

ELIZABETH ENSLAVED

By

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Chapter One

Elizabeth Seaton emerged from a dark and hideous nightmare in which she was being carried off, unable to fight or scream, in the jaws of some hideous beast, while flaming brands descended like fiery rain out of the darkness onto her naked body. With a jerk she came back to life and a reality no less nightmarish. She was hanging head downwards, enveloped in stiff canvas, across the back of a small donkey whose trotting hooves she could see in the dim light below her. Naked under the canvas, her body ached and smarted with every jolt and shift it made on the donkey's back. Her wrists and ankles were bound with rope and her jaws gagged with several more loops of the same, rough and salty-tasting.

She had come out of the dark sea, swimming desperately through tumbling surf. She might have foundered still, had it not been for a fortuitous piece of timber to which she had clung until the surf cast her up at last, gasping and nearly naked, upon a sandy shore. Clad just as she had tumbled out of her bunk on the yacht, she staggered over loose sand among looming dunes, a red spark of firelight beckoning her like a fateful star through the blackness. Cold from the sea, she stumbled towards the promise of warmth. She had no idea what to expect from the defenders of this hostile shore, but she had nowhere to hide.

She had lost her loose nightshirt to the sea and the thin knickers, all she now wore, clung to her shapely figure, so that as she emerged into the circle of light, she appeared naked to the dark eyes of the half a dozen crop-headed men in camouflage clothing who were clustered about the fire. Her ample flesh was goose-pimpled, her pricking nipples dark roundels, the wet knickers clinging to a plump mound that showed dark through the thin material and plastered coldly to round bottomcheeks. She was soon to be warmed up.

Lurking far from the fighting among the sand hills of the desert shore, these men had been drawn to the margin like jackals in the hope of finding useful flotsam among the surf. Fallen haplessly into their clutches, Elizabeth was a find beyond their wildest dreams,

At the last minute she turned to flee but dark bodies mobbed her. Aroused and bellowing carelessly, they enjoyed her wriggles. They carried her back and held her before the fire while they questioned her in a throaty-sounding language she didn't understand. The heat began to roast her. She made out only a few words of English. "Spy! You spy! You spy!" The fire flared up, rosily lighting her near nakedness and suddenly she sensed that the mood had changed. One threat had evaporated and another took its place. Twisting desperately in their hands, she tried to explain about her family and the yacht, but they seemed neither to understand nor be interested.

"Beasts... Beasts..." she panted as she was displayed in the firelight, turned this way and that. Then suddenly she was violently up-ended, head down, hair spilled over the sand, legs in the air. She could feel the heat of the fire on her belly and the newly exposed underside of her breasts. More laughter erupted, lascivious now as her thighs were splayed wide and a blade ran up through the flimsy material of her knickers. She shrieked in protest as she felt a man's fingers tweak her revealed pubic bush. The voices were argumentative. Then suddenly, as if a decision had been made, she was dumped onto her back on the warm sand.

She lay limply, weak from her long struggle with the sea and then with their hands. At least she was not going to be murdered outright. She lay spread-eagled among them like a pale starfish washed up by the sea, surrounded by mottle patterned trouser-legs and big feet that scuffled in the sand, trying apprehensively to make sense of the deep masculine grunts and guffaws. A log fell in the fire, sending up a column of sparks and a rush of flame that revealed one man in particular closing in between her out-flung legs, the white line of tumbling surf at his back. He was tall and lean his shirt, hanging open, revealing a muscular body. His trouser flies were undone and

the red firelight gleamed on the naked head of his penis projecting well beyond the big male fist in which it was fondly cradled.

Elizabeth's eyes widened at the sight. She drew a panicky breath and a cry burst from her. She drew her legs up instantly and made to roll aside, but his quick stoop caught her. Seizing her by the knees, the man forced her wide open and slid onto the sand between them. Her resistance was feeble compared with his brutal determination. His big hand clapped hard between her legs, the horny palm cupping her soft mount; thumb splaying the lips of her vagina and then forefinger going deep.

“Ver’ tight darling! Ver’ good cunt!” Elizabeth squirmed her hips this way and that in the sand as she was poked and prodded. She threw her head to and fro, her wet hair in sandy tangles, the tears mingling with the salty taste of the sea on her lips. Men’s voices bellowed and yelled to and fro across her body in clamorous dispute. Some were crouched alongside whilst some, who were still standing, restrained her attempts to escape, pinning her limbs casually with their planted feet while the finger between her legs pierced her like a struggling butterfly. Her eyes flew frantically from one face to another, but realised that they were all lean and cruel and all regarded her as helpless prey. She realised that she had no possible hope of escape. She was going to be passed from one to the other, the dispute was merely as to which man would have her first. She let out a rising cry of protest, but it only excited grunts and jeers in response. It was a rare thing for these reluctant warriors to have the opportunity to handle a woman and they didn’t intend to pass up this juicy piece of flotsam thrown up for their benefit.

She was rolled over onto her face and made to kneel up, or rather to thrust her rear end up, her cheek still pressed to the cool sand, fingers and toes widely spread apart and seeking a grip in the treacherous sand.

“Ver good ass, darling!” She felt hands upon her behind, prising the soft rounds apart. She tried to straighten upwards but her head was hit hard, a dizzying slap. She was thrust back into position and

again her bottom was spread apart until she felt the warmth of the fire all down her bottom cleft and heating her exposed pubis.

“You get good cock, darling!” Elizabeth whimpered and trembled but dare not put up a fight, remembering how she had been nearly roasted over the fire. She spread her knees in the sand as she was bid and made no more than a groaning protest as a cruel finger tested the vent of her anus. It thrust in hard, up to the knuckle joint and her muscles reacted just too late to stop the intrusion. She succeeded in only enhancing the effect, squealing in fear and indignation. Clamping tight on the wriggling finger she heard derisive male laughter. In confusion she loosed her grip and the finger sank deep within her, the hard male hand coming flat against her cheeks. She wept in dismay, unable to find a way to deal with this wholly unaccustomed treatment. Roughly clad thighs slid beneath her as the owner of the finger used its leverage to lift her rear end upwards. It was crooked painfully in her rectum so as to keep her rigid and helpless. Hoist up onto his loins like that, she felt the blunt knob of his penis thrust stiffly up beneath her. The heavy weight of masculine feet trapped her arms; her head and shoulders were pressed into the sand. The man’s hard muscled body curved to enclose her softer one, his thrusting hips parting her thighs wider.

Elizabeth threw her head up, looking wildly this way and that for any way of escape, opening her mouth to voice a protest that died on her lips as she took in the encircling male legs and thighs, mostly naked now, muscular and wiry. Rampant male cocks jutted and dangled left and right of her from under loosely hanging shirts. She closed her eyes tight to shut out the sight and her head sagged in surrender. Unable to evade what was happening to her, she was forced to face its reality. She recognised that she was the men’s prize and would be used as they pleased. She must simply endeavour to endure until they were finished with her.

So little as a couple of hours ago she had been asleep in her bunk, in the familiar comfort of her family’s floating home, repaired and restored, seeming safe at last from the chaos and danger of an

incomprehensible foreign war, the yacht headed for the peace and freedom of the open sea. A deceptive peace! Suddenly she was alone and helpless on a desolate and hostile shore, naked prize to a rabble of desperate, violent and randy men.

Coming from up from beneath her a rearing cock head nudged unmistakably where her assailant's finger had just been. Elizabeth reacted instinctively, trying to wriggle herself away from it and there was a wave of mocking laughter.

“Ahhh! You want, darling eh!” With a stab of shame, she recognised that her ineffective motion had looked like an invitation, as if she was opening herself wider to the brute. Forcing her to remain in that provocatively rearing pose, he prodded at her, nudging his cock between her sex lips and then slipping it out as if unable to decide where to put it in. She felt the great knotty length of it as it slid along the curved underside of her belly one moment and then reared up the soft furrow of her bottom the next.

It seemed to be the impatient urging of the other men that impelled him to cut the game short. With sudden haste he got down to serious business, shifting his grip so as to splay her wider across his thighs, spreading her bottom with his thumbs and driving his bulbous cock-head into her slit. Elizabeth mewled and groaned, her fingers and toes raking at the loose sand as she strove to assimilate the intrusion. The man rammed in without concern for her reaction, going deep to the hilt. His fingers gripped her thighs like iron claws, thrusting her deeper into the loose sand until she felt its grit upon her lips. A little mound of it had been driven up by her chin and, shrouded by the damp tendrils of her own hair, she could see little than those few inches of sand illuminated by flickering firelight. She struggled to lift her head instead in the hope that she could get at least a breath clear of sand but the feet of the men nearest her shuffled impatiently, kicking up even more of it. The fire flared up suddenly as some bystander roused its embers to give more light. She was conscious of being watched from all directions by avid male eyes.

The man behind her, hard up within, paused briefly and then withdrew. Elizabeth gasped for breath in the brief respite. A series of quick short thrusts followed, accompanied by appreciative grunts when Elizabeth was forced to react with renewed vigour, squirming desperately to keep clear of the sand in front, with her feet kicking up little spurts of it behind the man's back. He kept this speed up for a few more strokes before he settled down again, fucking her solidly and steadily, grunting rhythmically all the while.

Elizabeth told herself frantically that this must surely be a nightmare she would presently wake up from. But the gritty sand under her body was real, the trickling sweat and the fire scorching her flank were real, the shuffling men about her were real. The cock thrusting within her was all too undeniably real. She tried to ease her position only to find that her wriggles excited her abuser all the more. He jerked out harsh words through gritted teeth and was echoed or answered by other voices. Elizabeth felt as if she had become a mere appendage to his cock, a sex doll with no will of her own. Her hips and thighs flopped and jerked upon his, penetrated by the wild thrusts. She found herself uttering little gasping cries at the effect, clawing and kicking at the sand with legs and arms outstretched.

The brute behind her bellowed deeply and immediately she felt the effect of his release spurt within her. She wailed in response, her limbs threshing ineffectively as he collapsed on top of her, wallowing heavily and crushing her flat on the sand. She felt only relief that it was over, feeling him shrink, his lust discharged. But when he vacated her at last, it was only to give way to others.

The men crowded round her, bellowing and snarling, at once lewd and savage. They were all disputing for turns over the buxom female figure sprawled naked at their feet, glimmering white in the moonlight but rosily flushed wherever the firelight touched its curves. Looking large-eyed from one disputant to another, Elizabeth quivered with confused reactions to their desire. Wild thoughts revolved around the inescapable reality of her position. She was

stranded like flotsam on the shore, naked and helpless, a sought-after prize, with a crowd of brutal men competing for possession of her.

Alarm and shame drew her to begin a defensive curl before the reaching male hands but they would have none of it. She was made to kneel up again and present herself openly once more, knees apart, wide spread, so the men could better appreciate all that they had taken possession of. She told herself that there was no point in protest or resistance. She was alone and beyond rescue in a world collapsed into savagery. She posed submissively at their feet, all that she had to offer on display, as if the only way to preserve her life was to emphasise what was of value to them.

Five or perhaps six took her then, one after another, each invading the same gummy orifice that his comrades had pumped full before him. It became an almost mechanical process for Elizabeth, hard hands gripping and kneading her flanks, stiff male cock probing then penetrating, pounding her hard, discharging wetly and quickly abandoning her. Though well lubricated, she felt every inch of the cocks as they reamed her, co-operating in their reception as she felt she must. She squirmed slowly forward in the sand, pushing up loose grains in a ridge before her chin and shoulders, her scrabbling fingers creating long grooves.

What seemed - eventually - to be the last of her captors duly came to his surging conclusion and moved away from her. They began arguing again, all in a group about the fire, violently gesturing at one another. Sprawling limply where she had been abandoned, Elizabeth saw with terror that several of them had knives or bayonets out. One of the disputants emerged from the group. He came over to her again, stooped and lifted her by a fistful of hair, yanking her painfully onto her knees before him on the trampled sand.

She was sure that she was to have her throat cut, but he gestured downwards. The man was stripped to his undervest and from a black bush in his naked loins his penis hung thick before her face, still half erected though a bead of white on the tip showed clearly that he had used her once already. His words, harsh and throaty

sounding, made no sense at first, but his gestures made clear what she was expected to do and then she recognised that his words were English of a sort.

“Make good fuck! Not kill for spy! Keep live!”

She looked at the shadowy figures of the other soldiers, settling back by the fire. Fiercely red-lit faces turned to regard her expectantly across the flames. She understood. She would have to please her captors in new ways now, merely for her own preservation. Cheeks aflame, she reached up and took the great root in a cautious grip, right hand curling at its hairy base, the fingertips of the other running up and down the column, feeling it lift and stiffen. She clung to it, on her knees before it, as if in obeisance to its burgeoning vitality. Above her the man grunted in complacent approval, gripping her by the shoulders. Suddenly she had a hope that her manipulation might suffice, abandoning reserve in an attempt to carry him away completely.

Before she could achieve as much, she was thrust from him with an oath and roughly turned away, back onto all fours on the sand. A bare foot kicked her into position with thighs spread wide and a horny big toe hooked into her wet and stinging sex from behind, lifting her rear high up. Knowing she had no choice, Elizabeth bit her lip and did her best to present herself the way he seemed to require. Hands slapped her bare flanks, setting her up as the target. His cock head, now the precursor of a stiffened stem, nudged in and rammed hard. Elizabeth groaned and whimpered. Once more she was face down in the trampled sand, splayed apart, being thrust to and fro, sliding over hard male thighs as a solid male shaft did the thrusting.

Suddenly she changed the whimper into something she hoped would convey an impression of acquiescence, remembering that this time she was expected to show willing. She was very wet and he slid easily into her, taking his time as if enjoying her efforts. With some dismay she found that trying to please the brute was having an effect upon her own body, but she was beyond making fine adjustments to

the nature of her response. She gasped and panted desperately, sand tangled hair over her face concealing her expression, doing her best to speed him into orgasm before she lost control herself. At last the brute spurted into her for his second time, groaning and grunting in delight. Allowed to sag into shuddering immobility on the sand, she felt an absurd sense of gratitude for such virile speed.

But the remission did not last and in a matter of minutes another man had taken his place. Elizabeth reluctantly struggled up again as he slid to his knees in the sand behind her. No doubt this one would expect as much of her as his precursor! As he entered her, she gasped and then squealed in protest. The thrust this time was to her anus, not the entry she had been expecting! His big hands held her firmly though, despite her panicky wriggles, strong thumbs splaying her bottom cheeks apart. She thrust hillocks of sand back behind her with scrabbling toes and spreading knees, fingers reaching similarly in vain, for a grip in sifting sand. The intrusion within her rectum felt like a column of fire, surging back and forth, its knobbed head seeming as big as a boulder. She felt the flesh of her distorted anus cling to the solid intrusion and trying to follow it in and out with rubbery adhesion.

Remembering that her reaction to this abuse might be a matter of life and death, Elizabeth desperately tried to pull herself together. She endeavoured to ignore her own pain and to smooth her reactions to coincide with his ramming shaft. She tried to make her squeals sound like a compliment to his size. She felt herself hoist bodily by the hips, backside in the air, toes just grazing the sand and thereafter was helpless to affect events. Flopping loosely, she was pulled onto his shaft like a tight boot and then thrust off again. Verbal contribution finally failed her too. She tried to keep up the pretence but she was too hoarse even to squeal.

In a panic, her mind centred upon the progress of her abuser's deepening lunges, desperately assessing every nuance of his grunting and thrusting. Feeling her whole rear to be one huge ruined red-hot hole, she could do nothing to shorten her ordeal and was forced to

long instead for his speedy gratification.

Suddenly it was there, bursting wetly in her bowels, greeted by the pair of them simultaneously, one bellowing in triumph, the other wailing her relief. As he pulled back out of her, Elizabeth sagged in his hands as limp as a deflated doll. She was dumped face down on the damp sand, legs apart, gasping and groaning while the man brushed himself off, his throaty exclamations evidently expressive of satisfaction and walked away to join the group by the fire. When at last she raised her head, she saw with numb despair that they were arguing once more.

The five deserters and the man who had been their corporal were natives of the nearby town. Without money for bribes they hadn't dare to return to their homes for fear of the security checks. They had been lurking among the dunes and ranging along the shore after dark, seeking wreck and flotsam that might be of value. This night had delivered an unexpected prize that excited ideas as to possible profit. Already the fire burned more palely in the first flush of dawn and quick decisions were in order. Two of the men had been so excited watching the others as to ejaculate before their turn came and were now anxious to keep possession of Elizabeth for future use. The eldest of the deserters, a grey haired man who had taken his turn with the others, now objected to meddling further with her. She was a spy he insisted and they could all be shot for concealing her. The others discounted his argument. He was known to prefer boys to women and anyway they were all just as liable to be shot for desertion.

While they furiously debated her fate, their plundered prize sprawled exhausted and terrified at their feet, where they turned her over once or twice to survey her generous curves in the growing light. Yet had she known it, her efforts had not been wholly in vain, for the argument now was not about how best to dispose of the suspected spy but how to make better use of her. Elizabeth's blondeness, nakedness and apparent inability to make herself

understood might have made her seem an unlikely spy but it rendered her temptingly vulnerable to exploitation. She was a mature woman very much to the local taste. Her breasts were heavy enough to stand in full round curves on her rib cage, the dark nipples standing out like bullets. Her legs, half drawn up, fell apart as she was rolled over to reveal a full bush of ginger-ish pubic hair above the damp red gash of her sex, now dusted with a coating of sand grains. How to make use of it?

A few miles along the coast on a shallow and sandy creek lay the town to which they aimed to return. Since the war began it had been the centre of a multitude of tented camps, widely spread and camouflaged in the surrounding rocky desert. Collectively they made up a major supply base and a source of recreation. To the corporal and his gang, low-grade conscripts from the local militia, it was both an attraction and a threat. As soldiers they had been poorly paid, when paid at all, and could seldom even afford the services of the cheapest whores. How could they conceal such a prize as this? How continue to enjoy her? How to keep her secure?

Lust and greed overcame their caution when they heard the corporal's solution. He had moved away from the town to seek his fortune in the capital, but before he was conscripted he had been employed as a door-keeper in an expensive brothel. Its enterprising Madame had attracted a clientele so powerfully connected and so deviantly inclined as to encourage her to provide attractions for them of a blatantly illegal kind. The rise to power of puritanical Fundamentalism had increased her business, but made her position in the capital too precarious. In the first victorious phase of the war she had followed in the train of the army, setting up behind the front where brothels were tolerated and less attention paid to the nature of their attractions.

She had achieved protection and influence, the corporal said, by serving high-ranking men whose tastes ran counter to the current law. He extolled her acumen to his comrades. She had an eye for rarities in her stock in trade. While he had served her she purchased many

foreign girls of different types and trained them to provide erotic specialties. Even in peacetime she had been able to employ such hapless cock-fodder without questions being asked. Now free of foreign complications and out of reach of timid civil authorities, her protectors would be all the more powerful. Where better could the men turn to use their find to best advantage than a brothel madam who had specialized in the breaking in of reluctant girls? If anyone knew how to employ the prize it would be Madame Zurra!

So, unaware of her destination, Elizabeth soon hung jolting helplessly, head downwards, folded like a bundle of carpets across the back of a small donkey. She was wrapped in the remnants of her sea-going home, salt stained canvas bound with nylon rope cast up from the sea. With wrists and ankles bound, gagged with a double turn of salty rope, she could see only the dusty ground passing beneath the donkey's trotting hooves. She was being transported through the poorest quarter of the town. Built amid the bomb-shattered ruins of an earlier stage of the war were masses of squalid huts utilizing salvaged bricks, military discards and dusty palm fronds. Amid these inhabited ruins half-naked children, skinny goats and slinking dogs foraged for scraps. About them lay a waste of broken palm trunks and the wide curves of a meandering muddy creek.

Soon after the beginning of the war, motorised transport had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared, to be replaced by equally mysteriously pre-prepared supply trains comprising donkeys, camels and mules in huge numbers. Now, in the cool dawn, hundreds of over-laden donkeys just like the one carrying Elizabeth, filtered unheeded past bored sentries on their way with vegetables, fruit and tottering stacks of fodder to the military encampments, accompanied by herds of goats, shrouded, burdened women and ragged labourers whom no-one bothered to check.

Elizabeth's captors merged with the flow, nervously following in the confident wake of their corporal. Here and there on the outskirts of the town, amid date gardens and a warren of huts, stood a large

building almost islanded in a loop of the creek. Its outer walls rose like those of a fortress almost from the edge of the mud. The only windows were high in the walls and defended by ornamental grilles.

Men and donkey approached the building by a circuitous route through the date plantations and halted before an unexpectedly finely carved door. A knock by the corporal and a low-voiced parley admitted the group, donkey and all, the door closing swiftly behind them.

The deserters' confidence grew at this confirmation of the corporal's account of his familiarity with Madame Zurra's establishment. The hulking giant who had admitted them slid the bolts on the door and came to help them unload the donkey in the small bare high-walled courtyard. Whipping out a long knife with the celerity of long practice, he slashed through the rope that bound Elizabeth's wrists to her ankles and tipped her out of her shroud of canvas. He displayed no great surprise at the sight of a naked blonde woman sprawling at his feet, her wrists still bound before her, the ropes now flapping loose on her ankles.

"So you have fresh meat for sale! Like old times, eh!" He lifted a large and horny foot to kick Elizabeth's unfastened legs apart, expertly defeating her attempt to curl up and kicking her again to force her to rise to her hands and knees. "Madame is in the cellar bar." He stooped over Elizabeth and scooped her up easily by the waist. Her former captors crowded hastily after him, anxious not to lose sight of their merchandise. There was a dark arch and a steep flight of steps going downwards. The doorkeeper dropped his burden at the bottom of the stairs, pulled aside a heavy curtain and lofted Elizabeth with a kick into an unexpected tumult.

