SLAVE MARKET

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Part Two of The White Trilogy, by Lucas

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Summary of 'TAKEN', Part One of The White Trilogy

-Click on TAKEN to learn more-

Many who work for him do not know of his existence. To others he is just «MM», the mysterious power behind the multinational known as White Inc.

Max to his few friends, MM is owner of one of the least visible and most powerful lobbies on Earth. Ostensibly dedicated to legal business of all kinds, with several NGO's on its long list of dependent companies, White Inc. has the lion's share of a lucrative market: white slavery.

Beautiful women of all creeds and colours are kidnapped and vanish without trace, to be used as sexual slaves, their bodies at the mercy of their owners.

Few can afford them. Only the very rich or the very powerful have access to this particular merchandise. And that's where Max is safe. No one wants to be identified as a client. Everything, including White Inc. itself, is shrouded in secrecy and that suits Max and his clients just fine.

Three especially beautiful women fell into Max's hands and disappeared. They were auctioned in the usual way and handed over to their owners. The owners were cruel psychopaths, rich and heartless, cruel men who were totally unable to put themselves in the victim's place and understand their suffering. These men were only interested in playing around with their lovely new toy, the body of a beautiful young woman...

Claudia Moore was one of these three victims. She was a famous top model, the face on the cover of a thousand magazines. She was a high-flyer socially, and was engaged to the son of the President of the Republic. A South American drug lord by the name of Valdes acquired this gifted and beautiful woman in an auction.

The second of the three women was called Rebecca. She made a bad mistake. When she was at college she played around with a young man by the name of Ben. She made out she was interested in him, led him along till he fell in love with her, and then she dropped him. Just for the fun of it. But she was unlucky. Ben turned out to be Max's son, and Max was not amused...

The third was Jasmine, a petite but sensual Brazilian girl, just eighteen years old. She was kidnapped at a fake audition and sold to Yamamoto, a Japanese businessman with a successful electronics company behind him and some strange ritual ideas in his head.

Now read on...

PART ONE



An oasis in the desert...

"How're you doing, Brigitte?"

Max, looking elegant in his dinner jacket, was chatting to Madame Roissy in the large salon of the "Desert Kasbah".

"Can't complain. The house is doing very well. The girls are fine, no problems. The trouble is the shop. I wanted to talk to you about it."

Madame Roissy wore a long, expensive evening dress, black with a deep V-neck. Around her neck was a long length of white pearls, wrapped round it several times.

Max stirred nervously in his chair. He reached for a cigar. A waitress came over carrying a silver tray with a lighter on it. She was wearing a dress of thin, transparent silk. "May I?" he asked with a smile, picking up the lighter and glancing at Mme Roissy, who nodded.

"Go on," said Max, blowing out cigar smoke.

"Come on, Max. You know what I'm talking about. The goods you deliver are cheap and good. The house is doing very well. Every day I have more and more clients, and the old ones keep coming back. The problem is the sales. They've dropped to zero, more or less."

"Hard times, my dear. The price of oil, production quotas..."

"Max, it's not that. My clients are as rich as they ever were, maybe richer. Their tastes haven't changed either."

There was an awkward silence. Max did not want to take the initiative in the conversation, so he picked up the glass of champagne and sipped it delicately.

"All right," said Mme Roissy, with no hint of a smile. "I will speak more clearly. One of my clients has admitted to me that you sell directly to him. That is not what we agreed."

Max had always known that she would find out, sooner or later. He

had made fifteen deliveries in just over six months in that part of the Middle East. Too many, perhaps.

"I must apologize, my dear Brigitte. It was a corporate decision. The decision was taken not to give any discounts to regular clients, after a fixed initial quota."

Mme Roissy stood up. She took a deep breath and checked herself. "A pact is a pact. You can't break it just like that, without saying anything." Her eyes were flashing, but her voice was low and tense.

Max stood up and went over to her. He caught her by the hand and kissed it. "Don't worry, my dear, we'll find a solution. I have a proposal to make." Mme Roissy looked up at the huge black man. She did not trust him. "We need a storage point, a warehouse or something, in this part of the world. And a reception centre. There's a lot of demand. We'd save money in the long run by investing in two installations of this type."

She opened her eyes wide. Yes, that would be interesting. And in line with her own private, rather special, inclinations. And it would give her the chance to tell that huge conceited negro what her conditions were.

"Well, I'll have to think about it," she said, concealing her interest. "We could fit a dozen "packages" in the basement. We'd need to re-think some of the buildings, and probably take on extra staff too... Specialists. It's not the same working on the material as training it."

The same night, Max and Roissy visited the brothel. The atmosphere was lively, fifty clients maybe, all of them foreigners, all of them overwhelmed by the presence of so many girls and excited and confused by the difficulty of choosing one or more of them...

It was like a Wild West whorehouse. Dim coloured lights, girls from Indochina and the Philippines, raised platforms with naked women dancing, live shows in small private rooms...

It was the only house in that area. If you had the inclination and the money you could get it all here: women, wine and song, and that was not common in a country where alcohol and prostitution were banned.

Max and Mme Roissy walked straight through the main room and

stopped in front of a discreet door. Brigitte held a finger up and her fingerprints were matched. The door clicked and she pushed it open. They walked down some steps into the basement.

They were greeted by a rush of hot, damp air. A Turkish bath. There were a dozen clients, all Arabs, all naked.

They all knew Mme Roissy and no one seemed surprised to find her there. However, they looked uncomfortably at Max. A negro was a bigger surprise than a woman in that room, which was reserved exclusively for Arab clients.

"Come over here. I want you to meet someone," said Brigitte.

Max had taken his jacket off and left it upstairs. He unbuttoned his shirt as he followed her through the thick steam. He could hardly make out the customers.

They came to a small swimming pool where an Arab was sitting with the water up to his chest. He was reading an edition of The Times which was specially plastic-coated for the occasion.

"Good morning, Your Excellency. Let me introduce MM. We talked about him, you remember."

The Arab looked up in interest. From what Max could see through the steam he was a thick-set man, about fifty years old.

"Pleased to meet you," said the Arab, letting his newspaper float on the water and offering a wet hand. "Forgive me if I do not introduce myself," he said in English that suggested an Oxford education, "but we have a strict rule here, as I imagine our hostess has explained. We do not use names."

Max noticed that the man had not taken his left hand out of the water. When he did so, an unexpected shock of chestnut-coloured hair emerged, pulled up by the hand. Below it was a girl who was very beautiful. She took a deep breath just in time before he plunged her head under the water again.

"You'll have to excuse me," he said with a broad smile. "She's really very good with her mouth. It would be a pity to let her drown..."

"He means Diana," said Brigitte, noticing Max's surprise. "She's one of his Excellency's favourites."

"Yes, indeed," the Arab said. "She has delicate lips and she knows a lot of tricks with her mouth. All you have to do is put a few lead weights on a diving belt round her waist and she'll keep you amused for as long as you like."

After a full minute, his Excellency pulled the girl's head out of the water once again. Max scarcely had time to look at the girl before she was under again, but yes, she was clearly very beautiful, with large, frightened green eyes and full, sensual lips. She must have been about twenty years old and her skin was very white.

"His Excellency is interested in a rather special acquisition," said Brigitte. "It's the first time he has honoured us by buying from us."

"That's right," the man said. "I wanted to come and try your girls first, to check that you have only the best raw material here."

Max nodded. He looked at the girl under the water. From the position of her arms she must have her hands tied behind her back.

"MM knows our products better than anybody, Your Excellency," she said.

Max looked at the man. He does not know I am the supplier, then, he thought. Brigitte was discreet in all matters. It was essential for business.

"I have indeed decided to break with tradition. I am going to acquire one of these young beauties for my personal use."

"I'm sure Mme Roissy can help you," Max said.

"Yes, but perhaps I did not explain myself clearly. I know Mme Roissy can sell me all the women I want. But this is a special case, a special woman..."

Max nodded. A commission job! They were getting more common, and more dangerous. Max had a network of men ready to kidnap women – the neighbour, the girl at the supermarket checkout, the student who always went home the same way, anyone for that matter, providing the money was there and the woman was up to scratch physically. The organization had its own standards.

But it was risky. Some of them were well-known women, often rich, hard to get close to and sometimes with their own protection services.

He frowned.

"We are talking a million. Dollars," said Brigitte.

Max raised an eyebrow. He was surprised by the sum, but he had heard it before. That was what they had paid for Claudia Moore a few days before...

"That would be the down-payment," he said.

"Down-payment?" the Arab asked in surprise.

He was holding the girl by her hair. She listened in astonishment, her mouth wide open for air.

"Afraid so. Our business is selling stock. These special commission jobs are expensive. If you want one, you have to pay for it. The final price is 50% higher."

"All right," the man said, thrusting the girl's head angrily into the water. "I accept your conditions. I will pay 50% more."

The truth was that he would have paid almost any price for the woman he wanted. He was one of the richest men on earth and he would have gone a lot higher to have this particular piece in his collection.

The only thing that annoyed him was having to buy it from a black, on the black's conditions.

Max and Brigitte carried on through the steam-filled room. Max made out the other pools. Young women, most of them white, were attending to the clients. Some were bathing with the men, others were engaged in sexual activities...

Time seemed to have stopped in that strange room. No one was in a hurry. It was all slow-motion, provocative, sensually slow, with great attention to detail...

Max had been to the "Desert Kasbah" many times, but he had never been to that room. Most of the time he had been to the area they were about to visit, the Zoo...

"You were rather rude to him," said Brigitte when they left.

"I don't like commission jobs. Don't worry. We've shaken hands on the price and that's all there is to it."

He was impatient. The Zoo was one of his favourite places. Brigitte saw this very clearly.

It was a wide, circular area, like an Elizabethan theatre, with a two-storey building around it. On the upper floor there were twenty rooms. On the ground floor there were twenty cages, most of which contained a naked woman, and in some cases two naked women…

Mme Roissy knew her guest's tastes. She withdrew discreetly. "I'll be off, Max. I have things to do. See you later."

Max did not even hear her. He walked quickly over to one of the cages. A eunuch stood next to the cage. It was the eunuchs' job to act as keepers in the zoo and to hand the girls over to the clients, who took the girls to the baths or to a private room.

Yes... She was there. He always paid Princess a visit. Two years earlier she had been his favourite. When he grew tired of her, he sold her to Brigitte.

Princess was white and beautiful. At the age of thirty, she was at the height of her physical powers. She was from a wealthy American family and she was a refined, elegant woman. When Max first met her she was married to the Governor of Arizona. The perfect hostess, the ideal wife, she was the ideal partner for her ambitious young husband.

But Max knew things about her husband. He could sink him whenever he wanted. He could block his golden path to the White House. So they talked. They came to an agreement. Max kept the Governor's wife and handed over compromising documents to the Governor.

Princess stood up as soon as she saw him and went over to the bars of the cage, smiling sadly. It was the same every time. She would beg him to take her away with him, to get her out of that place. Max looked her up and down carefully and then spat in her face. He carried on down the line of cages without speaking to her. She had been beaten very badly. Huge red welts, obviously recent, criss-crossed her thighs and her breasts.

He strolled past the other cells, examining each inmate carefully. There were girls of all races and colours, from many different countries. The Zoo prided itself on its collection.

Any member could satisfy his anthropological curiosity by consulting the index on a computer. He could browse through the different menus

on a tactile screen, selecting if he wished age, breast size, race, religion, previous profession – the current profession was clear enough – and consult a brief description of any sexual specializations of the different specimens. There was also a section on the current physical condition, and indicating the cage number. Finally there was a short statistical section, recording the different uses she had been put to since her arrival at the Kasbah.

Max felt proud of himself. They were all there through the professional services of White Inc.

In just a few years he had built up an empire, based not only on the incredible sums of money generated by breasts and thighs, but also on the information the Company carefully built up about the sexual predilections of some of the richest and most powerful people on the planet.

Politicians, army generals, aristocrats, bankers, millionaires, presidents of multinational companies, artists, they all went to White Inc, confident no one would ever know. It was an empire built on discretion.

It hadn't all been easy, Max reflected. Only he knew the time and effort involved in getting the huge organization up and working. Even now he had problems. It was difficult to meet the huge demand. He could not handle any more commissions so he put the price up and up, but the clients still said yes. Their seemed to be no limit to what his select clientele were prepared to pay to get the piece they wanted.

He had once calculated that only one in every hundred thousand young females aged eighteen to thirty met the standards of his organization. Trapping in those circumstances was difficult and risky.

White Inc. had its standard procedures, of course. The company had been working for some years and had perfected its techniques over the years. Third world specimens, for example, were almost always purchased from their families, usually in exchange for a lot of money and a vaguely defined offer of work. The girls came to the Middle East expecting to work in the homes of rich Arabs...

The Europeans and the Americans, even the Japanese, came alone and of their own volition. Tourists, students, NGO volunteers... The really

interesting ones were never here long.

Others were captured in their own countries. South America, with its political turmoil, its dictatorships, its immense uninhabited areas, its crowded and poverty-stricken cities, was another ideal hunting area. Splendid full-bodied women, half-castes, explosive ethnic mixtures, did wonders for the clients who had no special interest in racial purity.

For the unfortunate women in the Desert Kasbah, their fate was the same, whatever their origin. They were put in cages, subjected to the same discipline and dedicated their bodies and souls, especially their bodies, to the difficult task of satisfying the physical needs and extraordinary sexual fancies of Mme Roissy's rich and powerful clients.

One of the cages caught his attention. It held two identical blondes, obviously twins. They stood up as soon as they saw him and moved over to the bars of the cage, throwing their heads back, arching their backs and lifting their breasts. They then stuck them through the bars for him to admire and fondle if he wished.

Max looked terrifying large as he stood there, still naked. He frightened them. They had never seen a black like that before...

Max read the small description. They were two Russian girls, aged eighteen. Despite their age and the size of their breasts, he had the impression that they were not fully formed yet.

Like many of their compatriots, they were musicians, preparing for the university. Both were virgins when captured. The note was short:

Inexperienced sexually ○
Ideal for torturing. Resistant
Very sensitive to anal penetration
SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES
To be used together for:
Wrestling (mud, whips)
Lesbian show
Mutual torture (whips, clamps, prods)

Shipments from Central Europe had been useful recently to help meet the demand. They were lovely girls, white skinned, piercing blue eyes

and fetched an excellent price in an auction. And they were relatively easy to acquire. The political and economic crises in their countries and the explosion of Western propaganda and advertising had blinded them. Looking for a better life, or simply hungry, they easily fell into the nets of false agencies offering juicy contracts or rich husbands. The twins had left their small Baltic republic when they got a grant from the Conservatory in Vienna. A simple, clean little operation that only cost White Inc. two plane tickets.

Max carried on down the line of cages...

The women had all seen him coming and were all pressing themselves against the bars of the cages. It was one of the rules. They had to stand up and show their bodies to all the clients. It was in their own interest too. If they were too long without being chosen they disappeared and were never heard of again.

He stopped in front of a cage. A woman was crouched in a corner. She was black and seemed tall and strong. She was facing the wall, trying to cover her breasts with her arms. She seemed distinctly uninterested in showing Max her body, which intrigued him. He looked at the description. American, twenty-three years old. Five foot nine, 36C bust, 25 inch waist, 36 inch bottom. Interesting, he thought. The note simply said "Just arrived".

"Come over to the bars!" Max shouted.

The girl turned her head in terror. She huddled up in the corner even more than before.

She was beautiful. Long, shoulder-length hair, nice and wavy, a delicate kind of face, the white-black-look that was very popular in the adverts at that time... Her eyes were big and dark, her look was proud and frightened at the same time, and her lips, both facial and vaginal, were full and sensual and definitely asking to be kissed…

Max waited in vain for her to obey, but he said nothing. He beckoned one of the eunuchs over.

"That one," he said. He never missed the opportunity to fuck a good black woman. Especially if she was big and strong like him, and not tamed yet. Blacks were more stubborn than the whites and had more stamina

too.

The eunuch went into the cage with a lasso similar to that used for rounding up stray dogs, caught her skilfully by the neck and threw her to the ground. Before the confused girl knew what was happening, she had a knee on her back and the eunuch's considerable weight on it. He pulled her arms quickly behind her back and put handcuffs on her. Then he put a choke-chain on her. Just by pulling, he could have strangled her.

"Here you are, Sir. Room one two five." He gave Max a key.

"Mme Roissy has told us to let you take your pick, Sir," he said. "But be careful. This one is new. She might be dangerous..."

Max looked down at the woman lying at his feet. She had curled up into a ball again, trying to protect her breasts from his hungry eyes as best she could.

"Thanks. I'll be careful."

"Let's go!" he said, pulling sharply on the lead.

Tracy had no choice. She stood up.

Max pushed her. "Room one two five," he said.

She walked to some steps leading up. He followed her, his eyes fixed on her back. He liked what he saw – a voluptuous body, shining skin, lightly oiled, and trembling uncontrollably. A real woman. Strong, robust shoulders, a straight back, narrow waist and beautifully rounded hips. But what fascinated Max especially was the vigorous jolting of her firm, muscular buttocks, and her gazelle-like walk. She went up the stairs with a controlled spring, as if she wanted to jump up them two at a time. Pure energy, he thought...

When she got to the room, the girl suddenly stepped back. It was the first time she had been there. The room was a cross between a luxurious suite in a hotel and a dark medieval torture room.

A large bed with bars and ropes hanging from the ceiling dominated the room. There were hooks and pulleys and metal rods with holes in them and ropes hanging from them everywhere, waiting for the client's most eccentric fantasies to take physical form...

The walls were covered in an extraordinary collection of instruments of torture. There were diabolical whips, thick leather-covered sticks,

bamboo canes, huge dildoes, clamps of different kinds, electrical cables...

Max closed the door, took off her cuffs and sat down, stark naked, on the bed. The girl looked in horror at his huge erection.

"Get up on here," he ordered, pointing to a small raised platform, hardly more than a foot off the ground. She did not move.

"What's your name?"

"Tracy." She put one hand over her vagina and another over her breasts.

