she's still not riding our black friend deeply enough.' The

two guards grinned as the Captain's game moved to the next stage. They already had thin metal cuffs in their hands; cuffs attached to long cords. The knelt at her side knowing there wasn't any chance of Carol resisting as they snapped the silver circlets round each ankle before scuttling backwards, paying out the cords as they retreated into the dimness on either side.

'And how's your new black lover, Miss Wainwright?' As he spoke the captain got up and squatted in front of the panting woman. Waiting until she had craned her head forward and was looking down the glistening, heaving flesh of her belly to the fork of her body he traced one finger along the rim of the young blonde's parted labia. Carol gasped and squirmed, jerking to a sudden halt with another muffled exclamation of pain as the decorated bulb and swollen rings fretted against her taut, stretched inner flesh. He grinned, waited a moment then moved his finger inwards, turning and lifting his hand so he could hook the end round to let the carefully manicured nail caress the hood of her...

'Aaah-aaaah! N-n-nuuh, p-please...aaaah!'

It was only as she bucked and jerked at the nail scraping across her most sensitive flesh that she understood the full horror of the torture to come.

The Captain's tormenting stimulation of her clitoris made her buck and surge uncontrollably, paddling from foot to foot and trying desperately to ease the torturing cramps in her calves and thighs. Poor Carol; every time he touched the taut, swollen nub... one or other of the two men in the shadows men tightened the cord attached to her ankle cuff dragging that leg outwards...just a little bit.

The second bulbous ring stretched her cunt then another shriek of pain as it popped up inside. Carol Wainwright squealed and pleaded, her face lifted to the arched ceiling as the straddle of her legs became wider and wider.

'One more ring I think...' the captain's finger scraped and twisted again and Carol writhed at the unbearable stimulation being applied to her clitoris. 'Come on, dance for me...' The captain's finger vibrated the nail under the hood to catch the most tender place...

'Aaaaaaah, Oh, oh, Nuh, nuh, St-st-stop, Aaaaaaah. Oh-ooooh no, oh God I'm splitting, please, please don't... Ah! Aaaaaaaah! ...Yeeeeeaaarrrgghh!'

The third ring, the size of a small fist, disappeared within the screaming lawyer's body. This time it was not just the stretching, tearing pain in her cunt, but the deeper, duller agony as the bulbous head thrust up into the mouth of her cervix. In between her squeals of agony Captain could hear lower grunts forced from

her as the ebony cone impaled her slowly and steadily.

'Tie her there... an hour or so with our black friend will make her much keener to help the General in the morning.' With the cords secured holding Carol Wainwright's legs straddled agonisingly wide apart the two guards left. Captain Kipengi waited until they'd gone, straightened, pulled the swivel chair closer to his quivering young victim and sat down. One hand stroked the blonde's sweat-slick flank, curling round to cup the smooth curve of her left buttock.

The minutes passed. Captain Kipengi fingers teased Carol's body... not hurting, just tormenting her so she twitched and bucked...torturing herself by moving on the ebony horn within her. This was a game he often played. Soft, caressing words, accompanied by the gentle fondling that led his victim steadily to more and more dreadful, bucking agony.

'And what about these... do you like to be touched here?' Carol surged on the cone as the captain scratched his nails against the erect, tan stubs at the peak of each breast.

'Hu-huuuh, ah-aah...p-p-p-pleeeeese...'

Carol's grunts and gasps were quieter as she hoarded her strength, but the quivering of her leg muscles increased as the burning agony of fatigue grew and grew. 'You can't win...soon now you will have to rest and let the Nubian fuck you properly.' Captain Kipengi chuckled, he knew the American bitch didn't really understand what was going to happen to her...what she was going to be forced do all by herself...once those delightfully firm and toned legs got a bit more tired...and then how he would help her turn pleasure into even more pain.

'Please, please undo do my legs...I can't hold it any mor...Naaaaaggggggh!'

'That's it Miss Wainwright, go on, sit down, sit down and ride him, ride my toy for me!'

The screams rose and fell, echoing round the dim, whitewashed dungeon as Carol Wainwright obeyed and rode the torture cone. Each time her legs tired she sank down, and yet another, larger, bulbous ring stretched her cunt even wider. Then, driven by the agony of her impalement, she lifted herself on tiptoe once more.

Up and down, up and down... a slow relentless fucking movement that made the young blonde scream with pain at each scraping touch against the raw inner membranes of her cunt. Captain Kipengi, breathing hard, mouth open in

excitement, leaned closer, watching her ride of pain and the wonderful, stimulating sight of her full, dark pink labia, sticky and glinting with mucus as they swelled and parted, moving like an eager mouth around the ebony cone. With every tortured movement the whole of her cunt worked and flexed, sucking at the bulbous rings appearing and disappearing inside the wet, stretched flesh of her vagina.

There was no respite, no relief whatever she did; sitting down impaled her to the point of screaming agony, lifting herself on tiptoe eased the agony but within moments the blazing cramps of pain in her leg muscles forced her to sit down once more. All Carol could do was ride the Nubian Slave, screaming in torment as she rode.

Within ten minutes she felt another heat building in her groin, the heat of arousal as the ebony horn fretted and worked her flesh. Another flush of shame flared across her chest and face and her cries became more strident as she began to press down, twisting her hips to work the cone against the front wall of her vagina.

Captain Kipengi grinned...and brought his forefinger up to stroke the little keyhole at the top of Carol's slit, teasing her as the cries turned to a steady chanting rhythm as she rode towards her climax. 'All blondes like black cock...slut! I hear you're nearly cumming aren't you... and if I just...' his finger wormed between the lips and touched the hard, erect bud he'd tickled before.

'Whoooo! Oh God! Oh yuh, yuh pleeeese, Whoooo! Whoooo! Yes, yeees, Oh God please, please...ah-aaah, yes, yes, Th-there, yes I've cum, I've cum...I'VE CUM!'

Her upper body jerked forwards and back, bucking as far as the impaling cone would let her as her hips vibrated madly. Carol's short, blonde hair whipped across her face as she threshed in the spasms of her orgasm. Sweat drops flicked across the floor and the silver ankle cuffs chinked and clicked with her frenzy.

Captain Kipengi twisted his finger in the wetness, listening to the desperate pleas for him to stop as he settled down to his favourite sport of seeing how many times he could make the shuddering American come before she passed out completely, when the telephone rang

Cursing, he ripped the receiver from the rest. 'Kipengi! WHAT DO YOU WAN... oh...' He jerked to attention, 'yes, Sir, yes of course...no she's ready now. Yes, yes both of them, yes immediately...delivered as soon as possible to Inspector Lubala at Headquarters...of course General, at once!'