The trappings of the cellar bar were wholly Western in style, the sound a throbbing electronic beat, the air thick with fumes of alcohol, tobacco and heavy scent, the space whirling with dizzy multicoloured and disorienting light, reflected along one side by the mirrors and bottle glass of a long bar. In this ancient desert town where the only industry had been the weaving of goat-hair cloaks,

the chance of war had opened up a new source of wealth. Thousands of soldiers were encamped around or passing through en route to the front line. There was a market to be had for many things. Whatever was forbidden, men made reckless by danger and uncertainty were willing to pay heavily for. Western-style music and dance had been added to the more traditional prohibitions of alcohol, tobacco, drugs and prostitution.

“So this is the meat you expect me to buy?!” A powerful female voice cut effortlessly through the beating sound. Crouched upon all fours on the gritty floor, Elizabeth looked up in uncomprehending hope and terror at Madame Zurra.

The brothel owner was a big woman, not so much in height as in width. Vast hips were swathed in black silk, enormous breasts squeezed one another in the low neck-line. Her legs, elegantly shod and sheathed in black nylon, supported her massive body like the tapered baluster legs of a grand piano. Coarse black hair was drawn back and done in an elaborate knot at the back of her thick neck, around which she wore a triple string of superb pearls. Pearl drops dangled from her ears and her stubby fingers were loaded with heavy gold. But it was her eyes that transfixed Elizabeth. The round face, powdered cherubic cheeks and cupid’s-bow mouth were a mask of chuckling bonhomie out of which glittered eyes like black stone sunk into fleshy pouches. They looked down at Elizabeth with the greed and rapacity of a shark, raking their prey from head to foot as if assessing her value by the pound.

“You there! Let me see what I’m being offered!” A ringed forefinger stabbed first at Elizabeth, then with compelling authority at the nearest of half a dozen round-topped tables. “Get up on there! On that table!”

Impelled by terror and the memory of sharpening steel as her captors debated her fate on the beach, Elizabeth moved awkwardly to obey. Helped by a smack with the rope’s end from the doorkeeper and a push from the corporal behind her, she mounted clumsily by way of a chair to crouch on hands and knees amid discoloured beer

mats and glass rings, reluctant to stand, aware of her nakedness and feeling the pressure of eyes upon her.

Her erstwhile captors blocked her retreat, shuffling in proprietary fashion to the rear. Behind Madame Zurra's bulk several whores, dark eyed and pouting, lounged against the bar, half-dressed in a mixture of Western and local finery. At Madame's abrupt gesture, one of them switched off the heavy beat of the old-fashioned juke-box

"What is she worth? Not much!" The fat woman moved lightly for all her bulk, circling the little table while Elizabeth followed her passage with frightened eyes and then jerked, squealing from behind her rope gag, trying to clamp her thighs together, as a plump finger speared accurately between her sex lips. Quickly Madame landed her a noisy spank, effectually disguising her victim's response to the experiment. "Too old to learn tricks!"

The corporal was the only one other than Elizabeth who understood her words, though his comrades could detect well enough from their tone the familiar routine of bargaining. He protested more comprehensibly for their benefit, enjoying his role.

Shapely as a houri in Paradise, he declared, a real blonde and such were rarities in these days of war. She was perfectly docile and had given them no trouble. See how obedient! Dazed and uncertain, their victim was made to spread her thighs apart, thrust up her rump and display herself as she had on the beach, as well as that might be within the narrow confines of her table-top.

"See how firm and taut she is! Nothing sagging there!" Elizabeth felt strong fingers spread the lips of her vagina and flick the fleshy nub he had exposed. "As pink and healthy as a young girl's!"

"You are peasants and have the taste of peasants!" Madame said loftily. Privately she was more appreciative of the generous proportions postured so obscenely for her inspection. Her customers complained if the girls were skinny. The soldiers were mostly peasants anyway. Novelty was always stimulating too, though long experience told her that where male debauchees were concerned

anything female could be turned to advantage. What her old employee had said about wartime shortages was also true. An impeccably English, blue-eyed blonde would be a rarity.

The corporal persisted in his theme. “You used English girls in the old days, as I remember.”

Madame Zurra laughed. “Ah, the old days! I was an expert at breaking and training reluctant girls! But they were young and foolish, drug users, lost or strayed and needing only the application of discipline!” Though for all her artful disclaimer, she had no doubts. This particular woman was in no position to resist either.

“Either she works for you or she is shot as a spy!” The corporal put it into words. Madame changed her tack.

“That’s all very well, but I have to arrange for bribes to be paid, otherwise I run the risk of her being discovered by security and taken from me before I’ve had full use of her!” The prospective buyer of flesh noted the suddenly crestfallen faces of the would-be vendors. “We will talk business!” she said. “Leave the merchandise with my girls!” Muttering, the men followed her into the room behind the bar.

“Dirty spy! Those men should have shoot you!” One of the whores, a bold-eyed, hawk-nosed creature in a scarlet cocktail dress evidently spoke English. “You fuck them to let you live. Now they want sell you to Madame.” She prodded Elizabeth here and there as dispassionately as a buyer in a meat market. “Pah! She tell them she will not buy you! Too old; no skill for please men; Englishwoman too cold, like fuck dead fish! Madame send for policemen. They sure shoot you for spy!”

The others echoed the word they recognised, shrieking accusingly “Spy! Spy!”

“No!” The one who spoke English translated further. “Torture you first to make you confess, then shoot you.”

Still perched upon her table in dazed confusion, Elizabeth squealed and wriggled as a hand, small but firm, smacked her hard from behind. Her male captors had disappeared and the whores, who

had alarmingly armed themselves with a variety of straps and slippers, now surrounded her.

“Shoot is too quick for you! Confess! You are a dirty spy! The others eagerly echoed her words. “Confess! Dirty spy!”

Elizabeth alternately tried to make protests of innocence behind the gag and to escape from her exposed position.

“Stay still! Dirty spy bitch!” They crowded closely about her. The English-speaker uncapped a lipstick. “You make old antique!” she sneered, using English for her victim’s comprehension and then translating that for the amusement of her shrieking colleagues. Flourishing it she swiftly inscribed a For Sale sign upon the bare curves of Elizabeth’s up-thrust rump. “Old cow for sale!”

“Old cow! Old cow!” The painted Jezebels jeered heartlessly, congregated in a sniggering huddle behind their leader, like a back-up group.

Little tremors of shame and dread made Elizabeth quiver, poked and pinched by red-nailed, feminine fingers. If the soldiers had intended shoot her as a spy, why had she been reprieved? Was it because she had co-operated in what they had demanded. Was the ugly woman really likely to be her rescuer and pay them money? She knelt, red faced, under the dispassionate examination of her persecutors, though their comments were mostly lost upon her. She quailed in terror when a big knife made its appearance, but it was only used to slice away the rope gag from between her jaws.

The English speaker among her tormentors proceeded to put her to an interrogation, the others circling eager for an excuse to pounce.

“What you nem, eh?”

“Same queen, eh?”

“You get kid, eh?”

“How old you?”

“Hah! Old bitch, eh!”

Mercilessly they put her through a catechism. They made her describe her capture and recount how many men had raped her and who was the biggest and whether she had orgasmed or not. It

completed Elizabeth's disorientation that they should seem to regard her as having deliberately utilized her sex to escape with her life.

"Those titties like cow!" The English-speaker came round and leant over Elizabeth apparently to examine her expression. Ayesha, the others called her. Bending forward so much that her own bronze breasts almost tumbled out of the deep-curved neckline of her dress, she reached out to grip Elizabeth's nipples between finger and thumb, jerking downwards as if milking her like a cow.

"You want Madame buy you? Keep you here? Save you from death? You must show us how hot you can make yourself."

Fingers gripped Elizabeth painfully by the hairs of her pussy from behind. She writhed and squirmed while more fingers joined in teasing her. A slim hand slid across her belly, cupping her furry mound, another slid in from behind and delved two fingered between the tender lips of her vagina, a third, caressing her bottom, finger-probed her anus. Under the impact of these attacks, Elizabeth gaped and gobbled, her dry mouth opening and closing like a fish out of water with no sound but a croak coming from it. The fingers teased her at leisure as if prepared to go on all night and with effect, for as one ceased, another took over. Elizabeth arched her body, arms and thighs quivering but not daring to attempt an escape. The fingers within her slid ever deeper, beginning to swirl gently. A skilful thumb teased her clitoris, going to and fro over what was becoming a throbbing nub of flesh.

By now Elizabeth scarcely knew where she was. The women's musky perfume swamped her. The sweeping waves of light dazzled her. Her head swam and her body wanted to dissolve in many directions, melting into the tantalizing hands. The sensuous effects seemed to have been mysteriously merged with those of scratches and bruises, stinging and tingling, throbbing and aching, all joining forces. Hands twined in her hair. A hot soft feminine mouth closed upon hers, filling her with a mingling of tongues and teeth, smothering her in a scented tumble of hair. Elizabeth dared not want them to stop. Whatever the price the soldiers were demanding for

her, she wanted to seem to be worth it. Even the giggles insidiously affected her, melting her defences as if she was becoming one with the tormentors. Between her legs was a hot, melting core. The stroking teasing kissing and caressing were merging into one erotic tremor with Ayesha's slender fingers deep inside her.

"Ahhh... Please... let me... Ahhh... Please... let me have it..." she begged the giggling heartless gang, writhing upon a single concentrated sensation and desperate to achieve release. Repeatedly she felt herself trembling on the brink of orgasm, indifferent in her temporary madness to the shame of making herself such a spectacle, then at last when brought to surrender, always finding it refused her.

In her free hand Ayesha flourished aloft a green glass Chianti bottle gripped by its long stem. The others had fallen back, giggling helplessly. Grinning, the whore tipped the bottle and let the last chill droplet of wine plop and trickle down the cleft of Elizabeth's behind. She put the bottle rim between her scarlet lips and curled her tongue to sweep the rim, wetting it with her saliva, warming the glass. Elizabeth let out a cry, half of relief half disappointment, as she felt the two tantalizing fingers pop out leaving her sex, red and glistening before the onlookers, temporarily unoccupied.

Not for long! Gripping the bottle firmly in scarlet talons, Ayesha drove it slowly and steadily with a corkscrew motion into the vacated orifice, one free finger flicking upwards. With a prolonged squeal of undisguised sexual release, no longer able to hold out, Elizabeth orgasmed, the whores shrieking and clutching one another in glee. Shuddering, their victim collapsed until her chin met the table-top, still doubled up with her bottom in the air. The big round empty body of the bottle nestled between her curved pink cheeks like a green glass balloon, its long cylindrical neck sunk into the throbbing depths of her crevice. The cool blockage slowly countered Elizabeth's heat and replaced relief with shame but her captors wouldn't permit her to dislodge it, amused by its appearance like some monstrous growth bobbing between her thighs.

"We have to test you asshole for size!"

One of them had found a second bottle, which had to submit to having thrust brutally deep into her anus.

“Now! If you move you arse, you beaten! You unnerstan’?”

With a groan Elizabeth bowed her head in acquiescence, then yelped as they demonstrated with a sharp blow to her up-thrust cheeks, making the bottles clink together.

“Not move!”

The minutes passed in agony as she realised the nature of her torment. All her muscles ached. Her coldly penetrated orifices strained under the sagging weight of the bottles. If she so much as shifted the glass clinked in betrayal and the girls beat her with such vicious enthusiasm that she was glad to resume her stillness. A word or even a groan drew extra punishment so that she couldn't even find relief in expressing her pain. She had no hope of rescue. She knew of nothing that would save her, though anything would be preferable to the continuance of her ordeal. She was conscious of the mysterious discussions going on elsewhere that would determine her fate. A message surfaced in her agonised mind begging only for the opportunity of expression. She would say or do anything that was required of her!

In Madame Zurra's office meanwhile, the eight original captors were squatting comfortably on the carpet, their backs to the wall, sipping thick black coffee from little brass cups and feeling like prosperous merchants. Madame herself sat cross-legged before them upon a low divan, discussing the worrying progress of what had been expected to be a short war.

“It was a good trick to poison the enemy's oil,” the men said. “Oil has been the root of all our troubles, an invention of the devil! We are more numerous than they are and could defeat them without the technology. But without trucks and planes, everything goes so much slower on our side as well as theirs. In the desert we often had no proper food and sometimes went without water all day. A man cannot be expected to fight without food and water. Now the animal

transport is being poisoned too. They say that foreigners are spreading these things for them from satellites, perhaps this woman is a spy they sent to check how well it is working!”

Next door the music had been turned off and they could hear occasional bursts of shrieks and giggles coming from there. The soldiers' tale confirmed to Madame Zurra the need to take advantage of every piece of luck that came her way. The evil mind of the whore-mistress was already at work upon interesting ways to use the unfortunate female who had been cast up on her doorstep. She was conscious that she held most of the cards and the vendors were in a poor bargaining position. But if she left them to military security, it would mean losing the chance to purchase their merchandise. Anyway, her native instinct was to haggle.

“Nonsense!” she told them, when she heard how much the men had planned to ask for their prize. If they were arrested and shot as deserters, she said, the money would simply be confiscated. They needed her protection more than she needed their merchandise. The men soon acknowledged their difficult position and reduced their demands. Madame Zurra offered them a sum sufficient enough to buy them all false papers. In return she was to take over the Englishwoman and have possession of her cleared by a contact in Security. Madame offered the use of their former captive free of charge if the men threw in the donkey; motor transport was becoming scarce. This brought the only quibble since one man who preferred boys wanted compensation for what the others were getting free. Madame Zurra refused to be liable for his sexual preferences, but thinking it unwise to leave a man with a grievance, agreed that he might sell his turn to a substitute.

All this, Madame reminded them, depended upon her ability to square military security. She didn't intend to risk being accused of sheltering an enemy agent. No clearance, no deal! Relaxed and in a good mood after an enjoyable piece of bargaining, she smiled benevolently upon them as the men rose, with gestures of respect, to file out.

“I told them you would know how to make use of her!” the corporal said.

Madame Zurra laughed. “You were fortunate that I happened to know a suitable officer!”

“Well, spy! You are fortunate!” Madame addressed her victim in English, while Elizabeth, grovelling on the floor amid rolling wine bottles, gaped pitifully up at her, barely able to focus her mind upon the meaning of the heavily accented words. “These men are deserters and were afraid to invite the attention of the security police. At first they intended to cut your throat and throw you back into the sea, but then they thought I might buy you instead.” She paused. “Certainly you could be of use in my business. But you are a spy and I have to report your capture to the security police. They will torture you first to reveal your contacts, then you will be hanged or shot, and I will have wasted my money! I think these men must get rid of you!”

“But they will murder me...!” Elizabeth moaned. “And I can’t tell them anything about spies...” She had no difficulty in believing the woman, knowing that their war had not gone well and scapegoats were being sought for the failure. She had heard of women being stoned to death or given public floggings for quite minor crimes and she could imagine what would be done to a spy. No doubt her inability to provide answers would only result in worse torture before her execution.

“Please save me...” Elizabeth clutched at Madame Zurra’s dress, her mind focusing upon the only prospect of escaping that fate.

The fat woman gave an exasperated sigh and kicked her away. “I shall make sure of that if I pay good money for you! You will be made to do much more than you imagine!”

“I’ll do anything...” Elizabeth cried, on hands and knees.

“Put her in the punishment barrel!” Madame ordered her female satellites. “And take those bottles out!” she added, as the clink-clink mingled with Elizabeth’s groans.

Chapter Two

About dawn the officer Madame had summoned made his appearance.

“The woman had better be worthwhile!” he grumbled to the brothel owner upon his arrival. He was a large man with a black moustache, in an immaculately tailored khaki uniform with gold stars on his shoulder straps, his heavy jowls and sagging belly indicative of the desk-bound warrior.

“You won’t be disappointed!” Madame assured him. “She is a prime piece of flotsam. To let her wander loose would be a waste.”

“So you wish to make money out of her?” He wiped his lips with an impeccable white handkerchief.

“With your co-operation, why not? I can keep her secure here. I had to move my operation from the capital to escape the disapproval of those ridiculous zealots who are in power. I could use more girls but where to find them in this desert backwater? There is plenty of business. The customers are crazy with lust these days. Every kind of service is in demand! They think the end of the world is at hand and are casting aside all restraint. They seek to fulfil every desire while they still can.”

“Evil news spreads quickly!” the officer nodded. “The contamination spreads even quicker and wider. Make what you can, while you can, Zurra! I take it you wish this woman to understand that she labours under a suspension of execution?”

Madame assented smiling. “She will serve more energetically that way. I thought I might present her to the customers as Lady Elizabeth, an aristocratic English spy sentenced to servitude as a soldier’s whore. That will go down well!”

“Lead me to her!”

The punishment barrel stood at one side of a bare corridor adjoining the office, resting in a wooden cradle upon a low concrete plinth. Elizabeth had thought at first that it would be impossible to

fit herself inside the small wooden cask. She had been forced to her knees, then pushed and squeezed somehow into the restricted space, legs doubled tightly, head, back and rump bumping the curve above, pushing forward with knees and elbows. It smelt strongly of human sweat and urine. In the end of the barrel was an aperture. When she got that far, a couple of hard thwacks across her bottom forced her up against it and a hand reaching through yanked her head out of the hole by a fistful of her hair, grazing her ears in the process, but allowing her shoulders to press right up to the woodwork.

A bunt from the rear lifted her rump, pressing it against the solid rim of the barrel. She could feel that most of her bottom was left exposed, still protruding from the end. A rounded bar slid across beneath her thighs and held her in that position. Another clamped down across the backs of her ankles, leaving her feet dangling.

The brothel owner left her with little hope as to her choice of eventual fates.

“You are to be interrogated as a spy. I shall contact an officer with whom I have influence. It depends upon how much information he thinks may be extracted from you, but if he is amenable, I shall put it to him that it will be a waste to execute you. My business is a convenience to the army and you can be of more use by servicing soldiers as a whore.”

Hours seemed to pass alone in this cramped and humiliating position, with all her recent scrapes and bruises to torment her. She could make no outcry. Her jaws had been gagged with a large rubber ball held in place by buckled straps. At last, she heard the distant sound of voices though she could only guess at the meaning, the woman’s low and confidential, the man’s voice harsh and authoritative. These ominous preparatory sounds did nothing to steady Elizabeth’s thoughts as she heard numerous approaching footsteps that possibly heralded her removal for interrogation, torture and execution.

“So this is the woman spy!” a man’s voice said in English, “Take her into the office.”

Madame Zurra and her two assistants crowded in upon the confined Englishwoman with evident eagerness to follow his wishes. Her existence had now come to official notice, but was that good or bad? As she was withdrawn backwards from the barrel prison and dragged by her hair with much kicking and slapping into a room redolent of coffee and Madame's heavy perfume, Elizabeth's initial fear and confusion was suffused with hope, sensing her captors' deference to this man. He took off his uniform cap and set it on the top of the ornate desk alongside his briefcase, taking from the latter a sheaf of papers and, rather ominously, a heavy black revolver.

"Put her over the desk." He pointed to the edge. With her wrists handcuffed behind her Elizabeth was helpless. The brutal indifference of his tone and his lascivious examination of her nakedness as she was lifted and thumped down over its edge, on her belly alongside his equipment, submerged her hopes in fear and confusion. She began to think the fat woman was her only hope after all.

"She was caught in the act of landing upon the beach," Madame Zurra informed her visitor. They spoke in English as if for Elizabeth's understanding. "The soldiers say that she offered herself to them as a bribe to let her escape." A female hand, but one heavily weighted by multiple rings, smacked Elizabeth hard when she wriggled on the desk top in renewed protest, trying to produce sounds indicative of a wish to appeal. She was stretched right over the table until the beaded edge lay hard into the crease between belly and thighs and her bare toes were just brushing the carpet. Her ankles had been forced apart and fastened with straps to the legs of the table. The officer's revolver lay almost under her nose.

"She has confessed?" Elizabeth heard him ask perfunctorily.

"She has confessed that she is a spy."

"A good beginning!" Out of the corner of her eye Elizabeth saw that he had produced a pen and a printed form and now made a note. He drew the belt out of the loops of his uniform tunic and then hung the tunic on a chair. The belt he threw casually onto the desktop

under Elizabeth's eyes, thick, dark-brown, glossy leather landing with a very solid smack and slap. He rolled up one shirtsleeve as he leant forward over her.

“In case you are thinking of lying to me, I am going to give you a little taste of what can happen to you. I am going to use that upon your bare bottom and I shall remove your gag only when I decide that you are suitably impressed and ready to speak the truth.”

Elizabeth's head tossed sideways, her eyes widened in terror, going from the belt to take in the bared and brawny arm. Her parted bottom cheeks automatically tried to clench as she saw his hand reach across in front of her to retrieve the belt. Her thigh muscles quivered, her knees going weak, her bottom suddenly feeling twice the size, propped over the desk edge. She tried to plead with him but of course could only manage little mewling sounds.

The belt gave no warning hiss but came down suddenly with an explosive Crackkk! and a shocking effect across Elizabeth's quivering behind. She arched upwards, tossing her head wildly, trying to shriek through the gag, her spine curved upwards until her belly came clear off the desk top.

Crackkk! She was driven back down again with an entire loss of breath, as the hard leather smacked viciously in a second line of fire across her bottom until she lay upon her belly again, her thighs writhing against the hard desk edge. Crackkk! Crackkk! Crackkk! She wanted to tell him that she would say anything they wished, but of course she was helpless even to do that much; she could only emit muffled howls through her gag as successive tracks of fire laced her quaking behind. She was forced to wait and blubber until such time as her tormentors were prepared to accept the submission she was desperate to convey.

Crackkk! “I think she has got the message.” The brute moved round from behind her as if to check her reaction, and, through her tears, Elizabeth saw him extract a cigar from his brief case. She lay groaning and whimpering while he lit and drew upon the cigar. Her thrashed bottom pulsed with pain. She could actually feel the six

stiffly raised welts that the belt had made, standing up in throbbing parallel ridges across her behind, with every inch of them vividly delineated.