"Where are you from?" asked Max, lying on the bed, propping himself up on one elbow. His huge erection was pointing straight at the girl.

"California. Los Angeles." There was a flicker of hope in her eyes. It was the first time she had been able to speak English there.

"How did you get here?" It was a silly question. Max knew the answer.

"I was arrested at the airport. They say they found drugs in my bags."

"You're a dealer."

"No. They weren't mine. Somebody must have planted them on me."

"And then?"

"It ... it was horrible," she sobbed. "Listen, this is all crazy! You must help me! You're American. We're both American. We're both black."

"You're wrong about one thing. I'm African. Kenyan. And I hate Americans."

"But I ... you ... you don't know what they did to me!" she stammered.

"What did they do?"

"They took me to a prison. It was filthy. They handcuffed my hands behind my back and they put me in a tiny little cell, about two yards across, like a cage. There were lots of men in the cells on either side..." Tracy stopped. She felt ill, telling him all about it. She felt exactly what she was, naked. And the platform was degrading, humiliating...

Max waited for her to go on.

"I had to stay in the middle. If I moved at all they would... I panicked. One of them reached my shirt and pulled it off." Her eyes were shining. "I managed to get away... I didn't understand them. They weren't speaking English. Then some of the started to ... started to..." She dropped her head in shame.

"Started to what?"

"To touch themselves..."

"And you were surprised?" asked Max, dropping his hand onto his erect penis... "Look up. Look at me!" he ordered. "And carry on. What

happened next?"

"One of the guards came at night. He saw me without a shirt on and he said something to the prisoners. They all started laughing and got excited. He opened the cage, came in and pushed me against one of the sides. I had hands all over me, it was horrible... On my hair, over my body... Then he came and pulled my pants off and raped me. When he ... he ... finished he let the men in and he went away."

Tracy broke down. It was all too recent. It had all happened only two nights before...

"Help me, please. I wasn't carrying drugs. I haven't done anything to deserve all this..."

"Carry on with your story."

"They raped me. They hit me. They hurt me. All night. They forced me to do horrible, filthy things, and I had to say filthy things, all night..."

"What did you have to do exactly?"

Her eyes went blank. She staggered momentarily. She looked as if she was about to faint.

"Well?"

Tracy tried to speak. Her head was spinning.

"I had to kiss them, you know..."

"No, I don't. I want you to tell me about it."

"I had to kiss them."

"Where?"

"On the genitals!. And lick them, on the feet... And on their buttocks! There were lots of them and they were all filthy!"

She ran her hand over her face in confusion, giving Max the chance to look at her in more detail. She was magnificent, no doubt about that!. A white woman with that body would be worth an absolute fortune...

"Finish your story."

"In the morning they took me out of the cage and a doctor gave me a check-up. Then they shut me up in the cage again, naked and with my hands behind my back. A woman, an older woman, she looked European, came later. She said she, she wanted to help me. She asked me about my family, my friends, why I was travelling… A few hours later they brought me here and put me in the cage below with the others… Where am I?

What is this place?"

"And you haven't seen her since?" asked Max, ignoring her question.

"Yes, once" Tracy mumbled.

"So, how is she going to help you?"

"You won't believe it," she sobbed. "She's lesbian. And she's perverted! She took me to her room. She put an iron bar in my mouth, like a horse's, like what they pull on. It hurt my lips."

Max looked at her in amusement. He knew his hostess's tastes...

"She tied me up. It was agony. She tied my elbows together behind my back, and my hands, and she tied my big toes to my wrists… I couldn't move. It hurt all the time." She paused to control her breathing. She was panicking as it all came back to her.

"I was on a bed. And … and then she … she got up onto the bed … and she sat on my face!" Tract sobbed again. "I'm sorry… I … She … made me put my tongue out. She said she like my black lips and my black tongue…"

Tears were running down the girl's lovely face.

"She rubbed herself on my face. She came three times. She's a pig. She told me I'd been sentences to fifteen years for possessing drugs. I don't know if it's true. She said she'd done a deal with them and I could do the fifteen years in her house. She said I'd have to work for her…"

"Work?"

Tracy's voice was hardly audible. "As a prostitute."

"Have you done that kind of work before?"

"No. She said she'd train me. She said I should learn it on my own if I could."

"I can help you," Max said after a long pause while the girl sobbed.

Tracy dropped her hands unconsciously, revealing her breasts and her vagina. She looked at him, puzzled.

"No hassle, he went on. I'll help you because we're black and because I like you. Now put your hands behind your neck."

She looked at him disconcerted, but she obeyed.

"The first thing a prostitute has to learn is to present her goods professionally."

"But you said…"

"I said I'd help you and I will. I'll help you to be a good whore so you

can meet Mme Roissy's expectations. Turn round slowly. No, leave your hands behind your head."

Tracy obeyed. She was confused and very nervous.

Max's jaw dropped very slightly. He was impressed. He had seen this kind of thing lots of times, and this was one of the best. His hard-on was beginning to get insistent. She was amazing. It made him ache to look at her.

"Stop there, facing me. Hold your stomach in, give us a little pelvic thrust there, it'll bring your pussy up, and stand with your legs apart."

"Please…"

"Shut up and obey orders!" he said, with unexpected force.

He had her up there on the platform for a quarter of an hour. He lay on the bed giving instructions and the girl stood up on tiptoe, bent forwards, knelt down, opened her legs while still kneeling, stood up and showed him her buttocks, pulled her own cheeks apart and showed him her anus… Max scrutinized every inch of her lovely body from the bed.

Finally he ordered her to get down from the platform. She was bewildered, dizzy, humiliated… She had never shown her most intimate parts to a man like that before.

"The second thing you have to learn is how to kiss and embrace your client. How to provoke him with your body when you do it." He stood up and put his arms round her. Tracy's head dropped…

"Kiss me!" he said, pulled her hair back, lifting her face…

He gazed into her lovely eyes, now brimming with tears.

She was tall but not tall enough for him to kiss easily.

"Up on tiptoe!"

Tracy stood on tiptoe and offered him her full, sensual lips.

Max ran his hand down her back and took a firm handful of buttock. His other hand held her hair.

The woman knew how to kiss a man. She did it immediately, almost passionately. She still thought he was her only hope, he could see that.

"Now rub your great big floppy whore's tits against me."

She did, rubbing her nipples gently against him till they were erect and wrinkled. She was aware of his enormously hard shaft pressing against her stomach.

They kissed, lips on lips, breast on chest, skin on skin. "Lift your knee a bit." She raised a knee and he moved sideways to get the pressure of her thighs onto his member…

"You do the preliminaries very well. There's one thing you need to learn though. Respect! So get down on your knees!" he shouted suddenly.

Tracy looked surprised but knelt before him.

"Start with the feet and work your way up," he said, stroking her lips with one finger.

Tracy started kissing his large African feet.

"Lick too."

Her pinkish tongue went into action. Max looked down in satisfaction as the tongue worked its way up.

"Come up a bit higher now."

Tracy knew where her tongue was going and it did not matter. This man could help her! She did not want to find herself in a cage full of Arabs again like in prison…

She came to his genitals and was surprised to see how his testicles moved around in their heavy bags. She found it repugnant but she caressed them with her tongue over and over again…

"That's enough. You can finish the job now."

Still kneeling, she straightened up a little and pressed her magnificent breasts against his thighs. She pressed her full breasts against his penis and trapped it between them, squeezing it. "Use your mouth." She took the purplish tip, throbbing, into her mouth. She had to open her mouth wide to get it in.

For the next half hour, Max explained to her in great detail what she should do, where she should put her tongue, how far down to run her lips, how much to suck and when, where to press with her finger when he was getting dangerously close to orgasm…

By the time he shot off into her mouth, warning her to swallow every last drop of his semen, the sculpturesque girl from Los Angeles was already an expert at fellacio. She swallowed until his penis shrank in her mouth, taking in all his hot, thick liquid, with its strange salty smell.

She tried to imagine it was something else, but nothing came to mind.

It was semen.

Max was exhausted. He took the girl by the hair over to the bed and lay her down.

Tired as he was, he found that girl irresistible. He sat on her vagina, with one knee each side of her, and kissed her and stroked her breasts and stomach.

"You've got a nice pair here. And a nice neck. Later on we'll go right down into your throat."

Tracy was pressing her vagina against his flaccid member. She could not repress a slight shudder when he mentioned her throat, Max noted.

"Don't worry," he said. "It's nothing. You just have to hold your breath and make sure you're not sick…"

He yawned and lay down next to her. She did not dare move. His penis was limp for a time, but grew again even though he seemed to be asleep.

When he started to wake up, she squatted over him and let herself down on his penis. Slowly, rhythmically, she began to mover her pelvis around as if she was doing a dance to hypnotize a snake.

Max opened his eyes. It was paradise, or as close as he ever expected to get.

The girl was looking down at him, her eyes full of passion rather than fright this time, her superbly erotic breasts swinging heavily over him, asking to be sucked…

He let her do all the work. She was good with her pussy too…

After his second orgasm he ordered her back to the platform.

She obeyed, but seemed surprised. How could he want more? she thought to herself. And what did he want from her now? She'd been up there before and showed him all she had to show.

"Now it's your turn to come."

Her turn to come! How could he humiliate her like that, after all she had just done for him?

She put one hand on her vagina, and began stroking it with her fingers.

"Open your eyes! Look at me when you masturbate!"

Tracy looked at him. At first she just used her fingers to press on her sex lips, and then she made bigger movements, pressing hard with the ball at the base of her hand, pressing hard onto her vagina…

She lifted her other hand, which had been hanging idle, and stimulated both nipples, first by running little circles round them and then directly on the nipple.

Then her other hand went inside her sex lips, and the tips of her fingers found her clitoris. She ran two fingers up and down it, keeping it in the crack between the fingers. Then she turned her hand sideways and pressed harder with three fingers. She gave a sudden gasp, and threw her head to one side in a spasm. Very soon she was jerking her pelvis and her breasts were flying around crazily, banging into each other, wobbling, shaking, trembling wildly, quivering like jello… Max licked his lips. He had never seen anything so erotic. All his life had been fascinated by the idea of a woman masturbating, and he had seen many do it, but this was one of the wildest, sexiest performances he had ever seen. Without realising, he had put his hand back on the base of is member and was running his thumb up and down it…

He watched in amazement as she went into deep convulsions, her shapely legs trembling, her buttocks going tense and then relaxing, her nostrils flaring, her mouth gasping, grunting, groaning, whimpering, and from time to time she let out a "No, no, noooooo", and a long soft moan…

Finally she threw back her head and went into a hyper-rhythm, fucking her fingers at high speed. Then she groaned and grunted and let out a huge cry as she went into a body-shaking orgasm…

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

She let out a sigh, and her shoulders slumped. She staggered for a moment and Max thought she would fall, but she recovered her balance. Her head dropped. She was panting. Her eyes closed. It was all over.

Max waited for a moment. Then he stood up, put his arms round her from the back, got hold of her firm hips, and pushed her head down, presenting her firm buttocks. To the girl’s surprise he sank his penis deep

into her ass. He did it hard, brutally, and he knew it was painful.

The girl shouted out.

Fortunately for her, it was over in a few minutes – Max was overexcited from seeing her masturbate.

"A whore has three holes," he said, as he bummed her once more for his third orgasm. "You've still got things to learn."

When he finished he pulled out and forced the girl to clean his member with her lips and tongue. Then he called the eunuch.

Tracy tried again. "Please. Help me get out of here. I'll do whatever you want. I'll do it all the time. I'll make love with you whenever you want… Help me, please!"

Max said nothing. When the eunuch came he told him to take the black slut away. The man pulled her out by the hair.

"And tell Mme Roissy that she called her perverted. And that she asked me to help her escape. That's ungrateful to her hostess. She'd still be in prison if it weren't for Mme Roissy!"!"

Tracy felt a surge of pure hatred rise in her…

"You bastard!" she said. "You filthy, dirty bastard, son of a bitch!"

Max smiled. "See you tomorrow, dear. We'll carry on where we left off."

The eunuch took her off. She was no match for the shorter but heavier man, who had done this many times before with women a lot more hysterical than her…

Max poured himself a brandy and sipped it as her curses faded into the distance. The next session would be interesting…



Meanwhile, on a distant atoll in the Pacific, a party is under way...

Not long to go now, I reckon, Ben said to himself. A lot of people have left already. This is the most boring party I've ever been to. I've had enough of it all, all the laughter, the jokes, the songs, the happy birthdays, the champagne corks, the applause...

An eternity…

I want to see my birthday present…

I can't take the pain in my arms and wrists any more, she said to herself. I can't take the cramp in my legs.

That sadistic bastard Max went away six hours ago. He left me tied up ready for his son Ben. I never met such a complete jerk in all my life. I'm supposed to be his present, his birthday present. I don't know what's going to happen when he sees me. I don't care. I just want it to happen soon.

I'm in his bungalow, on tiptoe, my wrists tied to a rope hanging from the ceiling, waiting for the cretin to come to bed.

I can just picture the dumb look on his face when he discovers I'm the present his father's giving him. He always fancied me at school. He could never take his masturbator's eyes off me!

I've blown it this time, for sure. I was dumb too. I must have been, if not why am I here and not in Boston, sitting in class at university, walking in the park with Gary...

I try to stretch up as much as possible to take some of the weight off my wrists. It's hard. I can only just keep the tips of my toes on the ground. I

can't close my legs at all. The bastard tied my ankles apart, a good couple of feet apart. It's simple but effective. I've been like this all afternoon. Christ, I can't take it any more! I've got cramp in my legs again! I can't cut it out, it's too sharp, it hurts too much...

I try to change positions, but there's not much I can do.

Ben, hurry up, you fucking idiot, come back to your stupid rich boy's bungalow!

I spent most of this week in a stupid cage in the sun. Nice of Max to cover me in suntan cream from time to time. He's a thoughtful bastard. Said he wanted a healthy outdoor girl look.

Yes, he's got it. There are mirrors everywhere here and I can see how brown I am. I look good alright. I can see myself everywhere – walls, ceiling, even on the floor between my legs!

They washed my blonde hair. It looks good with the tan. My eyes look good too, the brown skin sets off the green.

He made me put on a simple white dress, made of silk, very classy, with lace, nice to feel I must admit. Deep V-neck. It's all planned. I look sexy. I know and there's nothing I can do about it.

The dress is a tight fit. It's very short too, and it's practically off the shoulder. When I've got my arms up like this it hardly covers my crutch.

Tiny little buttons hold it together in the front, top to bottom, all the way. They don't go into normal buttons either. They go into buttonholes on the end of little lace loops that stick out from the other side, so they leave a strip of skin uncovered all the way down the front.

And they took my panties off too!

It's no better round the back. There is no back, just a big "U" all the way down to the top of my buttocks. There's only about nine inches of silk to cover them...

Before he left, Max took my shoes off and left them on the ground. He put some stupid sandals on me, with a high heel, and he just left me. He was smiling. He's a right bastard.

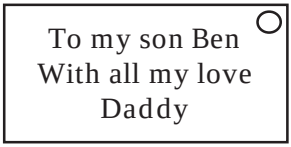
"You'll be very pleased to see my son this time, believe me!" he said.

He was right. I want to see his idiotic son.

Oh yes, and he came back and put some French perfume on me. Behind the ears, between the breasts, on my thighs, and he rubbed a lot in between

my legs.

Then he put the label round my neck.



I found it so humiliating! He put a blue ribbon round my neck and a yellow garter on my right thigh. I look like one of those "Superstar" dolls hanging from a Christmas tree!

Oh God, it's terrible! I can't move. I can see the yellow garter in the mirror, it's trembling...

Come back, please come back, Ben, untie me! I'd shout if I could. I can't. He left this filthy gag in. It's shaped like a penis and it goes down my throat. It's vile, it's filth, like everything here.

Thank God he didn't put the stinging dildo in me! I've never felt anything like that. I don't know what he put on it, but it stung like hell.

How is it all possible? How is it I'm here thinking about these things as if they were just normal experiences?

The things they've done to me in the last two weeks! They've raped me every way they know. They've provoked me, and they've done all they could to make me feel humiliated.

I never thought things like this would happen to me.

And here I am. A present! Gift-wrapped and waiting to be gift-fucked. All done up in bows and laces and silk, waiting to be opened. I can imagine it. He's a nasty bastard. What will he do when he sees me?

He was just a spotty kid at college. A kid with a father with a chip on his shoulder. You could see it. He was never comfortable with the white parents. Ben was just a kid trapped in a big body. An African Frankenstein. I admit I treated him like shit. I shouldn't have, it 's true. He deserved it though. He was too big, too dumb, too clumsy, too smelly... What the hell did he expect from me? I only had to smile and all the boys came running. I don't know what the fuck he expected from a girl from a good, Catholic, Boston family.

And now I'm the one who doesn't know what to expect. Now he'll get his own back. He'll pay me back for the slap in the face I gave him in front of everybody in the lift. When the lift stopped the other people grabbed him. I would never have thought such a thing was possible, so many educated people all trying to hit and punch him, all defending a white woman... I wish I had a few of them around now.

I know. I'll say I'm sorry! I'll try to seduce him. He won't be able to say no. They never can. They all carry their brains in their dicks. You get what you want if you're pretty. You just have to look and a smile...

I'm not so sure if that would work with his father though. He's a real dirty pig, a hard nut. He's tortured me and he's raped me and he's made me feel ashamed to be myself and he never batted an eyelid. Poor Martha, just eighteen and in his hands…

Everything hurts.

I would commit suicide if I could...

When they take the gag out I'll talk to him. He'll listen to me. He's not like his father. I'll tell him the horrible things his father has done to me. He'll get my revenge for me, he'll do anything for me, he'll kill his father if I tell him to...

And when I get back to Boston I'll report him too. I'll put an end to all of this. Gary will help me...

Someone's coming!

The door's opening. It's him. Christ, he can hardly stand up! He's pissed.

He's surprised too. He doesn't know what's going on.

He's too dumb to work it out.

He's lost it. He's blown it. He won't even remember it's his birthday!