He placed the receiver back on the rest like finest china, then jabbed his finger viciously on the bell push. He kept it there until the door slammed open.

'Get the bitch off the cone and back upstairs... Tell Sergeant Jumo I want two cars and an escort of four. Well... WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?'

The big Nubian Sergeant appeared in the doorway. He jerked a thumb towards the corridor and the two men lifted Carol free of the bulbous cone. She crumpled to the floor, hands clutching at her genitals and the two men dragged her out. 'The General sir?

''Yes Sergeant, the General, it seems that only Miss fucking Wainwright knows who else was involved in her private little investigations. The General is somewhat anxious to find out who those people are. 'Easier to apply maximum pressure here at Headquarters... bullshit, Sergeant, pure bullshit! He just wants to make sure no-one else muscles in on his private business. I know Lubala of old... always been the General's fixer...still is.'

Suddenly, all the bad temper evaporated. 'See to the cars and get them both on their way.' He grinned, 'then you can get that Australian backpacker, the one with the big tits we picked up yesterday, down here.' He slid his fingers up and down the gleaming wetness coating the torture cone. 'Seems a pity not to use it now our blonde lawyer friend has got it so nicely lubricated for her...'

He paused and stroked the bulbous crest. 'Then we'll see how she manages both of us at once.'

Jumo's face split in a grin of cruel delight. 'Yes Sir, at once...'

14 – The Whipping Saddle

Gloria screamed as the men lifted her to her feet and turned her round to face the object that had been covered with the black cloth.

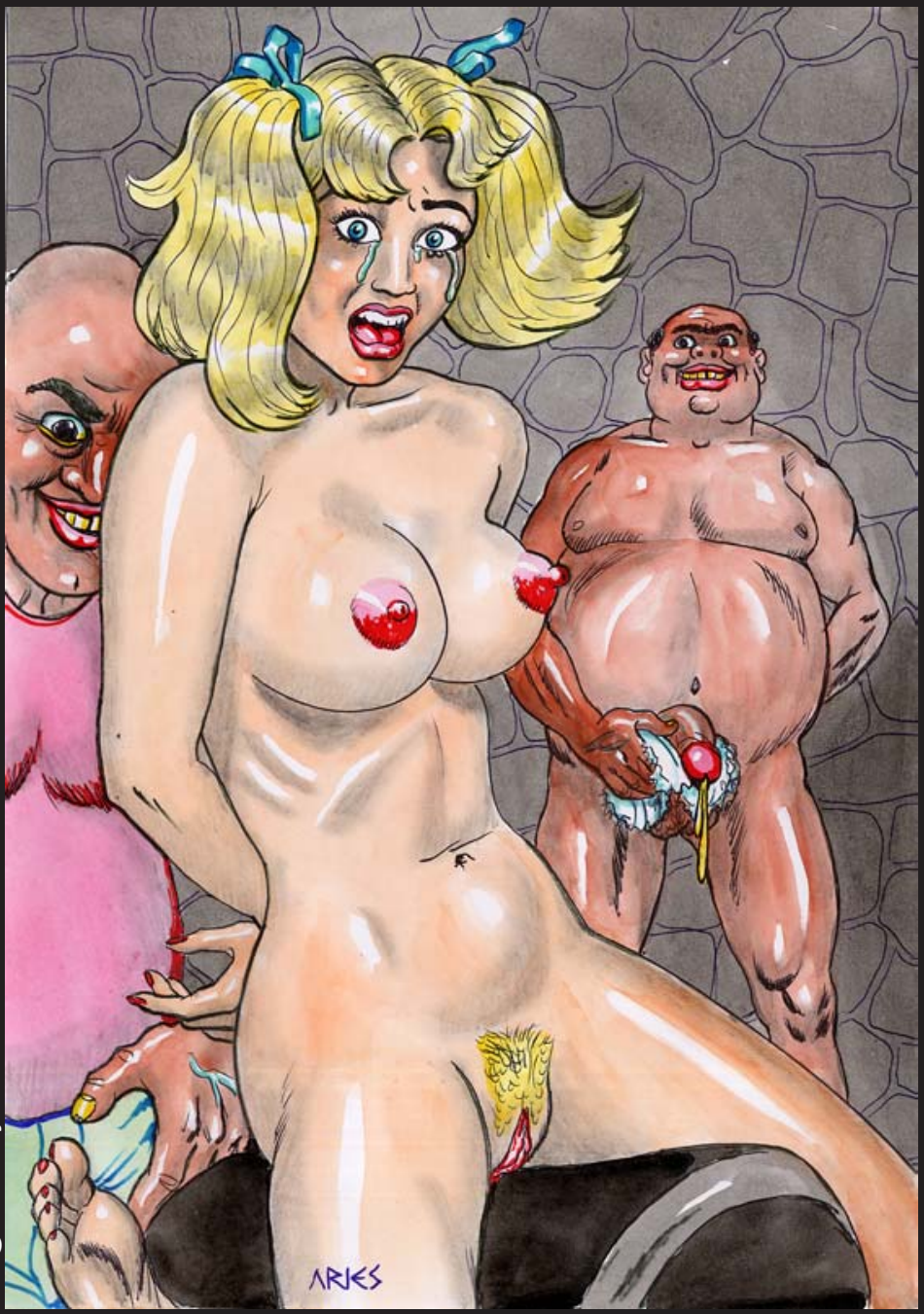
It looked like a big stool, higher and stronger than usual, with a much wider seat that was padded with black leather. It did have a back, quite low and also padded so it formed a blunt wedge shape. Straps hung from the sides of the wedge and two metal cuff rings were fitted one either side of the seat right on the back edge of the frame. Oddly, the legs on each side of the stool didn't rest on the floor; they were bolted to two, four inch square posts that jutted out some five feet beyond the back legs. At the far end two more short posts, each about a foot high and braced solid with angle pieces, stuck up vertically. Both had a thick metal staple hammered into the top to form a strong hoop; they were joined by a horizontal metal crossbar.