When the cigar was drawing to his satisfaction the officer returned to the brief case and this time drew out a heavy wooden desk ruler. "This will suffice for the time being!" He bent over Elizabeth and unfastened the strap of the gag. She gasped and gurgled with mingled relief and apprehension, desperately trying to calculate what she should say.

"What is your name?" The ruler came down before Elizabeth could rearrange her thoughts and even begin to answer. Thwackkk! She howled in pain and shock.

"What is your name? Thwackkk! Thwackkk! Thwackkk! She squirmed helplessly in his grip, sobbing and howling like an infant as the ruler descended hard across the throbbing welts on her already tender bottom, trying to focus her mind on something other than the pain that brought rapid disillusion in its wake.

"Answer the question!"

"S-Seaton... E-Elizabeth Seaton... sir!" she squealed, anxious to forestall the descending ruler. He had made it clear enough that he was free to do with her whatever he pleased. She didn't want him to think she needed reminding."

"I know that you were arrested at sea and taken into the port accused of spying upon military movements and later escaped. You were hoping to reach the American fleet with your information, were you not, Elizabeth?"

"No sir! We were just trying to get home before the catastrophe. We didn't even know if the American fleet was still there! We had been stranded in El Farrish by accident. My husband arranged for us to be allowed to leave. There was no fuel for the engine but we had sails. But we collided with another ship in the darkness, a sailing dhow."

"The Americans have withdrawn," he told her in triumph. "They found that their fuel had been contaminated. Some of their fleet have

had to be towed or abandoned. But sailing ships like yours are immune and make useful spy ships”.

“No sir! The yacht was just our floating home.” Face down on the desk top, Elizabeth endeavoured to give truthful and tearful answers. “We were on the way back to the UK when the war began. We heard that foreigners were to be arrested and imprisoned. We were frightened. My husband and son saw people hanged as spies. My daughters and I had to keep ourselves covered up all the time and never dared set foot in the town!”

“You escaped from custody to deliver your information. Who helped you? “

“My husband bribed someone! I don’t know who!” A swift admonitory crack of the ruler produced an extra howl from Elizabeth and she rectified this unsatisfactory answer.

It was the captain in charge of the port,” she admitted, sobbing. “We just bought a couple of oars and rowed out far enough in the darkness to set sail as soon as he took the guard away.”

“Your husband was working for British intelligence, was he not? Your collaborators have all been caught and executed! Do not lie or it will be much worse for you! You expected to meet one of the Bin Umar group did you not?”

No sir! No! He was really just a diplomat!”

She lost count of how many times he hit her. He waited patiently until she recovered enough to answer, but she grew quite hoarse and incoherent by the end, her rear afire with pain, and her belly squelching in a slick of sweat as she wriggled on the leather sheathed desk-top.

“You are a stubborn bitch!” he said at last and then speaking to Madame Zurra in English as if forgetting to switch languages, “these women are always well rehearsed and clever liars! I could take her where there are better facilities to extract a confession, but since her collaborators in the port have already confessed and been executed, she will have little of importance to reveal. With transport in short supply, hardly worth it!”

“Does that mean you intend to execute her?” Madam Zurra enquired in the same language. He tugged his moustache. Elizabeth whimpered in terror. What more could she do if they wouldn’t believe the truth! The ominous black shape of the officer’s pistol sat before her on the desk like a sentence of death.

“We are at war and have no time for niceties. It is a clear case for summary execution!”

“But am I to have no reward?” Madame demanded loudly. “I paid the men who caught her! I could find a use for her!”

He seemed to hesitate. “Certainly you deserve something for your patriotism.”

“You need not carry out the sentence so long as you know she is securely held!” Madame urged. “It will be of service to the army and you may be sure she will be shown no mercy in my charge!”

“Well perhaps... If you can make use of her, Madame Zurra...?”

“Please sir...” Elizabeth gasped, shuddering at the idea of being handed over to torturers intent upon extracting information she did not possess, and prodded violently by the woman. “I’ll do anything...”

He picked up the pistol and weighed it then slid it back inside the briefcase, hardly looking at her. “Very well, Madame!” he addressed his countrywoman instead. “For the time being I shall be satisfied with a signed confession. If you guarantee to keep her secure and under strict discipline, then I shall leave her in your custody and you may make use of her in whatever way you please!” He took Elizabeth by the hair, jerking her face up towards him. “You understand? You have not entirely escaped your fate as a spy! Your body is on loan to Madame Zurra for as long as she finds a use for it!”

“Perhaps you wish to sample her willingness first, Colonel?” the old woman suggested.

“Good idea!” Drawing Elizabeth back by the hair, he dropped her at his feet, the Englishwoman sobbing as the flesh of her well-tanned bottom stretched and compressed. With his other hand he was busily

undoing his uniform trousers and, dropping them to his ankles, stood straddle-legged before her. Crouched where she had been dropped, Elizabeth's face was level with the great mauve-coloured knob of his cock, presented right before her eyes and held steadied in his fist. She possessed no expertise in this, but could think of no other route of escape but to appease him. She had to stretch her neck to reach the thing and his dark eyes bulged to show yellowed whites, lips grimacing around the cigar that he held between his teeth as she inexpertly manoeuvred to engulf the entire acorn shape of its raw knob. Approving grunts came from above as she began to work submissively upon it with her tongue and found that the results were alarmingly swift. He shifted both hands to grab her by the hair and nearly choked her with his bulk rammed right in. Elizabeth gobbled frantically, forced to jerk her head rapidly up and down the warm slithering shaft with the massive knob ramming the back of her gullet every time. For a few seconds she gurgled noisily in vain, snorting for air, but fortunately the man recognised his victim's distress and withdrew enough to give her a chance to breathe. Elizabeth abjectly clutched the hairy flanks before her, snorting and gurgling anxiously by turns but gradually gaining confidence in the effectiveness of her unwillingly acquired technique, as he relaxed his grip and allowed her to take over the rhythm.

She tried to dismiss thoughts of the past from her mind, dutifully sucking on this man's cock as she knew she must. Best to get this over with as quickly as possible. The male organ swelled and solidified hugely so that she had to keep pulling her head back for an extra gasp. Saliva leaked from the corners of her mouth to join the tears sliding down her chin and she sucked and swallowed instinctively around the fleshy barrel to keep it under control, her head going to and fro with increasingly desperate vigour, until she felt her nose tickled by the springy bush at its base. In her inexperience she was unprepared with her mouth still full of hot male tumescence, when it began to pulse along her tongue and spurt horrible gouts of sperm down her throat. Hastily she drew back but,

not daring to remove herself completely, was forced to swallow again and again as successive spurts were deposited on her cringing tongue to be slid down her even more unwilling throat.

The brute before her rumbled with sounds of amusement and satisfaction as he withdrew and began stuffing his shrunken penis back into his pants as if she had been no more than a convenient receptacle for an inconvenient surplus.

“You, girl!” Madame thrust a pen into Elizabeth’s trembling fingers and urged her to rise. “Give her the paper with the confession, sir! Sign there! The Colonel can fill in the details when he has time.” Elizabeth could think of no alternative left open to her. Fear of their joint wrath killed any idea of indulging in prolonged consideration. Endeavouring not to gag too obviously on the results of her efforts and licking her gummy lips, she scrawled a wobbling signature.

“What became of the rest of the family, I wonder!” the officer mused as he emerged again into the bar. “I will have to make enquiries about wrecks.”

Chapter Three

Madame Zurra's brothel was established in what had once been the home of a family of rich landowners. Built in the old Eastern fashion, to present high blank walls to the outer world, it faced inwards onto the privacy of an interior now largely paved, where water splashed amid palm and fruit trees growing in great earthenware pots. In the centre, where once had been an ornamental pool, was now a small dance floor with a tiny stage for exhibitions. Around these, set beneath the trees, were small tables lit at this midnight hour with coloured lamps hanging amid the boughs. From this courtyard, music, the clatter of dishes, the deep murmur of male voices and the tinkling of female laughter drifted upward through the dark leaves to the two tiers of carved wooden galleries that overlooked the scene. Up here was the crux of Madame Zurra's business, the ultimate destination of the customers below, as dining, drinking and watching the performance on stage led inevitably to the main purpose of their visit.

Off the galleries, behind the elaborate balustrades of the upper stories, lay ranges of rooms thick walled and secret, built so to keep the heat at bay. By day, all up here lay cool shadowy and silent. Now after dark, it was frequented with patrons and servants passing to and fro, softly illumined by the red-shielded lights above the closed, enigmatic doors; lights that to the initiated, signalled busy occupancy; doors behind which a passer-by who paused to listen, might hear sounds of pain or ecstasy or both. From behind the last door at one end of an upper gallery, where a red light showed, such sounds emerged. Within the small room Elizabeth Seaton, now known as the slave whore Lady Elizabeth, was hard at work, being taken by her current customer in the position of the Ram, El Kebachi.

The room was functional to its purpose, with white-plastered walls and one narrow iron-grilled window high up on the outer wall. The only indications of its special use were the iron bars that secured

the wooden louvers of the door. The principal furnishing of the room both in size and function was a large bed of entirely Victorian, brass-railed ornate splendour. The other items merely supplemented it, a small bamboo washstand and basin, a wooden stool and a narrow black leather-covered ottoman along a side wall. Madame Zurra occupied this, squatting cross-legged, massively brooding and puffing from time to time upon a thin black cheroot, watching the noisy activity opposite her with the detached alertness of an animal trainer assessing the performance of her charge.

El Kebachi, the position of the Ram, had been the man's expressed choice, but Lady Elizabeth's ability now extended to a comprehensive range of such positions. Her training partners had been a succession of randy but penniless soldiers whom Madame employed to serve her purpose in return for a meal and the fuck, free of charge.

Chapter Four

In the beginning, to be released from her confinement if only to service some man seemed to offer a guarantee of life if not of hope. Little was required of her at first. Her collar was fitted with a leash by which she was led to and from her task upon all fours like an animal. Tattooed across her white belly, just above the trimmed upper edge of her pubic triangle, was a running line of blue script unintelligible to herself, but apparently making the nature of her status fully explicit to her users. She was instructed to grovel before the men to whom she was delivered and beg to satisfy them. Since they seldom understood her or she them, she was forced to act out this approach, giving every appearance of terror.

Initially the men behaved like brutes, using Elizabeth roughly, treating her like the treacherous criminal she was supposed to be, abusing and slapping her, as often as not keeping her grovelling upon all fours in order to take her contemptuously from behind as if she was an animal. She was only taken from the barrel for the purposes of sex or to empty the metal bucket, which sat permanently under her projecting behind with its rim against the back of her thighs. The bucket she took to where she was to empty it into a hole in the floor, carrying it on all fours with the wooden hand-grip between her clenched teeth. The women who had charge of her were equally fiendish in devising punishments if she was judged not to have performed adequately. The barrel on its stone block stood to one side of a service passage used by the staff, so that she was a constant exhibit. The other members of the staff abused her as a matter of habit. Only one, a short sturdy black girl, treated her with occasional sympathy and a young kitchen servitor sometimes fed her tit bits, though he usually handled her bulging pussy familiarly in the process. The only restraint upon her tormentors seemed to be the woman whom she knew as Madame so that their subservience awoke an echo in their victim.

She usually knew when she was to be given to a man, because for she got a few preparatory strokes of the cane across her bottom before being extracted. She began to regard this process as offering some means of manipulating her own fate, even if it was only by succeeding as a whore. Forced into proving that she was worth the price the woman had paid for her, she strove to submerge her all her memories of the past and any feelings of shame, helped by the fear of an even sounder caning if she didn't perform satisfactorily. By the time the brothel owner decided that her acquisition could be trusted to perform properly with paying customers, Elizabeth was conditioned to regard the fat woman with anxious dread.

"I am not interested in your welfare!" Madame Zurra had said, flourishing a little black book across her desk at Elizabeth before she was taken upstairs to serve a paying customer for the first time. "I am interested in seeing that you work hard for me!" She had flourished a little black book across her desk at Elizabeth before she was taken upstairs to serve a paying customer for the first time. "This is your credit and debit ledger. First you must repay what it cost me in bribes to save you from being hanged as a spy. I expect to recoup the money with full interest. Then you have a standing debit for housing, feeding, training, grooming and a commission for finding customers for you. The whole amounts to a considerable sum, as you may imagine! When a customer expresses himself satisfied with your performance, the payment goes into the credit side according to the house tariff. Dutiful obedience to my orders or those of the other ladies will go a little to your credit. Disobedience or recalcitrance will wipe out credits. Should any customer express the least dissatisfaction, however, you will be heavily fined and it will cost you doubly, for at the end of each week I shall total up the book and if your debit not show a satisfactory reduction you will be whipped as a reminder."

Thereafter, when Elizabeth was taken from her cage, she knew it would be to service a paying customer. Ayesha or sometimes Madame herself would lead her to the same small room on the upper

floor where she would be showered, scrubbed, perfumed and kept naked but for brass-ringed leather collar, cuffs and anklets, restraints that served to remind her of her status. For users to whom she was a novelty, Lady Elizabeth appeared anonymous in a combined hood and mask of black leather which enclosed her whole head and face except for the eyes, nose, ears and mouth, zipped close down the back of her head to the thick leather collar where the zip tag clicked into a flat lock. The openings in the mask appeared quite generous, but she was rendered dumb by a gag in the shape of a short thick rubber stem in a penis-shape, which filled her mouth and lay solidly along her tongue. The purpose, her customers were told, was to prevent her making contact with possible collaborators. For a price, however, the customer could have her unplugged, leaving in its stead two short side pieces surrounding the orifice that left Elizabeth just as voiceless, but prevented from closing her teeth. The user could replace the artificial penis with his own human one, with Elizabeth still able to suck and tongue his intrusion. Sometimes a leather flap was fastened across the oval eye spaces, leaving Elizabeth to serve her customer with only the aid of sound and touch. Under the hood her head had been shaved like a convict except for a long pony-tail which, when she was hooded, emerged jauntily through an opening in the crown of the black hood to advertise her natural bloneness. A running line of blue script had been tattooed across her white belly just above the trimmed upper edge of her pubic triangle, unintelligible to herself, but apparently making that status more explicit to her user.

She would be told how the man wished to take her, usually the commoner modes that a man might expect of any whore, rather than those esoteric styles she had been made to practice. She knew that these were fanatical warriors, fresh from the savage hand to hand fighting, for whom she represented a foretaste of that traditional prize, a woman of the enemy. Elizabeth must both satisfy the desire of the men to shame her and enhance their belief in their own masculine virility. They spoke little English as a rule, but she played

her submissive role as Lady Elizabeth with anxious assiduity, seeking as before to combine the satisfaction of their anger with the slaking of their lust. Afterwards she would grovel slavishly as her customer ostentatiously handed over the payment for her services hoping to have earned an expression of satisfaction before she was returned to her confinement.

She performed under direct supervision at first, but later was only checked from time to time by a hidden camera. Madame Zurra usually undertook this function, squatting cross-legged massively brooding on the black couch, puffing from time to time upon a thin black cheroot, and watching the noisy activity on the bed with the detached alertness of an animal trainer assessing the performance of her charge, intently judging her reactions and the effect upon the man, going over the sequence of events in fine detail afterwards. As Lady Elizabeth, she soon learnt to move from passive to active submission, parting her thighs and thrusting her belly vigorously to meet the man's entry, making a performance adequate enough to satisfy both he and her supervisor. She quickly learnt to present herself in her usual grovelling posture, offering herself submissively for their use, seeking quickly to divert their anger from punishment into lust, then as they proceeded seeming to become excited by their manhood, to the point of helpless orgasm. Not always feigned. As her breaking-in progressed and she was required to service several men in rapid succession, the effect of the muscular male bodies and hard quick thrusting of ardent partners had an effect upon her which had not been present in one short encounter and sometimes unwarily led her to achieve a reaction from what was being forced upon her.

“Your customer complained you were too enthusiastic. He suspected that you were just another whore!” Madame once complained, laying the cane on vigorously while Elizabeth writhed, abashed, in painful expiation.

Chapter Five

“There was a report of infiltrators landing within a few hours of the supposed wreck and not far from where she came ashore!” the Colonel had reported as the result of his search for the rest of Lady Elizabeth’s family. “Four persons landed in an inflatable boat but fled when fired on. The local inhabitants were ordered to help conduct a search a search, but it proved unsuccessful. I found a separate report, though, of a foreign youth found in suspicious circumstances by fishermen, who is supposed to have been lodged in the civil prison. Presumably the other three are still at large. Perhaps someone is sheltering them.”

“The daughters would have been more useful,” Madame commented. “But I could think of uses for the son nevertheless!” The Colonel had been making one of his frequent visits. Madame Zurra had selected the esoteric set of sexual positions that Lady Elizabeth had to learn in the little room on the upper gallery, largely for his entertainment and he liked to sample the latest technique in which the prisoner had been trained.

In addition to the position of the Ram there was the Stopper, El Asemund, which meant Lady Elizabeth on her back with a pillow under her butt, her thighs doubled back against her breasts. The customer took her poised on the balls of his feet and stretched over her, gripping her by the shoulders to hold her to him as he went into his fast thrusts. That kept her vagina tight and allowed a straight thrust with plenty of weight behind it.

El Mokefa was Frog fashion, performed with Lady Elizabeth on her back again, knees lifted and widely parted. The man entered her squatting, putting her legs over his shoulders and pulling her to him by the arms to assist his discharge.

El Makeumutt had the Englishwoman on her back this time with her legs in the air, the customer squatting and cradling her bottom between his thighs, holding her legs aloft.

El Setouri meant the he-goat in English. Elizabeth lay on her side, one leg stretched out. The man squatting along her thigh lifted her other leg up to his shoulder, giving her maximum split and the minimum ability to affect the course of events, the man pulling her on and off him as he pleased.

El Loulabi was the Screw, one favoured by a fat customer who liked to lie inertly upon his back, head on arms, smirking while Lady Elizabeth sat astride him, screwing herself down upon his upright manhood with all the appropriate histrionics.

For El Kelouci, the Somersault, Elizabeth actually had to don knickers, the sole purpose of which were to be dropped down to cling about her ankles while she was bent double. Her ducked head was inserted into the stretched waistband and she was then somersaulted by her user to land on her back helpless to move further.

Another animal imitation, Hachou en Nekanok, which was the Ostrich-tail in English, was performed half on, half off the bed with head and shoulders supported and her rump lifted on the man's hands, her legs hooked over his shoulders.

There was Ketchef el Astine, another position in which she was required to slavishly furnish all the effort. Her customer lay upon his back, knees lifted and Elizabeth got between them on all fours, head down and facing his buttocks, lifting her rear up and down on his shaft, peering along under her belly to judge her aim.

An odd position was Neza el Kouss, the Rainbow, where both she and her customer lay upon their sides; she with her body between his thighs, arching back to reach a grip on his ankles while he bent forward to pull her hips to him. One that sounded the same, was Nesedj el Kheuzz. She only had to perform it once and confused the name, earning herself a caning since in practice it was quite different. The man squatted and Elizabeth was meant to sit on his feet against the front of his calves, her legs either side of him. There she was slid to and fro, carried by the in-out movement of his feet, which she had to assist by pushing with her hands behind her.

One of the more showy positions bore the ominous name of

Driving the Peg. Elizabeth was lifted and thrust up with her rear against a wall at waist height to the man. She was required to wrap her arms and legs around her customer while his human hammer drove his fleshy peg well home.

Of course many of them were quite simple, like Dok el Arz where she bestrode the customer's out-stretched thighs face to face while being bounced up and down by his grip on her waist. El Keurchi was even simpler, a standing fuck with Elizabeth backed against a wall. Nik el Kohoul meant rear entry with Elizabeth taken face down humped over a bolster placed under her belly. Rekoud el Air had the man half sitting to form a saddle with Lady Elizabeth riding in the V of his body between belly and thighs. Kaleb el Miche required her to take an active role again, the man lying back upon the edge of the bed with his thighs apart while Lady Elizabeth mounted his erection between them in a kind of reversal of roles.

"She has been learning that men will like to use her rear opening too and how to give them pleasure with it!" Madame announced during one sampling while the officer, whom Elizabeth was used to regarding as a sort of sponsor, looked on with interest. She was flourishing an enormous pink dildo in illustration, thrusting it under Elizabeth's nose, before introducing it to her victim's tender anal passage.

"You must be made to practice it!" She shoved hard. "No! You are tightening yourself too much! Sometimes a man will like a tight opening at first but you must learn to give way readily before him. Make your body go limp as soon as the dildo enters and wriggle onto it!" To falter now would only waste her painful progress so far. Kneeling upon the bed on hands and knees Elizabeth relaxed as far as she could bear to, then, thrust back her trembling rump

"Better!" Madame approved. "Now squeeze as hard as you can, as if you want to keep it inside you!" Elizabeth gasped and squirmed a little as she felt the pain it caused employing muscles she had only recently discovered she possessed.

"Those weals on your bottom are your own silly fault!" the

brothel-madam reproved her. “Learn quickly and you will escape such handicaps! Now loosen yourself as it goes out again!” She pulled the dildo smoothly out until it lay just within Lady Elizabeth’s clinging anus and then thrust it slowly back.

“Open and relax!”

“Squeeze again!”

“Now slacken!”

“Use all your bottom muscles! Keep repeating that action!” Elizabeth’s red- striped moons clenched and unclenched in a steady rhythm as if the sliding pink dildo had been a man in rampant action. Then suddenly, without warning, two thick male fingers were substituted for the dildo.

“Keep going, Lady Elizabeth! Fingers, dildo, or a man’s cock should be all one to you. It’s your duty to please the customer by whatever means he cares to indulge himself, is it not?”

“Yes Madame...” Elizabeth panted. Anything else would have been treated as impudence and earned her the punishment appropriate for offending a customer. “There!” The two fingers drove deep, impaling her rear. “Close tight upon the intruder! Persuade the customer that you don’t want to lose him! That’s it!” The fingers came out with a definite plop.