Where did he get those loud Bermuda shorts from, the jerk?

And those white sports shoes without socks?

Why doesn't he do them up at least?

They're all the same!

They should have left him in the ghetto.

He's coming over. He picks up one of the oil lamps and holds it up to my face. Shit, his face looks grim so close up!

He lowers the lamp. I can feel the heat on my breasts. He can't take his eyes off my breasts.

Fuck! My nipples are erect. What the hell are they doing?

I'm trembling. It's not cold. I can feel sweat on my forehead and in my armpits. My eyes are stinging.

He hasn't said anything. He bends down and looks carefully at me.

I can see the top of his curly head between my legs. I try to close them at the top, but I can't. Cramp in my legs, I've been like this too long...

He pinches my thigh above the garter and looks up and smiles.

"Let me down!" I say, putting some authority into my voice. It comes out wrong, just a big muffled noise, but he probably understands.

He looks at me and smiles. "Mmmmmmmmm!" he says, running his hand down my leg, to my struggling foot...

He squeezes it and strokes it slowly, running his finger over the bottom of my foot several times, then the ankles... He takes me by the ankle and pulls me so my legs are even further apart now... My wrists are going to drop off. He puts the shoes on me, the whore's shoes with the high heel. He steps back and looks, apparently pleased with the effect. He still hasn't spoken...

Yes, I'm afraid now. Really afraid. Things aren't going the way I'd thought. And the pain is getting worse!

I look behind Ben. A mirror shows me his naked back, fat but solid. And behind him I see someone I hardly recognise, a blonde with her arms and legs wide apart, offering herself. She's got a bright yellow garter on her thigh and a blue sandal with fine straps on her delicate right foot. Her left foot is still lifted, naked. The man does not move. The woman is shaking like a poplar leaf in the wind, I can see that…

"Mmmmmmmmmm…"

I try to speak, to ask him to take the gag out. He's drunk and doesn't hear. Can't the idiot see I'm all tied up?

He comes up to me again, but this time walks round me. Twice.

He stops behind me.

I try to turn my head.

I can't. I feel like an animal at market. I'm just a handbag in a shop window.

I can feel the heat of the lamp on the small of my back. I can't see, but I know he's looking at me…

A finger moves my dress, carefully. I can feel the heat again. It's going to burn me.

He's too drunk to know what he's doing.

He lifts the lamp and fumbles clumsily with the label hanging from my ear. I try to turn my head.

"Aaaaaaghhhhhh!" He's pulled it off, earring and all!

A drop of blood, my blood, falls onto my short dress.

He stands in front of me. He's reading the note, mouthing the words like the dumb asshole he is. I hate him. He makes me sick!

He looks at me again, surprised I think.

He looks at my breasts and then at my eyes.

He's still trying to work it all out.

"Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!"

I try to speak to him again. I have to speak to him, to get him to untie me.

"Mmmm mmm mmmmmm mmmmmmmmm!"

No reaction.

I'm getting frightened now. He looks weird. His eyes are shining. He runs his big fat hands over my waist. I twist and turn, trying to get free. His hands go down onto my cheeks. He squeezes them, hard.

"MMMMMM MMMMMMMMM!"

"So you're my present," he says. His breath smells of alcohol.

He's hurting me. His hands are so big both my buttocks fit into them! He digs his nails into my crack at the back…

He presses against me. Oh God, it's huge! It's like a rock, it's enormous!

It's like a truncheon!

He's moving slowly, like he's in a dream, somewhere else... I don't know what he wants…

He stands up and unties my wrists.

At last!

I can't feel my arms. I can't move them. They just hang by my sides.

He holds me up. My legs are shaking… All the strength has gone from them.

He ties my wrists together again behind my back with insulating tape, palm to palm.

What the hell's he doing that for?

What's he going to do now?

He hangs a rope from the ceiling and ties it to my hair, very tight.

No … not again, please…

I have to stand up again on tiptoe. Or pull my hair off.

He turns round and goes over to the fridge. He pours himself a drink.

He comes back with the glass and a high stool from the bar. He puts it next to me and leaves the glass on it. He's carrying a belt with a buckle. He puts it on me. I can feel it go round my arms, high up, above the elbows.

"AAAAAGGHHHHHH!!!"

He pulls the elbows together.

My breasts are pressed tight against the silk dress. My nipples are erect, I don't know why. The cut in the middle opens and two buttons fly off. Half of my left breast is exposed.

What's he doing?

I look in the mirror. There I am again, the blonde still on tiptoe, stiff, her legs open like before, but this time with two new blue shoes. Her back is arched, her breasts are hanging forwards on display and her buttocks are raised..

The blonde hair is not falling onto her shoulders any more. It's up in the air.

"Before I open my present," he says, "you and I have a score to settle."

I hold my breath. His mouth stinks. His face is very close to mine.

He puts his fingers onto my throat. He feels the horrible dildo that is penetrating my mouth and he smiles. He puts his arms on my shoulders and takes my gag out. I feel the obscene object rubbing over the ring when he pulls it out. He looks at it in surprise. A foot of revolting, flexible

black penis, with all the details, veins, holes… It's dripping with spit.

I try to say something but I can't close my mouth. I can't feel my length. Why doesn't he untie me? What's his game?

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

I am crying. I am sweating. My cheek, my hair, the tendons in my neck, it all hurts. He slapped me in the face, hard. He's going to do it again…

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

Christ. He hit me with the back of the hand this time, on the other cheek.

I can't do anything. I'm defenceless, with my arms behind my back, tied by the hair. I try to turn my head, but he holds me by the chin and he puts his finger and thumb into my mouth.

His face, his stinking mouth, are coming nearer. He's repulsive. Big thick lips, pink tongue, gorilla's teeth…

He pulls my mouth open. I haven't got the strength to resist. God, he wouldn't…

"UGH!"

He spat in my mouth, the filthy swine!

"Swallow the spit, you big slut!"

I try to get it out with my tongue, but he closes my mouth. Nothing I can do. My mouth fills up with more saliva, my own…

I swallow a little bit.

It's disgusting.

I'm crying now. The son of a bitch is getting his own back alright. And he looks as if he's enjoying it too.

I swallow again. He's in no hurry. He presses my cheek in with a finger. I shake my head. I swallow a bit more…

And then he covers my nose.

I'm choking, I can't breathe. No air! Just a big face smiling face…

I swallow it all. My throat heaves and I get it all down.

God, let me breathe, let me breathe…

Finally he lets go of my head. I want to be sick. It's my stomach now, it's going round and round, it's heaving. But he puts his hand on my

mouth again. I can't even be sick properly!

A little bit comes up and this time I swallow it straight away.

I look into his eyes while I do it. I'm begging him to let me go, the only way I can, with my eyes, but he just stands there smiling. A great swollen balloon of a fat face, just smiling and smiling…

He lifts his hand very slowly and holds the open palm to one side of my face.

"NOOOOOOOOOO!!!" I manage to shout.
SLAAAAAAP!
Right side...
SLAAAAAAP!
Left side…
SLAAAAAAP!
Right side...
SLAAAAAAP!
Left side…

My head goes from one side to the other, back and forth. Hard, sharp slaps each time, systematic, endless, all full of revenge, all aimed at hurting and humiliating me…

A woman is being slapped in the face by a man. A white woman is being attacked by a black man…

He wants me to feel it that way, simple and primitive, slap, slap. He wants me to see he can do that to me if he wants, and anything else too…

He wants to humiliate me, to break my spirit. He wants me to bend before him, to surrender my body to him.

His ego needs that, my total, white surrender.

My eyes cloud over.
My head is spinning.
I can't feel the rope on my hair any more.
I can't feel the slaps…
I can't hear the slaps…
I can't see his…

He's lying on the bed.

Sleeping it off.

He's naked. I look at him. Not much else I can do. I've woken up on a bed with a strange wooden post in the middle of it. I'm on my knees now and the bastard's tied my feet right back to my thighs with leather straps. They're tight and they're hurting me.

I've still got my shoes on. I've still got my hands and elbows tied back behind me and there are rough ropes above and below my breasts. He tied me to the post.

My dress is creased, torn, covered in sweat and it hardly covers anything any more. The silly, humiliating laces are still in place. I've got something in my mouth. It's dirty and smelly. He's put a thin piece of string over my mouth, I think. It's digging into the corners.

The dirty bastard has left his birthday present tied up and waiting while he sleeps...

He's lying on his back with his mouth open. He snores. He's got his hand on his penis. It's unbelievable. I've never seen anything as big as that. It's only half-erect and it's huge. Much bigger than his father's, thicker...

He's not circumcised. I can't see the tip properly but it looks a horrible purple colour. Oh, God, I can't stop looking at it!

What the hell am I doing here? I just don't believe it. Rebecca Johnson, youngest member of a well-known branch of a famous family, what the hell is she doing here, kneeling next to a bed looking at the penis of a big dumb black who fell for her at college and has just spent fifteen minutes slapping her in the face?

And I'm tied up! Trussed up like a Thanksgiving turkey. I'm a woman, a human being, not a chicken! It's immoral, it goes against all the best principles, against human rights, against me...

But there's something in this mad situation that is being to look normal. First his father rapes me, all tied up and offering him my most private parts, like a shameless woman, and now his son ties me up again...

I'm beginning to see that I'm going to pay for making a fool of him at

college...

He's stroking himself in his sleep! He's pinching himself with his great big sausage fingers. I've never seen anything like them unless it's his big baloney penis...

I remember the day I went with some friends to buy a jokey present for Cindy's birthday. We went to a sex shop. We laughed till the tears ran down our faces! I picked up the biggest dildo they had and we took it to the till. A black like Ben smiled. He said he had one just as big but a different colour. I was offended There was no need for him to be obscene like that. We walked out without buying anything. Then we just giggled and giggled.

I didn't believe the man, but now...

It's getting bigger and bigger. The foreskin's stretching and the tip's coming through. Big heavy veins all the way down it, sticking out, twisted, and his balls...

It's horrendous! Like moving tennis balls, huge balls! Why are they moving? They're moving round! It's revolting.

What's he going to do to me when he wakes up?

I don't want to think about it.

Christ! He woke up ten minutes ago and he hasn't stopped looking at me and wanking. His penis is hard and pointing right up. It looks like a flag-pole. It's a weapon, a thick, obscene weapon…

His left hand pulls down the foreskin and he touches his tip. He winces. He spits on his hands and wets his penis with his own spit. And all the time he looks at me with that stupid expression, half dumb, half aggressive.

I'm frightened. I can't cover myself. I'm not wearing any panties and I can't close my legs... These straps are making me stick my breasts out too...

I try not to move. I know he likes watching me writhe around in the ropes. When I do he just wanks harder.

What am I doing here? What did I do to deserve this?

He stands up.

I look into his eyes. He's cruel. He's sick. He's a psychopath.

I try to look at his face and not at his member. It's a foot long. He's behind me...

He unties me, but not all the ropes, only the ones that hold me to the post.

I look at him and I start crying. Fuck! I wish I wouldn't do that!

He smiles.

He holds me by the hair.

He's grabbed my vagina!

He's losing control...

I try to turn my back on him, to close my legs, but it's useless. He pushes me back onto the bed with his big fat hands. I'm defenceless, forced to exhibit myself to him with my legs apart, my back arched backwards, my breasts sticking out and, shit! my nipples erect...

Two more buttons fly off...

He kneels down between my thighs. He looks at me. He can see everything, that's why his tongue is out and he's licking his lips...

He decided to kiss me. He holds my head in both hands and he starts wetting my face with his stinking spit. I can feel his rough tongue all over my cheeks, all over my chin...

He looks at me for a moment. He's lost it. He's sex-crazed. He keeps on kissing me and licking me. He kisses me on the lips, pulled back by the dirty gag and the string to hold it in. He runs his tongue over them. I hate the man!

"Do you like my socks? They're the ones I was wearing when I came to the island. I don't wear socks here usually. You can get used to the smell because you're going to lick my feet every morning from now on..."

Shit! It's a twenty-four hour flight from Boston!

He's getting excited now and he looks mean. He's not drunk but he's got an alcoholic's cruel look in his eye.

I can feel something hard pressing against my vagina. Something threatening… It opens my lips and just stays there, holding fire, biding its time...

He gets up on his knees. He undoes the few buttons that are still on. The tiny sleeves go down the arm, and my shoulders and breasts are naked, an unwilling offering.

He just looks.

Saliva runs out of his mouth and drips onto my breast.

He leans forward again, lower. He's pressing harder between my legs, opening my lips a bit more.

He sucks on my left nipple. He catches it with his teeth and presses it slowly. I'm trembling, I know, I can't stop. I'm frightened. He's going to hurt me...

"AAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

He smiles again, his jaw hanging stupidly slack. He bit me. It was terrible. My nipple is erect, swollen...

He goes down onto the other nipple...

"AAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

The other one!

Tears run down my cheeks. I can't do a thing to stop him. For all I know he'll carry on until he's bitten my nipples off. He can torture me any way he likes...

He could kill me if he wanted to.

"You don't know how much I wanted you, Rebecca."

It's disconcerting. Why does he sound friendly? Or is sorry for himself?

"It's better like this though," he goes on. "My father has taught me how to treat white sluts like you."

Hatred again. Bitterness. He takes me by the hair with his left hand and he twists my breast around with the other. He pulls my face left and right, kisses my ears, my neck, pinches my nipple, kneads my breast like baker's dough, he's torturing me…

"You're all mine now. You're a present, the best present I've ever had. You don't look a gift horse in the mouth. You look it right in the cunt."

He's obscene, not funny. He's violent too. He doesn't know what he's doing, what he's saying…

I'm frightened. Very frightened.

"We'll talk about it some time. I've got other things on my mind now."

He's pressing against me, into me... Christ!

I bite onto the dirty socks. I have to. He's going to tear me apart!

I breathe in hard and screw my eyes up. It's going in and out…

"Open your eyes and look at me!"

He's possessing me. My mind, my body…

I obey. I open my eyes and see his big face inches away. He starts kissing me on the mouth, kissing the string over his own filthy socks! He's repulsive.

He lets go of my hair and puts his hands on my knees. He pulls them apart, as hard as he can, until my thighs are stretched to breaking point. He goes in further. How much more is there? I arch my back as much as I can, but I can't stop him. He's still going in further with each thump. I didn't know I had some of the places he's thumping. He's going to…

"AAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHH!!!"

He's right in and he's still going. I twist round, I'm crying, he's hurting me…

"You don't know how many nights I've spent thinking about you," he says in between grunts and groans and puffing and panting. I never knew it would be so good. I didn't know I'd fuck you all trussed up like this. I would have gone crazy if I'd thought about it…"

I can't think about his words. He's hurting me too much. But I know he's a sex maniac. A psychopath probably. His father was into sex, but at least I understood him. You could see he was sane, more or less. This one is dangerous. Terror. Torture. Surrender. Humiliation. He wants to destroy me...

My elbows hurt, they're under me, taking all the weight. My legs hurt, open wide like that. And his big penis is still drilling into me.

"Mmmmmmmmmmmmmm...!"

I can't speak but I'm begging him to stop.

Pull out, please, untie my knees, please, I'm thinking...

Useless. He thumps harder and harder, faster and faster into me, and his big clumsy hands pull my lips apart so he can see me better.

I shake my head, I speak with my eyes. The more he sees me begging him to stop, the more it excites him.

His huge balls are slapping into my buttocks. He wants to hurt me.

And what will happen when he's finished? Will he let me go?

I close my eyes and rest my cheek on the bed. He's riding me like I was a horse. He pulls back slowly and thumps when he goes forward. He's trying to get me to react. He wants my body to respond...

He hates me.

I would kill him if I could. I wouldn't think twice.

He's very excited now. I hopes he comes quickly. I'm feeling sick. Better than giving him the reaction he wants. I only know my vagina is sore. I don't want it to be stimulated. It would be the final humiliation. It would make me an accomplice, not a victim.

He's coming... I can feel it...

Suddenly, unexpectedly, he pulls out, holds my head by the hair and spurts his semen into my face, all over my face...

It's revolting. It's hot and thick. It goes on and on, spurt after spurt...

I squeeze my eyes up to keep it out and I hold my breath. How much more is there?

Finally, he stops. I open my eyes. They're stinging with tears and semen.

I feel dirty, used.

His hand runs down my stomach and he strokes my vagina.

"Next time you're going to come when I do."

Next time! I don't want to hear that! I don't want a next time.

He runs his semen over my face with his fingers, down my neck, over my breasts…

"Not bad for a beginner… You'll soon learn, what do you say?"

Learn? Learn what? Learn how to be raped. God help me!

He lifts me up by the hair and vagina at the same time, and turns me over on the bed. He pulls me up onto my knees and holds my dress, which has ridden up and is now round my waist. His other hand is still on my hair. He makes me press my breasts down onto the bed and hold my bottom up high. I fear the worst. I feel him pull my cheeks apart, the cold air going in to the sweat and semen…

"MMMMMMMMMGGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

I shout out. He penetrates me with one hard push. No warning. This time there is no limit, even for his long penis.

The pain is unbearable....

He pulls at my hair and twists it, at the same time as he's holding my face down onto the bed. He's going to pull my hair out, but he doesn't stop, he pulls harder and harder as his testicles slap into my buttocks…

Then he stops and holds it in me. An eternity… I can't take any more. It's going to kill me. He must have broken something. God help me … I can't … I'm going … it's going dark, spinning…

Again…

Dark.

The edge of the table is digging into me. From the way it hurts, I must have been like this for hours. It's the most humiliating posture imaginable…

My back is on the table and my feet are tied to ropes and lifted up, hanging from the ceiling. I'm completely naked, barefoot, and my buttocks are sticking out over the edge of the table. Everything hurts, my legs that are tense and stretched, my back, my vagina, my anus…

He's sitting there with a drink in his hand, reading a filthy magazine. He is wearing his cheap and nasty sports shoes.

He realises I'm awake…

He takes a last sip…

He gets up…

He comes over to me… Oh, no! He's holding the bamboo cane! His pig of a father caned me with it last week!