Casually wiping the mixture of semen and Brigitte's cunt juices from his cock and balls with Gloria's discarded panties, the General swaggered across to the frame. 'Bring her over, Samuel.' The two men hurried the whimpering, sobbing girl over to the oddly adapted stool. The general patted the domed leather seat. 'We don't use this much now, your Highness but I though you'd like to see Gloria taking a ride on this old style whipping saddle before we talk business.' He turned to the two grinning guards, 'OK, put her on...'

'No-no-no, no you can't, no I haven't done anything no, please, stop please you cannnnnnn't...Yaaarrrgh!' Her words ended in a shriek as Samuel casually backhanded her across the left cheek.

'Quiet you stupid bitch...right Ben, lift her on...' Gloria found herself lifted into the air and seated astride the padded leather top...facing the wedge-shaped back. 'Go on, stretch those legs down the sides, cunt!'

'It's hurting, I can't...it's too wide,' she squealed as her knees were forced wide



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In General Achebe's Playroom, Gloria is mounted and secures ready for her next whipping session to begin.

apart and the softer skin of her inner thighs scraped against the side rails of the seat. '*Naaaah, don't... please don't hit me!'* Her voice rose to a screech as she saw Ben, the other guard, picking up a three foot long bamboo rod that was almost as thick as her wrist.

'This one's not for hitting you with, blondie, is it Sam?' Ben grinned wickedly as he held the rod in position, sideways underneath the seat. Gloria, with no idea about what they were about to do to her, craned round, peering down on each side in turn trying to see down as Samuel bent her left knee so the jutting end of the bamboo pole was tucked into the crook. She winced, biting her lip as the big man pulled her foot up behind her until he could snap the ankle cuff closed.

'Aaaaaaaggggghhh!'

'They always squeak when you do the other one, don't they...suppose its that bit of extra stretching,' Ben said as Gloria's screamed in response to the burning, stretching agony in her muscles as Samuel forced her right thigh even further apart to he could lift her shin and trap that knee under the other end of the bamboo rod. Ignoring the girl's wails he locked her right ankle into the cuff to secure her. Gloria arched back, trying to ease the pain of having her thighs stretched so agonisingly wide over the edges of the 'seat'. With her knees splayed apart and her legs bent back and held under the rod, Gloria Collins really was riding astride the General's 'Whipping Saddle'.

'Samuel, I think we'll have her hands right forward, her Ladyship will want to attend to her breasts personally I expect...' The two men hurried to obey the General's order, cutting the nylon tie to free the young American's hands then quickly strapping leather cuffs round each wrist before pulling her arms round in front of her.

'Over you go,' Samuel grinned. Ben kept the girl's wrists held tightly together as Samuel pushed her forwards, bending her at the hips over the low leather wedge so her cunt was lifted away from the padded top. There was a soft *'slappp!'* as he flicked the thick leather restraint strap over the small of her back and buckled it loosely... just enough to hold her and stop any attempt to throw herself back should they lose their grip on her arms. Still relaxed and chuckling, the two men took a wrist apiece and pulled the terrified, sobbing eighteen year old blonde forwards, forcing her body to bend right over so her arms were at full stretch.

Working with the casual speed of long practice each man looped a cord through one of the wrist cuffs and led it through the metal hoop hammered into the top of each upright post. 'Pull her tight, man,' Samuel said, still laughing at the girl's protesting cries, and the two of them leaned back. Leather creaked under

the strain and Gloria's cries became reduced to hoarse gasps of pain as her upper body was stretched out, fingers whitening under the strain on the cuffs round her wrists.

'No, too tight... give her an inch of slack, Samuel...his Highness will want to see her wriggle a bit once we warm her up... especially when Lady Nyala plays with her later on.' At the General's quiet order both men let the securing ropes slacken until, at a nod from the General, they knotted them to hold the whimpering girl in place. Samuel finished the job by cinching the broad leather waist strap up another two holes, deliberately canting the young blonde's hips even more so the whole pinky-red oval of her cunt and the puckered brown rosette of her anus were opened and exposed for her torturers' special attention.

General Achebe ran one finger down the girl's back watching her writhe at the sensation crawling down her spine. With her arms held out forwards and down, the full globes swung to and fro with every tiny movement. He brought one hand up and rolled the swollen peak of her left breast between finger and thumb. 'Do join me Rashid, I think our young guest is ready to entertain us a little more...' Prince Rashid padded across the floor, bare feet slapping faintly on the grey plastic surface of the square. 'Samuel, where's that tongue?'

Gloria's vision was badly restricted by her outstretched arms; she had to twist and peer under her own shoulders to see what was happening beside her. When she saw the evil black rubber blade swinging from Samuel's hand...all the horrible memories of the previous nigh came flooding back. She lifted her head back and howled in wordless anguish.

'I rather think young Gloria has finally realised that she is going to be beaten again,' chuckled the General as the noise echoed round the room. 'Samuel gave her two lots of fifty last night, with Nyala playing with her in the meanwhile, and I thought we might try a few more tonight...loosen her up nicely in case you feel like fucking her properly in a few minutes...sort of consumer test for you, shall we say. Would you like to begin?'

Prince Rashid's fingers scrabbled across the girl's upraised bottom, pinching and twisting her exposed cunt lips so she squealed and writhed even more loudly. 'Of course, Jonas, delighted. You were right, a real find this one, excellent material...oh yes I definitely want to discuss a price with you when we've explored this young lady's responses a little more fully.' Samuel held out the black rubber tongue by the blade; the Prince took it, smiled at some private memory, and swung it a couple of times making the sinister black shape hiss menacingly.

'Heavier than the ones I have...but I like the feel of this grip, sharkskin isn't it?'

'Yes, your Highness...the rubber's quite soft, We find it helps the blade kiss more closely...on sweaty skin you can really make it cling.' The General added with the air of a connoisseur, 'and that split up the middle of the tip makes it 'nip' quite wonderfully, especially when the cunt's held open like this. She'll be wetting herself inside twenty strokes, I guarantee it!'

Prince Rashid moved to the girl's side, measuring his distance carefully, then swung the tongue across in a slow, lazy arc.

'splakkk!'

The leaf shaped blade did exactly as the General had described, smacking in viciously hard, the impact making it cling for a moment across the curves of her left buttock; the tapered end whipping round to bite agonisingly into the soft, tender flesh high inside her thigh... just missing the outer lip of her labia.

'Yeeeaaarrgghh!'

'splakkk!' 'splakkk!' 'splakkk!' 'splakkk!' 'splockk!'