“Now I want to see you practice giving invitations, Lady Elizabeth. Invite your customer to use you! Remember that every cock going inside you may take you a little closer to paying off your debt, but only if you give complete satisfaction to your user! Thrust your bottom up as far as you can and spread your cheeks at the same time, begging to be used by your customer!”

Concentrating hard to reproduce the guttural sounds, Elizabeth gasped out the phrases that she had learnt, suitable exhortations inviting a man to use her.

“Colonel! Do you wish to test her?” By now that officer’s penis, standing from his robe was swollen rigid, the knob glistening purple and the veins like cables round its stem. The bed creaked as the Colonel rammed Lady Elizabeth forwards into it, forcing her to gasp

and snort for breath. As Madame stood back, the officer took the still valiantly presenting Englishwoman by her rearing hips even before she got her words out and thrust himself into the pouted orifice. Elizabeth yelped startled, stiffening her resistance and Madame boxed her ears.

“Pay attention!”

“Yes... Madame...” Lady Elizabeth groaned. Discipline and eagerness to please was regularly reinforced in her owner’s office after the customers gave their invited assessment of her performance.

“Your customer was not entirely satisfied with you!” Madame Zurra would say and Elizabeth would wilt in anticipation. “Of course there are reasons for your lack of accomplishment, but the quicker you acquire these skills the less painful it will be! Bend over the stool!” and Madame would produce the bamboo cane from her desk drawer. “What are you here for, Elizabeth?”

“Please Madame. To satisfy my customers as a whore...”
Swishhh-Crack!

“To be a good actress... and encourage them to use me ...”
Swishhh-Crack!

“To obey my owner... and attract more business...” Swishhh-Crack!

“To justify my purchase price... Swishhh-Crack! Head downwards then, Elizabeth would gasp and squeal while her implacable trainer impressed the lessons upon her tender flesh.

Chapter Six

So this night, in her regular work place on the upper floor, Lady Elizabeth had greeted her customer as if he were a conquering lord, slipping to her knees and bowing low. It was her first duty to arouse the men, though fortunately few of them needed much encouragement. The grinning soldier had presented the ticket that confirmed his choice of position. His language was incomprehensible to her as probably was hers to him. She still found it a relief to be restricted to the language of gesture and attitude.

“Effendi!” Well trained in her role, she began by arching herself against the brute’s solid frame, like a scented cat, rotating her bottom upon which the powder puff disguised the traces of the penalty for previous failures. She rubbed her nakedness against his khaki-clad loins with a gentle tinkle of bangles and anklets, the rewards given for good performances bearing their own element of shame. Slithering within his instinctive embrace, she raised her vivid lips to him, her warm mouth seeking his amid his bristly moustache. Finding only a cool response and with only the tiniest of pauses she sank gracefully downwards, brushing against his muscular body all the way. His language was incomprehensible to her as probably was hers to him. She still found it a relief to be restricted to the language of gesture and attitude. Sinking to her knees before him, she made a gesture of lascivious submission, her white hands going on at once to work upon the buttons and zips of his uniform.

“O Effendi!” she whispered, delving softly into his pants with tentative exploratory fingers. The soldier’s large brown hand brushed back the fall of soft blonde hair that half obscured her face.

Madame had endowed her with this fantasy origin as Lady Elizabeth, supposedly a relative of the English royals who had married an American Jewish millionaire and been recruited by enemy intelligence as an expert in seduction. According to the story, she had been captured and forced as a punishment to serve as a soldier’s

whore. She assumed that the man examining her expression was curious as to how Lady Elizabeth accepted her humiliating fate. She hardly needed to counterfeit the appropriate feelings!

What he saw evidently appeased him and he grunted amusedly, acknowledging as much. Looking up at his face for the first time, Elizabeth flushed, suddenly realising that this was one of her former captors from that night on the sea beach, how long ago that was she was no longer sure. They had sold her to her present owner she had been told. Perhaps they now had to pay for her use like any other! What did he think of his erstwhile prize, now bathed, perfumed and powdered, hair restored to flaxen silk, lips and eyes enhanced, nails trimmed and polished, even her neatly trimmed pubic bush, delicately tinted and perfumed? She was a piece of merchandise for sale, and one that other men desired. Did he regret his bargain?

She quickly undressed him, long eyelashes downcast as if in modesty, but continuing to twine and rub against him. The man sometimes helped, but more often hindered by clutching at her soft wriggling contours. Murmuring soothing nothings, she led him, now quite rampant with arousal, towards the bed. She was trained to use her mouth if need, be leaving aside the last element of modesty to coax an uncertain or sluggish customer to a stand, but this one would be quick and uncomplicated she judged. She had learned to simulate reluctance, enthusiasm, or fear as required by the fancy of each man who fucked her, giving herself entirely to acting out her part, suppressing her real feelings. Of course she faked orgasm as was expected of her, though sometimes to her greater shame she slipped almost unawares from fake to real.

Fortunately this one seemed to be no linguist. The worst customers she felt were those who insisted upon speaking to her in her own language, thereby requiring more than dumb show. Dialogue was doubly humiliating and full of pitfalls.

She slid between the man's brown thighs with no more than fleeting regret for lost past and shame for her present occupation. Madame Zurra's training had been severe, but she told herself it had

fitted her to survive. It had equipped her to please these men, upon the satisfaction of whose lusts her life depended. The thought lent added vigour as she exerted all her technique upon the rampant grunting brute beneath her; in pleasing him she triumphed over her fate. Madame had taught her not to repress any effort; to writhe beneath the impending weight of the male thrusting up her breasts for him to play with, and then to increase the man's pleasure as he entered her by contracting her passage, using the muscles of her thighs and squirm of hips and rump to give a pulsating effect around his thrusting intrusion.

So many sexual partners had lessened the effect upon her, diminishing their individuality, the process become almost habitual, potentially hostile males disarmed by the same ritual of submission, manoeuvred into satisfactory orgasm and departing assuaged.

Chapter Seven

“Your customer found you satisfactory, Lady Elizabeth!” Madame Zurra, counting a handful of crumpled notes afterwards, nodded approvingly with her usual pretence of being a kindly employer who only inflicted punishment for the delinquent’s own good.

Elizabeth felt only relief. Though never quite lost to her, her former existence had sunk so far into the past that small rewards and punishments assumed a disproportionate significance. Bathing, grooming, applying make-up and choosing jewellery beforehand were simultaneously proof of acquired skill and shaming, since the ritual reminded her that she was not a wife and mother preparing for an anticipated dinner party, but a slave whore preparing herself for a night’s fucking with entire strangers for the monetary advantage of her owner. She might be whipped or caned less often, but the humiliation of being spanked like a naughty child by Madame for minor transgressions had its own effect. It even added diligence to her work, her nightly success in satisfying men seeming to reinstate her status as an adult woman.

Every night, men came shambling one after another through the door. Mostly soldiers in stained and ragged desert khaki, shaven-headed and hot-eyed, each clutching a paper ticket, having paid downstairs, each eager to have his money’s worth. Elizabeth had to remember now to take each man’s ticket to show how many she had serviced. That their coupling involved next to no verbal exchange was a relief to her. For a time when trade was slack a discount was offered on the Position of the Night for Lady Elizabeth, which eliminated the difficulty of communication, since every customer expected exactly the same. Sometimes she even dared to refrain from employing those stock phrases, with which she had been forced to become familiar, and the exact meaning of which she hardly knew, except that they were those of invitation and submission. The men took that for granted.

“The war seems to be becoming more disorganised and the soldiers more in-disciplined!” Madame remarked to her unhappy sex-slave. “No-one seems concerned to hide from enemy aircraft any more and the camps around the town are becoming crowded with randy soldiers. Business is booming. I shall have to give you a quota!” At first it was half a dozen a night, but before long it was; “You are a profitable attraction, Lady Elizabeth! A new regiment has arrived fresh from the battles. We expect very big numbers! You will have to take the men more quickly!”

With such exhortations and painful reminders, she had to learn how to speed up her customer’s performance. Most of the men to whom she was given were fully excited when they got to her. She had only to go through the humiliating ritual of slavish submission and then apply the repertoire she had learnt with as much of a display of outraged modesty forced by terror into compliance as she could counterfeit. Having always at the back of her mind the thought of what might happen if she became less useful to her captors, it was therefore with her anxious compliance that the numbers of men using her body nightly increased.

One night she began as usual, when the house opened as darkness fell. There was a sequence of half a dozen men in the first hour, some of them local civilian labourers still in their work clothes. Then it went at the rate of a customer every half hour or so until the busiest time began, a couple of hours before midnight.

Some variety of exhibition was now being performed on stage in the courtyard below and her total reached fourteen as excited spectators trooped upstairs afterwards. It shot up again as groups of men drifted in, men who had been lingering elsewhere in coffee shops and illegal gambling places. Now a queue of soldiers built up and Lady Elizabeth, the convict whore, was taking a man every ten minutes to reach a total of forty-eight, a whole pile of tickets on the bedside table before business eased or at least slowed, as customers below became too drunk or too satiated to feel any urgency. Nevertheless, from then until the close of business at dawn, Lady

Elizabeth took another seven men. So many sexual partners had she been forced to entertain by now, that it lessened the effect of this night's total upon her mind. They were no longer individuals and the process had become almost mechanical, potentially dangerous beasts, but readily disarmed by the same ritual of submission, manoeuvred into satisfactory orgasm and then departing drained and assuaged she hoped to her credit.

“Fifty-five! Excellent!” Madame Zurra herself counted the paper tickets while Elizabeth lay in sore and tender exhaustion on the stained and well-pounded bed. “So many of our brave soldiers thoroughly satisfied!” Speaking to her satellites, she rubbed her fat hands. “In the short time we have had her, Lady Elizabeth has serviced over a thousand soldiers! A big bouncy blonde who is so totally submissive should be serving us better. Time to utilise her rarity and boost her attractions! Put her into black lace and high heels. Introduce her to our more influential customers!

“You have been working well. Lady Elizabeth,” Madame Zurra said judiciously to her slave, “but you are too good to waste upon such cheap fucks! You are not paying off your debt. You must put your talents as an actress to work. You will earn a lot more from exhibitions.”

Chapter Eight

Approaching the wrestling ring in the courtyard, Elizabeth saw a hundred male faces turned towards her and almost dared to call out in exposition of her plight. But she supposed they were the same men who had used her sexually in the upper room, so they would be unlikely to heed her now. She was wearing a tiny bikini set, little more than a three triangles of red, white and blue striped cotton held together by thin strings, her blonde head adorned by a little tinsel tiara. Her opponent, Heggrah, wore a similar outfit in white. Leila was acting the part of referee as they were introduced to the audience, the Nubian first, who bounced about showing off her muscles and clasping her hands above her head, acknowledging the plaudits of the crowd.

What was said about Elizabeth herself she could only guess, though she recognised the words 'Lady Elizabeth' and assumed she was being introduced as an English aristocrat. By the boos, she guessed that she was also being vilified as an agent of the enemy. Imitating Heggrah, she got down upon all fours for the usual preparatory process of being oiled. The Nubian could choose her masseur, but unfortunately Elizabeth had no choice. This privilege was for sale to members of the audience and not a little negotiation usually preceded it. The successful bidder, a young dark-skinned man, took Elizabeth in hand literally, for he set out to make sure that she got a thorough application from stem to naked stern. Kneeling alongside her, using the scented oil supplied and encouraged by yells and groans from the rest of the party he was with, he worked his way with slippery fingers up her calves and thighs.

Her bikini bottom was hardly more than a thong at the rear, diving so deep between the shapely rounds that it might as well not have been there. Taking his time, the man smoothed his hands around and under the curves, rubbing the oil in thoroughly. He slid an oily hand over Elizabeth's belly and then his fingers lingered around her

heavily depending breasts, sliding round into the soft cleavage between. Oil soaked the little cloth triangles making them cling to her poking nipples so that they stood out through the thin material, his fingers flicking them. Leering at his friends he ran his hands from slender neck to bare rump and back again, until every inch of her glistened under the hot lights.

Elizabeth did nothing to discourage this. The oilier she was, the less vulnerable she would be to Heggrah's gripping hands. She even turned this way and that to encourage him to be thorough, evoking noticeable arousal in the masseur. She was sure she had never been made to entertain this one before, but she guessed that would see him upstairs after this, his friends too, very likely, eager to use this wicked enemy spy. They would give her a hard time. But that would be better than having to pretend to be excited by them, and to have been made to orgasm.

But by now the rest of the audience was making a lot more noise, impatient for the bout to begin and Leila was beckoning imperatively, while keeping the men amused with a commentary.

Elizabeth slid under the ropes and assumed her fighting posture, facing the black girl. The gong struck at Leila's signal and Heggrah lowering her tightly curled head charged at once like a mad thing. Elizabeth took two or three forward steps to meet her and the pair impacted in the centre of the ring with a solid thump, then slid around one another, their fingers slipping on freshly oiled bodies. Elizabeth had managed to avoid the ramming head but Heggrah skilfully sent Elizabeth spinning past into the ropes. Their elasticity threw her back into the ring with a bound. Teeth gritted, she tried to match Heggrah's snarls.

Lady Elizabeth versus her black maidservant was the advertised performance. Of course the purpose of the bout was simply to sexually excite the crowd of men with a display of near-naked women at grips with each other. It enlivened the effect if the audience thought this was a grudge match, but Heggrah was forced to pull her punches since Madame didn't intend to have her English

convict-whore sustain any damage without exacting ample payment for it. However it had been made clear that even if her opponent hadn't been the more experienced fighter, Lady Elizabeth was destined to be the perpetual loser.

She replied to the other girl's banshee howl with a shriek of her own that really expressed her shame and frustration, rushing at Heggrah again. Elizabeth got her fingers in Heggrah's curls, avoiding oily nakedness, but felt her opponent's fingers drag her bikini bottom halfway down her hips. This was too early in the bout she knew and the black girl evidently realised it too, for she shifted her grip to take Elizabeth around the waist. Their warm bodies slipped and slithered as they tried to throw one another to the mat, legs entwined and hands pushing, twisting and slapping.

They slithered and came loose simultaneously and Elizabeth automatically made to pull the little triangle back up over her half-exposed pubic bush. Heggrah seized the opportunity to leap upon her. Elizabeth, taken off balance, slammed into the ropes. With a gasp she bounced, reaching forward with clawing hands just in time. The force of Heggrah's charge rammed her head into Elizabeth's chest and between her plump tits. Instinctively, Elizabeth clutched her tight so that the black girl couldn't get her face back out of their soft smother. In turn, Heggrah seized Elizabeth's breasts with both hands, trying to wrench them apart, squeezing like claws, the oily handfuls oozing from between her fingers.

Agonised by the clutch. Elizabeth pummelled the black girl's white-clad balloons in retaliation. Heggrah's teeth gripped the connecting strip between Elizabeth's bikini cups and bit hard. Elizabeth screeched and lost her footing. She went flying over her opponent's shoulder in an involuntary somersault, landing smack flat on her bottom on the mat.

She rolled away instinctively and then realised that her breasts were dangling naked and her bra hanging about her elbows in two pieces. As she sprang upright, with her breasts bouncing wildly, Heggrah charged once more and they came to grips again.

This time the Nubian slipped on a smear of oil as they collided and entwined, pulling Elizabeth down with her. Fingers clawed at anything that would provide a grip as the two women rolled on the canvas. This time it was easier, for it was now her opponent's part to wrest the remains of Elizabeth's bikini from her and throw it into the crowd for a souvenir.

The gong sounded. Both of them were out of breath, their breasts heaving but Elizabeth's of course, were now fully revealed to view as she leant back against the corner post, shoulders back and arms hooked over the ropes.

The second round began and it was now Elizabeth's part to seem eager to retaliate by reducing Heggrah to the same half-naked state. As they wrapped slithering around one another, she tried to snap the other's bra strap, getting her whole fist between the girl's breasts and yanking upwards, while at the same time trying to fend off Heggrah's fingers which were aimed at getting a grip on her own. Fortunately for Elizabeth the material was easier to grip than fleshy curves gleaming with oil. She never managed to snap the link but the hectic bouncing of the black tits displaced them from Heggrah's bikini top and they sprang out magnificently with big solid nipples thrusting. Under the avid gaze of the audience, the two girls, black and white, swung entwined, like two partners in a complicated dance until the Nubian's more skilful legwork caught the Englishwoman off balance. Lady Elizabeth was swung in a circle. Her feet came off the floor and her opponent, swinging her twice with gathering speed, let her slip. Lady Elizabeth sailed across the ring with a wail and hit the ropes, legs, arms and hair entangled in them.

Male hands disentangled her, some more hindering than helping. She got several smart spansks to help her on her way, then just before she reached equilibrium, a black hand grabbed the blonde ponytail close to the back of her head and slung her across the ring again, streaming loose hair behind her. Recovering, she began to scuttle away on hands and knees, displaying plenty of waggling white bottom. Heggrah landed on her back and rammed her flat, right in

front of the men who had crowded up close to the ropes on the other side. She got her arm around Lady Elizabeth's neck and pretended to be trying to break her back, drawing the white girl far enough up to give the fans a view of her well-rouged nipples and then letting her slam back, alternately dangling and flattening the white globes into the canvas while the Englishwoman's escaping hair cascaded more and more wildly about her and she gasped and groaned explosively.

Scrabbling for a grip, the two rolled over. Lady Elizabeth came out on top for once but Heggrah's fingers digging into soft white hips hooked the bikini cords. Her knee came up and Lady Elizabeth let out a whoosh of breath, thrown forward over the other's head. Her bikini bottom slid right down her oil slick thighs and then, as she continued rolling head over heels, slid straight over her calves and down to her ankles. The black girl had caught the band of cloth and with it arrested the Englishwoman's somersault before she could complete it. Heggrah twisted and pounced, knees driving Lady Elizabeth's shoulders into the mat. She wailed and squirmed wildly, doubled up on her back on the floor, having each bare breast twisted by turns to encourage her performance. Heggrah gave a flick of her hand that freed one of Elizabeth's ankles and simultaneously sat upon the Englishwoman's face. Elizabeth's cries cut off instantly; one leg waved the red white and blue pennant of her bikini bottom briefly in the air then kicked. The colourful scrap flew off and through the air amongst the clutching hands of the crowd.

Despite being half smothered Elizabeth retaliated violently. She was stark naked, rather earlier than the script had laid down. She got her fingers hooked into the hip fastenings of her opponent's own bikini, dragging that garment downward, her fingernails raking her opponent's bottom and leaving a spot of oozing blood. She whimpered guiltily, knowing what that would earn her. She had only meant to drag the girl off quick enough to let her breathe. She planted her feet on the mat, arching her hips with her knees up and thighs wide, swivelling this way and that beneath her conqueror and exposing furry pubis and red sex-slot to the watching men in the

process. The oil that had soaked down there had given her pubic bush a slick peak like a little dark goatee beard. When all the audience had been given a thorough view, Elizabeth pushed hard on the rounded slippery bottom above her and heaved the weight from off her face.

Heggrah toppled forward between her opponent's knees as if she had been hurled away. Both sprang to their feet, Heggrah's bikini bottom a mere strip low across her thighs, Elizabeth totally naked, red-faced and panting hard. They closed as if with raking nails, cheered on by the onlookers, staggered wildly to and fro then toppled and rolled, first one on top then the other. They wriggled in opposite directions and as if by accident, got into the 69 position. Heggrah lifted her knees and clamped her opponent tight so that Elizabeth's mouth was rammed into the plump hairless black slit that split open like a bright red flower. Between her own legs in turn Elizabeth felt a hot mouth and then sharp teeth gripping her pubic hairs. The audience howled; the black girl was plucking hairs and spitting them out in between shrieking curses.

Elizabeth was dutifully still trying to get a grip on the black girl's bikini strings, when the other girl sidestepped and Elizabeth was sent flying over one shoulder, legs flailing, to land flat on her back with another thud. Before she could recover, Heggrah landed on her chest, the firm black bottom squashing white breasts like pillows, black knees pinning white arms. With a great arching heave, Elizabeth rolled over, head almost up under the ropes now, facing the gleaming eyes and white grinning teeth of the men who crowded there. Heggrah continued to ride her like a bareback rider and came down as solidly as before. Squirming on her belly Elizabeth kicked her legs like a trapped frog, counting silently to twenty while the black girl pretended to twist her victim's ears and bang her head on the floor. At last Elizabeth could hasten to extend her hands and beat them flat upon the floor in a sign of submission.

Heggrah sprang up and the referee raised her hand high. Lady Elizabeth lay as if exhausted and beaten, red in the face, actually she

was half smothered from her sojourn beneath the black girl's ample bottom. Heggrah bent down and took her opponent by the wrist, pulling upwards as if to raise her. But before Lady Elizabeth reached her feet the other girl heaved her forward and slid her face downwards over an outthrust black thigh. Cheered on by the amused men she gave the defeated English aristocrat half a dozen resounding spansks on her gleaming bare bottom rounds, leaving bright red palm prints.

Off stage and under the shower, washing off the oil and dust, Elizabeth and Heggrah were reunited. The black girl spoke no English but expressed amused commiseration with cooing sounds. She began to soap Elizabeth herself, repeating the slow massage of the oiling but with delicate feminine hands. Pressed up against the other's white body, she rubbed a handful of soap over the lips of Elizabeth's pubis, dripping soapy runnels down her thighs, and working up a foamy bulge on the furry mound. Elizabeth made no resistance, but whimpered as her breasts were soaped, feeling her nipples hardening, soapy droplets depending from them.