He strokes my ankles with the tips of his fingers. Mercy, have mercy on me, I would shout if I could. He's going to hurt me, I feel sure.

He ties my thumbs together with a kind of shoelace.

Hard.

He strokes the soles of my feet. I jump. I'm ticklish.

A terrible cramp runs down my right calf, caused by the forced postures

he tied me up in.

He runs his hand down, slowly, over the shaking calf. He squeezes it where he knows it hurts most. He carries on exploring. I shudder when he strokes the top of my thighs, the soft skin…

"Easy, easy now," he says, as if he's talking to a mare.

He comes to my vagina. He puts two big fingers into me, then takes them out and sniffs them.

"Hmmmm … nice...."

I burst into tears again. It's all so indecent, so filthy, so monstrous…

I jerk back, arching my back, as if he's given me an electric shock.

"You're very sensitive," he says, seeing me jerk. He's put both fingers into my ass…

The kettle whistles. Is he going to have a cup of tea?

"I'm going to clean you," he says. Christ! NOOOOO!

He fetches the tea pot and a huge metal syringe, the sort a doctor puts in your ears. He wouldn't…

He shows me what he's going to do. He pours the boiling water in a vase and fills the metal syringe. It says 1,000cc on the side. Two pints?

He puts it down on the table next to me. He's burnt his fingers.

"We'll have to do this quickly. It's no use cold."

He can't … he won't really…

He picks it up with a cloth…

"AAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHH!!!"
"AAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"
"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!"

It's inhuman. It's cruel and savage and vicious. I'm still sore from the rape and now … I just want to die! I want all this to end.

The water runs around inside, burning me. The ropes are digging into me, my thumbs are nearly being dislocated…

I want to die! TO DIE!

The water's not so hot now. I look round through my tears. Yes, just as I thought…

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH

THWAAAAAAAAAAACK!
"AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

He's caned me on the thigh, right at the top.

"Time for you and me to have a little chat."

The pain helps me forget my bowels. I can't hold them much longer though. I'll have to let go. Just as I am, in front of him. Total humiliation! He wants to break my will, to destroy me, to make me dirty and to make me feel dirty, to make me feel like a lump of shit, a turd…

"I'm going to ask you some questions. You nod or shake your head, OK?"

I nod. Quickly, to avoid another caning.

"When I was in love with you and you were ignoring me, you were fucking that stupid professor, Gary. Right?"

Hell! What can I say?
SWIIIIIIIIISHHHHHHHH!
THWAAAAAAAAACK!
"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!"

"I want an answer! And I want the truth!"

I'm trembling all over, from pain and fright. I'm terrified. He hit me a bit lower, full on the bottom. I can't hold it much longer. I know that whatever I do, whatever I say, he'll find an excuse for hitting me. He'll do it as often as he wants, till he gets tired or kills me.

I nod, more aware than ever of my bowels going round…

"Let's see if I've got this right. We met at the beginning of the course and you went to Nairobi to interview my father. That was at Christmas. So that's three months."

No, I'm saying to myself, don't stop, carry on talking, say anything you like, but don't hit me again…

"And three months is ninety nights, more or less. Did you fuck that bastard eighty or ninety times, would you say?"

I shake my head. How the hell does this madman expect me to know how many times I made love with Gary?

He carries on asking, trying to work it out, torturing himself maybe

but torturing me more…

I'm shaking my head, thinking of Gary. He's my only hope. He's the only one who knows I went to Nairobi to see Max.

He must be looking for me now…

SWIIIIIIIIISHHHHHHHH!
THWAAAAAAAAACK!
"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!"

The earth shudders and spins with each blow of the bamboo cane...

"As you're not helping me much, I'll decide. Let's suppose you fucked fifty times. You white sluts from good families, that's all you're good for, that's all you do, fuck, fuck, fuck…"

He's rambling. I can hardly hear him now, my bowels are going, but I manage to shake my head…

"I'll be satisfied I give you one stroke for each dirty fuck. That's fifty strokes!"

He's mad. He'll kill me. I won't be able to take it.

"Ten on the soles of your feet, ten on your calves, ten on your thighs, and the rest on your buttocks. What do you think?"

I realise I'm still shaking my head. He'll kill me! I'm going hysterical.. Maybe it's better if he does kill me. Get it all over with…

"While we're on the subject of Gary, you might like to take a look at this."

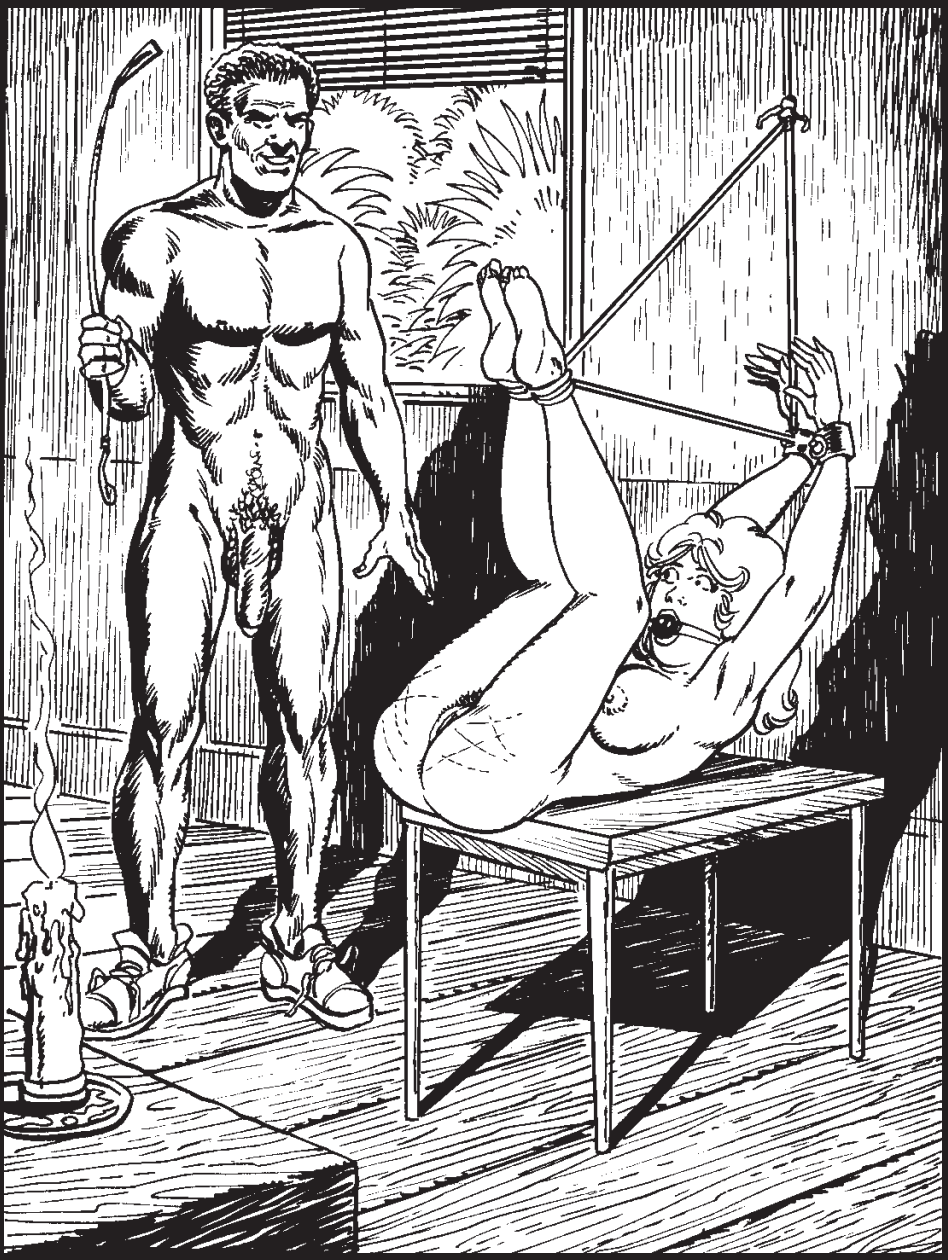
God, NOOOOOO!!! It's a photo of Gary! In a pool of blood! Why? Why Gary? "Why?" I hear myself ask.

"The bastard was a waste of space."

So he's a killer.

Now I know what I want. With Gary dead, I want to die. The sooner, the better.

SWIIIIIIIIISHHHHHHHH!
THWAAAAAAAAACK!
"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!"
"ONE!..."



Ten on the soles of your feet, ten on your calves, ten on your thighs, and the rest on your buttocks. What do you think?

I've been in this bloody cage for six days, in the sun, and it's been hell. I was unconscious for two days. I passed out three times when he was beating me and he brought me round three times… He gave me all fifty blows, one after the other, with no breaks except when I fainted, right to the fiftieth…

He went round in turn, the first on the feet, which were the worst, then on the buttocks, then on the thighs, then on the calves, then on the feet again. Then he suddenly started changing it so I never knew where the next one was coming…

Soon after he started I wet myself. I couldn't help it and I didn't even mind by then. He didn't react at all. Just a quick laugh. Then he waited for me to finish and he started torturing me again. "You'll shit yourself before you've finished," he said. He was right.

Now I've been here for six interminable nights.

Six days and nights, in this cage! Once a day a black comes and gives me ointment for the cuts and welts. It's surprising, but my skin looks nearly all right again.

At sunset he brings me a bowl with someone's leftovers in it. I eat it all because I'm hungry.

I haven't seen Ben or Max again. Just the black jailer.

The cage is narrow and low. I can't sit down or stand up properly. It's on the beach in the area where the sea comes up. When's the tide's in, I can hardly keep my head out of the water. When it's out, the sun is terrible. The salt stings my welts… Just as well my skin is getting used to it.

I don't know anything about tides, but if it comes up another six inches, I'll drown. I've tried to end it all by holding my head under but I can't. I am a coward…

The water's up to my breasts and rising. I'm panicking again… I don't know what he wants from me now. Hasn't he beaten me enough to make me pay for my relationship with Gary?

God, I hate him!

And how I wish he'd come and get me out of this cage!

I've tried asking the black jailer, but he acts dumb. He may be a native who doesn't speak English, I don't know. He just looks and looks. He

watches me eat and he watches me put the cream on. He likes me. His penis is as thick as Ben's. You can see it under his old Bermudas.

The water's up to my chin now.

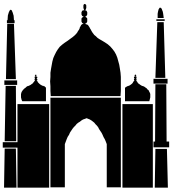
I never know how far up it will go. Just as well there are no waves in the lagoon. Just the wind that blows foam into my face and makes it difficult for me to breathe.

I'm cold. The water's warm enough but I can't move and I've been in it for hours…

What's he doing?

Where is he?

PART TWO



In a luxurious palace in a remote desert...

Sarah sat impatiently in a luxurious hall, convinced that it was all another dirty trick by Sheik Ben-Azir.

Since 'Earth' began its campaign against the oil drilling operations of the all-powerful Arab Sheik, they had encountered one difficulty after another. The Sheik had influence even back home in the States. On a couple of occasions the police had raided her offices for no apparent reason. The judge had referred vaguely to "routine checks" following the court order. It was unusual, at least.

The hearing against Ben-Azir for crimes against the environment had been approved by a tribunal in California. There was a lot at stake in every sense, and Earth, as a leading ecological magazine, had reported the Sheik and taken responsibility for the court action.

Sarah had been especially vociferous in her public accusations.

She was the daughter of a retired Jewish Senator. She had inherited some of his pioneer fighting spirit. Her organisation was small but had a high profile, mostly thanks to her. She held it together with her organizational skills and her powers of persuasion. The media loved her pretty face and her moral indignation.

She got through to ordinary Americans, the people who watch a lot of television, zapping and munching popcorn. No doubt having a Senator for a father helped too. For whatever reason, she made them sit up. This surprising young lawyer called Sarah Goldstein made ordinary people think they had found a cause.

A major television company spotted her and gave her air space.

Audience figures stayed high when she was on the screen, and Sarah soon found herself participating in more and more chat shows and round tables.

The general public soon became fascinated. She was reasonable. She was mentally agile. She knew her stuff. People listened to her.

And she looked good. She was spectacular. She was beautiful, with a subtle controlled eroticism in her expression, in the way she moved… She knew it of course. She played with it. She encouraged other women in her organization to do the same…

She was cute when she wanted to be, playful at times, flirting with the camera, friendly and correct with opponents, but firm in her convictions. Some said she had her father's political talents and her mother's extraordinary beauty. Her mother, who had died some years earlier, was a Scandinavian actress who was almost famous in the Hollywood of the sixties…

Ben-Azir had smiled when he first heard of her criticism of his oil company.

He later stopped smiling.

He saw how important Sarah Goldstein was in 'Earth' and decided that he ought to have a little talk with her.

Sarah had accepted the tycoon's invitation to have dinner in one of the most exclusive clubs in Manhattan. Her father had taught her that the most difficult cases can sometimes be settled amicably over a good meal.

Ben-Azir had been waiting for her for a long time. Being late was one of Sarah's little habits. He stood up when she arrived. He was impressed. He was struck speechless by the shock of blonde hair, the sensual face and the lovely emerald green eyes.

She was the most attractive woman he had ever seen in his rather long life…

Sarah had followed her instinct, which so far had brought her only fame and success. She had dressed up for the occasion. She was wearing

a simple but elegant dark blue dress, off the shoulders, that went down to her knees. It was tight and it set off her natural curves, making them even more spectacular.

Men who looked at her were disturbed. She was beautiful but she was also sensual, erotic, and unusually close, touchable, for a very beautiful woman…

She was absorbingly, even suffocatingly, beautiful…

Sarah was less impressed by him.

He was older than she had supposed, and wore one an old-fashioned turban and a robe.

What upset her most was his face. His nose was wrinkled and greasy, a huge nose with long black hairs coming out of it. His lips were thick and seemed spotty. She could not see his eyes a they were behind sunglasses, which he left on despite the gloom of the room.

He did not even stand up.

Sarah was not expecting this. She hesitated for a fraction of a second and then sat down.

His English was excellent, but supper was unpleasant and marked by constant bickering…

Everything the Arab said sounded absurd and alien to her.

It was a collision between cultures, personal interest, character, and generations. The most belligerent feminism against the one of the oldest machismos…

Some of the people at the other tables recognised Sarah and were commenting discreetly on the unusual couple. Sarah felt uncomfortable. The conversation was useless. She was talking to a wall, a fossil…

They were waiting for the second course when he asked her "Has anyone ever told you what a very attractive woman you are?"

Sarah looked at Ben-Azir as if she would have killed him…

"You will appreciate that I have not invited you here just to talk of politics," he said. Sarah said nothing. "I understand your problem," he went on, placing his fat arms on the table. "We understand women better in my country. I will take the liberty of speaking frankly to you, Sarah. What you need is a good macho on top of you. Or several. Permit me to

offer you the opportunity of becoming one of my wives. Or if you prefer, my son's wife. My son must be your age, more or less." He paused to belch loudly.

Sarah could not believe her ears. Her agile mind could not handle all this.

"You will be able to see for yourself," he went on "that after a few days in my harem your values will change. You will forget politics and ecology and you will devote yourself and your body entirely to your Lord and Master. I can assure you that although I am an old man, I will have you writhing and twisting and howling under me in erotic pleasure..."

He placed his cold but sweaty hand on hers. The contact made her jump and brought her back to reality. To the surprise of the onlookers at other tables, Sarah suddenly got to her feet. The chair fell to the floor behind her. She leaned forward and slapped him across the face, sending his glasses flying across the room.

"You're sick!" she shouted. "You're sick and you make me sick! You're a pig! You're a waste of space!"

Sheik Ben-Azir Al-Rachir stared short-sightedly at her buttocks and her firm, rounded calves as she stormed out. He looked around. People were looking. He was embarrassed, almost for the first time in his life. He swore he would get his own back...

None of the other clients noticed a small flash that went off at the precise moment when Sarah Goldstein slapped Sheik Ben-Azir Al-Rachir, son of Sheik Mohamed-Azir Al-Rachir.

The next day all the newspapers carried the photo. It appeared too on the main television channels. The articles carried headlines like "Desert Storm Two", "West versus East", or "Beauty and the Beast".

Sarah was deeply upset. She was not at all sure her outburst would help the cause.

Her father, the Senator, advised her to write to Ben-Azir and apologise. She did. She said that although she did not share his views, she very much regretted having expressed herself so vehemently...

A few days later she received an invitation from the Arab to continue the discussion in his country, where he would be able to elaborate on his ideas.

He went on to offer his own apologies for his unfortunate manner of speaking, and promised to deal exclusively with the topics of mutual interest that had provoked their meeting. He too, for his part, apologised. Perhaps he had been too hasty. If he really were contributing to the pollution of the planet, he would like to know what measures he could take to reduce it. Would she be willing to advise him?

When Sarah read it she immediately decided to accept the invitation. If she had been unfair, or had not been sufficiently understanding in the face of cultural differences, she was clearly at fault. She would do things better this time. There were important issues at stake, for her organisation and for the environment…

She replied to the e-mail address he sent, cancelled all her appointments and booked a flight.

A week later she got off the plane in a small airport, where she was met by a group of special service troops, well dressed and well equipped. The Sheik, as head of the armed forces, was proud of his small but modern army.

"Sarah Goldstein?" asked a high-ranking officer in excellent English. He was wearing full dress uniform and was heavily armed.

Sarah looked at him in surprise. She felt a little frightened at his harsh, almost fierce appearance. She wondered why the ten soldiers behind him were wearing black balaclavas.

"May I see your passport?" he asked. His voice was cold and impersonal and it sent a shiver down her spine.

She handed it to the officer, who read aloud "Sarah Goldstein, born in Atlanta, resident in San Francisco, blonde, green eyes, twenty-five years old... Is that right?"

Sarah nodded.

"Please come with us."