To those avidly watching the girl's beating the last stroke had a deeper sound, like a wet towel hitting a wall, Gloria jerked as though a heated needle had been stuck into her cunt. The Prince grinned and wiped beads of sweat from his forehead, *oh yes, that was the spot, just there*...he knew that the last stroke had laid the tip of the tongue squarely on the inner folds of the girl's cunt, the hot, blazing agony driving the breath from her in a gasping animal grunt

'splockk!' 'splockk!' 'splockk!' 'SPLOCKK!'

'Nnnnnnnnggggggg! Nuh-nuh-nuh...Iiiiiiiiaaarrrghhh! Pleasepleaseplease! Nnnnnnaaarrrghh!'

The echoing slap of the rubber blade striking wet flesh was almost hidden in the shrieking litany of wordless cries and mad, spastic writhing of the young blonde girl bent over the whipping saddle. After another five, hard strokes the Prince paused again, flexing his shoulder before moving round and turning so he could swing the blade across the right cheek of her bottom.

This time he was whipping the vicious split tail into the delicate slot of her cunt from the other side. Her shrieks became almost demented and only three more strokes were needed to break her control. Then, just like the night before, Gloria

peed herself uncontrollably, the thin stream of liquid arcing out onto the composition floor before slowing to a warm trickle soaking the black leather top and dripping off the sides of the saddle.

'You've certainly not lost your touch, Rashid...she's feeling that all right. Tell you what; take a breather and join me for another drink while we watch Lady Nyala playing with her for a bit. She's got a trick with an electric tooth brush that really makes them cum hard.' The General led Prince Rashid back to the chairs and handed him a towel to dab the sweat from his body while Samuel served glasses of chilled white wine.

Gloria's head was dangling between her arms, a thin rope of saliva coming from her open mouth as her flanks heaved with her pain and the need for air. The honey-gold tan of her skin gleamed with a sheen of perspiration and the big muscles of her buttocks and thighs shivered and fluttered uncontrollably. Lady Nyala crouched by the girl's head. She placed a small wooden cigar box on the floor then lifted her right hand until her fingers were again stroking the smooth curve of her victim's dangling breast as she murmured softly to her.

The two men grinned at each other as they watched Nyala's stroking fingers circling the pink aureole, round...and round...and round, before caressing the stiff, engorged stub of her left nipple. As she milked the eighteen year old's teat, it was obvious that Gloria was not protesting too hard and any noises were gasps of rising pleasure rather than pain. Nyala bent a little and the girl twisted, arching back against the straps, her cries suddenly louder and more intense.

'Oh yes darling...they're so hard, soooo hard...that's nice, isn't it?' Nyala was now cupping and stroking the tips of both breasts, murmuring almost to herself as she watched the girl's reactions and listened to the pleasure noises, the gasps, the little cries and those rapid, panting breaths.

Gloria whimpered in frustration as the clever hands stopped playing with her tits. Nyala smiled, a cruel, private flicker of amusement as she opened the box and picked up the first of the heavy silver weights and unscrewed the viciously toothed clamp on the other end of the fine silver chain. 'Just to keep you nice and hard for me...remember last night, the wires? Here's another little pair of toys for you...'

Looking down, Gloria had been able to see exactly what Nyala was doing; but it was only as her tormentor lifted the polished, six-ounce silver teardrop that she finally understood...

'Oh no, oh God no, no please don't, please...don't put those things on me I'll scream

please, they'll hurt so much please...'

Nyala fitted the toothed screw-clamp over the jutting, swollen stub, making sure it was covering the full tender length of the girl's nipple before twisting the little knurled head of the screw. 'But they're meant to hurt, darling, that's part of the fun... aaah! That's getting lovely and tight isn't it...

'P-p-p-p please! Aaah... no, no st-st-stop, hurts, please plea....aaaaarrrgggghh!'

'Just another turn or two...don't want you shaking them loose in excitement do we...?' The blonde teenager's scream rose to a single piercing squeal as the delicate stub was slowly flattened with each twist of the black woman's fingers; the toothed edges of the clip biting cruelly into the nerve rich tissues.

'Iiiiiiaaaaah!'

Nyala licked her lips and let the silver teardrop fall free, the weight stretching the hanging globe of the girl's breast down into a blunt-tipped cone of pain whilst the protruding tip of her nipple slowly swelled to become drum taut and turning a dark pinky-purple. Picking up the second clip and weight Nyala straightened up and walked round the frame. She stroked the reddened, swollen folds of the girl's inner labia with one finger in passing, grinning at the two men as Gloria heaved frantically against her bonds. 'In a minute darling...in a minute...'

She took equal, agonising care with fitting the other screw clamp. This time, because Gloria knew exactly what was coming, she tightened it even more slowly, dragging out the slow, pinching torture whilst the girl screamed and sobbed uselessly. With both weights swinging gently Lady Nyala tapped them so they bobbed and twirled, glittering prettily in the spotlights. 'Very beautiful, aren't they darling?' Gloria just sobbed, desperately trying not to move the weights at all holding herself tense as she tried not to disturb the vicious silver teeth clamped on the peaks of her sore, swollen breasts.

After a final playful tap, Lady Nyala straighten up and walked gracefully over to a table against the far wall to pick up a white cylinder.. 'Time for your fun darling,' she purred crouching by Gloria's side...remember my little toy? Nyala licked her lips as the girl's eyes opened wide at the sight of the long neck and carefully trimmed nylon bristles of the electric tooth brush Nyala had used on her clitoris last night. There was a brief, hornet-like buzzing as she pressed the switch to check the battery.

'Nooooooooo, no don't, don't want to, please, don't touch me...'

Nyala didn't reply, she just stroked the girl's damp blonde hair and lifted the chisel cut bristles to touch the swollen berry of the girl's left nipple. She pressed the button.

'Naaaaaaaaaah!'

Despite the straps and ropes Gloria bucked and arched like a mad thing as the buzzing spines flailed the taut, shiny tip. Nyala took the brush away almost immediately and letting the girls own frantic gyrations do the work of torturing her breasts even more as the silver weights flailed and bounced wildly...wrenching and twisting her nipples quite unbearably.

Prince Rashid leaned forwards as Lady Nyala walked round to the back of the whipping saddle. 'By the Prophet she's hot, Jonas...I'm like a rock again already.' His fingers stroked his cock, once more fully erect and curving back from where his balls were cushioned in the vee of his thighs so the moist dome of his exposed glans almost touched the dark, wiry hairs at his groin.