"I... I'm... not a... lesbian..." she gasped, half unsure. Heggrah of course took no notice. She drew Elizabeth out of the shower with her, drying her tenderly as they went with a huge fluffy towel. Along one wall of the shower room was a wide seat of wooden slats under the row of clothes hooks. Heggrah backed Elizabeth against the edge and rolled her onto the seat flat on her back, head and shoulders half enveloped in the towel. Feeling full soft lips go down her belly, Elizabeth flung up her knees, trying to close her thighs and finding the black girl's shoulders in the way. Her hands clutched uncertainly not knowing whether to cling or repulse as Heggrah climbed nimbly on top of her, pressing Elizabeth in place, black belly squashing white breasts, dark thighs enclosing hot pink cheeks.

"Ohhh Heggrah! Please! Ohhh!" Elizabeth wrapped her arms about the black girl's hips, her own hips squirming this way and that under the delightful activity of Heggrah's tongue.

"Ahhh Heggrah! Ahhh... Ooooh!" Elizabeth shrieked madly.

The other's red slot was inches from her like a slash of molten lava in a black tarry bulge. Half ashamed, half ecstatic at the release of tension she had built up in her naked exposure to a crowd, she lifted her head and applied her own tongue to that slot, parting the crinkled lips and searching out what she knew would be the most pleasurable part. Instinct guided Elizabeth and soon Heggrah had reached her own orgasm.

“This is no time for games! Get up!” The slats of the seat were suddenly in evidence again, hard beneath Elizabeth's back and rump and the towel had fallen onto the floor. A heavily ringed hand had spanked Heggrah's bottom and the black girl sprang off Elizabeth, gabbling hurried excuses. Madame had appeared alongside them. “Time for Lady Elizabeth to be auctioned!”

Chapter Nine

“Yes sir... “I used to ride ... all the time... at home sir...” Elizabeth was panting. She went up and down steadily. “Ponies, sir... and riding to... ahhh...hounds, sir.”

“As good as riding men?” the man prostrate beneath her asked and gave her flanks a smack as she rose and fell upon his rigidly upright cock. She was serving five young men from the wrestling audience, the companions of the one who had oiled her before the match. What they were celebrating she didn’t know but evidently she was the means for an expression of male bonding, as they had all clubbed together to bid for her services in the auction.

On the disordered bed she was astride the one who had oiled her, sliding down, endlessly it was beginning to seem, on a very thick stem, gasping with effort until at last she made solid contact with his loins, solidly impaled. Fortunately she was still slippery from the way the intimate way the oil had been applied. Elizabeth’s efforts to settle to a proper rhythm were made all the more difficult, since one of his friends likewise bestrode his thighs right behind her and was busy burying his own cock in her anus. Even while she was going up and down and being thrown to and fro by his efforts, she was obliged to nod back and forth in the service of a third invader who had straddled his recumbent friend’s head and shoulders to present his cock for her attention. Silenced, she gurgled and gargled in agitation, trying to dissuade the man below her from pulling and squeezing great handfuls of her malleable breasts as if he was milking a cow. But of course these were exactly the sort of groans and whimpers they expected from her.

“I am yours to do what you will please, sirs!” Lady Elizabeth, the slave whore had whimpered, grovelling upon all fours as if in shame and fear when they questioned her. She had parroted the tale that Madame had concocted for her; how she had been Lady Elizabeth Gold, a member of the Royal family and how from aristocratic

arrogance and delight in wickedness she had involved herself in the evil purposes of their enemies. How as a punishment and to save her life she was now forced to give her aristocratic body to be used by the brave soldiers whom she had meant to betray. Before she ran out of breath, she had been forced to enlarge upon it. It seemed to stimulate their lust very successfully. The randy friends were not intending that anyone should be left out. She was going to have to take all five at once.

She had mounted one, then found another coming from behind, the third expecting to monopolise her mouth. She had three cocks within her when she felt her wrists seized and as each palm felt the soft slithery weight of a cock she closed her fingers round the hot barrels. Five cocks in total. The one in her back passage rammed solidly of its own accord, the man with his cock in her mouth seemed satisfied for her to hold him tight within with tongue and lips, thrusting to and fro in the warm wetness. Elizabeth concentrated on moving her hips so as to ride the man below whose scope for movement was limited. She found difficulty in holding her curled fists steady, and began to wank the men instead, hearing them give appreciative grunts. The cock in her mouth she hated most. She curled her tongue around it, gurgling and sucking hoping to get rid of it quickly. She was now humping and wallowing like a porpoise trying to get a rhythm going with the men, rammed from behind, humped from beneath, head going to and fro as she slurped, fists pulling slithering skinned shafts on either side. The one in her mouth spurted first and she swallowed the outcome without hesitating, as she had been trained. The one in her anus had been ramming away almost disregarded except for the repeated strain on her anal rim. Thankfully he came next, slamming her hard onto the still rigid cock in her vagina. The two she was pulling on suddenly shrank in her grip, though she had hardly noticed them discharge or where the results went. Now at last she could concentrate almost unhindered on the man she rode, taking him rapidly to a climax.

She had once led a normal life, wrapped in contented domesticity,

now under the pressure of her plight and bound to unremitting sexual activity her reactions began to confuse her. Later that night, thinking about Heggrah even while she was being hard fucked by the last capable customer of the five, she had an unintended orgasm. She dared not do anything to repress it and her reaction spurred the young man to even more heroic efforts so that she confused herself even more by climaxing again before he had finished. She was suddenly conscious once more of where she was, crouched naked and sweating in a tangle of naked strangers, wailing with unpremeditated release.

“Men pay to see you being conquered,” Madame said, tapping her cane on the desk while Elizabeth awaited an expected punishment. “They will pay even more to see you being punished!”

Chapter Ten

In one of the larger of the upper rooms a luxurious supper had been rapidly demolished by a party of three male customers and their chosen partners; a supper served nervously but attentively, by a maidservant whose short-skirted black silk uniform showed off long legs in black stockings and high heels. She wore a little white apron fastened with a big bow, with lacy ruffles to the bib in which her round breasts nestled like ripe melons and a little white lace cap perched on her blonde hair. By way of completion the members of the supper party were now enjoying the scarce and forbidden delights of champagne, liqueur brandy and cigars. They occupied a small alcove the curtains of which had been looped back to open onto the larger room, a pillared octagon with a marble mosaic floor.

“So this is your new maid?” one of the men remarked with heavy humour. “Introduce her!”

“This is Lady Elizabeth who used to be a haughty English aristocrat and has been forced to undergo training in obedience and proper humility. You notice she is still nervous. Earlier she broke a coffee cup and expects to be punished at any minute. I suppose she is ashamed of having an audience. Aren’t you, Lady Elizabeth?”

“Yes Madam.” Elizabeth bobbed a little curtsey, tray in hand, her eyes lowered. She was conscious that dark male ones had been appreciatively examining her, a tall, fair-haired, shapely figure whose tense expression and anxious bobbing betrayed a mixture of nervousness and shame in trying not to shrink from their gaze. Wearing clothes after so long somehow had an unsettling effect upon Elizabeth, even though the skimpiness of her costume revealed as much as it hid. Every time she bent over the table the short skirt revealed stocking tops and flashes of white thigh, emphasised by the black tapes of a garter belt, while the low neckline of the bodice almost toppled her breasts out of their resting place. The men were leering and lascivious, the girls contemptuous and cruel.

“Well, you great careless slut! What do you think you should get for that?”

Elizabeth dropped another little curtsey, moistening her lips. She hated to have to invent her own words, easier to repeat parrot fashion what her captors dictated. “Please Madam, I should be given a caning, Madam.”

“How many you think you deserve, Lady Elizabeth?”

One day she hoped the world would be restored to what it had been. The emergency would be over. Sanity would prevail. She would be rescued. Until then she must do what was necessary to survive!

“Er... t-twelve... Madam?” Elizabeth ventured the suggestion reluctantly. Would that be enough to satisfy the beast? She knew that if she made it too few, Ayesha would double it anyway.

“You see that she has a proper estimate of her worth!” Ayesha said to the men after a long pause. “Does that sound enough?” They nodded jerkily one by one, with Elizabeth following their expressions anxiously from under discreetly lowered lashes. “These kindly gentlemen agree with your opinion!” Ayesha said.

Elizabeth bobbed another general curtsey.

“Good! Pour drinks first and then fetch cane.” It gave time for the men to settle before Elizabeth returned and held out in trembling hands a thin bamboo cane, proffering it to her mentor.

“Stand corner there! Wait we be ready!”

Elizabeth turned to scuttle away, hesitated and bobbed a curtsey. “Thank you, Madam!” Heels clipping the marble floor, she went to stand facing the pillar opposite the supper table, hands by her sides, small fists clenched. The jaunty white bow that fastened her apron emphasised the outward jut of her bottom. The hem of her skirt just reached to her garter tabs. From her frequent bending over them at the table, the men of the party were well aware of all that it now concealed.

Ayesha took a quick sip from her male companion's brandy glass. "I shall smack her first I think!" and in English, "Lady Elizabeth! Pull down knickers! Come to me here!"

Elizabeth turned slowly, visibly biting her lip, casting a quick glance at the men's faces, fat jowled, dark eyed, narrowly bearded, plump lips greasy from the meal. There were flushed red patches on her cheeks. Nevertheless she began to do as she was told. Without further attending to her audience she lifted her skirt the few inches it took to reach the narrow strip of her knickers over the hips.

"Being spanked like a naughty child will reduce her ladyship's pride very effectively!" Ayesha observed complacently.

With a quick wriggle Elizabeth thrust the black lace knickers down to her thighs and then on downwards until they clung in a twist of black below her knees.

Meaty male hands made a mock applause, sharp-nailed female ones encouraging them. Sprawled amid the cushions they appreciated that this was being staged for their amusement. Elizabeth kept her eyes lowered and her mind disengaged as far as possible. This was just another sort of special performance.

Ayesha had seized hold of a small stool of black wood with mother of pearl inlay. Carrying it from the alcove she set it out on the floor before her audience. Seating herself she crooked her finger at Elizabeth. The slave whore had been spanked often enough before, both by Ayesha and Madame and only been thankful to have been spared a caning, but being spanked as a spectacle for the amusement of a male audience was a new humiliation. Nervously she shuffled the few necessary paces to Ayesha's knee. Stooping she lowered herself gingerly across the girl's silken thighs, her bare bottom rounds rising like twin moons as her skirts slid forwards and she tipped head downwards over Ayesha's lap. She was unable to repress a wriggle at this childish posture. She could hear the men's rumbling voices. As she was posed at right angles to the alcove from where the voyeurs lounged, they had a broadside view of her up-thrust rump, the short skirt and ruffled petticoat ruckled up to her waist, and the

white summits of her bottom cheeks framed by the stretched black straps of her garter belt. She drew a sharp breath and, being head downwards, her heaving breasts promptly tumbled out over the front of her low-cut bodice onto the silver drinks tray that she was still clutching and dared not drop. Ayesha raised her narrow hand and the men saw her victim clamp her bottom cheeks as if sensing it, tight tensed in anticipation. The clinging twist of her knickers about her knees inhibited Lady Elizabeth from kicking, but her feet still shod in stilt heels, wavered uncertainly as if they would dearly love to do so.

Smackkk!

Ayesha's hand came down with a noisy impact and Lady Elizabeth gave a sharp gasp. Tears sprang at once. Her creamy bottom flesh showed a sharp white handprint for an instant, which swiftly suffused with bright scarlet before the on-looking eye could fix it.

Smackkk! Smackkk! Smackkk! In swift repeated descents, Ayesha's palm multiplied the red imprints. Elizabeth had learnt not to stint her responses, but the hard echoing smacks had her wriggling and yelping a good deal more promptly than she had anticipated.

Smackkk! Smackkk! Smackkk! The party in the alcove were counting the hand spans and then began arguing about the number, laughing and urging Ayesha to start again. Ignoring them Ayesha went on without slackening until under her stinging hand the Englishwoman's bottom was the colour of ripe tomatoes.

The atmosphere was quite electric. Only one man still lolled in his place. The other two had retreated to the comfortable couches in the neighbouring alcoves accompanied by their giggling companions, though still intermittently watching the show from beyond the half-drawn heavy curtains.

“Stand up! Turn round! Bend over!”

Moving awkwardly, partly because of the knickers clinging about her knees, partly because of the response of her tender bottom, Lady Elizabeth was made to turn around and bend over the little stool, presenting two blazing cheeks to the audience.

Licking his lips, Ayesha's own particular customer urged on the cruel female with an excited gesture. Nothing loath, Ayesha swished the cane experimentally and giggled as the prospective victim let out an involuntary squeak.

Swishhh-Crackkk!!! It landed with a resounding report upon Lady Elizabeth's already tender rear.

Swishhh-Crackkk!!!

Swishhh-Crackkk!!! "Keep still, you cow!"

Swishhh-Crackkk!!!

Swishhh-Crackkk!!! "You she-camel!"

Lady Elizabeth was now howling and wailing whole-heartedly. Her white thighs above the dark stocking tops made a strong contrast with the cane-striated scarlet curves of her bottom. Fearfully certain that she would be given extra if she moved she managed to hold her position, but she went up on her toes with each stroke, the gathered folds of her skirts bouncing with the impact. Her quivering cheeks splayed widely at each toss, as if to disperse the effect of the cane, disclosing the crinkled pink lips of her sex and the dark bush of her pubic hair between her thighs.

Ayesha never got so far as to deliver all the twelve strokes that Elizabeth had hoped to get away with. The men became too excited to wait. Abandoning her victim only part way finished off, the dominatrix retreated with her own customer within the curtains.

All three of the men subsequently made separate enquiries of Madame and negotiated satisfactory terms.

"You will not have to take so many men in future." she informed Elizabeth in mock reassurance. "Now that you are so well advertised, there are men who will pay well to be allowed to humiliate or abuse you before they fuck you. This will give you a new tariff to work to. But since we don't want you seriously damaged, you will be restricted in how much you offer them."

Chapter Eleven

“Mummy... was her... lady in waiting... sir.” Lady Elizabeth panted as she was thrust hard into the pillow from behind.

“What would she think of you now eh?” the man grunted, twisting his solid cock this way and that as he rammed into her. “Offering yourself to be fucked by a mob of soldiers every night?”

“She... would have been...sh-shocked... sir.” Installed by way of reward in a larger and better-furnished room, Lady Elizabeth was in full process of being fucked for the second time that night by one of her special customers, not a bad one as specials went. This was his first time with her and new customers were always easier to satisfy. He was a little fat man with rather undersized equipment. Elizabeth was primed to show proper respect, widening her eyes, begging for mercy and only acquiescing after due punishment. She tried to tempt him into use up his allowance of half dozen in one go. Somehow he had managed to get fired up from only four, so she still had two strokes of the cane to come, unless of course she could make him forget in the excitement.

So now she was humped up on the bed more or less in the Tres es Chate position, with the man behind her lifting her by the hips until her knees left the bed and he could really dig away lustily. Elizabeth began squealing noisily in time to his thrusts as an excuse to abandon her lies, her reactions gaining in realism whenever his belly painfully butted the four raised red weals across her bottom.

“Plenty of noise is s good thing!” Madame had said to Elizabeth as she sprawled sore and sobbing in the wake of the departure of her first special customer. “The more noise, the more excited it makes the man. Excitement gets them to fucking you quicker! We don’t want you too badly beaten, do we? So plenty of kicking and squirming and showing everything off! Open yourself up and tempt them to take what they want!” Of course it didn’t always work. The brutes soon got the hang of how far Madame Zurra would allow

them to go and with ingenious elaborations of cruelty, made their allocation last longer each time they revisited her. Sometimes it took ages to bring them to the point where they lost control.

This time, having had her suck him back to erection, Elizabeth's current user was going in and out of her with great vigour. He wasn't achieving much depth, though she could feel his loosely swinging balls bump into her plump bush of pussy hairs with every forward thrust. She gritted her teeth and bucked in time with his thrusts, tightening her channel and trying hard to bring him to the boil. For long minutes she thrust down on the bed with fingers and toes, totally concentrated upon meeting each surge and retreat of this man's cock, receiving it each time with a squeal and a shudder as if of dismay and revulsion, but actually intending to incite him. So encouraged, the slaving, grunting fat brute kept himself going with ever wilder heaves.

At last the long effort paid off. The customer's cock found its releasing trigger. Noting his happy bellow as she registered its feeble squirt, Elizabeth wondered, with briefly resentful scorn, how often he got that far but a glimpse of Madame Zurra's black-clad supervisory bulk out of the corner of one eye reminded Elizabeth that she couldn't afford such luxuries. Her special customers expected fear and respect. She began to squirm and groan, scrabbling at the bed covering as if overcome by his all-conquering masculinity. Hoping to feed his ego, she pulled out all the stops even while she waited for him to remove himself. Two good fucks should be enough to satisfy his lust and with luck to earn her a suitable commendation.

He had withdrawn, but Elizabeth remained dutifully in position, kneeling, bottom in the air, knees apart. Waiting for permission to relax her pose was part of the scenario. She squinted out of the corner of her eyes, looking for the bamboo cane. There was a good chance that this posture would draw the missing two strokes. Her bottom cheeks twitched nervously as she became aware of some kind of contretemps to her rear. The clink of glasses and a murmur of

voices had heralded the arrival of room service. Madame's voice was raised impatiently.

"Well boy! What else?" The youthful servitor, clad in a short blue and white striped cotton gown, still lingered with his empty tray. He had entered un-noticed, tapping on the door at the noisy height of the action between Lady Elizabeth and her customer. He had placed the drinks on a small table and the customer waddling naked across the carpet was helping himself. The boy was still standing at a gaze his everted lips parted breathlessly and bulging eyes fixed upon the view presented by Lady Elizabeth's buxom rear.

By now, she had accumulated a wardrobe that would have done credit to a theatrical costumier, one specialising in nude revues; costumes of erotic fantasy in which she was arrayed to suit the whims of customers influenced by memories of the now forbidden Western pornography. Lady Elizabeth's owner represented them as a reward for diligent performance. She was nothing but a slave of course, but confused enough to feel that she had acquired merit. Though they might give her frilly reassurances of feminine worth, most of the garments were sheerly impractical, designed to be ripped off by rough male hands; perfumed mist-like negligees, one of which lay discarded on the floor at the moment, basques, kangas, teddies, nightgowns unsuitable for sleeping in, knickers that concealed nothing essential. At this moment Elizabeth was reduced to a minimal skimpiness of cobweb black stockings and scrap of black lace garter belt tight to her waist, its long black lacy suspender straps curving outwards as if to frame the cane-striped magnificence of her bottom. High heels thrust angled outward like black spikes as her thighs spread wide to display all that lay between.

"Madame!" the youngster responded cheekily, his teeth gleaming. "I like to fuck Lady Elizabeth!"

The brothel mistress made a noise like a wrathful turkey, her powdered wattles quivering above her pearls. Lady Elizabeth's customer turned glass in hand, guffawing as he examined the diminutive aspirant. He was definitely undersized by comparison

with his target and his scrawny limbs extended from his gown like dark skinny sticks. His head was round and hairless, large eyed, his teeth gleaming. As if feeling the scepticism of his elders, he suddenly hoisted the front of his nightshirt-like garment to reveal what had previously been only an interruption to its folds. Either he was older than he looked, the customer decided, or he was astonishingly precocious!

“How dare you interrupt this gentleman...!” Madame began with automatic wrath. The customer checked her quick reaction. Lady Elizabeth’s reception of his performance - twice, had put him in a jovial mood. “Who’s the little squirt? He has a cock on him like a donkey!”

Madame Zurra looked again at her youthful employee. “He comes from outside the town. His family own fishing boats but they can do no fishing so he works for me.”

“We have all night!” the man said laughing. “If he truly knows how to use that thing, he can work for me by keeping her warmed up!” Elizabeth knelt upon the bed, oblivious of the meaning of this exchange, still panting and wet eyed, awaiting the next cue. She knew herself condemned to be submit to any use her owner desired. She didn’t expect anything very original. She had learnt to be entirely thankful for the unimaginative brutes who would just fuck her and be done. Some were all too imaginative. Often they wanted her buckled and chained, gagged and masked, hung up or trussed like an oven ready turkey. For one she had been a pig-tailed schoolgirl in a uniform so brief that when she was bent over teacher’s knee it rose up to expose little white knickers ready to be taken down and expose an entirely mature behind. That one had made such an elaborate production of his first session that she fervently hoped to avoid a second.

A proprietorial smack started her from a momentary lapse of attention. The present customer had strutted across glass in hand.

“I am giving you a stand-in for this turn!” he announced with a snigger.

“Lady Elizabeth!” Madame Zurra translated. “Your customer has paid for you to entertain young Zahd. You know how to greet a new customer!” Elizabeth scrambled quickly off the bed, hastening to posture herself obediently on the floor upon all fours and only then realising that she was kissing the feet of the youth who had fed her scraps in the cage. She didn’t find it easy to make the necessary adjustment of ideas. A new customer? The kitchen boy. Could this be correct? Had she misunderstood something? Was this another mockery? Zahd meanwhile, having whipped his short gown over his head and thrown it aside, stood over her, skinnily naked, and seeming under-developed in all but one particular!

“Zahd is to have you for this turn.” Madame Zurra explained sharply. “Greet him as if he had paid for you!” Confused, Lady Elizabeth faltered. At once Madame handed him the cane, and noted with approval how the well-trained Englishwoman instantly accepted its authority.

Lady Elizabeth’s eyes had already gone to the next most relevant item, the youthful penis already stiff and swollen, hardly needing the support of a small dark fist that barely contained it. It was out of proportion to his underfed body, but she responded to it automatically with the inculcated sequence.

“Effendi!” She grovelled on hands and knees, nose to the floor as if to a normal customer though her mind still whirled with uncertainty. “Effendi!” She writhed and wailed, as if reluctant but afraid of his anger. “I am a slave - your slave! I must please you!” Wholly true, she realised in shame, as she repeated words that the boy probably didn’t understand, but the tone of which he might easily decipher. She had become a piece of property, accessible to anyone who could pay for her use. Though that still left her uncertain as to why this skinny creature had such privileges! She eyed the little cane again. Was he entitled to thrash her too?