She looked round. The men had formed a circle around her. She was taken to a bullet-proof military vehicle which had its engine on, waiting

for them. She saw the other passengers go off to the terminal where Ben-Azir's secretary would be waiting for her…

The door opened inwards as soon as she got to the vehicle. Six soldiers leapt in and the rest picked her up and passed her to them. She felt a sudden rush of panic as the unkind, brutal hands lifted her. The men followed her in and slammed the door shut. They sat on benches along the two sides of the vehicle, which pulled away quickly.

Sarah was thrown against the door. The siren was turned on. She looked in vain for somewhere to sit. Eleven pairs of eyes were glued to her. She could not sit on the floor because the dress she had chosen was dangerously short…

The journey took two hours. There were no windows in the back and the only light came from a flickering fluorescent tube.

It was interminable. The road turned into a sandy track, she guessed.

She tried to keep her balance by pressing on the roof and on the door. The soldiers were amused and kept looking at her thighs as she swayed around. They were making jokes about her in Arabic.

The truck stopped and the blinding sun of the Peninsula dazzled her. They passed her down like a bundle of wheat. She was taken into a large house.

Max's work was over. He could take his uniform and balaclava off and get back to his pupil, Tracy. It was the third day of her private classes. Today's lesson was obedience.

When the soldiers left, Sarah found herself alone in a luxurious house, not knowing what to do…

Sarah examined the richly decorated room. All the doors were closed. There were no windows.

There were no chairs either. The floor was covered in wide, comfortable cushions and there were magnificent Turkish carpets on all the walls.

She had time to think. It was a trap then. That was clear enough. She

had walked, or rather flown, straight into a trap set by that revolting Arab. But how could he get away with it? He couldn't seriously think that he could kidnap her after inviting her to his house? He would be the number one suspect. Everyone know about the famous slap in the face… Everyone in her office knew where she was going and why.

Even so, she could not quite work it out and she was getting nervous. She was aware of the influence Ben-Azir had in America, of how many different types of problems Earth had had since they started targeting him.

He would do anything he could, she suspected, to eliminate the organisation.

On the upside, she had her father and public opinion. Millions of viewers would realise she was not on television any more.

But what would they do? What would her colleagues do? It did not look too good. She would have to be careful, if it was not too late already.

The six-hour wait seemed eternal to Sarah. It ended when a huge muscular black wearing a small tanga opened one of the bolted doors and beckoned her to follow him.

Sara was surprised that there seemed to be nothing under the tanga, between his heavily muscled thighs.

He led her down innumerable corridors, all of them exquisitely decorated with Arab motifs and tapestry. They went into a huge hall. Part of the roof was open to the sky and there were large ponds in the centre. The garden was well looked after. It gave off an intense aroma that surprised her. Everything she saw was in white marble. There were a lot of benches and wide stairways leading nowhere.

What attracted her attention most were the people in the open room. There were at least a hundred of them and they were all women, all with their faces covered. They all looked identical, a collection of fine gauze, arms and ankles, heavy jewellery…

At different points around the room there were also huge black men like the one she had seen, all nearly naked and all with their arms crossed on their chests.

In the middle, at the top of a flight of steps to nowhere, two men were seated. One was Sheik Ben-Azir Al-Rachir, son of Sheik Mohammed-Azir Al-Rachir.

Sarah did not know the other man, although she later knew him well enough. It was the Sheik's son Abdul.

"Thank you for gracing us with your visit, Miss Goldstein", came a booming voice. The same glasses she had sent flying in the restaurant covered his eyes and part of his face.

"Come here, please..."

Sarah picked her way through the women who stood, or sat, or lay around on the floor...

"You must be tired after such a long journey."

"Yes, I am," she replied. "The worst bit was the road from the airport."

Ben-Azir smiled and glanced knowingly at his son, who looked about thirty years old.

"Be that as it may, I celebrate your safe arrival and I trust that you will enjoy our humble hospitality."

Sarah did not know what to say. She had been waiting for a long time and she was not in a good mood. She was also dying for a pee.

"Bongo," said Ben-Azir, pointing to the huge eunuch who had accompanied her, "will show you to your rooms. He will collect you at nine for supper. We will have ample time to converse on topics of mutual interest." He had a faint smile on his lips.

"But, I need my luggage. I have to change for dinner." Sarah's dress was dirty and crumpled by the rough treatment on the military vehicle.

"Have no fear. Your maid will bring you all you need."

"Thank you." She followed Bongo. "By the way," she said, turning round and looking over her shoulder, "I have some calls to make."

"Of course, Miss Goldstein. All in due course…"

She had never seen rooms like those. Fountains, ponds, perfumed vessels, palm trees, silks, tapestries, all the art of A Thousand and One Nights put into a few rooms…

When the eunuch left her alone, Sarah took off her dress and went to the bathroom. She could have a pee at last!

She felt much better after it. She walked over to a window. Cunningly worked decoration let her look out without letting outsiders see much of the inside. The ornate metalwork also stopped people from jumping in or out the window, she thought.

She saw the desert shimmering in the implacable sun, and she saw the horizon. That was all.

She glanced at her watch. Seven. A couple of hours to go. No telephone. No radio. Nothing. No plugs or light bulbs or even taps. Just oil lamps, highly ornamented washing basins, and a big circular bath containing water and fragrant oils.

She left her watch on a table and climbed into the lukewarm water. A few minutes later, just as she was beginning to relax and feel sleepy, she heard footsteps in the adjoining room. She got out of the bath and went to look. There was a girl in the room, dressed like all the others.

"Hey," Sarah called, "over here!"

The girl looked at her. It was clear that she did not understand.

Sarah beckoned her over, but the girl carried on with her work, arranging the cushions.

Sarah sighed and went back to the bath.

She woke up with a start. How long had she been there?

She got out quickly and looked for her watch. It had gone. She looked for it but in vain.

From the light she supposed that it was probably after nine. She went over to the magnificent dressing table and she brushed her hair in front of the alabaster mirror.

The dryness of the desert and the intense heat had wrought havoc with her thick, normally soft blonde hair, she saw. It looked like straw.

Nothing she could do about it here.

Time to get dressed.

She looked around. Her clothes had gone, to the laundry, she supposed.

Lying on the wide beds were the "dresses" that Ben-Azir had promised her.

She picked them up. A tiny little bra, in white silk, semi-transparent and strapless. It did up with a simple bow in front. A small skirt of the same material, with two slits at the sides that would show all her thigh. A pair of ribbons at each side meant that they could be put on or taken off without going over the feet. Next to the bed, on the floor, lay old-fashioned sandals with very high heels. She examined them curiously. They seemed to be lined with real gold leaf.

She hesitated for a moment and then put it all on, in front of the mirror. It was all very provocative, she saw immediately. She had never seen herself like that, and seldom seen anyone else like it. She would never, in all her life, have put on any of this stuff, not even for a joke on a friend's wedding night.

She flushed a little. Then she was suddenly angry and looked round for something to cover herself with. There were no sheets on the beds. Transparent curtains would have been ridiculous too, a kind of dance of the seven veils. A towel? She could not imagine supper with a towel round her bosom. And in any case they were too small…

She tried to calm down. Maybe that was how they did things here. She thought of the women in the courtyard, who were wearing only transparent gauze. At least it had seemed a little thicker, and the light of the oil lamps made it seem almost like normal cloth.

She was walking round, deep in sombre thought, when she found herself staring at Bongo. He beckoned her to follow him…

The dining room proved to be a large patio open to the starlit sky. The penetrating perfume of orange blossom mingled with the heavier smell of the jasmine and incense. The table, which had several candlesticks on it, was low and almost touching the ground. Soft cushions were strewn around for the guests' comfort.

The two men were waiting for her. She was not surprised this time when they did not rise to greet her. She paused for a moment, feeling a

little absurd and a little embarrassed. The men's sharp, piercing eyes were on her, shamelessly, she thought. Why did they look like that, so unashamed?

Standing up seemed ridiculous to her and sitting on the floor seemed more or less obscene in that slit skirt. She had never felt so naked before…

She decided to kneel and sit back on her heels. She was aware that she was pressing her knees together.

Father and son glanced at each other and smiled. Their guest had sat as far away from them as she could.

"Please forgive the improvised garments that we have given you," said the older man. "We have looked everywhere in the Palace and it has been impossible to find the type of clothing to which you are accustomed."

The apology was polite and apparently genuine. Sarah felt a little more relaxed.

"I hope too that you will forgive us if we order a complete change of clothes. It will arrive tomorrow morning, first thing, by diplomatic bag."

"I will be grateful," said Sarah, disconcerted.

"35D, 24, 34?" the Arab asked.

"Sorry?" Sarah was even more disconcerted. How could he know that?

"Your vital statistics. 35D, 24, 34, is that not so?"

Sarah did not reply, but she blushed.

Half a dozen shapely girls, all of them black Africans, waited on them. Sarah looked at them, humming to herself to fill the growing silence.

They were all the same height, around five foot seven, all tall and all thin.

They would have found work in a New York fashion parade. They all wore loose silk trousers, more or less transparent, tight around the ankles and hanging loosely on widest part of the hip. They wore nothing else, not even panties or sandals.

"The CNN have broken the news of your kidnapping by an Israeli commando. It's a pity the amateur cameraman only had a domestic video camera, and his hand was shaking…"

Sarah's heart gave a sudden jump. She felt the blood rush to her cheeks.

"My country has complained to the UN Security Council. Those bastards do whatever they like. There's not much we can do about it with our small army." The two men looked at each gravely and nodded. "Believe me, Miss Goldstein, they are very difficult neighbours at times. Isn't that right, son?"

Abdul-Azir, son of Sheik Ben-Azir, who had not said a word so far, nodded.

"You should have seen it, Miss Goldstein. Armed men, with balaclavas over their faces, so rough… and you, Miss Goldstein, looking so frail, so defenceless, so beautiful… It was a sight for sore eyes."

He paused for a moment, then looked her in the eye. "Incidentally, they also reported the disappearance of your father. Something about the Zionist Secret Service, some in-fighting or suspicion of double-dealing, not clear… It appears your father may have been a double agent. The CIA was mentioned. They may have been behind it all, it was suggested."

Sarah tried to take it all in, but could not. Her head was spinning. Her country, the country her father had served so loyally, a Senator with over thirty years' loyal service, how could they … how could they turn against him… so brutally … so much ignominy and disgrace… How could they stain her father's name? He was a Second World War hero, a Senator…"

"Well, Miss Goldstein." Sarah came back to the present. Her father's name on that man's lips! She felt the anger growing in her, but tried to calm down. "It is time to have our little chat about questions of mutual interest."

Sarah was in no mood for chatting. She looked away.

"Have you considered my proposal, Miss Goldstein?"

Sarah looked at him. She did not remember any proposal. Just an unpleasant conversation and a slapped face.

She took a deep breath.

"I don't remember any specific proposals," she replied.

Father and son exchanged a brief glance.

"You disappoint me, Miss Goldstein," said Ben-Azir in a distinctly harsher tone of voice. "Few women can boast that Sheik Ben-Azir Al-

Rachir, son of Sheik Mohamed-Azir Al-Rachir, has proposed marriage to them.

Sarah's eyes flashed wide. She controlled herself again.

"I am sorry, but I cannot accept…"

She did not finish the phrase. Bongo and another huge man picked her up under the arms and took her to where the two men were sitting. Sarah found herself forced to her knees again, inches away from the Sheik, and held down by two firm hands.

The silence seemed infinite to the girl. The new few moments were, she felt sure, critical…

She lifted her head and looked at her host. Her eyes were red with anger and grief.

Ben-Azir raised his hand and delivered two sharp, precise slaps. One on each cheek, first with his open palm and then the return blow with the back of his hand.

Then he pulled her bra off and the men pinioned her arms straight back behind her back. A hand in the middle of her back pushed her forwards, in a posture that exposed and lifted her naked bosom. The Sheik hit each breast twice, in the same way. Two hard slaps that sent her magnificent breasts bouncing off each other, marked with his fingers…

Sarah made no noise. She stifled a gasp and a groan. She looked at him accusingly, but said nothing. Her eyes were flashing.

"I'll teach you how to look at a Sheik properly," he said. She could not see his eyes behind the sinister sunglasses, but she was sure they were cold. "No woman, especially a Jewish bitch, makes a fool of a Sheik in public. Take her away. Lock her up!"

The eunuch led her away. He shut her in a dark dungeon cell with her wrists tied to two ropes hanging from the ceiling. Her arms ached and her legs were heavy…

She had time to think things out.

Her precise, calculating mind worked on her situation and saw little comfort in any possible scenario she could imagine.

Things could not be much worse. She was naked, tied to ropes in a dark cell, at the mercy of a criminal who had reason to hate her and probably to wish her dead…

The chances of someone looking for her in the short term were not good. The government wouldn't put much enthusiasm into it, she supposed. She had been a thorn in their side for some time. The people in the office would do what they could, if they didn't fall for the Israeli commando story… But what could they do? They could raise doubts about the official version, but then what?

Her best chance seemed to be to try to calm this pig down, to gain time. What could she offer him though? To get Earth closed down? Marry him? Marry his son? She found strange comfort in such options. There were other scenarios that didn't look so good…

She heard the bolt sliding on the door. The light from two oil lamps blinded her. Ben Azir and his son came in. And here she was with her arms up above her head, wearing just a ridiculous skirt and high-heeled sandals! It was indecent.

The two men, in their robes and turbans, stood in front of the beautiful woman, almost naked, and looked at her for a long time.

Ben-Azir went round the back. She felt his hands on her waist. His son knelt in front of her and tied her ankles together. She did not expect that.

The silent heir to the throne was pulling her skirt down. She couldn't kick him now…

His hands suddenly came alive, running up and down her full, rounded body, stroking, caressing, touching, taking in her flesh, squeezing, groping and pressing whole handfuls of her body. They began pressing harder, twisting her flesh, hitting her. Then his fingers found her most intimate places, and pressed deep into her, almost raping her, rubbing her deep inside her most intimate part, scratching her insides, front and back, wiggling its obscene way round and round, trying to stimulate her…

Sarah withstood the filth in silence. If she lost her dignity, she would have nothing left…

"What do you think?" asked Ben-Azir as he gathered the girl's thick blonde hair behind her neck and pulled her head back a little.

For the first time, Sarah heard his voice. It was dark and guttural, like some electronic noise. A voice with no intonation, robot-like, mechanical…

"Perfect. My Jewish plaything."

"Get her ready for tonight," Ben-Azir said to Bongo. "And I want her to think, not to sleep."

Sarah found herself alone with the eunuch. She was still naked and with her wrists tied above her head.

The last half an hour had been the most humiliating time of her life. Those pigs had treated her like cattle.

Not an inch of her body had escaped their exploration…

"Perfect teeth … nice nails … big tits, not too floppy … just look at them wobble … big nipples … cunt like velvet … soft and warm … tight ass-hole … strong thighs … she'll work hard, this one … slim ankles … small feet…"

Each phrase was like a knife in her dignity...

"We'll have to see how she does when she starts working."

"And fucking!"

She had tried to ignore it all, the jokes, the laughter, the slaps, the hungry fingers clasping her breasts and kneading them like dough, the long fingers exploring her vagina and her bottom…

Neither of them had spoken to her. It was as if she did not exist, as if she was an animal that could not understand them. They had spoken English, nevertheless. They wanted her to hear and understand…

She was furious. She was also terrified. Once or twice she had been about to explode, to shout and curse. And at other times she had been close to pleading with them, begging them to untie her…

Bongo untied her. Everything was aching: wrists, arms, shoulders…

The eunuch immediately tied her up again, with a roughness that she



Perfect teeth … nice nails … big tits, not too floppy …
just look at them wobble … big nipples … cunt like velvet …
soft and warm … tight ass-hole … strong thighs …
she'll work hard, this one … slim ankles … small feet…

did not understand. Why didn't they just close the door of the gloomy dungeon? She could not escape…

When the black left her in the dark she felt terrible. The rebellious, wild Sarah Goldstein, daughter of Senator Isaac Goldstein, wished she was dead…

She was sitting on the floor, or rather on her left ankle. A strap held her left leg so she could not straighten it, holding the calf back against the thigh. Bongo had tightened the straps as hard as he could and it hurt her terribly. Her hands were tied behind her back and her right ankle was tied to her right hand by a short strap. It was indecent. With a single finger, anyone could pull the rope, pulling her legs apart at the knee and gaining access to her…

But that was not all. He had forced her head back and then pushed a large cork ball into her mouth. Again, it was just unnecessary cruelty. Sarah had never liked having things in her mouth. Anything, a brace or whatever, had always annoyed her. She had always hated the small spatula the doctor used to hold her tongue down when she was a child.

On top of all that, he had put a heavy iron collar round her neck, although she could not see how she could have untied herself and dug a tunnel with her bare hands... The collar was set into a solid rock wall.

In just a few minutes she was reduced to the state of a primitive, suffering organism, a bundle of nerve endings that registered only pain. The ankle she was sitting on was pressed into the rough floor and hurt. The ring round her neck forced her to hold her head high and hold her back straight, tense, which soon made her muscles ache. Her left arm, trapped between her back and the rough stone wall, was burning. He left leg was already numb and her knee had begun to hurt. Her right leg had terrible cramp…

And that was after ten minutes! All night, they had said!

The gag soon became another source of torture. She had managed to stop her stomach from heaving, but she could not stop the pain in her jaws. They were so far apart she could not even bite the ball. And the

saliva was building up and running out of the corners of her lips and dribbling onto her breasts. She managed to swallow some of it, but it was difficult with her tongue pressed back by the ball.

A night to think and not sleep… That's what Ben-Azir had said. Think about what? Why?

What was the point if they were going to decide things for her anyway. That much was clear. Nobody was going to ask her opinion about anything. She was, as he had put it, a Jewish toy, a plaything..

None of this made much sense to her progressive Western mind.

Two men had inspected a naked woman, had handled her as if she was a mere object. It had been horrendous, obscene, embarrassing… And then they had left her tied up painfully in a hole in the ground, in the dark, waiting for … what? Nothing very good, it was clear.

By now Sarah Goldstein was clear about one thing. If they gave her a choice, she would do anything they asked her, just to get out of there.