'Oh yes, those weights are wonderful...but this is what I really like... she'll make her cum quickly then she'll start using the brush on her clit...' Jonas Achebe smiled as his elegant black partner squatted behind the girl's outstretched thighs and leant slowly forwards, tongue protruding like a blunt, dark pink spear. He closed his finger round the thick shaft of his cock as Nyala fluttered her tongue against the girl's exposed anus...and there was another despairing wail as the girl bucked...and the weights turned and twirled again.

Scarlet talons held the red, whipped bottom cheeks even wider apart, opening the soft cleft for Nyala to lick the length of the girl's cunt, her head bobbing as she lapped the sticky cream from the swollen, parted labia. 'By the time she's been forced to cum three or four times, our little blonde friend will do anything to make her stop. That's when I like it ...Nyala's little toy makes their cunts so sore they wriggle like worms on a hook...wonderful feeling!' He pointed to the girl's outstretched hands tied to the little posts. 'And that's why I had the saddle adapted with those wrist bars...leaves her mouth free as well...she can pleasure two masters at once.'

Lady Nyala bent forward over the girl's bottom, three fingers of her left hand curled up deep inside her sopping vagina while she used the forefinger of her right hand to slowly finger-fuck her anus once more. The black woman's skilful fingers moved and twirled, masturbating the girl relentlessly while she listened to the changing cries from the frantically tossing blonde head bowed forwards between the outstretched arms....

First, the sobbing wails as every movement made the weights dance sending stabbing darts of agony through her breasts; then, little by little, the more urgent noises, the moans of want and rising ecstasy as the bunched fingers stroked and stimulated one special place deep inside and a second finger stretched her anal opening.

Nyala's hands moved more urgently as she finger-fucked both holes, intent on forcing Gloria to reach her first pain-driven orgasm as quickly as possible. 'That's nice, isn't it darling...can you feel me inside you...?' She crooked her fingers, stroking her...looking for that special spot inside the young blonde's vagina. 'Oh yes...you like that don't you,' she murmured as Gloria suddenly surged against the straps and the bamboo rod clattered against the underside of the seat as her thigh muscles convulsed at the thrill of the woman's touch inside her. 'Just let Nyala stroke you there again. Oh yes, yes darling...go on.

'Haaaaah! Oh fuck, fucking hell....yeees...aaah....aah-haaaaah, please, please...harder, harder, please touch my c-c-c-...aaaah!'

Nyala grinned at the two men. 'This one's noisy when she comes your Highness... if I just tickle her clit a little...' She pulled her right hand free from the girl's anus and reached under the pumping fingers, using the same long, wet forefinger to find the taut nubbin of the girl's clitoris.

'Oh God, God! Naaaaaaah...aaah...aah...na-aaaaah! Yes-yes-yes, there, please...' The cries became more urgent, louder and more pleading as Gloria Collins hips jerked and bucked in a mad, rapid rhythm that made the heavy wooden frame chatter and jolt a few inches across the smooth floor. Nyala's finger's vibrated even faster tipping her over the edge as the familiar, chanting cries announced the girl's climax.

'Yes...there...there, ooooh, yes...there...THERE! Yes, yes I'm there...I'm there, I'm th-th-th-th-THERE!'

'Oh yes darling, yes you are...now just a little rest and then I do a little brushing... so you can show me how quickly you can come all over again...' Nyala licked the coating of sticky cream from her fingers then slid her right hand inside the front of her tiny yellow bikini briefs, gently stroking her own clitoris as she fondled the girl's glistening cunt lips with the other hand.

'I must have her, Jonas,' Prince Rashid said thickly. 'Have you tired electricity yet?'

'No, none of the usual toys at all, Rashid. ISB don't even know she's here, besides...,' he smiled like a used car salesman clinching a deal, 'I phoned you immediately...thought you'd like first chance to bid seeing how well she would fit into to your collection...' He looked across to the frame where Nyala was dreamily masturbating and Gloria hung, chest heaving with the exertion of her orgasm, arms spread wide. Jonas Achebe nodded at his guest's cock, the head gleaming with the oily seepage of his excitement. 'Perhaps you'd like her to suck you off again while Nyala makes her come?'

Prince Rashid needed no more encouragement, hurrying to stand between the girl's arms. He grabbed a handful of blonde hair and wrenched her head back. 'Open wide, you blonde slut....now!' Gloria's eyes bulged at the sudden fresh agony as her hair was pulled back. Her cry of pain was cut off, reduced to a liquid bubbling wail as the Prince forced the head of his cock between her parted lips. 'Go on; suck it...all the way like you did before.'

The sight of the Prince's thick brown cock sliding into the girl's mouth and her frantic efforts to breathe at the same time were enough to bring Nyala to her peak. Her fingers worked more busily, one hand pleasuring herself, the other keeping Gloria in a state of twitching stimulation balanced between pleasure and pain. Jonas smiled and stroked his own massive erection with long, caressing movements as he saw the usually controlled and elegant figure of Lady Nyala buck fiercely two or three times, her thighs squeezing tightly together, clamping her right hand hard inside her cunt.

The tall black woman's nostrils flared as she straightened up, shook her head and looked over the girl's splayed thighs. 'Let me help your Highness...' She knelt down so she was looking straight at the wet pink folds and picked up the electric tooth brush. She pressed the switch and the angry buzzing filled the air, 'all ready again, darling?' Finger and thumb of her left hand held the sore, swollen lips apart, spreading Gloria's cunt open at the top so the little fleshy nub stood proud. With the delicate touch of a surgeon she stroked the tip with the vibrating nylon bristles, hands moving to hold the brush in place as the girl's thighs clenched to lift her a few, useless inches.

'Nnnnnnnnooggg! Oooooob pleeeeg!

The frame and straps creaked as the girl surged violently against the unbearable stimulation of the flaying bristles. Her sounds of protest reduced to a series of bubbling noises as she screamed against the gagging shaft of the Prince's penis. Nyala moved the brush, stroking the inner lips very delicately before turning the tip against the wet opening of the girl's vagina.

'Let's see how you like it inside...oh darling, you're soooo wet it slips in just....there!' The hornet noise dropped to a muffled whine as she twisted the long, slim brush head up into the girl's vagina. More frantic gobbling noises bubbled from the eighteen year old's lips as she felt the torturing bristles raking the sensitive inner membranes of her cunt.