“You, Zahd!” Madame said. “Take her properly! Lady Elizabeth! Show him how you can perform! Present yourself to him over the edge of the bed! Quickly!”

Elizabeth crept forward at once in the direction that Madame's imperious finger indicated and slid forward, belly down onto the disordered bed, splaying her thighs wide, hollowing her back and thrusting up her behind. It was the posture in which she was accustomed to receive a thrashing, but this time she guessed she was to offer an easy access to the desired prize. The result would be less painful, if no less demoralizing.

The man whose gift she had been was now lounging at his ease on the pillows at the head of the bed. From there he had an excellent view of the expression upon Lady Elizabeth's face, forced to wait submissively while the heavily rampant kitchen boy took ecstatic stock of his trophy. As in her barrel prison, Elizabeth felt his hand between her legs, cup her soft mound where it pouted provocatively over the bed-edge compressing the luxuriant bush of pubic thatch and one finger testing the wet pink lips of her slot. This time she was unconstrained, yet unable to evade her role, forced to make him welcome. She quivered nervously as she felt the bulky tip of his massive organ replace his finger now, parting the ripe cunt-lips with its acorn head and plough up and down the velvety furrow between them, impelled by his undulating hips, while his fingers crooked into the long black tapes of her suspender belt, as if to hold her steady.

"Get to it boy!" the man said impatiently. Zahd rolled his eyes in brief acknowledgement. He knew how to give it to a woman well enough, nor was he concerned that the recipient should enjoy it! From where he was poised, the black suspender belt and taut black stocking tops framed all Lady Elizabeth had to offer like a target. Holding his grip, eyes and teeth gleaming and buttocks clenched, he drove hard between her spread thighs. A high-pitched, startled gasp was her immediate tribute to his size and youthful brutality.

"Get to it, boy!" the man said impatiently. Zahd rolled his dark eyes in brief acknowledgement, as if working in a brothel had taught him how to give it to a woman well enough. From his point of view, the black suspender belt and taut black stocking tops framed Lady Elizabeth's offerings like a target. Holding his grip on her flanks,

eyes and teeth gleaming and brown buttocks clenched, he drove hard between the smooth white thighs.

A high-pitched gasp was the lady's startled tribute to his size and youthful brutality.

"Fuck her slow and steady at first!" his sponsor advised, an interested spectator. The skinny haunches of the boy contrasted with his voluptuous target as his slender body began to arch in slow, steady thrusts. His phenomenal sex-organ, used battering ram fashion, forced Elizabeth to splay wider and thrust up higher onto her toes with every surge. Her gasps grew steadily louder and more uncertain in tone the longer these efforts went on. Her assailant hissed in concert with her steady gasping, his eyes rolling, grimacing first at one then the other of his elders.

"The boy's cock is too big for her!" the man laughed.

"Not enough weight behind it, that's all!" Madame said judiciously. Heaving herself up, the experienced brothel owner pulled one sleeve up past her massive elbow.

Smackkk! Weighted with heavy rings her fat palm impacted noisily with taut male buttocks. Zahd yelped and Lady Elizabeth squealed in surprise as the impact ploughed his outsize knob suddenly deeper into her resisting furrow.

"Pay her no heed, boy! Women like to sound off over a big cock!" The older male began to laugh in deep guffaws as the repeated application of Madame Zurra's palm performed a slow and noisy tattoo to the accompaniment of male yelps and protesting feminine squeals.

Slap by slap, the hairless brown belly was driven closer to Lady Elizabeth's white and red-striped bottom cheeks flattening their soft rounds as it drove in tight, the boy grinning toothily in triumph. Lady Elizabeth gaped with unseeing eyes at the man who lounged before her on the bed, her face betraying her reaction. It might be his junior understudy who was mounting her but she could feel every inch of this new manhood as he heaved at her strained garter-belt like a jockey hauling back on the reins, grinning in triumph.

“Is he right up you now?”

Madame translated the brute’s question, then, “Answer!”

“Ohhh... yes... m-master... yes!” Lady Elizabeth panted. Braced against his stiff penetration, she squirmed around the shaft with delicious effect upon her temporary user. Well-used, well-lubricated, her sex accommodated itself to the impressive size with every successive stroke as he began to surge and withdraw.

Back... then forward...

Out... then deep...

In... Out... In... Out... In... Out...! Questions as they were posed and translated, distracted her momentarily from the effects.

“Big cock for a youngster, eh?”

“Your customer says, doesn’t he have a big cock for a youngster?”

“Ohhh... yes... master...”

“Aren’t you lucky he gave you to the boy?”

“Ohhh... yes... master!” Throughout the understudy surged in and out, full of youthful enthusiasm, grunting in concentrated lust, while Elizabeth dutifully sought to find some rhythm in its red-hot pistoning, only to be baffled in her efforts by the erratic twisting and thrusting of his strokes. Gibbering with delight as each inward thrust enveloped him in a slippery sheath of silken warmth, Zahd kept glancing down at his thick stem sliding like a well-oiled shaft in and out of its living sheath. Fascinated, he fell into a steady rhythm at last and found Lady Elizabeth’s haunches obediently keeping pace, warmly clinging when he withdrew as if reluctant to let go of him, yielding with lubricating succulence to his return.

The captive woman’s hapless responses stimulated the debauched youngster to greater efforts in turn, the pace increasing by the minute, and his expressions of appreciation pleased his two sponsors. “Soft as silk...! She gives me a good ride...! And one of the most expensive...!” Clearly for Zahd, the thought of Lady Elizabeth’s high price fired his youthful lust and determined him to make the most of her! He went at Lady Elizabeth like a pocket champion, cheered on by his audience of two, ramming his man-sized cock into

her with strokes so long and hard as to make their experienced recipient quiver from head to toe.

Closely observing the frantically copulating pair, the sponsor of their mis-match watched their relative expressions with interest. Zahd, grimacing and hissing, conveyed mingled determination and lust. Lady Elizabeth, gasping and glassy-eyed, appeared suddenly incredulous at what was happening to her. A once modest mother of three submitting to being efficiently fucked by a youngster not half her age or weight. The pace of the encounter had so increased that both were panting hard. Suddenly the assailant's black eyes widened, his shaven head jerked up, white teeth agrin, his fingers pulling on the black suspender straps, buried them into Lady Elizabeth's soft hips. A hot spurt like liquid fire seemed to burst from his deeply buried shaft.

"I fuck her... Ahhh... I fuck her... good...!" he yelped. Lady Elizabeth's wailing response duly verified the triumphant claim. She was well trained. Shame filled her mind, yet with each successive spurt she dutifully repeated her abject acknowledgement. However juvenile her conqueror, he must be counted as a customer and she must acknowledge his triumph. Pressure slackened within her as her occupier emptied himself of spunk. Groaning in delight, he slid forward until he lay full length upon Lady Elizabeth's meekly yielding body.

"I have fucked English ladies before!" she heard from above. "They were called Amy and Beccy!" Elizabeth's mouth opened, only for her to be muffled in the pillow beneath her by his thrusting hand. The rigid length of the precocious manhood began to soften and shrink within her until it slid wetly out like a retreating worm. Finding her silenced, Zahd heaved himself cautiously off her, a thread of white cum breaking between them. And then, after all and despite her confusion, the man who paid for this must have his turn, having been excited back to an erection by the intensity of the performance he had treated himself to.

"Position of El Asemeud," Madame Zurra suggested. Groaning a

little, Lady Elizabeth picked up the pillow and inserted it beneath her butt, lying on her back on the bed. She parted her thighs, raising them with knees bent and legs pulled back offering her reddened and still glistening slit ready for another cock. The position of the Stopper was a good one for a man with small equipment. From her position on the settee, the girl-trainer regarded her work with satisfaction, watching her customer launch himself upon Lady Elizabeth for what was to him an unprecedented third time. The evidence of his precocious manhood began to soften and shrink until it slid out of her like a retreating worm.

Madame Zurra helped herself to coffee and settled for a long wait, graciously indicating that the boy Zahd might stay and watch. There might prove to be money in this, she thought, if properly presented.

Chapter Twelve

A cluster of lights made a pool of brilliance on the wooden platform in the central courtyard of the brothel. It was empty except for a low stout bench with a leather-cushioned top supplemented by a round bolster at one end. Music of throbbing strings and small thudding drums began quietly but swelled slowly to overcome the rumble of voices and chink of glasses. Out of the shadows from one side a tall menacing figure slowly paced, dark-cloaked from head to foot, arms folded, brooding, wearing a curved dagger at the waist. The music became sultrier and from the opposite direction Lady Elizabeth entered, fully clad in a black evening gown, only her arms and shoulders bare with an occasional glimpse of ankle and high-heeled slipper in the slit hem.

Facing the enigmatic figure, she danced nervously before it, running her hands down her figure, her golden hair slipping silkily across her shoulders. Some of the watching men began clapping their hands softly, adding to its beat as she followed the imperative rhythm of the drums.

As the beat increased she began to gesture gracefully but mechanically, as if remembering a soundly instilled routine, running her hands down her body then cupping her breasts, turning and circling before the unmoved unknown. Faster and faster she danced and twirled, hair floating, driven by the music until at last a single cymbal crash capped a crescendo. She put her fingers to her breast and ripped with frantic violence. The black dress split and peeled dramatically unzipped, falling and slithering free in two collapsing parts. Half naked, she poised before the avid eyes of the watching men, white skin contrasting with black lace underwear, bra, garter belt and G-string, sheer black stockings on long elegant legs.

For just a moment she posed provocatively. Then the cymbal crashed a second time. Lady Elizabeth opened her arms. The hooded cloak fell away, as swift as a magician's cape, from the tall figure she

was facing. Beneath it had been a small boy no more than ten or twelve years old, mounted upon stilts with padded shoulders to give him false height and width. He was naked, skinny and shaven headed, to all appearances nothing but a street urchin. Amid the explosive laughter of the audience he sprang down, grinning and prancing lewdly. He was undersized, they instantly saw, in all but one respect. They quieted then, guessing there was to be more. One juvenile fist clasped a dusky penis half erected, such as any grown man might have boasted of, the other flourished a big, black-braided whip!

Lady Elizabeth, hands gesturing rejection, had half turned upon one high heel as if to leave the stage, when the urchin shrilled a command in a boyish treble, comically full of importance. Unheeding, she made another step and the whip cracked instantly. Lady Elizabeth jumped with a yelp of feigned fear, turned this way and that and was checked each time by a whip-crack either side of her. The third time it landed more purposefully and with a meatier kind of crack across Lady Elizabeth's rump. With a shriek that was entirely unfeigned she fell as if shot, straight down onto hands and knees and went scuttling forward like that upon all fours. She headed straight for the nearer end of the cushioned bench, shepherded all the way by the rampant strutting boy cracking his whip. Harried by the boy with shrill voice and noisy whip, she mounted the bench at the bolstered end without pause for breath. Then as if she could go no further, she collapsed belly down, body stretched along the bench, overlapping its length, head and shoulders at one end, her plump behind propped up over the bolster at the other. The thin G-string between her bottom cheeks concealed little and their white curves framed by the long black suspender straps, were crossed by a vivid red weal.

The boy shrilled a command and cracked his whip again. Though it made no contact, Lady Elizabeth cried out in fear and drew her limbs together, clasping the wooden bench with hands and knees. With his phenomenal erection considerably preceding him, the boy

approached his ample target from the rear. Standing spread-legged, he displayed his enormous cock fully extended grinning proudly at the audience of his elders.

Reaching forward as if to embrace her elevated and out-thrust rump, he slid his two hands round Lady Elizabeth's hips and at his jerk the ends of her tiny G-string came apart. Whipping the remaining wisp of black lace from between her legs he threw it aside. With a further gesture he spread Lady Elizabeth's exposed sex-lips apart, displaying its intimacies between his two fingers wide open to the general gaze.

With all the aplomb of an experienced performer, he made a dramatic advance upon Lady Elizabeth's rear, careful not to impede the audience's view. The naked knob-end of his long shaft nudged between the pink lips, buried itself within them and then stopped. Leaving it poised just so he slid his upper half slowly forward onto Lady Elizabeth's rear. His hands slid forward and her taut bra strap sprang apart between her shoulder blades. Sliding round her ribs his hands thrust aside and replaced the enfoldment of its lace cups. Using his two handfuls of her breasts for leverage, he began to bob his tight brown buttocks up and down, grunting noisily as if in an effort to drive home the length of thick truncheon still visible between his loins and Lady Elizabeth's sex.

The audience lent its vocal aid, taking up the rhythm of the shrimp's efforts hilariously with deep communal grunts of their own. Then, not allowing the pace to slacken, Madame Zurra stepped from the shadows behind the mismatched pair. Simulating impatience, she loudly rebuked the boy for lack of action. In her hand was a large black leather paddle. Taking a spread-legged stance behind the pair of bare behinds, she swung the paddle with every appearance of fierce energy, landing it upon the one uppermost with an explosive report. The inconspicuous double construction of the paddle made it sound more painful than it felt. To the onlooker however, the effect seemed quite Pavlovian. Like the fabled dog at the sound of a bell, the boy at the crack of the paddle, gave a jerk and began to pant open

mouthed. Prostrate beneath him, Lady Elizabeth began to hiss in evident apprehension through gritted teeth. Madame Zurra's arm descended again. As if driven by the impact the boy's paddled rump sank between Lady Elizabeth's thighs, who responded with a wailing cry, though slightly out of sync.

Madame Zurra's arm rose and fell vigorously. The paddle went Crack! Crack!

Up and down went the boy's neat brown rump.

In and out went the man-sized cock. Lady Elizabeth wailed and gasped in regular alternation. Madame Zurra appeared to use the wriggling brown buttocks as if they were some weird percussion instrument. The boy thrust and withdrew in exact tempo and Lady Elizabeth joined in too, accompanying the crack of the paddle by going "Oooh-aaah! Oooh-aaah! Oooh-aaah!" Her back had hollowed, bent like a bow between the ramming cock and the grip on her distorted breasts. Her white thighs had splayed wider and wider as the boy rammed between them, long black stockinged legs out-thrust, stilettos jabbing fruitlessly, black sheathed toes raking the floor. Ruthlessly dominant, Madame Zurra upped the tempo bit by bit, the other two forced haplessly to keep pace. Skilfully, she governed them with the paddle, until at last the rapidly humping juvenile shrilled in sudden triumph, arching his skinny body convulsively. Clinging with clawed fingers to the soft flesh of Lady Elizabeth's ample hips he was obviously spending himself into his unwilling partner.

Madame Zurra lifted her paddle and acknowledged the laughing applause. The boy came to an end and drew his sagging shrinking cock back out. He too, bowed to the crowd, gleaming with sweat and rubbing his buttocks ruefully. Lady Elizabeth wriggled slowly backwards off her perch, head hanging and followed them off-stage crawling upon hands and knees.

"Zahd seems to have made a great impression upon you, Lady Elizabeth," Madame Zurra remarked afterwards. "You work well for him! That boy will go far!"

Chapter Thirteen

Lady Elizabeth's sponsor had consulted Madame Zurra upon taking the Englishwoman for an excursion beyond the walls.

"I assure you she will serve your purpose to perfection!"

"She still knows nothing of our language?"

"Hardly a word, Colonel! Perfectly ignorant! She will understand nothing of her true purpose!"

All the more naked for the tiny scrap of G-string she wore, Lady Elizabeth followed her mistress through the cavernous, dark, half-subterranean hamman. Unchanged probably since Roman times and heated by an underground furnace, they formed an annex to the brothel, accessible by means of a vaulted tunnel. In the hot, wet, steamy darkness the sweating forms of naked men sleeping or comatose lay upon marble slabs, so heavily masculine in shape that Elizabeth suddenly timid, glided between the glistening forms as between dangerous beasts she feared to rouse. One propped on his elbow, peered through the steam and made an obscene gesture of invitation grunting angrily at her nervous swerve. It took her right to the rim of the great bath, skirting its steaming, green depths. She peered anxiously through the gloom seeking the rolling figure of Madame Zurra, so that she failed to notice the hairy male hand that snaked up to snare her passing ankle. She cried out a hasty appeal to her mistress just as her feet were whipped out from under her and she slid with a swoosh, feet first into the bath on top of her ambusher.

Hands grabbed her as she came up, threshing. There were more men in the water than she could cope with, sporting about her like dangerously playful sea lions. Lady Elizabeth was grabbed, groped and spanked. Slithering through their wet hands she wriggled this way and that amid slippery bodies. She made it to the side, breathless, reaching desperately for the rim. There she found an unexpected assist, a sudden grip taken in her hair yanking upwards; Madame had missed her and come back to retrieve her. As she was

hauled slithering over the bath edge, she was given a good hard slap by a ring-laden hand as if it had all been her fault. Her mistress set her brusquely upright and hurried her on to her outing with the Colonel.

That night, well after midnight, the whore known as Lady Elizabeth was performing in a small hot office in a building, somewhere just beyond the town limits. It was lit by a small smelly oil lamp, which added to the heat. The two bodies extorting a medley of creaks and groans out of an elaborate office swivel-chair, were lubricated by their own sweat. Lady Elizabeth was uppermost, almost naked but for a scrap of black lace across her hips. Legs astride, she was riding the sprawling figure of a man burly and balding, clad in a khaki military shirt with his khaki trousers undone. Among the items on the cluttered desk, the man's uniform cap, flashlight and a long black baton, identified him as a guard.

Lady Elizabeth had been brought here astride a small donkey, shrouded in a black burqua and veil and escorted by the Colonel dressed in a civilian gown like any respectable husband and wife. The guard let them into the darkly looming building, opening a small steel door in a much larger one just enough for them to slip through, then disappearing in the darkness. Elizabeth's conductor led her into an empty office immediately to one side of the doorway with a filing cabinet and a large desk onto which she was directed to climb. Under the burqua she was completely naked and, evidently in anticipation of the guard's return, her escort arranged her stance on the desk top in artistic display. Obediently holding open the front of the voluminous gown, she felt the sweat running down her spine as she waited fatalistically.

At last, heavy booted feet announced the man's return. He was carrying a thin cardboard folder in one hand and a bottle, probably of bootleg liquor, in the other. He goggled, almost drooling as he saw what was awaiting him. Lady Elizabeth's flesh was all the whiter for her long incarceration away from the sunlight, contrasting with the frame of black drapery. She let go and the blackness promptly fell in

a heap about her feet. She strutted in a circle, the well-trained hollowing of her back enhancing the white roundness of her bottom and thrust out her heavy breasts. Her legs spread apart on the desk-top and a thrust of her pelvis deliberately directed attention to the little fluff of beard at their apex. The guard grunted, licking his lips and, uncapping the bottle, took a deep gulp. Then began a dialogue with her conductor in which they sounded like two market traders trying to beat one another down on a deal. Elizabeth waited indifferently. She would have to pay the price whatever it was. The guard's heart hardly seemed to be in it, however, and his attention kept straying her way. At last the two men clasped palms on the deal, the guard handed over the folder and his keys and the other made a gesture as if inviting the guard to take Elizabeth at his pleasure.

She had been warned that it was important for her to keep this man's interest engaged. She kicked the collapsed black cotton over the edge of the desk and went down on all fours, thrusting her bottom up and lowering her torso until her pendant breasts almost brushed the scattered papers. She had plenty of training in the sort of pleasure men would require of her. This one, she guessed, would be the sort whose particular pleasure would lie in forcing her unwilling submission. The man came up alongside her, big hands patting her curved bottom. He slid one hand between her legs cupping her pussy, not depilated as that of a native woman would have been. Lady Elizabeth's particular kind of customer expected a captive Westerner to have a prominent muff of hair, finding it an erotic novelty. His handling of her was rough. A big thick forefinger parted the lips of her vagina and delved within the crinkled flesh. She wriggled dutifully but uneasily. Opposite her a large wall map in a glazed frame reflected the heavy jowled face of her customer leering behind her. He really didn't seem to be the type who could afford to have her services by personal delivery. Once again his grunting comments, signified approval of what he had acquired.

"Enjoy her!" Elizabeth's custodian said in English and, slapping her bare flank in proprietary fashion, he backed out of sight, leaving

her handed over for the entertainment of the randy security guard. The man came round in front of her, already aroused, dropping his pants and fondling the bulge in his white boxer shorts. Then they came down too, slithering to his ankles to reveal what had caused the bulge. He was a big man in that way too, his cock still dangling yet but seeming to go halfway to his knees. Seeing the impression he had made, he smirked and strutted a little.

“I fuck plenty English girls in London! All like for fuck! All English girl randy bitch! I fuck you like crazy!” Her shame exposed in her own language, Elizabeth squirmed, but recalcitrance would earn a thrashing. She lowered her eyes and allowed her reaction to turn into a wriggle of invitation.

“I give you treat!” he sniggered. “Give you proper cock for suck!” He lifted his slowly stiffening cock and placing a heavy admonitory hand on the back of her head, held Elizabeth steady, thrusting the bare tip against her lips. Reluctantly, she parted them and felt the bulk of it slide inwards across her tongue. Her blue eyes flickered up at him in alarm as she was forced to stretch her mouth wide to take him. It was the biggest she had ever had to take from a customer. It swelled and stiffened with astonishing speed, forcing her head up and back.

“Suck good!” the man ordered huskily. Elizabeth could only gobble in response, the corners of her mouth were stretched and the huge knob nearly choking her. Her nostrils flared hastily, drawing in air, smelling his ripe maleness close under her nose. Impelled by a sense of alarm she began to lick the underside and suck the slithery barrel as the only excuse available to draw back from its length a little. Saliva leaked out of the corners of her lips and wet her chin. Almost cross-eyed, she slurped assiduously on the hot rubbery stem. Feeling him jerk and clutch at her, she guessed that he would cream into her any second and nerved herself to gulp it down. Instead he jerked back with a gasp, thrusting her roughly away. He threw himself back into the chair behind the desk. He spread his legs wide

so that his enormous red cock stuck up out of his pants, as stiff as a flagpole glistening with her saliva.