She would agree to do anything they wanted.

Even with the son…

But her sharp mind was, so useful in America, was on the wrong track.

Her options had already run out…

Ben-Azir's son and heir saw how his own shadow fell onto the prisoner. He saw how she was dazzled by the sudden light coming in from the corridor that ran to the old dungeons.

He looked down into the eyes that he had dreamed of so often in his awkward, graceless, charmless life. The eyes of an incredibly beautiful Jewess who was tied up and gagged and waiting for him, waiting for him to do anything he wanted…

She was beautiful, yes. But she also represented everything he hated most. She was arrogant infidel, a Westerner. More than that, an American, one of those corrupt, impure women who took pleasure in humiliating men… She was dangerous. She was only a woman, but a woman who could have ruined her father.

He would teach her a lesson!

He would teach her her place!

He knelt before her. Yes, Bongo had done a good job. With his index finger her stroked her open lips, pressed against the gag.

"Did you have a good night, Princess?" he asked in his strangely flat, metallic voice.

The green, tearful eyes looked at him…

"You're dribbling. You're covered in it," he said, wiping the saliva from her chin.

He pulled on the rope to her right ankle, pulling her foot to the left and uncovering her breasts. He pulled a little more and opened her thighs very slowly. He watched in fascination as her sex lips separated, wrinkling slightly at the top and sticking together. He reached down with his finger and separated them.

She was strikingly beautiful like that. He knew all his father's hundred or so wives and none could compare with her. Especially her face, so soft, so lovely, so sad… And with such appealing green eyes. He had never seen green eyes in his country…

And at the same time her expression was proud, arrogant, challenging... Very different from what he was used to seeing in the harem…

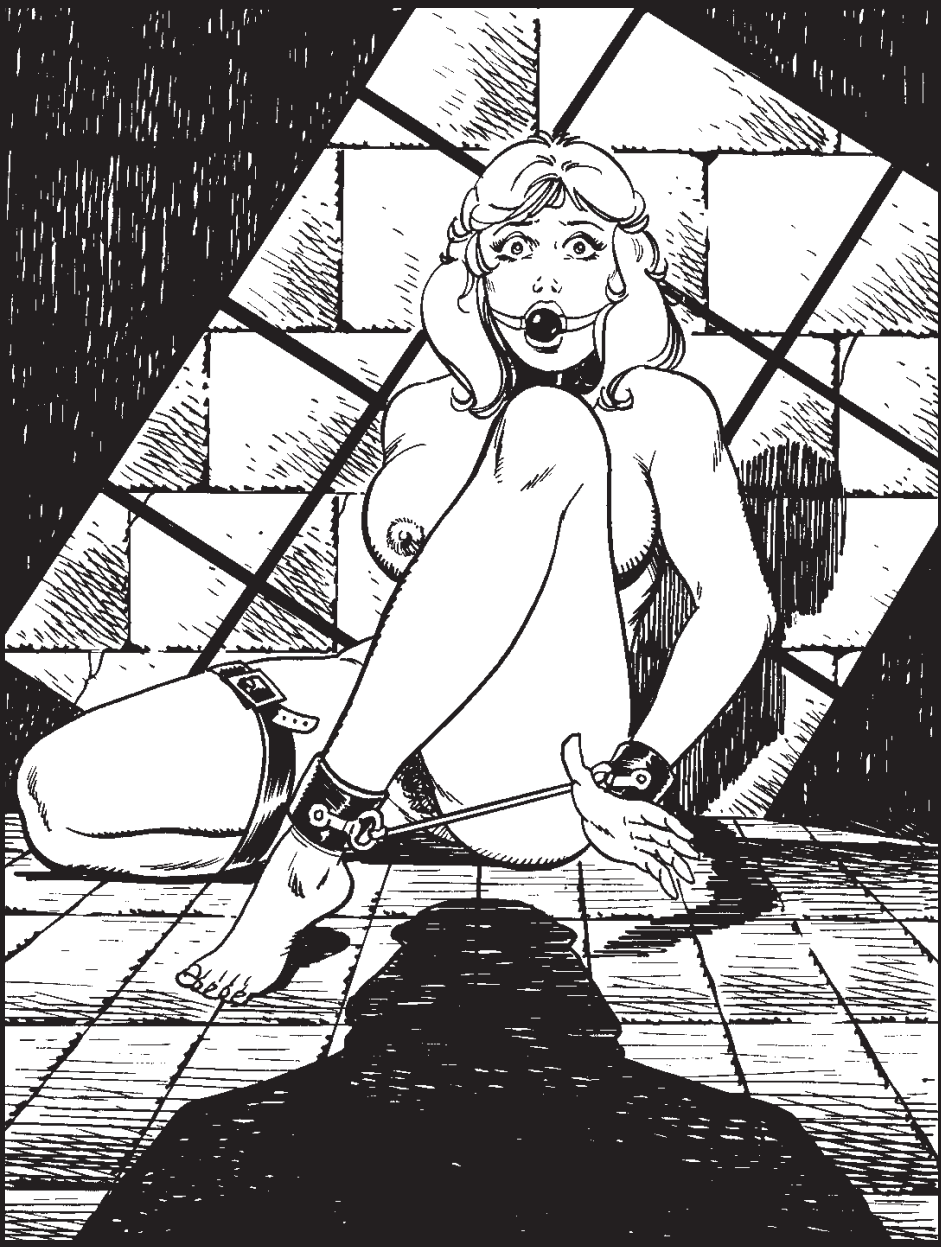
His father's wives had all been born slaves, more or less, and had probably all considered that they were fortunate to become one of his wives.

This girl had been born free. She was wild. He would have to tame her, to break her in like a colt, to break her will…

"My father and I spoke about you last night before we went to bed," he said, stroking the inside of her thigh while looking her in the eye. "We decided you are guilty of three main crimes…" He saw how her eyes flashed with momentary anger and he liked it.

"You invented a pack of lies to destroy one this country's most important companies. You attacked my father physically. And you insulted him in public."

His hand was slowly running up and down her thigh, feeling the soft,



Did you have a good night, Princess?

tense flesh. It fascinated him, especially the way she cringed under his touch.

"Inventing false evidence, causing bodily harm, and slander. All serious crimes in this country."

He took a cigar from one of his pockets and lit it carefully, ceremoniously.

He saw terror in her lovely eyes now, not anger.

He ran his hand down her shapely calf, which had been unable to move for some hours because of cramp. He squeezed it. Yes, that hurt, he thought as the girl winced and jumped.

He pressed harder…

"Do you know the punishment for these crimes? Do you? Answer!" he shouted, squeezing harder.

Sarah shook her head.

"I'll tell you," he said, cleaning her saliva once again from her chin. "The prisoner's tongue is pulled out and one or two arms are cut off, depending on the seriousness of the case. In a case like yours, it would be two, I imagine." He stroked her left shoulder, indicating the precise point where they would cut.

He was feeling very pleased with himself. She was absolutely terrified. He had the bitch where he wanted her.

"In any case, our magnanimous laws allow the victim of these crimes to plead for clemency on the offender's behalf. In that case, a lesser punishment is applied."

Now for the good bit. He wanted to see the look on this beautiful Jewish-American face, so sensual, so erotic with the ball in her mouth that made sure she would listen in silence.

"My father has decided to ask for clemency and your tongue will not be cut off," he said, lifting her face with a finger under her chin. "Nor will your arms. He is a noble, magnanimous person, a worthy descendent of his forefathers."

"My father has sentenced you to slavery. For life. You will serve your time in this very Palace. You will be his personal slave."

He looked in her eyes and just as he had supposed, there was shock. The look of a person facing a firing squad. The look of a beaten bitch, no

American pride any more, the look of a loser, a Zionist look…"

"I trust you will show yourself grateful for this act of generosity on my father's part." He blew smoke into her face. "You will be the only slave on a life sentence in the harem. That means a lot of work for us, security problems, training problems, time spent devising appropriate punishments…"

"Fortunately, a slave has many uses." His hand was on the inside of her thigh now. "And you will have the opportunity to compensate us for the trouble you have put us to."

Sarah was beginning to take it all in, the full magnitude of the disaster. She kept shaking her head, shaking off this strange reality as a dog shakes off water…

"My father expects two things of you. The first is compensation for your offences against his person. The second is signs of gratitude for his infinite generosity. Remember that a slave has nothing. Not even her own body. She must make a large effort to compensate her master. She must serve him with the greatest enthusiasm and effort."

He opened her pink, vaginal lips and slid his finger up looking, for a tiny, extremely sensitive erectile member. "Even this," he said, rolling it lightly around, "even your clitoris, is not yours now. It is ours. A slave has nothing."

His finger, shining slightly, moved up to Sarah's chin once again. He rubbed it round in her saliva and tears.

"I am sure you have no reason to be concerned. You will be able to please my father and serve him well. I will help you myself. It is not easy to be a good slave, especially for a foreign bitch like you. I will train you myself. I've done it before. Some years ago I broke a wild mare in. A magnificent beast straight from the plains of Mongolia. It was difficult but in the end I broke her spirit."

His hands went all over the girl's lovely body, stroking her almost delicately, almost tenderly. Then his fingers closed on her defenceless right nipple and rolled it and rubbed it between thumb and forefinger.

Sarah tried to brush his hand away by using her right knee, but she couldn't bring it up high enough…

"You and I will get on just fine together. As long as you're obedient and you learn the lessons."

There was a long silence...

"What we had to decide also is what your first obligations should be as a slave. It was not easy. My father was inclined to use you exclusively as a beast of burden, working the land. In that case you would have spent the rest of your life in the stables with the other mules and horses." Sarah shook her head again in disbelief. It was not possible…

"But as, objectively speaking, you have certain positive points," he went on, squeezing her wrinkling nipple harder, feeling the blood flow into it, "we decided finally to reserve you exclusively for our own pleasure and to train you to be what my family call a genital slave. You will serve our genitals. Your entire existence will revolve around how you can best give your masters sexual pleasure."

Abdul looked into her deep, green eyes, and saw her fear.

"My father has over a hundred wives. He is a demanding man. And I am not easy to please. I have rather special inclinations where women are concerned."

Sarah Goldstein, the famous ecologist, guiding spirit of the magazine Earth, the girl who had captivated the entire country, coast to coast, with her television appearances, had now been sentenced by a self-proclaimed judge and was now the sexual slave, the "genital slave", of two depraved and probably psychotic sadists, the worst kind of people imaginable…

The fingers were still pressing. Sarah twisted and turned. Everything was hurting, not just her nipple…

Adul bit his lower lip thoughtfully and squeezed harder. He could feel the girl's pulse racing as the blood tried to move through the tortured nipple. She looked beautiful when she was suffering. It set off her sensuality…

Yes, he had paid a lot of money for her but she was worth it. The next few days or weeks or months would be an antechamber to Paradise itself. And the bitch would find it a prelude to hell. He would make sure of

that…

There was a small pool of saliva on the floor. Sarah couldn't help it. She was on her feet now with her ankles wide apart, bending forwards from the waist. A rope held her wrists together behind her back and also lifted her arms high, forcing her into this submissive position, which she found humiliating and painful. Her mouth was wide open…

Bongo had left her like that. He had done it quickly and skilfully, and then he had put high-heeled shoes on her.

He had taken the ball out of her mouth without giving her time to close it. He had quickly fitted a special gag, a wide ring that fitted onto her teeth like a set of crowns. It was impossible for Sarah to push it out or even to close her mouth…

There was nothing she could do. The saliva just dribbled out, drop by drop, forming the pool at her feet…

When Abdul-Azir arrived, he found the unhappiest of women waiting for him with her mouth wide open, and it made him the happiest of men.

"It is time to pay service to your Master's penis!" he said. "And it wants more than lip-service!" For the first time, Sarah Goldstein found herself staring straight at the member of Abdul-Azir, son and heir of Sheik Ben-Azir.

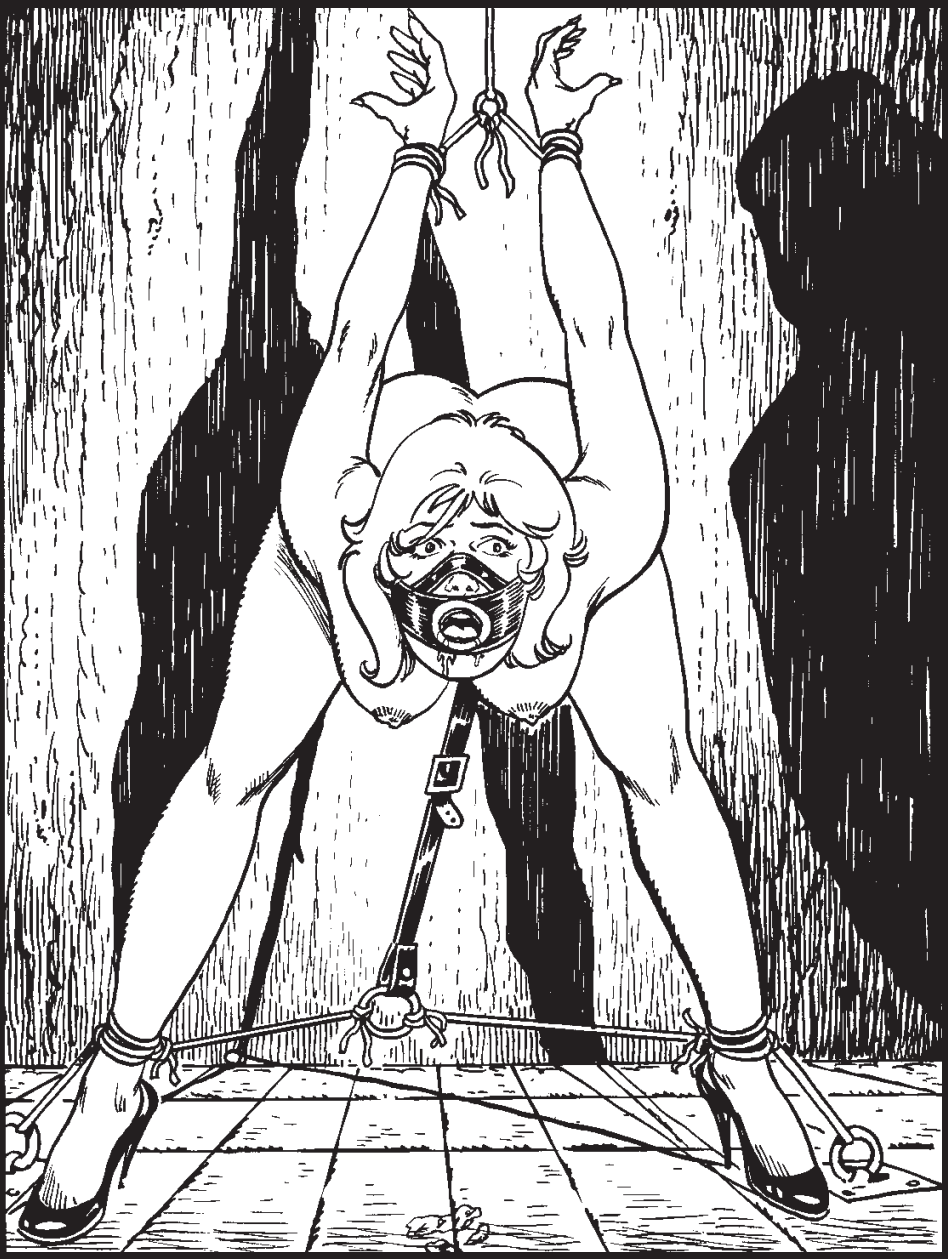
She looked in panic at his member. It was abnormally long and disproportionately narrow. Although erect, it was still somehow soft and flaccid. There was not doubt about its length, however. Almost fifteen inches of snake-like erection looked more like an eel than a man's penis.

He put it straight in her mouth.

He closed his eyes in pleasure while his member explored his slave's damp, warm mouth…

He then caught hold of his penis by the base and began to press it hard against the girl's still virgin throat...

"Listen carefully," he said in his habitual dry metallic tone of voice,



It is time to pay service to your Master's penis!
And it wants more than lip-service!

"it's a master's privilege to call his sexual slave by any name he chooses. From now on you will be Tagira. It has no equivalent in your language but it means something like a well-trained cunt, a cunt ready and willing to be used for her Master's pleasure…"

The penis was still trying to force its way into her throat, but it was having trouble – it was too soft and Sarah - now Tagira - was too stubborn to let it all in…

"There are also some small rules," he went on in his slightly stilted formal English, as if he was not engaged in raping her face. "They are obligatory for slaves in this Palace. You will never speak without permission. If someone asks you a question you will use the terms, Excellency, Master, or Lord when you reply. You will never look a man in the eye unless told to do so. You will never disobey an order. You will always kneel before us with your knees wide apart, your back straight, sitting back on your heels, and with your hands behind your neck to present your breasts as attractively as possible."

Tagira the slave, once the provocative free-thinking Sarah Goldstein, lowered her head and Abdul –Azir was able to penetrate her throat. Fifteen inches of male flesh went down her throat and into her gullet…

Abdul was silent, grabbing her head, fondling her blonde hair, sinking into her. He was in ecstasy. He could not speak…

Aware that if he did not pull out he would choke his slave, he decided to put an end to the lesson... "Next time, be ready to serve your master, Tagira. You must live up to your name. You must be a cunt ready to please me, a pleasure cunt… From now on, you have no other reason to live, Pleasure Cunt!"

To Sarah's huge relief, he pulled out and let her breathe. Then, unexpectedly, before she could take a full breath, he put it in again…

It was another twenty minutes before Abdul-Azir felt his snake spit its venom deep into her throat...

He pulled out quickly and walked away without a word.

The slave Tagira, alone again and in the same position as before, looked down at the pool of saliva, tears and semen and wept…

Abdul-Azir, son of Sheik Ben-Azir, had promised to pay her another visit before supper…

Sarah Goldstein, the slave Tagira, was regretting the way she had resisted the whims of her two masters.

Their Excellencies had gone down after supper, drunk. The Sheik had raped her first, in the same way as his son two hours earlier.