Rashid squirmed in delight at the vibration of the girl's screams on the shaft of his cock. He pulled back until only the slick helmet was in her mouth and she had room to flail her tongue across the sensitive surface. He heard Nyala's taunting words and thrust back, effectively gagging her just as her torturer turned the brush head...moving it delicately to and from until...

'Nnnnnnnnnggg! Glog, pleeeg, pleeeeg...Nnnnnnggg!
The eighteen year old blonde went mad. Her body bucked and threshed wildly as the bristles vibrated against that special place and she convulsed with the uncontrollable spasms of coming for a second time in five minutes. Her head jerked up and down so fast the Prince's hold on her hair was broken as she faced fucked his cock, driven wild by the tormenting bristles flaying her cunt raw. No words now just the slobbering, squelching sounds of her tongue lapping and sucking the hot, jerking shaft filling her mouth.

'Aaaah, yes, go on, yes, yes YES! Fuck me... fuck me.... fuck me... YES!'

Prince Rashid pulled free of her gobbling lips and clasped his fingers round the shaft, two or three quick strokes and thick, creamy jets spattered across the girl's sweat-soaked face. Deliberately he moved his hand, milking the last drops then stroked the wet tip of his cock across her lips. 'Make her come again... let's see what she has to say this time!'

He flopped back in the chair, wiping sweat from his head and taking a deep swig of wine as he relaxed and let his breathing steady just a little.

Lady Nyala pulled the devilish electric brush out and switched it off. She knew that the girl would peak again faster if she was allowed to rest and come down from the high of coming for a few minutes. She walked back to the armchairs and stroked one finger up the underside of General Achebe's upcurved penis. 'Shall I go on...or would you like to fuck her first?'

Jonas Achebe arched his hips lazily and Nyala caressed the thick plum of his glans, spreading the seepage from the slit so the shiny helmet of skin gleamed wetly. 'No, I'll wait a little...and enjoy the sight of you bringing her off again. Go on, his Highness and I have business to discuss...'

Nyala smiled and strolled back to where Gloria was still shuddering and shaking, head dangling low between her arms and a puddle of semen and saliva on the floor. The silver weights were almost still, but the tips of her nipples showed as an agonising deep purple colour. She was only semi-conscious and didn't react to what had been happening beyond the glare of the lights. It was only the touch of Nyala's fingers teasing up her outstretched thighs that made her lift her head and crane to see what was happening.

One finger slid down the wet furrow between her buttocks wriggling between the tender inner lips until it touched the fleshy hood of the girl's clitoris. 'Wakey, wakey Gloria... all ready again are you?'

'Oh no, no don't ...no ah-aaaah, oh God, d-don't t-touch me... PLEASE! Naaaaaaah, don-t, please I don't want to p-please stop, stop...STOP!'

'Stop, why on earth should I stop darling...we're having so much fun and if I just press the button again...' The determined buzz of the electric tooth brush cut her words short as she stooped to touch the bristles against the girl's clitoris. Nyala felt her own juices flooding her cunt as she moved the spines over the little red bulb and watched the muscles writhe and clench vainly as Gloria opened her mouth and howled.

'Name your price Jonas, I've got to have her,' Prince Rashid muttered, eyes fixed on the shaking blonde head and the sight of the tall black woman crouched between the eighteen year old's golden thighs. The General smiled and quietly murmured a five figure sum. The Prince thrust out his hand, 'Deal?'

Jonas Achebe shook it, 'Deal...delivered in two days as usual. Now, your Highness, before we join Nyala and go on playing with your new acquisition...I wonder if you would like to join me tomorrow morning. Inspector Lubala at headquarters is dealing with an internal security matter at present. Tomorrow ISB has invited a number of important guests to some of the interrogation sessions. Perhaps you would find it...*amusing?'*

Prince Rashid beamed with pleasure. 'How very kind, one always likes to watch other professionals at work. So much more arousing that watching it on video.' Another wailing squeal from the frame made him turn. 'Aaaah, wonderful...look, she's coming already. That woman really knows how to use that brush...I'll bet her clit's red-raw meat by now....just look at her go!'

Oblivious of everything except the lancing, unbearable sensations in her clitoris, Gloria Collins screamed and wailed to her third climax in half an hour. This time there would be no rest, no short break...just the vibrating, buzzing torment

of the nylon bristles being worked against her flesh by expert, pitiless hands.

Slumped in a comfortable chair, eyes following every twitching movement, her new owner felt his penis rising and stiffening once more...

THE END

Cortez
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To be continued in...