“Get down and show me how you Western women work for a man!” Elizabeth was still gasping for breath, swallowing hard and licking her sticky lips, but she knew that she had been brought here to keep the man co-operative. She scrambled off the desk and onto the guard’s lap. He fondled her naked curves with relish, his huge hands roaming up and down, patting and squeezing while Elizabeth tried to concentrate upon the rearing solidity of his cock, clinging to his shirt for leverage as she manoeuvred herself over the hot knob. With her weight coming down upon it, her sex lips splayed open like an unfolding rose. A little groan broke from her, flattering its owner but mostly reacting to its size. He was so big that even her well-stretched cranny felt the effect, the blood pulse in his cock transmitted to her inner flesh. She threw her head back as he bent his head and seized her nipples in turn with teeth and lips, nibbling and sucking. She was firmly lodged upon him and hissed with effort as she worked her way down his length, swivelling slightly so as to impart a corkscrew motion. The man gripped her hips, preventing any reversal and Elizabeth’s hiss became a series of jerky little wails, heralds of her success in taking it inch by inch until it was hard up her. They both paused for a moment, panting and wild eyed.

Then, assisted by his clasping paws, Lady Elizabeth began to ride up and down the massive column of flesh. Faster and faster she rode, with the guard grunting and groaning in ecstasy, heaving beneath her like a bucking horse, the chair creaking steadily under their combined efforts. As she rose, Elizabeth had a glimpse through the open door behind her user’s shaven head, the Colonel go past leading a shorter figure, one wearing an all enveloping black burqua. The guard finally came, his explosion of semen accompanied by noisy expressions of satisfaction and Elizabeth performed extravagantly too, crying out every time he spurted into her as if she were drowning in his sperm. But in her mind dwelt vague questions about her service here. Why did so high ranking an officer need to free a

prisoner? The guard said something in interrogative tone, slapping her flanks.

“Ohhh... Effendi...!” Elizabeth croaked, forced to return to her business and responding to the tone and context. “Ohhh... Effendi...!” The brute took it as she had hoped, for a compliment. He lifted her back off him and then heaved her bodily onto the desk top, sprawling on her bottom amid the clutter.

“How was it, my friend?” Elizabeth’s conductor had returned.

“I have had better!” the guard blustered.

“Don’t lie now! She is an expensive piece. How would you have paid for such in Madame’s place?”

“As you are my friend,” the man chuckled, “I will admit she is something special. I hope I will see you again!”

“My friend! You can have her any time at Madame Zurra’s!” They clasped hands and hugged demonstratively, beaming happily.

Black-enveloped, Lady Elizabeth was relegated to trudging upon her own feet as they returned in the light of dawn. The donkey was now loaded with another black-clad figure. Another victim for Madame Zurra, she supposed.

Chapter Fourteen

In her office, Madame was en deshabille, wrapped in an ample gown of black lace.

“Heggerah! Bring young David to me.” Madame Zurra’s new acquisition was a sturdy dark-haired lad. Her techniques for training girls, of which she boasted, were equally effective with boys. In Heggrah’s charge he was being intensively prepared for his employment in Madame’s service. The Nubian led him in, quite naked except for the straps about his loins, one end of his leash in her black hand, the other clipped to the strap about his testicles. His unfettered hands were currently held meekly behind his back, thumbs resting in the thick brass rings at the back of his belt. In her other fist, Heggrah carried a thick black leather tawse with three dangling tails, an instrument very familiar to her charge, for she was determined that he should perform to her credit. Should he allow any inhibition to affect his sexual performance, he could expect pleasure to be replaced by pain.

“How is his training going, Heggrah? Can he give pleasure?”

“Madame, he is fully trained and disciplined. All the girls have combined to take him in hand and teach him their favourite tricks. He was shy at first, but we quickly cured that and he took to fucking quite eagerly. He has been accustomed to fuck with any of them at command and to please them in any other way they require.” Though short for his age, David was well developed and, in the state of complete nakedness to which he was by now inured, he displayed ample evidence of his fitness to satisfy the strictest of his teachers.

Madame levered herself upright and smoothed her robe. “Undress me, boy!” she commanded. David made no attempt to use his hands but crouched before his mistress and, showing deftness and skill born of diligent practice, used lips and teeth alone, the domina aiding his efforts where necessary, without seeming to intend it. He drew down the zipper of her robe with his teeth, whipping it clear as it collapsed

about her bulky form. Beneath it she wore a short silk chemise through the sheer material of which her large nipples showed darkly. He slipped the thin straps off shoulders like a female wrestler's with his tongue and she let it slip to her feet, leaving her in black stay-up stockings and high heels.

"Tidy!" Heggrah warned and David immediately picked up the discarded garments and bounded with them in his jaws like a large dog to lay them on a chair.

Undressed, Madame was more than Rubenesque. Her massive breasts were more than David's hand could have hefted or contained, with aureoles the size of saucers and nipples like dark strawberries. Her belly was one smooth round solid curve rather than sagging into rolls and met her swelling thighs in a deep V that extended its crease right up into her massive hips. Her bottom cheeks were wholly in proportion, making a hugely rounded projection, the whole supported with apparent ease upon vast thighs and sturdy calves shapely even in their strength, ending in feet tiny by comparison fitted into the stiletto-heeled sandals. She had re-seated herself and the deep valley between was almost squeezed out of existence. In front between her curving thighs and the swoop of her belly, dark depths and a hint of curly hair suggested hidden succulence. At a gesture David set about worrying with his teeth the large knot of hair that formed a bun until it came undone tumbling down over her shoulders, streaked with grey. Scurrying round her upon all fours again, he began delicately to pluck at the tops of the stay-ups where they were deeply dimpled into her thighs, but she checked him and pulled him upward towards her enormous bosom until his face was pressed against one pillowy breast, holding him there by the back of his neck while he obediently teased and sucked at the prominent nipples with tongue, lips and teeth.

"Well trained!" she commended Heggrah. Opening her thighs wide, she pushed David's head down into her lap. Sinking back onto the cushions, the sofa creaking under the shift of weight, she drew David with her and settled down to enjoy the attentive anxiety of the

trainer and the erotic services of the pupil. Leaning back, she lifted her legs and planted both stiletto heels into the small of his back effectively enfolding him entirely in an envelope of softly pressing flesh. David could see little. Half smothered but recognising the familiar wiry tickle of pubic hairs on his lips, he used his tongue to explore the depths, burrowing lower, finding the slick labia and then with difficulty, parting their close crinkle. He did not dare try to force her thighs apart, but she did it for him at last, indulgently allowing her knees to part, the sharp stilettos dragging a trail up his back to rest upon his shoulder blades. The close furrow of her sex had parted sufficiently to allow his tongue good access to the little bud of her clitoris, finding it already swollen and stiff.

Zealously he attacked the bud with lips tongue and even teeth, the way he had been taught, hearing her delighted hiss and girlish giggle above him. Soon she was wailing with pleasure her ample flesh enveloping him shaking as if to threaten an avalanche. He was almost the victim of his own success, for in her ecstasy of lust Madame closed her great thighs and squeezed. With his head trapped between the great masses he was forced to prise the fold apart from below, sufficiently enough to prevent him being overlaid and smothered. His head swam but he kept working with his mouth and nose buried against her pubis, hard at work, made skilful by demanding teachers in this erotic art.

Thankfully the avalanche occurred, the thighs fell apart and David could breathe easily again. He rejoiced too soon, for it had been deliberate. He was given only time enough to recover his breath and then enfolding again mercilessly. He lapped and tongued desperately in the intervals of freedom, conscious of provoking overwhelming reflexes but hoping each time to bring her to orgasm and himself to release before the next. Bringing his hands round unreprieved by his mistress, he clutched convulsively at her ample hips and Madame squirmed and gasped in delight as she felt his diligent tongue probe and flicker like a wet flame in the warm mushy depths. Her

ponderous thighs wavered in ecstatic indecision, now flung wide to reveal all, now clamping the bobbing head tightly between them.

“Stick it in hard! Mmmm... That’s it! Mmmm... Stir it up, boy!” The thought of what she could do with this obedience, fully adjusted by her satellites for any lack of expertise. Heggrah meanwhile amused herself by giving David reminders of her presence, the dreaded tawse lightly smacking his tight buttocks as they waggled to and fro in his efforts to do justice to his task.

Suddenly Madame let out a hiss, curving over David’s bent head, her breasts toppling forward. She grabbed both his ears and clung to the hard-pressed boy as if she feared that he might yet rebel.

“Ahhh...go on...yesss...go on!” she urged savagely. “That’s it... harder... harder!” Half suffocated by softly bulging flesh, David strove blindly to obey, to tongue and tongue with only brief gasps between, conscious of the urgent need to please. Above him, the brothel mistress eventually ceased her savage exhortations, her normally tight-lipped mouth writhing slackly, and her face dark with lust.

“Ahhh...boy... I’m nearly...” Her huge bulk quivered slowly, her breasts wobbled ponderously. “Ahhh...uhhh...!” Suddenly her thighs fell apart and she yanked David’s head out of her lap, just before the hapless youth could begin a desperate bid for air. “Aaaah...!” She heaved mountainously upwards in triumph, leaving David panting upon all fours at her feet.

“You have done well, Heggrah! The Colonel and I will need a well trained retinue to accompany us to our desert refuge when the time comes!”

Chapter Fifteen

A few miles from the town a fishing village clustered about a small lagoon behind a sandbar. On its outskirts amid a sandy wasteland stood the modern school building, empty and unused since the war began, but a favourite haunt of idle youth. Before it a few unremarkable shaven-headed boys in loose knee-length gowns were kicking a football in desultory fashion, paying little attention to a bent old woman in black creeping slowly closer to the side of the building as she collected dried dung for her fire. Their eyes instead were upon a man approaching from the village in leisurely fashion, past the line of fishing boats drawn up upon the shore. He spoke to the boys who abandoned the football and clustered about him, laughing. The man looked hastily about him. The old crone had gone. He produced a small sack and allowed the boys to sample the contents. Chewing appreciatively, they followed him to the entrance, one of them gesturing him to follow. The man and his sack disappeared inside followed by all but one of the boys who remained on guard.

Out of sight around the back, attracted by a series of resounding smacks and plaintive yelps, the old woman was clambering slowly up the steps of a metal fire stair until she was high enough to peer through a broken blind in one of a row of high windows. Below in a neglected gymnasium, littered with spilled papers, empty cans and bottles, two boys were playing table tennis. The place of the net was taken by the upper half of a boy, stretched shaven-head foremost, athwart the table, where the little ball sprang and flew back and forth across his body. His shabby gown was up around his ears and his bare plump bottom was poised over the edge of the table, where a fourth boy with his own gown pulled up about his hips was vigorously engaged in bugging him. The rest were milling about, looking on and devouring the contents of the sack at the same time. The man who had contributed the sack was also watching, one hand

clapped to the front of his gown, the other gripping another of the shaven-headed boys by the arm. At just that moment he swung about, dragging the evidently reluctant boy along with him, heading urgently towards a room at the rear where through an open door, the corner of a mattress showed on the tiled floor. Clucking angrily to herself, the old woman hobbled back to earth and set off towards the village.

As night fell, the school building stood dark and unlit under the stars, except where a chink of yellow light showed through the broken blind. Towards it from the village advanced a shuffling black-clad crowd, only visible as a darker block in the general darkness. Feet almost silent in the soft dust, they whispered together in angry and excited tones as they enveloped the entrance and then poured in down an interior corridor following the muffled sound of youthful male voices raised in a goading rhythmic chant.

The bursting of the leaders through swing doors and into yellow lantern light, caused the cessation of the sound in an instant and the rising screech of feminine outrage that succeeded was accompanied by the sound of crashing furniture, a sudden darkness, and a startled rush of feet going in the opposite direction. Despite the darkness however, the shrilly indignant first-comers had time before the lantern went out to lay determined hands upon the principal culprits.

Surrounded by an audience of urgently encouraging boys of all ages, two naked slender figures had been caught in an act of shocking indecency atop the table tennis table, intimately interlocked in the 69 sexual combination. Two boyish gowns lay in crumpled heaps beside them and their heads gleamed close-shaved in the fashion of the other young males, but stark naked as they were, their startled coming apart at the abrupt flight of their audience, exposed figures definitely not boyish, the one on top dangling a pair of extended young breasts, the thighs open to the application of her mouth, only fair fluff on a plump mound and a reddened, glistening wet vaginal slot. Twin teenage girls undeniably, and too white-skinned to be from any village family. As if in further confirmation,

their bare bottoms exhibited at the moment of discovery identified them, daubed irregularly in green paint by a hand unaccustomed to Roman lettering, as AMI and BEKI.

The black clad female mob returned to the village in much noisier fashion than they had left it. Heading the feverishly excited infuriated throng their two naked captives stumbled and skipped, encouraged along by the leading viragos with frequent applications of the stick, half strangled by the impromptu halters about their slender necks. Men and boys were only vaguely in evidence, lurking round corners and peering from doorways at the naked figures, now in all but stature and shaven skulls totally unlike the boyish appearance that been their disguise.

Behind them two figures, one bigger than the other, flitted in the darkness from the rear of the school building dragging between them a limp figure, naked and pale-skinned with wrists and ankles bound and a dark bag concealing the features. Following the ululating females at a discreet distance, they went no further than the looming bulk of one of the drawn-up boats. Male genitals flopped loosely from a dark pubic triangle as they hoisted their human burden and levered it over the vessel's side. For a while they busied themselves intermittently out of sight, then presently slid down the side unencumbered and set off after the disappeared females.

When the green turbans of two religious policemen appeared bobbing through the excited mob, they were only able to prevail due to dissent among the females about the proper place to hang their victims. Gripped firmly by the two flailing policemen under the direction of an elderly mullah with red scratch marks down his face and his white turban knocked awry, the trembling twin girls were led into the village police station. The bulk of the women were obliged to remain outside where they continued to chant and howl, but a small deputation, all that could crowd in, attended to give evidence and ensure these devilish corruptors of the young were dealt with. Seated behind a desk, the mullah adjusted his turban, averting his eyes from twin female nakedness, not boyish at all except in stature

and hairlessness, until their captors reluctantly delivered up the two shabby male gowns they had brought as evidence and the pair were made more decent. Amy and Rebecca, half throttled and wholly terrified of their captors, tried to establish their status as helpless prisoners of the boy gang, but were unable to make themselves understood.

They had seen what lay below in the school basement, a dusty airless place full of rusty pipes and long silent machinery, lit only by the open door at the top of the stairs through which was cast a long shaft of desert sunlight. A grey metal desktop was positioned in the dusty shaft of light upon which they saw their father once more, but lying stripped naked and spread-eagled to the corners of the heavy desk by ropes from his wrists and ankles. Face upward he had no eyes for the huddle of shaven-headed bare-legged teenagers about the doorway, obscuring amongst them two gagged and horrified daughters. His eyes were fixed instead upon an arrangement of ropes and pulleys that dangled from a large pipe running across the ceiling. At the lower end was a hook attached to a leather strap around the base of his scrotum.

Two of the gang had gone down to him and were holding the lines from the pulleys. At a sign from Zahd they threw their youthful muscles into hauling down upon them. At first, Tom Seaton's groans were muted by his gag, but soon rose to a tortured scream as his loins rose, hoisted off the slab by the strap encircled scrotum, his cock and balls like a bunch of grotesque fleshy vegetables, his stretched flesh taking more and more of his weight. Slowly he was hoist past the point at which his arching body could relieve the strain, with only his shoulders and heels still touching the metal. Zahd glanced at the shrinking girls being forced to watch, and spoke a few words. One of the two, grinning upwards, left off hauling to stoop over Tom's straining loins. Using his fingers and tongue he began to work upon the swollen glossy knob that topped the empurpled penis. Great racking groans and gasps emerged from the paternal throat, yet that portion of his flesh that supported him seemed to enlarge, standing

erect like a blood-engorged totem pole. Zahd's lips curled cruelly. He showed the sobbing daughters a short bamboo cane and then, trotting down the stairs, deliberately made a horizontal cut across their father's white belly just where the pubic hair began to sprout in a bush. Tom reacted to the cut with a wild bellow despite his gag, his haunches jerking and the suspending cord twanging at every jerk, evoking renewed anguish. The twins gargled with desperate expressiveness, no longer attempting to resist the groping hands in the press about them. As the general recognition of their surrender was transmitted below, Zahd made a gesture and Tom collapsed with a thud and a long groan as the ropes were let fly.

Questioned by the mullah, the few boys who had been rounded up blustered in evident self-justification as if nothing like this had happened. The only word the twins recognised, the name of their principal captor seemed to be on everyone's lips in varying tones, Zahd! So there was an excited hubbub when the ringleader of their youthful captors appeared at last, pushing in, ignoring the scowling faces of the women and the exasperated frown of the mullah, his face a picture of innocence. He was accompanied by a short barrel-chested man with a greying black beard who might have been his father and another, a fat man wearing a military uniform with several stars on the shoulders, who was received with respect by the mullah and grumbling resentment by the women. Zahd backed by the others of the gang now spoke at length pointing fingers at the girls who were clearly being accused of being something other than innocent victims. With a few words into interrogator's ear the fat officer leant over and laid a pair of passports on the table before him. While Amy and Rebecca struggled to understand whether this was good or ill, the mullah raised his eyes from studying the water-stained booklets and with a curt gesture directed the girls to be removed without further questions. Thankfully they assumed that at least they had been identified.

Confined in a dirty ill-smelling cell the girls could make no impression upon the grim-faced, black-robed, cane-wielding females

left in charge of them. The only food they got came via one of the younger boys, reluctantly admitted by their gaolers to deliver a couple of loaves of greyish-looking bread. The arrival of a formal trial seemed more hopeful. They were taken back to the school gymnasium apparently as being the scene of their offences. Outside the inevitable mob of black-shrouded females had gathered, some of them clutching young children. The policemen hustled the prisoners past as if nervous of abuse, but the muttering women pressed in behind despite them to form a critical audience. Inside the gymnasium the rubbish had been roughly cleared into a corner. Seated behind a small desk, the same elderly mullah with the scratched face questioned the twins this time, with one of the chorus of women apparently the schoolteacher since she had been loudly and indignantly pointing at various damage, reluctantly acting as translator, who as if to distance herself from the immorality of unbelievers, hectored the prisoners angrily at every turn.

They been kidnapped? Pirates! There were no such things! Where was this family they professed to be with? A father held captive? Nonsense! They were the only foreigners who had been here! They were infiltrators. A humiliating list of sexual acts with men and boys with which they were accused was then read out. If they were forced, why had they not made an appeal when they were alone with men? They claimed they had been beaten? The bruising displayed by two obviously delicate backsides was due to nothing more than the natural indignation of the ladies who captured them.

Out of the bewildering diatribe and half-coherent abuse emerged another accusation. "They say enemy send you to give men and boys disease. Make women have no babies!"

The following day the actual trial took place, seeming at first to be no more than some mere formality. The twins were taken back once more to the school and the same room where they had been interrogated. Three old men sat behind the table this time and read out sentences at length from a paper

The two prisoners had just begun to grasp that this was a formal judgement, when there came an interruption. There had been a good deal of noise outside. The usual crowd of black-clad women came pushing into the courtroom, gesturing and clamouring, in their flapping black robes. Shrieking and howling, they harangued the old men who vainly tried to subdue them. The woman interpreter emerged from their ranks and joined in, screaming at the girls.

“What you know about plot to give disease to young men, eh?” The invading women shook their fists and screamed too, their hysteria undiminished by the stammering tearful denials of the twins. At last the vengeful women seemed finally mollified and lapsed one by one into grudging acquiescence. Some sort of order was restored, and what seemed to be an altered version of the sentence hastily read out. No one translated any of it for the accused pair, so they were none the wiser that to quieten the threatening presence of the female mob, the sentence upon them had been made immediate. The still noisily chattering crowd of black-clad women had retreated to line the walls of the gymnasium forming a deep fringe around three sides, men and boys clustered further back about the doors.

Amy was first to be placed with her face to the wall bars, between two uprights in the centre of the remaining vacant side. She was made to extend her arms at full stretch and they were fastened to the bars like that, with leather straps. By this time she had guessed not only what was to happen to her but that an outcry would be useless. Only the blank wall was before her. She craned her neck in an effort to look over her shoulder as she heard the scuff of sandals from behind. The hem of the boyish gown, her sole garment, was lifted and thrown up over her head leaving her rear view fully exposed to the crowd from her shoulders downwards. She felt her skin goose-pimpled in the sudden chill. Her bottom, she remembered suddenly, still displayed the letters of her name. She heard some woman read it for them and the rest repeat it accompanied by a wave of jeering giggles. Tautly fastened she could do no more than squeeze the two globes tightly together in dreadful anticipation.

Kneeling in agitation, at a little distance behind, Rebecca could clearly see what was to come to Amy as the policeman walked forward swinging a long bamboo cane, but the swish of the cane sufficed for a perfectly audible warning to her sister. It ended in a crack that echoed to the rafters and Amy sent arching forward and upward on her toes, her mouth opening in a sharp exhalation. The audience quivered and hissed vengefully, dark eyes glittering. A bright red line had appeared running from hip to hip across the upper half of the English girl's white rump. Her breasts squashed upwards between the horizontal bars. She never came back down off her toes either, for the cane came down fast and hard thereafter in swift repeated cracks. Not until the third stroke did Amy get back breath enough to shriek but once begun she replied with regular responses to every cracking impact.

The fascinated female audience, having ululated approvingly at her satisfactory reaction, began counting the allotted strokes. The sisters had no understanding of the numbers and in any case, neither had any idea how many they were to get. It would obviously be more painful than the bat. Every so often the policeman with the cane would pause and let it sink, so that the girl's would anticipate an end, only to find that it was merely to rest the flogger's arm and it would be resumed once more.