He had the same kind of penis, long and strangely rubbery, sickly and revolting…

He was aroused and angry, but the drink effected him badly and he took over an hour to shoot his thick semen into the girl's stomach. His son spent that time trying unsuccessfully to force his bendy penis into her virginal anus.

She managed to keep him out despite the orders and threats from the son and heir.

Now she was paying for it.

Serves me right, she thought, for being stupid and resisting him…

Ban-Azir and his son observed her, delighted with her. It was the best place for a Jewish bitch. All the girl's body was twisting and writhing, trying to take some of the weight off the most delicate part of her body. All the muscles in her body were contracting with pain, suffering, torture…

What a sweet pleasure for them to see a sexy blonde writhing under this torture! What pleasure to turn a Jewish cunt into the lowest of their sex slaves!

There were only three people in this private hell which had become Sarah's new life. Two twisted sadists, more than pleased with their investment, watching the show that their exquisite guest was putting on for them. And Sarah herself, Tagira, Pleasure Cunt, whose vagina was giving her no pleasure at all at that moment…

She was riding a wooden frame, like a trestle for supporting tables,

with most of the weight of her body coming down on her vagina. A horizontal plank was pressing into her most intimate part. She could do nothing about it, as her legs were forced wide apart and her ankles were chained down to rings set in the ground behind her ankles. Her arms were tied painfully back behind her in a long leather tube, like a long glove, which was tightened at the elbows and at the wrists.

Her lovely blonde hair was tied back behind her, pulling her head back so far she could only see the ceiling.

Two bulldog clips with strong springs bit into her delicate, often erect, nipples.

Two pieces of string pulled them forwards and pulled on her magnificent breasts, stretching them…

She had never felt so bad in her life.

If they wanted to hit her, to flog her on the breasts, for example, she would not even see where they were going to hit her next…

The only thing she could do was keep as still as possible, which was very difficult, and try to hold her vagina up a little bit. Her toes were aching from the effort…

But that was not the worst thing. The worst thing was a huge wooden penis, set into sharp upper edge of the horizontal plank that she was riding.

They had made her go down on it when she sat on the plank. This huge phallus was simply a punishment, a cruel idea that occurred to Abdul-Azir when he failed to put his semi-limp penis into her bottom. The phallus would represent him in his flaccid absence…

Sarah was sure she would be mutilated, that her vagina would never again be the same. If they didn't get her off quickly, that diabolical trestle would split her in two...

Abdul walked slowly over to her. He tensed the string that was pulling on her nipples…

"AAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

The clamps were self-closing bulldog clamps with serrated metal teeth. The more you pulled, the more they closed. Sarah tried to push her lovely breasts forwards, but the rope pulling her hair back made it impossible.

She sucked her stomach in and tried to pull herself up, but the enormous wooden phallus dug into her too much… She was losing balance from her own sudden movements, but the rope on her hair held her steady. She tried to stand up again and this time the nipple clamps bit in deeper, so hard that she thought they would go right through her nipples. This time the phallus held her steady on the trestle.

All she managed was to shift the pressure from her lips up to her clitoris and back again, all up the crack that many men had dreamed of…

She had lost balance for the twentieth time, at least…

"You will spend the night like that, slave," said Ben-Azir. "And remember, the next time someone wants to feel your slave's asshole squeezing his prick, open it wide for him!"

Abdul will come tomorrow and wake you up by flogging you on your big dirty Jewish slut's breasts…"

Before they left they hung a small flail from the ceiling, the flail which they would use in the morning to beat her breasts with. They lit a lamp so she could see it and left. The slave Tagira, who was unlikely to sleep that night, would have many hours in which to think about the pain to come...

Morning came and this time they worked on her in a very different way, more intimately, more obscenely, and in a way it was worse than the trestle or the agony of the first night in the dungeon.

She was not sure what time it was when they came. There was no way of knowing down there, but she supposed that it was early, as they had said. Abdul came in first and without saying a word flogged her twice on the breasts with the flail.

Then his father arrived and took the clamps off her nipples. The blood flowed freely, painfully, as it found its way back into the nipples. Abdul knew it would hurt. "I have to take them off. It's the only way I can flog you right across the breast…"



You will spend the night like that, slave. And remember, the next time someone wants to feel your slave's asshole squeezing his prick, open it wide for him!

They took up positions on each side of her and flogged her right across both breasts, in a steady, relentless rhythm, on an on, until they tired of it.

The blows had not hurt as much as she thought. The worst thing was the pain in her vagina when she had to rest on it to get her balance back after each blow…

Then they ordered Bongo to take her off the trestle and present her body differently. They let him choose the presentation…

Bongo looked at her for a moment, thoughtfully. Then he placed her on her back with her head on a stool about two feet high. He arranged her so that her head was hanging back one side of the stool and her buttocks were sticking out the other side. He tied her wrists to legs of the stool, about six inches from the floor. He opened her legs wide and tied her ankles to two ropes hanging from the ceiling.

She could not have felt more exposed, more vulnerable. She was on offer, there for the taking. Then they gagged her again…

When he opened the door of the dungeon cell Sheik Ben-Azir smiled in satisfaction. He had finally silenced the insolent Yankee, the Jewish bitch. He had her where he wanted her. From the first moment he saw her in Monroe's Club in New York, the night of the slap in the face, he had known that one day this magnificent woman would be his...

And here she was, tied down, naked, offering him her vagina, in one of the gloomiest, grimmest cells in his fortress.

He went over to her.

Sarah heard him coming and lifted her head.

"Mmmmmmmmmm...""Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm..."

He liked gags. He liked the way women's lips closed over the gag, in this case a ball made of red rubber. He knew the feeling of vulnerability it gave women to have their mouths wide open and blocked.

When he visited Mme Roissy in the Desert Kasbah he always chose girls with big sexy lips. He went round a couple of times, looking at all the female flesh, looking for someone new, and if her lips were right he had her brought to him with a gag, whichever gag he fancied at that

moment. It was usually the biggest, the one that forced the jaw apart most, the one that let him put his member deepest into their throats…

He also enjoyed taking the gag out, when the jaws stayed open of their own accord. It was a great moment. He could rape the beautiful face, rape the deep throat, with no risk of being bitten…

Tagira, or rather Sarah Goldstein, was attractive in many ways. She was an American prisoner, not a simple slave. And she had the loveliest lips he had seen for a long time. He still remembered that night in Monroe's when he saw her walk over to him. Only her extraordinary green eyes made him take his eyes off her lips…

But now it was different. He could admire the girl's many other attributes…

He gazed at the provocative "V" shape of her wide open legs. He ran the tip of his fingers down the inside of her leg, from the chained ankle to the open, inviting sex lips. He had not decided yet what to do with her pubic hair. He normally pulled it out. It hurt. But he had seldom seen such soft, blonde hair between a woman's legs. He liked her vagina. He liked it a lot. It was really magnificent, with full, clean lips, standing out prominently. The fine pubic hair set it off rather than concealed it…

He would consult his son.

He opened her sex lips at the top and winkled out her small clitoris. The girl sucked in air and gasped, as if she'd had an electric shock…

"Keep still, slave. Unless you want to ride the trestle again."

He knelt between her lovely thighs and examined her small protruding clitoris, so pink, so sensitive… It was a little small for his taste. He liked women to be sensitive and to him that meant they had to have a large clitoris…

"We'll stretch it," he announced, stroking it. "It's firm, but too small."

The girl tensed her muscles. Ben-Azir did not know if this was due to his words or his fingers. He would consult Abdul about the best way to make her clitoris bigger. Probably the best solution would be to put a clamp of some kind on it, or maybe to put a small size fishing hook through it and pull it. It would take a few weeks anyway, and she would have to be kept fairly still during that time. But time was no problem.

In any case, they would be able to carry on using her if they put it on right.

Sarah listened in horror. She realised she was trembling all over, and groaning through the horrible ball, that never let her get quite enough air…

Ben-Azir stood up and walked round the stool, to where his slave's head was hanging back. It was a lovely sight, he thought, with her long blonde hair sweeping romantically down to the floor. She was sensual, naked, newly shaven … and the gag made her look even lovelier.

He stroked her throat, which was tense…

"Silk," he said, "soft as silk". He wanted to remind her of the previous ay, when he almost choked her with his long member.

"Look me in the eye!" he ordered, pulling her hair back.

What eyes! What a colour! What a world of expressions, of feeling, of desperation, terror, and hatred…

"Now look at me here!" he said, taking his long, erect penis out from under his robe. "You can be grateful to it. It's the only reason you're still alive!"

The girl tried to focus, but found it difficult, with the penis a few inches in front of her. It smelt. It smelt so bad it was making her sick.

"Take it easy, you'll get used to it," he said "And if you don't calm down, you could drown in your own vomit if you're not careful."

He was right. Being sick with the gag in and her head back would not be nice.

He put the tip of his penis just inside the necessarily open lips of her vagina and pushed it forwards tentatively, feeling for the opening…

"You must learn to accept me, to worship me," he said, stroking her face with the tip of his penis and holding her head back. "You must learn to become aroused whenever you see me. You must find my smell irresistible…"

Sarah closed her eyes. She could not breathe. Unexpectedly, Ben-Azir stood up and came round to her face. He turned round and lifted his robe. As she looked up, she saw his flabby thighs wobble as he stood

with his legs apart and lowered himself onto her face. He pulled her head up with both hands and held it between his legs, as if she was the bowl of a toilet. He held her face tight against his dirty buttocks.

He thought she would be sick. As the robe fell over her face the stink was unbelievable. Ben-Azir never washed and only bathed when he visited the Desert Kasbah, where he often took one of the girls into the water with him.

He moved around, settling the small nose and chin inside his crack. He felt her face rub against his painful and often bleeding piles. He felt a deep satisfaction as he imagined the horror on that face at this moment.

How that face had made him suffer, from the first supper in the Village, and how it must be suffering now, pressed against his butt.

He had a good hard-on as he thought about it.

He licked his lips and opened his legs even wider. He manoeuvred her head until he felt her lovely little nose pressing into his anus. He held her there for some time, and when he felt a fart coming he waited a moment and then let it go, hard. It was hot and greasy, full of spices… Now he had the Jewess where he wanted her. Where was her pride now, the pride of the girl who had slapped his face and called him a pig…

"Tomorrow, slave, I will put the ring between your teeth and feed you with what you deserve. My own shit!"

Later, when he had trained her completely, she would "voluntarily" go down on her knees and eat his excrement from a plate on the floor, licking it all up the way he liked, leaving the plate shining bright...

He was the happiest man in the world.

Sarah was beginning to learn what slavery meant for those two men. It was based on hatred, on revenge... It was intimate, obscene, deliberately sickening... Nothing that was hers belonged to her any more. She had different roles, among them that of toilet paper, but none of the roles were her. They were degrading her, humiliating her in the most sadistic and filthy ways they could imagine.

When he stood up, she felt the cooler air of the dungeon on her face



You must learn to become aroused whenever you see me.
You must find my smell irresistible, slave…

and knew that her face was covered in his sweat and grease and probably some excrement too. She closed her eyes and held her breath, but she felt that she would never be really clean again…

Ben-Azir looked down at her twisted, disgusted face, her unkempt hair, her small dilated nostrils, and then at her lovely, large breasts, pointing so provocatively up to the ceiling…

He could not restrain himself any more…

He knelt between her tense thighs and they seemed the whole world to him, so high, so open... He began to run his unnaturally long and flexible member around the moist, succulent lips of his beautiful new slave. Leaning forward, he began to kiss her lips, breasts, stomach, everything… He put his hands on her buttocks, her thighs, her full, mind-possessing breasts…

Sarah gasped as she felt his penis bend inside her. It was like a long medical probe exploring her deepest secrets.

Ben-Azir trapped her breasts in his hands and squeezed the base of them, forcing the nipples to fill with blood and stick out. He licked them, kissed them and sucked them…

A few minutes later he was riding her, well into his rhythm, thumping away deep in her insides, when he began biting. He knew exactly what he was doing and where to hurt her. Sarah the slave, Tagira the Pleasure Cunt, found that her whole existence centred around her vagina, as she went into an unconscious, uncontrollable series of jerks and began thrusting too, pushing her burning vagina onto him, harder and harder, faster and faster…

And finally she had a deep orgasm, more powerful than any she had had for several years. She felt it rising, taking over her body and mind, until it sent her into a long series of powerful jerks, all over her body, as she rode the tide of sexual need, surfed it like an expert until it wiped her mind out.

Ben-Azir smiled as he saw it.

He knew he had done a good job.

Without a word he pulled out and left the dungeon, leaving his slave

tied up as he had found her, but now with her face dirty from his bottom, her breasts sticky from his saliva and red with his tooth marks, and her stretched, open, defenceless vagina oozing with his semen…

He took one last look. There were tears in her lovely green eyes.

Sheik Ben-Azir Al-Rachir, son of Sheik Mohammed-Azir Al-Rachir had taken full possession of his new slave, Tagira, known to him as Pleasure Cunt.

Sarah Goldstein, a twenty-four year old American Jewess turned sexual slave, had served her Lord and Master for the first time under her new name, Tagira.

PART THREE



Dawn, in a stable in the High Andes...

Claudia had lost all notion of time. If they had told her she had been there all her life, she would have believed them.

Some hours ago, Valdes had laid her out on the "undressing table" in the wretched stable. She was decorating her for the party, as if she was a mare or a pony…

She was bound and gagged on her back with her buttocks resting on a thick wooden chest. Her head was lying back and almost touching the ground. Her legs were tied back and her ankles were tied to her elbows near the bottom of the box. Her thighs were open and her vagina was the highest part of her body. A belt round her slender waist made sure that it stayed high and well-presented.

She was completely naked.

Valdes sat between her legs and looked at her. He was holding some pliers. He had been pulling the hairs off her pubis for two hours now…

On the box, between the top model's open thighs, was a vibrator made of some rubbery material that stung in contact with the soft flesh of the vagina. There was a bottle of alcohol, a brazier, and the needles that Claudia had learnt to fear.

There was also a small gold ring, smaller and thinner than the rings on her nipples, and also some bright red lipstick.

From time to time, when Valdes thought that the young model was getting used to the pain, he put the stinging dildo deep into her vagina.

He held it in for a couple of minutes, twisting it left and right, shaking it around, switching it on and off for maximum effect, trying to sting every hidden corner of her sensitive, suffering vaginal passage...

The defenceless, fascinating body reacted with an involuntary secretion between the legs, at first just moist, but soon generous and abundant. Valdes waited for it to reach the full before raping her. He could never get enough of her. The girl was driving him mad…

When the last red hair came out, Valdes looked at her and was impressed. She was beautiful everywhere, in the most unsuspected places, but in her complex, wrinkled sex lips above all. He sighed in satisfaction as the model's thighs opened and closed and her lovely, suckable lips opened as if they were trying to speak to him…

He did not know where to look, at her shapely thighs, so soft but firm, or at her defenceless vagina, so active, moving as if it had a life of its own…

His head was swimming with the heady perfume from the girl's vagina. He hardly knew where he was or what he was doing. He lowered his head into the open thighs. He kissed fully, passionately, repeatedly, everywhere he could, around the lips, on the lips, taking them in and sucking them and pushing them out with his tongue…

He washed his face in her. He washed everything: chin, cheeks, nose, eyes, until he was breathing hard and his face shone with her lovely juice. His face shone too with his own semen that was seeping slowly down the lips and onto her thighs…

His tongue flicked hungrily around, looking for the erectile triangular secret hidden away so carefully inside the complexities of her sex lips. He found it. He played around with it.

It was small but hard…

He pressed his face deeper into her thighs, and sucked it into his mouth. He caught it between his front teeth and licked it repeatedly. He bit on it, softly at first, but later harder and harder. Claudia could do nothing except suffer.

The position she was in and her tired muscles gave her no other option.

"Some friends are coming round tonight," he said, while he lit the stove

and put a needle in the flame. "You will meet Sr Herrera, Esmeralda's boyfriend. He'll be happy to meet you…"

Claudia remembered what her young companion had told her about the man, and shuddered…

"I want you to be looking your best. That means looking sexy. You're gonna wear a nice dress, some sexy shoes, some nice intimate make-up, and your jewels. You're going to be the Queen of the party."

Claudia did not know exactly what he meant by all this, but she suspected the clothes would be horrible and God knows what she would have to do as Queen…

"I promised you a little present. Valdes is as good as his word." He pressed her clitoris with a pair of pliers. "First we'll make a hole…"

Claudia was sweating, a cold sweat. She had no tears left.

The needle was thick and hollow. When it was red hot he pulled on her clitoris with his pliers and pushed the needle in.

There was a quick sizzle and a smell of burnt flesh, but Claudia did not smell it. She had fainted.

Valdes realised immediately he saw the sudden relaxation in the model's tense thighs. He injected her in the neck. He was not going to miss this and he did not want her to miss it either.

Claudia came to, in a now familiar world of pain and torture...

The hole healed over immediately. Valdes' practised hand limited the burning to the immediate area. He then turned his attention to her nipples and pierced them with cold needles, which hurt her terribly.

Excellent job, he thought, as he looked at the little ring sticking out between her closed sex lips. He had done something that seemed impossible. He had improved Claudia Moore. She looked even lovelier than before, and it was thanks to his skilful work.

He picked up the scarlet lipstick and applied it to her vagina. Yes, her lips looked even better, he said to himself, wiping away a thin trickle of saliva that had run down onto his chin.



I promised you a little present, slave. Valdes is as good as his word.

"You'll thank me when you see yourself," he said, running his hand up and down the inside of her thighs. "There's just one little detail missing now…"

He took his branding iron from the brazier, glowing red. It was a round stamp about an inch across with an inscription and a skull in the centre. It said "Property of Valdes." He branded all his cattle with a bigger version of the iron.

He thought about it for some time. It had to be somewhere visible, where anyone who used her would know who she belonged to. It had to be a mark that made it clear that she was a sexual slave, an obscene, totally dedicated, sexual slave… And it had to be indelible, for life…

If he ever sold her, or if she escaped, or if she just outlived him, Claudia Moore would always remember her days of slavery, when she belonged to Ruben Valdes.