Part Two – African Agony

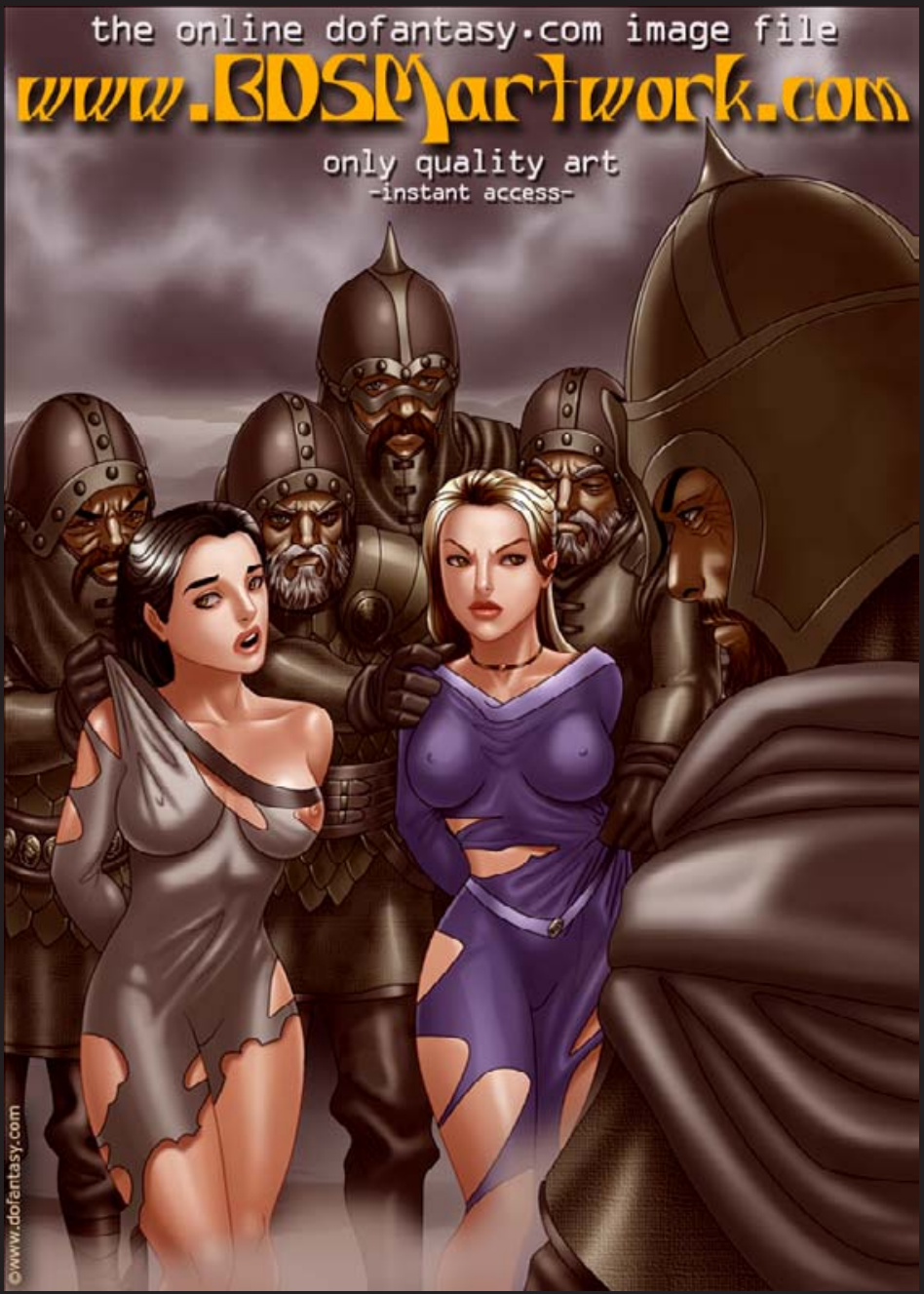
*In part two, '**African Agony**', Carol's interrogation begins at Headquarters and Suzy and Helen are taken to The Lodge to be trained and prepared for sale by the cruel and sadistic Lady Nyala, aided by Samuel and Robert.*

Under sustained sexual torture, Mimi Namura and Carol eventually reveal the names of a number of friends and acquaintances who are soon rounded up to face Inspector Lubala in the cells beneath ISB Headquarters.

At the Lodge Suzy and Helen are forced to watch another girl face the awful penalty for being caught attempting to escape before their own painful training begins. Together with other girls at The Lodge, they are tortured and stimulated unbearably as they are forced to accept their new roles as pleasure slaves.

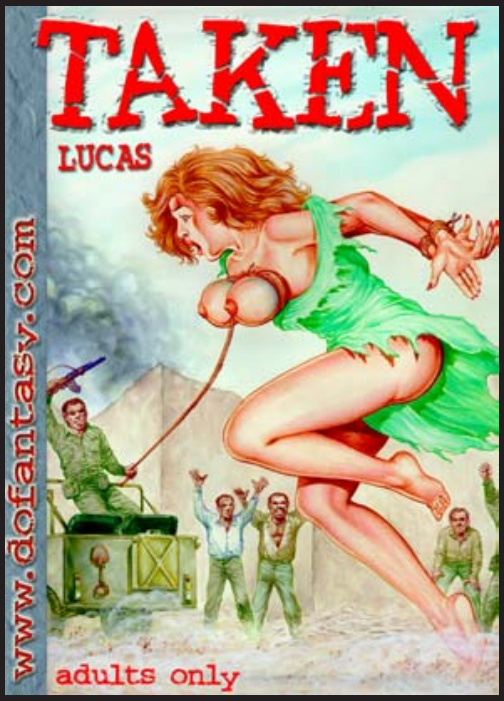
The girls' fates are finally decided when General Achebe holds a select and private party for some of his best customers at which Carol, Suzy, Helen and Mindi Ankuma are each forced in turn to take a painful leading role.