The repeated impact of the cane slowly turned Amy's bottom and thighs bright red, cruelly striping the suffusion with darker lines, closely spaced. Knowing that precisely the same punishment would come in turn to her, Rebecca squeezed her eyes tight, but as the strokes multiplied into double figures her sister's screams continued to be inescapable. The policeman had a powerful arm and was giving Amy a harder time with his cane even than Zahd. The unfortunate girl danced on her toes, her body shuddering and squirming under the cane, seeking escape without avail, until at last as her screams wobbled and cracked becoming mere groans, the ragged gown began to slip. It slid from its resting place like a curtain descending upon the scene so that the last few strokes mercifully

intercepted by the fallen cloth raised a cloud of dust.

As she took her sister's place at the wall bars, Rebecca wished she had counted the number of strokes; at least she would have had some idea of progress. But the policeman just as he seemed about to commence, was interrupted by the breaking out of a vigorous debate. The woman teacher who had complained about the damage was being urged to come forward to take the cane. Her arm was presumably less muscular than the policeman's but Rebecca had no means of comparison and the reverberating echoes that resulted as it cracked across her backside sounded much the same in her ears. Her own shrill cries soon went up and down the scale like her sister's, while she wriggled desperately in an attempt to dislodge her skimpy garment from about her shoulders.

Chapter Sixteen

It was full dawn when the two sisters staggered from the empty tent in which they had spent their first night in the internment camp for women aliens to which they had been consigned. They had been elated, imagining that the judges who had ordered their thrashings had at last relented thus far. It would be a step nearer to freedom. Freedom, however, proved only to be a provisional condition.

The camp had been placed far out in the desert amid baked and waterless rocky hills, a great enclosure of rusting barbed wire enclosing a sorry-looking oasis were a thin scatter of dusty date palms and thorny scrub occupied a damp depression. Originally housing internees and later refugees it might have been once well appointed and properly managed, but disintegration had overtaken it like everything else. Amy and Rebecca had arrived to find little remaining, only the foundations of huts, a few gutted brick buildings and a loose scatter of crumpled, corrugated metal sheets, bits of canvas and broken glass. There was no-one to receive them. The two female escorts walked a few yards here and there, calling out around the gutted buildings. Receiving no reply they conferred together and then, gesturing to Amy and Rebecca to stay where they were, they climbed back aboard their donkeys and rode away. At first the twins imagined that they had gone in search of some form of authority, but the pair kicking the animals into a trot with their heels, kept straight on through the gaping gateway and back down the road they had come.

The journey there, trudging after the donkeys, had already revealed some disorder. Columns of smoke were visible all round the horizon and, a few miles beyond the village, a mob of soldiers were looting some kind of food store unhindered by any authority. The girls' two warders had detoured nervously, following empty tracks, passing battered military signs and military litter of all kinds but seeing few human figures and no vehicles or planes. The twins

had no urge to run after the pair who had beaten them mercilessly along the way, but they slowly discovered that they were in a new plight.

A few wrinkled, haggard crones still occupied a little cluster of drab khaki tents. They existed by eating mouldy dates and sieving small shrimps from the brackish pools. They hurled what seemed at first to be gratuitous abuse at Amy and Rebecca but when the girls finally made sense of the mad jabbering, they realised it was a combination of fear and envy. The burden was that men would come for them. They were the rejected it seemed. All the more presentable women had been carried off by glib, supposed rescuers, by stray parties of deserting soldiers, or latterly by roaming Bedouin. The mad women were afraid to allow Amy and Rebecca to stay with them, for fear they would attract such raiders.

The girls spent only a single night in the tent. Next day, a long trail of dust became visible, approaching the site of the camp from out of the desert. There was nowhere to hide in the flat desert terrain. The dust cloud was gradually revealed to emanate from a small string of donkeys. They stopped briefly by the old women's tents but soon moved on and as they came nearer, Amy and Rebecca saw that the leading rider was the officer who had intervened at the trial and behind him was their former captor, Zahd.

“You have not been forgotten, you see, Amy and Becky! A lady called Madame Zurra has a use for you!”

Chapter Seventeen

Isolated by her inability to comprehend her captors, Lady Elizabeth had no idea what was happening beyond the walls of the brothel. On her dawn return from the excursion outside, she had seen through the eye slits of her veil that the streets were full of abandoned vehicles, both trucks and armour, even untended guns. Mules, donkeys and even camels seemed to have replaced motorised transport. Soldiers and civilians alike carried crude weapons, clubs, bayonets and makeshift spears as if war was being fought under more primitive conditions. Could this be the forecast Catastrophe? Had it passed over without her knowing? Madame Zurra seemed even more single-minded than ever, concentrating solely upon increasing the business of her brothel, no doubt still having confidence in her powerful protectors but making preparations for survival of her own. Sensitive to their changes of mood, Elizabeth sensed a desperate recklessness in the men who paid to use her, as if they sought to forget reality in orgiastic excess. There was a huge and disorderly attendance therefore when once again Madame introduced Lady Elizabeth to the Exhibition stage.

Once again the brothel courtyard was lit for the show. Power had failed long since and the brothel was lit entirely by guttering oil lamps. This time the lighting was primitive flares set above the heads of the audience and disguising with their reek the smell of sweating men and over-scented women, the tobacco smoke and hashish fumes that made the senses swim. A team of live musicians played hot throbbing music calculated to stir the blood of men already brutalised and reckless.

The two shaven-headed recruits whom Zahd had delivered to Madame she now found at target practice. Poised face upwards on a table top, with her raised body supported on widely planted feet and elbows, Rebecca was peering between her sharply conical breasts and along her belly at a vertical marker on the opposite wall. Her

pubis bulged prominently between the stretched tendons of her thighs. Within the glistening red lips of her vaginal opening appeared an emerging white roundness as if she was about to lay an egg. Sighting her line of fire by shifting her bottom until the mark was central between her spread knees, she tensed in a supreme release of muscular energy and a little white plastic ball shot from her vaginal passage in a long outward curve, plinking into a small rush basket gripped between the teeth of her sister kneeling on the floor several yards away.

They were being trained to appear as the prizes in a game of chance to be presented to Madame Zurra's customers. The men who took part, having paid to bet upon one of the Arabic numbers black-daubed on the plastic balls, would load them into whichever twin was firing, to the total of half a dozen. The first man to have his numbered ball plonk neatly into the bucket would win her services. The twins had just about mastered expelling the smooth balls at speed. Controlling direction and distance was difficult, but since even firing at random a ball was bound to plop into the basket sooner or later, the customers would be quite happy.

"They need rigorous training!" Madame Zurra said, greedily examining the two demoralised recruits. "Lady Elizabeth's muscular development is such that by now she can beg for one of the good Cuban cigars we supply to our customers, then lie on her back to allow the bemused donor to insert it firmly into her vagina and expel blue puffs of smoke from it! But if we have a whole family to be broken-in there is no time to waste. Find a suitable viewpoint for them. They can work out their fate by watching their mother's performance!"

This was no elaborately rehearsed production. As the music built up to a climax, Lady Elizabeth was already on stage. She had the sort of generous curves exactly suited to the taste of the audience. They eyed her naked white figure with expectant lust, rumours of the nature of the performance having gone before. Prostrate upon a low, stout, wooden bench, her head projected beyond one end and her

bottom thrust clear just over the other. Her blonde hair had been piled up and pinned on top of her head, giving a clear view of her face and revealing the heavy dog collar encircling her white neck, from which a short length of chain fastened her to a staple in the end of the bench. Her thighs were drawn forward, knees widely parted by the bench top the other end of which her arms embraced. She was fastened securely down at knees and elbows by heavy straps. Since her rear was elevated higher than her head, propped up upon a fat leather cushion, those of the audience who had a clear view of it could remark the glistening redness of her slot, rouged and greased, the former for effect, the latter for lubrication.

The drum rolls came to a climax; there was a final clash of cymbals. In the sudden expectant silence, a boy in a short white gown led forward a small grey donkey. It was the ordinary sort of beast to be seen in any village street, but an unusually lively specimen, dancing and snorting. It was also conspicuously male. As the audience buzzed and sniggered, it gave vent to a tremendous bray. Strapped to her bench Lady Elizabeth could barely twitch or turn her head, but to her ears, the donkey's frisky outburst, ludicrous as it sounded to the audience, evidently carried dire connotations. To their collective amusement she let out a wail of alarm that competed for expressiveness with the donkey's bray.

The courtyard crackled with tension as heads craned and men at the back rose to gain a better view. Her pale figure strained fruitlessly, her bottom cheeks were uplifted like twin moons, white thighs split wide displayed the well-used female orifice, reddened and glistening and gaping a little with the effect of her pose. Holding on to the excitedly dancing donkey, the boy delved within his garment and displayed to the audience, flourishing it aloft like a conjuror, long and tapering, a bright red carrot. Stepping up to Lady Elizabeth's rear he stooped and quickly thrust the vegetable deep into her undefended slot. Its recipient let out a shriek and then after that evoked a burst of brutal laughter from her audience, a loud groan. The boy extracted the carrot with an easy twist of the wrist and thrust

it under the black nostrils of the donkey. The animal brayed again, its dark eyes rolling and ugly yellow teeth exposed. The carrot had emerged glistening with female secretions. Lady Elizabeth's combined with those of a ripe jennet, in which bestial vagina it had been before hers. Lady Elizabeth's own blue eyes were rolling too, in an attempt to see what menaced her and she was making almost as much noise. The donkey however had more freedom of action. With a skitter of hooves the animal lunged forward. With outstretched neck and bared teeth, it looked for a moment as if it intended to take a bite out of the plump white bottom, but it had forgotten the carrot in favour of sex. Excitement stirred the audience as they saw for the first time the beastly cock spear forth beneath the animal's belly, a long black wobbling thing that grew and dangled as if it never meant to stop.

The audience reaction was not lost upon Lady Elizabeth. Evidently sensing what they could see she repeated her hoarse cry, straining against her bonds and jerking at her tether. Collar and straps creaked but gave not a finger-breath. Behind her the donkey reared on its hind legs, braying repeatedly. Its extended penis bobbed like a length of black rubber, the reaching end sagged under the long, unsupported weight. Lady Elizabeth managed to lift her rump just clear of the cushion, but then sank back, panting, unable to close the yawning division and having only emphasised the glistening red crevice at its parting. Fore-hooves pawed the air briefly then came down solidly on the wooden frame either side of Lady Elizabeth's extended figure. The donkey's forelegs folded gripping her torso between bony knees as it subsided half-kneeling, so that its monstrous cock was directed like a giant black poker right between her parted thighs.

There was open-mouthed, near silence. The donkey boy moved swiftly to assist his charge, reaching a hand to steer the prodding black-knobbed end, home onto its target. Evidently the donkey recognised its lodgement at once for its tail whipped upwards, it let go a wild bray and then lunged vigorously, its hind hooves scraping

on the timbers. Lady Elizabeth squealed on a rising note. At the very last moment and with great difficulty, the donkey boy pulled the animal back. Several members of the audience ran to help him hold the demented beast, denied its chance at the gaping sex. There was a roar from the audience, half in frustration, the other half in gleeful anticipation that the donkey might yet be released to complete its task.

For some time there had been a distant rumbling half heard, but ignored by the audience at first, in the cruel excitement of urging on the performers. Neither did the noise register with the disparate pair on the stage. Lady Elizabeth was oblivious to everything bar the likelihood of being speared from end to end like a roast on a spit by the thrust of the bestial donkey-shaft. Nor was anything likely to divert the randy male animal from doing its best to do that if he was allowed the chance to do so. But now the noises off expanded into uproar and a shuddering of the whole building began as if heavy trucks were passing. All about the courtyard, loose dust and fragments of woodwork were tumbling down. The lights flared out sideways, driven by a gust of air instantly setting fire to the nearest wooden pillars. Black smoke belched upwards. Screams and yells and the sound of pounding feet came from the dark entrance passage.

Even Lady Elizabeth made a dazed attempt to focus. With the donkey stallion still attempting to reach her, she strove to attract attention in a desperate panic. In its desire for depth, the randy beast seemed prepared to recognise no limits. As if fearing an interruption to its purpose, it threw up its tail and ducked its head, preparing to give such a buck as would hammer the buried knob solidly into its straining, gasping, unwilling partner. Simultaneously, though, a sudden rush of foaming water burst through the entrance, carrying tables, chairs and people before it and crashed into the stage. Aloft, the donkey attempted to deliver its desperate lunge just as the whole grouping, the form, its helpless burden and the braying animal, were carried away together with the whole tilting platform. Crashing and

thundering the building seemed to split open, tons of water pouring and spouting everywhere, extinguishing the flames in great billows of steam.

The stage was a solid platform on a base of heavy timbers meant to hold firm against violent action on its surface, but no one had anticipated a flood. It was lifted bodily on the surge and swung this way and that. Steam, spray, smoke and dust created a dense fog through which Elizabeth, frantically twisting her head this way and that, caught brief glimpses of leaning pillars, splintering galleries and tumbling bricks. The stage was somehow carried through this chaos and was discharged still afloat into open. As it did so the donkey reared wildly, its long black cock showing like a length of wet hosepipe. The animal, apparently losing its footing and braying in terror, subsided backwards into the flood and was left behind. The raft, as the platform had become, rocked so wildly that Elizabeth might have followed the beast had she not been fastened in place. It emerged from the steam upon even keel at last, but turning slowly in circles. Even from her upside down position it gave Elizabeth a view of the whole flood upon which she was adrift. Where the town had been was a waste of tumbled walls and rafts of debris with only a few modern structures still standing. Beyond it were only the very tops of date palms protruding in rows above the brown water, like battered cabbages in a flooded field. The brothel stood only partly above the flood as a steaming ruin with a few flickers of fire still burning among the wooden galleries.

Elizabeth was swept, bobbing on the swirling currents, first inland away from the scene and then brought back again the other way. As she passed the brothel ruin, she saw a large dhow, a fishing boat or trading craft, coming swiftly after the raft, following the curving line that marked the course of the former creek and being manoeuvred by several pairs of oars with its big sail folded about the long spar. A short barrel-chested man with a greying beard was at the steering oar. Heaving on the oar before the vessel seemed about to sweep by, he brought it momentarily alongside the crumbling wall of the brothel.

“Zahd! Zahd!” he roared and at once several figures appeared, leaping down from the ruin of a collapsing gallery, into the nearest gap; the donkey boy with Zahd close behind, each carrying one of the twins slung over his shoulder, bald heads gleaming and legs kicking and following them, a dark-skinned female, naked except for a skimpy pair of lace pants, tugging a pale-skinned boy on the end of a chain leash. The girls were slung bodily aboard, their captors tumbling after. The naked boy was impelled aboard in turn by a vigorous kick in the behind from his conductor who made her own leap in the nick of time, as the dhow swung away, carried onward, moving upon the same current that was bearing Lady Elizabeth’s accidental raft towards the conjectural position of the sea margin. The triangular sail rose jerkily and the pursuing vessel notably increased its speed to overtake her, the sharp bow parting the layer of debris before it. Upside down, she saw youthful brown faces gawping as they passed her before a bearded crewman, more quick-witted than the rest, sprang onto the side and a loop of rope, expertly flung, settled over her form. Encompassing her elevated rear portion, the rope settled across her lower back and around her thighs, then as the vessel continued to surge onward, the line tautened and the loop came tight in turn, cutting deeply into the soft crease between bottom and thighs, so that Lady Elizabeth and her raft of debris, began towing together in the wake of the dhow.

Chapter Eighteen

Along a narrow coastal plain stood mile upon mile of broken and leafless date palms, among which the principal life consisted of termite mounds and the few other creatures that survived by preying upon them. Inland, ragged and sterile mountains stood dry and sun-baked, glittering with salt, and shimmering a little in the hot air. The sky had settled after the turmoil of the Catastrophe to a pearly haze that offered no promise of rain. Wide mud flats, from which the sea had retreated, extended seawards from the shore. The shattered remains of a pirate fort guarded a shallow creek, since scoured out by the tsunami into a deep inlet that harboured a host of small boats of widely varied types and materials. Here was a settlement of fishermen, amounting to a town, though one haphazardly built and largely roofed with scavenged material. In the distance along the coast, a cluster of skeletal towers in strange shapes, abandoned and forlorn, was the source of the materials. At the edge of the town, fresh green growth showed over the white walls of a garden enclosure built of irregularly shaped concrete blocks that surrounded an edifice of more ambitious nature. The water supply for the greenery was supplied from a deep well by an endless bucket chain and here, beneath a little shelter thatched with dry palm leaves, a naked slave, maturely female with fair hair spilling over her shoulders, steadily plodded on the endlessly moving steps of a treadmill.

The sharp double clap of hands reverberated above the intermittent splash of water. Beyond the well, where a little terrace projected from the building shaded by a vine-clad arbour, a portly young man, with a round beard sat cross-legged on rich carpets playing chess with an older man in fisherman's garments, but with fingers full of rings that hinted at the status of a skipper and owner. A youthful servant, nearly naked, white-skinned and wearing a metal collar, his skimpy covering clearly displaying him to be a eunuch,

approached barefoot from the shadowy interior and bowed deeply to receive a casual order. He bore a noticeable facial resemblance to the wheel slave. The two men on the terrace bent more intently over the board, gravely fingering their beards. Shortly the youthful eunuch reappeared, ushering forward two female figures pattering barefoot but with a silvery tinkling sound. The source was the string of tiny bells that decorated each slim white ankle, visible beneath the filmy robes that both wore. The eunuch whisked away the robes of each in turn, folding them over his arm and retreating, with another bow, back from whence he came.

The newcomers were even more clearly, younger versions of the female wheel slave, with figures now wholly revealed, since they were naked except for their jewellery. Furthermore both were advanced in pregnancy, standing with hands clasped lightly over their smoothly out-curved bellies. Their necks were encircled with gilt slave collars and similar bracelets and anklets decorated their slender limbs as well as confirming their slave status. Their fair hair was elaborately plaited into thick ropes that hung over milk-laden breasts. Clearly a matched pair, they stood quite unheeded for the moment as the two men concentrated upon the game board. Their eyes down cast, the two young women waited with seemingly perfect meekness though their cheeks showed spots of red. Across the garden the wheel slave's steady tread never faltered, the water wheel turning steadily, even though she watched anxiously through the dripping curtain of water-spill. At last a move was made that had both men exclaiming and exchanging laughing remarks. The game was ended, evidently the guest the winner. Straightening, the younger waved his hand towards the waiting concubines with an expansive gesture that clearly offered the guest his choice of the treasures of the house. Smiling with satisfaction, the visitor sat back in his place, surveyed the twins with casual brevity then crooked his finger more or less at random. As the chosen one started forward, he casually opened his baggy pants, fishing out from among the folds an enormous and well-nigh fully erected penis. The slave looked quickly to her owner

for confirmation, then slid carefully onto hands and knees. Creeping forward, enlarged breasts jostling and huge belly swaying ponderously beneath her, she approached the man until her shoulders were between his knees and reaching out, encircled the man's erection just below the dusky knob with a small white finger and thumb. She bent forward her face clearly in view and expression intent, to open her soft red lips and envelope the whole dome with her mouth.

The guest let out his breath in a luxurious sigh and a murmured aside of appreciation to his host; the compliance of the girl, of course, was taken for granted. Behind her the host leaned back complacently with a rear view of the girl's naked hindquarters wobbling slightly, decorated with the red letters of her name Ami, branded more carefully this time with the red hot iron. As she gradually filled her mouth and throat, cheeks bulging, taking into it the rampant flesh of the man to whom her services had been given, she spread her knees wide as if to steady herself, but hollowing her back and elevating her bottom at the same time, effectively flaunted at her young master the reddish-brown pucker of her anus and below it exposed the rearward bulge of her softly furred mound, split by the unguarded glistening slot of her sex dangling a short length of chain and a small identity tag. The sight seemed to inspire the host who now turned his head and gestured over his shoulder to the remaining girl, who followed her sister's example, this time swivelling laboriously to face her master, the two plump hips brushing against each other as they faced the same task in different directions. The gentle patter and splash of the water prevented the wheel slave from hearing the small gurgling sounds that her daughters made from throats filled with the firm bulk of well-exercised manhood. The visitor puffed his cheeks and arched his back, reaching forward to grasp Ami's bobbing head as if to keep her to her task. His eyes were upon the sister's rounded bottom cheeks wagged before him, where the red brand spelled out the letters of Beki. She was just beginning to speed up her own motion, her fair head bobbing almost

in the same rhythm to her sister, with her owner making sounds of encouragement. The visitor groaned and gritted his teeth, turning his attention back to his own administrant, his body and limbs stiffening. Head in his lap, Ami swallowed hard, the gulping motions of her white throat quite visible above the collar. Male and female followed and responded to one another, in repeated spasms interlinked in reactions until at last the man straightened with a long indrawn breath. He looked to the girl's owner, still enjoying the gurgling depths of Beki's throat and laughed with appreciative jollity.

Ami's head lifted slowly to allow his wilted stem to slither out from between her lips. She remained upon all fours, backing slowly, her pink tongue removing the white traces from the corners of her mouth. She retreated until she was crouched level with her master, who spared a hand from regulating Beki's nodding head to pat Ami's bottom approvingly. The youthful eunuch reappeared with a bowl and a cloth, first to wash the visitor's face, hands and then kneeling respectfully to carefully and thoroughly wash the traces of his sister's juices from the man's member. Beki too, was now gulping down her own allotment of male cum which the eunuch, grovelling even lower, duly cleaned from heir master's own male member.

Lady trod onwards, the surfaces of her generous curves glistening wetly, water pulsing into the stone channels, her anxiety subsiding. Her own offspring lay sleeping in the basket to the rear of her workplace. She still saw Tom in passing where he laboured at the larger wheel that supplied the fisher town with drinking water, when the fishing fleet returned and the men celebrated in Madame Heggrah's brothel and she was sent to supplement the services of her daughters. All had gone well. Their owner Sheik Zahd bin Sulieman, the town's chief magistrate and part owner of the brothel had been given no cause for annoyance.