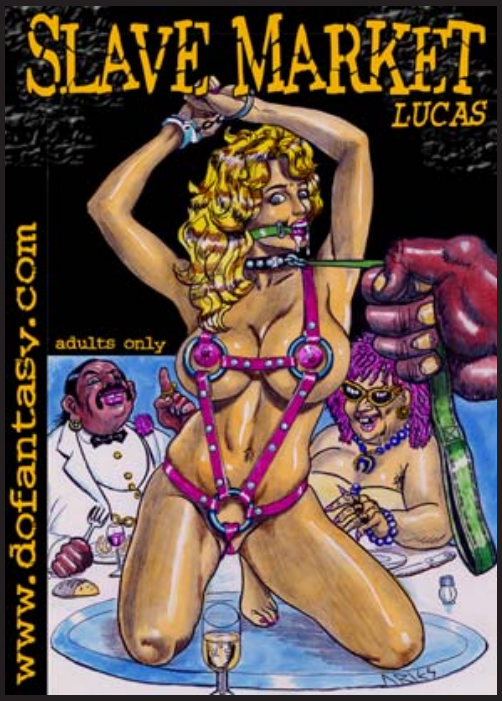
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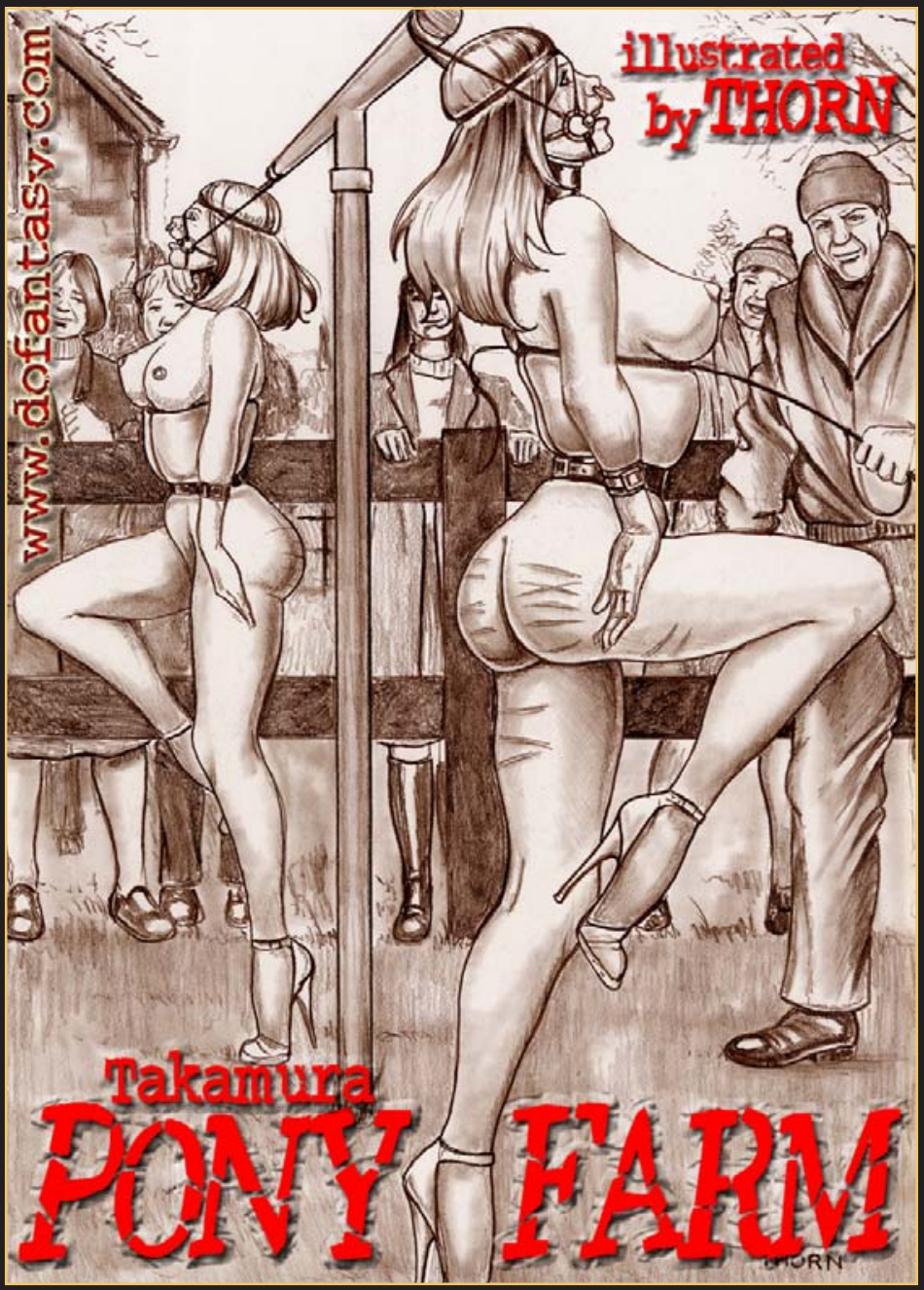
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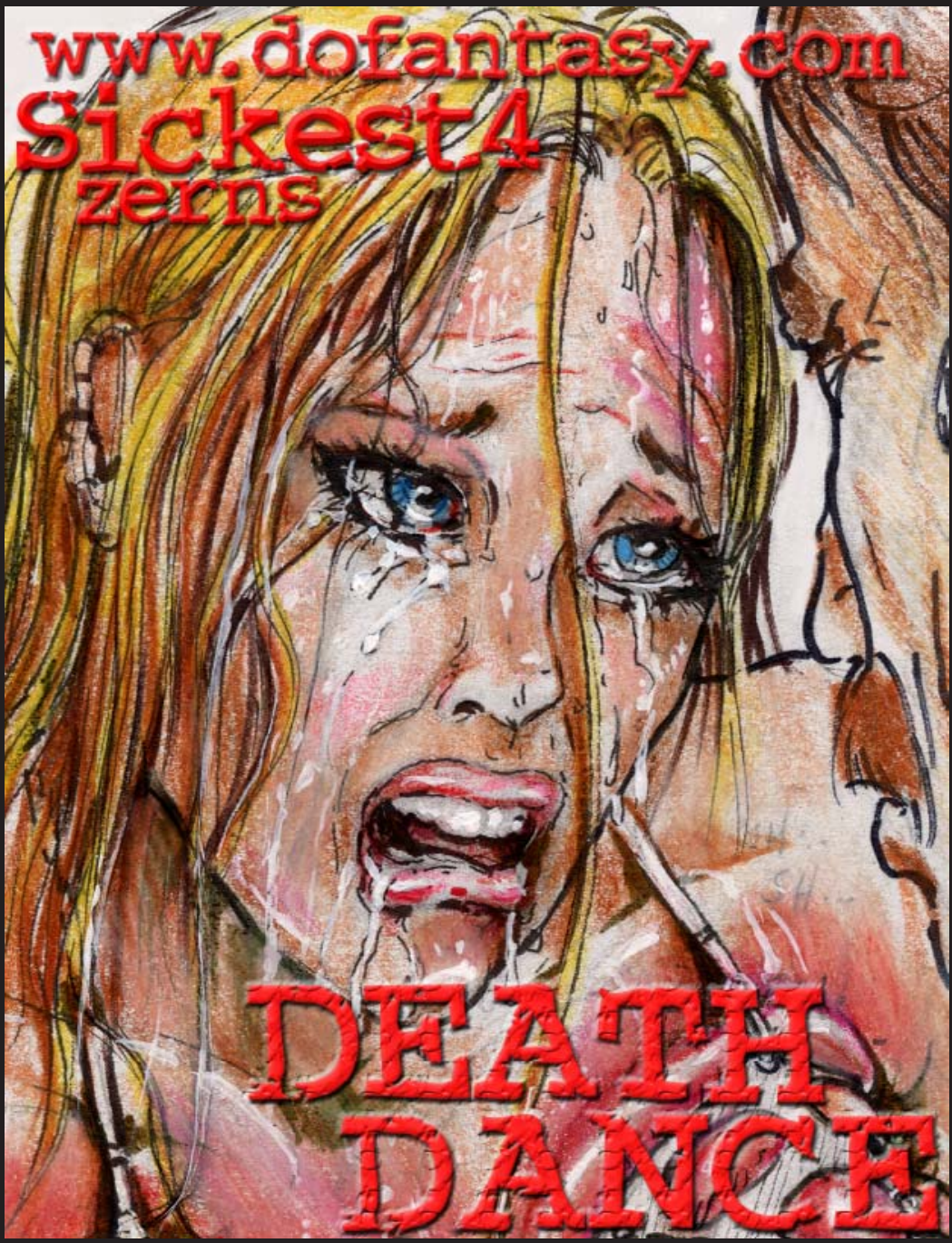


THE SLAVE TRILOGY BY LUCAS. ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL





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