He was still not sure. Above her vagina? No, she could cover it up. On the front of her thigh? No, he liked looking at her naked legs, slender and glossy and perfect…

The best place was between her thighs, near the crutch. For ever. Every time she masturbated, he reasoned, she would feel the scar, like every time she crossed her legs, walked, or went to the bathroom… She would remember it to the end of her days...

And any man who took her would know she was a slave. It was a private, personal place. It staked his claim to her lovely pussy, to its heady female perfume, to its moist pleasures…

It would be a kind of guardian, a silent witness to her most intimate moments...

Valdes was trembling with excitement. He had to calm down. If he made a mistake he could cause a lot of damage to the priceless skin of his famous slave.

He stood up and walked out of the barn.

It was dawn. He felt good as he stretched and breathed in the crisp early-morning air.

It had been an early start, but worth it. He wanted to have everything ready for the evening, to impress Herrera. He didn't want to miss this chance of getting the contract for building the new barracks in the jungle.

This time it would take more than money or drugs. It was a big contract and a lot of money would be going under the table. Claudia might give him the edge over his competitors.

He recalled how, some time before, he had kidnapped Esmeralda and offered her to the General. The army had backed off immediately, moving its anti-narcotics operations to other areas of the jungle.

So far, he had managed to keep ahead.

He felt proud of himself, and happy.

He had all a man could ask for , including more money than he could count, more power than he needed and more women than he could rape. And that was good, especially the women.

He thought of the sophisticated Nadine, a lawyer representing the prosecution in the European courts, and now lying at his feet with her clitoris removed, her nose and nipples pierced … and he thought of her anus, into which he and his men went, day after day…

He thought too of the lovely Claudia Moore, once a leading top model, now the most searched for woman on earth, as befitted the future daughter-in-law of the President of the United States. But no one was looking in his part of the world, not in Santa Lucia.

Yes, he would brand her. It would be the final touch, the definitive piece of training and ownership… The lovely Claudia Moore, slave of a drug lord, would be his personal, indisputable sexual possession.

He went back to the stables, feeling more relaxed. His slave was waiting for him, in the same uncomfortable posture as he left her in, hours earlier.

He knelt down next to her. Her hair, red, sensual, flowed over the ground like spilt liquid. The saliva flowed through her big gag. She looked at him in obvious terror. And pain. She had been raped in the most obscene, brutal ways possible. She had been flogged, tortured and ringed on her most private parts like a beast…

And now he would put his brand on her, like a beast too...

He showed it to her.

"What do you think? It'll look good on you, better than a tattoo."

Claudia shook her head desperately. It was an instinctive, stupid reaction. The pig would do whatever he like with her. It did not matter what she said or did.

"Family tradition, you see. We've always marked the cattle like that. You see this? Valdes Ranch.



"Where would you like it?" He was stroking the top of her thighs. "Left or right?" Claudia seemed to come back to this world for a moment. She twisted and turned like a madwoman, now fully aware that he was not joking.

Valdes looked at her in a state of ecstasy. He loved the way she fought against the ropes. He loved the way she groaned and moved her thighs, the way she was suffering and helpless...

"Tut, tut," he said, seizing her by the nose and shaking her head around. "Naughty girl. Behave yourself or I'll ring you in the nose too. It'll hurt, like in the pussy, but you'll look great."

He was waiting for the brand to get hot. He began by examining carefully all the places he could mark her. He wanted her to be aware of them, to feel the pain before it came. He wanted her to feel the brand, his brand, as she had never felt anything before.

When it was hot, he blindfolded her. He wanted her to be waiting for it...

"I'll have to leave it a couple of minutes if I want to do a nice, clean job,"

he said.

Claudia still had difficulty taking it in. He was going to brand her, like a cow!

She had always thought it was cruel on cows...

She could feel the heat of the brazier on her thighs. The lunatic was stroking her with the tips of his fingers...

She felt a prick.

"Don't jump. I have to take the skin off first."

He was lifting the skin with a needle. He was torturing her!

Prick, lift, prick, lift.... interminable pain...

The gag swelled and filled her mouth so that she could make no noise at all...

The needle stopped...

Her skin was burning already...

She could feel it coming, the heat...

She thought she was going to die...

Valdes clenched his jaw and fixed his gaze on her lovely thighs. He pressed the hot iron into the tense skin, concentrating, trying not to move it so that the mark would be clear.

Smoke rose. A smell of burnt flesh. It reminded him that he had not yet had breakfast. He smiled. He remembered something that Herrera told him once, how one of his soldiers had roasted a prisoner alive, a foreign guerrilla fighter... It would be a terrible waste to do that to Claudia Moore...

He took the iron away and checked that she was still conscious. He was pleased to see that she was.

He looked at his work, in ecstasy.

Her pussy was shaven...

She had a little ring coming through between her sex lips, an exotic touch of middle in the dark pink of a fresh fig...

And his brand, just an inch of her left crutch, on the inside of the top of the thigh...

It was perfect! Small, but clear: VALDES PROPERTY!

He was aroused and wanted to rape her, but she was dry, dry from the torture. Irritably Valdes picked up the dildo, smeared it with the stinging ointment and sank it inside her.

He worked it round for thirty seconds. It never failed. Sure enough, he took it out shining with her pussy juice.

He lay on her raped her in his usual cruel way, banging and banging into her...

As he worked his way towards orgasm, he kept looking down in pride at his creative talent. He had improved on Nature. He had made one of the most beautiful women on earth still more beautiful.

And here he was, raping Claudia Moore herself!

Claudia Moore knew nothing of this. Nature, that had made her so beautiful, came to her rescue and left her unconscious as the monster penetrating her threw back his head and howled in pure, primitive pleasure, prey to yet another orgasm...

He had lost count of the number of times he had raped her since he bought her.

The sun was going down in the west. The heat of the evening was giving way to a cool, pleasant night. The smell of the flowers hung heavy in the air. A slight breeze was getting up, taking the edge off the heat of the torrid southern summer. The sun was almost below the horizon...

The guests, two men and one woman, were drinking and chatting to Valdes, They were unaware of the splendid sunset, and even of the improvised catwalk that ran along the wide porch.

Doctor Rodolfo Donoso had been the first to arrive, in his helicopter. He was a close friend of Valdes and shared with him some of his peculiar habits and tastes in women. His job was to repair the broken playthings when the farmer and drug lord went too far... On one occasion he had almost brought Nadine back from the dead, after a particularly brutal session of rape and torture.

Donoso was in his early forties, a thin man with a peculiar tic that made him wink his left eye when he spoke.

To his left sat Maria, Herrera's young lover and official fiancée. She looked older than her twenty-five years. She was short and fat and very talkative. Maria was an uneducated girl with a loud uncontrolled laugh. She held her own with local men in a conversation, which meant she had a loud voice, outshouting many of the farmers.

Her hair was long and dyed platinum blonde. Her nails were long and painted purple. Several were broken. She wore a red miniskirt and a revealing blouse, bright yellow in colour. Her face was heavily done up. She had crimson lips, green make-up around the eyes and a visible red streak of rouge down each cheek. She wore screaming red boots with a thick sole and enormously high heels that looked like some strange orthopaedic footware.

In a word, she was common...

Herrera sat next to Valdes. He was an army man, but he seldom wore his uniform on his visits. Tonight he was wearing a dinner jacket and bow tie. Almost retirement age, Herrera had never had much luck with women unless it was through kidnap and rape and torture, often of female prisoners.

He made other people nervous because he had a shifty look and wandering eyes.

Valdes saw that Maria's loud performance was making him nervous.

Maria was struck dumb, to everyone's relief, when she saw Esmeralda. Herrera had once confessed to Maria that he had been interested in Esmeralda, and that she had not corresponded. He had added that he would make sure she paid for her lack of interest. Maria had never felt much sympathy for the girl. But she was simply taken by surprise by what she saw...

Esmeralda walked out stark naked, with her ankles on a short chain that made it difficult for her. She wore a little decoration: a black garter, fishnet stockings, and high-heeled shoes.

She shuffled over to the army officer and knelt before him, kissing his feet.

"Who is she?" Maria asked, surprised and annoyed.

"I told you about her, dear, she's little Esmeralda," said Herrera, lifting Esmeralda's chin with one finger. "Stand up and let Maria see your body. No need to be shy. Maria is my fiancée, soon to be my wife. She can see

anything that I can see."

Esmeralda stood up immediately. She felt terribly embarrassed. She was from a good family, and had been to the most expensive schools, and now she had to show this loud, common woman her private parts...

Maria did not know how to react. She just stared at the naked girl. A momentary doubt crossed her mind. Why should Herrera bother to marry her when he had a splendid woman like this for a slave?

"What do you think?" Herrera asked.

Valdes looked on in amusement.

"I ... I don't..." she stammered nervously. She was staring at Esmeralda, who really did look lovely.

"Go on, touch her," said Herrera, sensing her interest. "She's flesh and blood. She's real."

The woman extended a tentative hand. She touched Esmeralda's left thigh with one of her surviving nails.

"Is this the slut who turned you down?" she asked.

"The very one. Maybe you two should have a little chat. After all, you share the same man," said Herrera.

Maria looked confused for a moment, and then glared in open hostility at Esmeralda. She scratched her down one thigh. "Good idea, dear," she said, and stood up, intending to take the girl somewhere quiet. There were mixed emotions here, physical attraction but also jealousy...

"Not now, dear. We're chatting happily for the moment. There'll be plenty of time later on for you to get to know this girl."

At that moment Nadine came in, dressed in exactly the same way, with rings in her nose and nipples. She was carrying a tray with champagne on it.

Valdes beckoned and Esmeralda knelt in front of the army man once again. Maria glared at her. Herrera caught hold of Esmeralda's hair and pulled her up onto his lap. He began to fondle her openly on the breasts and to kiss her on the mouth. Valdes was not sure if he had forgotten Maria's presence or was provoking her.

"I have a pleasant surprise prepared for you two," he said.

The couple looked at him.

"You have probably seen something about it on television..." His guests waited expectantly.

Valdes raised a hand. Oscar, one of his drug men who was hiding out there while pressure was on from the American narcotics squads, stood up. He left for a moment and reappeared pulling an old farm cart with a square box on it, in wrapping paper.

"It's my latest acquisition. I'm rather proud of it. I would like to share it with my closest friends and business associates."

He removed the wrapping paper. There was a shocked silence, which Mary finally broke. "It's ... it's Claudia Moore!"

They all looked with eyes wide open. It was indeed a remarkable sight.

In the thin light of the oil lamps on the porch, Claudia looked like a goddess in a cage.

She was combed and done up as if she was going to the most important audition in her life. She was posed just like in the advert that made her famous, the one that caused a public scandal, except that now she was wearing nothing at all except some tiny panties and a necklace of flowers that rose and fell over her lovely breasts. Apart from that, she wore only nipple rings and a clitoris ring that could not be seen through the panties. Herrero pushed Esmeralda out of the way and hurried over to the cage. It was made of a thick mesh formed of plaited barbed wire, like the cages used in the jungle by poachers to transport macaques.

Claudia looked down, kneeling, sitting back on her heels. Her hands were placed behind her neck.

None of those present had ever been so close to a woman as breathtakingly beautiful as this.

She provoked pure, physical desire.

No man could resist such a beautiful woman. They all fell under the spell of her erotic attraction.

Herrera, Donoso and Valdes all had emphatic erections.

Herrera shook the bars of the cage to attract her attention, but Claudia only looked down even more. She felt nervous as the urgent gaze of the army officer ran up and down her body.

She sensed something perverse in it.

"I always wanted to punish these sluts for the harm they do to society," Herrera said, gritting his teeth.

"You will, you will, General," Valdes promised. He did not ask what harm they did because he knew that Herrera wanted to punish her and would punish her, for one reason or another. "But first", he went on, "I have prepared something for you that you will like."

Oscar took away the caged model.

The men's eyes were shining...

"Our guest has insisted on doing a brief performance for you," he said solemnly. "Please take your seats and remain cool. The night is young."

When Claudia appeared again, they held their breath in admiration. The warm night was heavy with the restrained lust of the three men, the fierce envy of the woman, an envy tinged with more than a little physical desire…

The atmosphere was tense.

She was wearing a small bra with no straps. It fastened in the front. She also had the same panties on, plus silk gloves to above her elbows, a garter, panty hose and shoes. All of it was white, very white…

She had a collar round her neck.

Slowly she moved up the catwalk.

She flowed along it like a gazelle…

Valdes put the original version of her famous advert on. Strident rap…

And then came the most extraordinary spectacle...

She began swaying to the music. She was pure rhythm. She was pure sex…

Her hips, bust, shoulders, arms were all swaying. There were short, fast movements mixed with slower, more sensual movements, all of them highly erotic, all moving her breasts and buttocks and rounded thighs in different ways…

It was disturbing, provocative, and it charged the air with an even heavier lust.

Then, quickly, she went into a brief but torrid strip-tease that had the spectators' jaws hanging loose…

Claudia was part of the new wave of models. They were beautiful but rounded and real. Authentic women. Women with exceptional physiques

and beautiful faces, but also women who knew how to use their bodies, women who could dance, seduce, provoke…

Claudia seemed absent. She took refuge in the hypnotic music. At the same time, she knew what was expected of her if she did not deliver the goods. Valdes had explained it all to her in great detail. And she wanted to avoid being punished all costs.

She tried to perform well, shutting out the sinister audience and concentrating on herself. She loved the music and had often danced to it in the privacy of her bedroom, and she let it take her now as she lifted and turned her lovely breasts… The music dictated when and how she took a garment off.

Herrera was stunned. He could not take his eyes off the incredibly lovely woman who floated along the cat-walk. He was hypnotized by the quiver of her emphatic hips, the twists and turns of her narrow waist, her play with the shoulders, the shake and wobble of her mouth-watering breasts, the impossible beauty of her flashing green eyes and her magnificent red hair piled floating sensually all around her like a mist that covered and uncovered what many considered the loveliest face in the world.

He would give anything to have her...

When Claudia finally took off her bra and gloves, Valdes stopped the music.

A string snapped inside Claudia.

The only noise was fast breathing of the fully aroused guests. She suddenly felt she was just the object of some enormous, urgent need…

She suddenly remembered Valdes' instructions. She jumped down gracefully and went over to Herrera. She looked at him for a moment and controlled her disgust. He was repulsive, mad, frightening… He had a killer's cold about him.

Waving her hips in a slow, circular movement, and with her feet about twelve inches apart, she untied the bows on her panties, right next to the officer's face. He sat bolt upright, transfixed… Then she offered him one end while holding the other behind her back. Herrera pulled slowly. The panties went tight and pulled into her vagina. They picked up a stain of red lipstick. The man moved his face nearer and sniffed, his eyes blank. Then, to Claudia's disgust, he began licking her.

Valdes saw his opportunity.

"Claudia will be only too happy to accompany you tonight, General," he said. He put a lead on the collar round the model's neck and tied her hands behind her back. "You have the most pleasant room at your disposition."

Herrera stood up, took a wad of papers from his pocket and handed them to Valdes. He led the girl into the house. He knew the way.

"I'll show you how I treat bitches like you," he said to her through his teeth.

Five minutes later, there was nobody sitting on the veranda. Donoso had taken Nadine, dragging her off by the hair to have a little "chat". He invited Maria and Esmeralda and they accepted.

Valdes handcuffed the young Esmeralda behind her back. He did not want anything to happen to Maria, the General's fiancée…

It had all gone uncommonly well. He looked down in satisfaction at the papers and in particular at the phrase "for the construction of barracks".

He was beginning to get something back for his most expensive and interesting investment ever: Claudia Moore.

Maria was stupid, ignorant, temperamental, and also aware of her own lack of physical attractions. As soon as she got to the room she slapped Esmeralda in the face twice, and then put her knee in her groin, which brought the girl quickly to her knees.

"You and I are not going to do much talking," she said to the girl, "because I know all about you. I know whores like you. So you can keep quiet and show me what you can do. You can do to me what you've been doing to my fiancé all this time, behind my back."

No sooner had she finished than she pulled her panties off and squatted on the astonished girl's face. She caught her by the hair and began to wipe her smelly vagina over it again and again.

"You know what I want. I want tongue. So get it out!"

Esmeralda had never been with a woman before, not even during the long months as Valdes' prisoner. She had been raped and tortured repeatedly, but she had not been with a woman.



I’ll show you how I treat bitches like you...

Now her face was shining with the grease from the woman's stinking crutch and there was nothing she could do but lick her, so she licked, knowing that the woman who hated her for her beauty and for the erections she produced in her husband...

Maria stayed on her for five hours and rubbed and wiped and grunted and sometimes nearly choked the girl as she sat on her face.

"Right in there," she kept saying, "lick my cunt like the slut you are! Give my poor little pussy a good lick!"

Esmeralda drank the smelly liquids and breathed the stale farts for hours... She had to listen to the vilest insults and had to suffer sadistic bites on her nipples and breasts as well as humiliating slaps all over her body. She suffered. But she suspected that her own suffering was nothing in comparison to the terrible screams that were coming up through the wooden floorboards…

Nadine heard the same screams and had her own problems.

The sadist who had once saved her life, had raped her in a very special way. He had hung her from the ceiling by the ankles in such a way that her face was hanging at the height of his member. All the rooms in the house had accessories for such matters…

The doctor first tied her wrists to the collar round her neck first. Then he shot off three times into the mouth of the young French lawyer.

When he recovered he produced a flail. He separated her sex lips with his fingers and he flogged her again and again on the open vagina, muttering angrily as if the vagina had offended him in some obscure way.

He ended up exhausted, but did not want the session to end. He encouraged her to lick him on the genitals but it was no good…

He was too tired.

So he winched the girl down onto the mattress from the bed and lay under her.

"If you stop licking, even for a second, I'll get the cattle prod."

The lovely Parisian lawyer, her promising career now behind her, licked



He separated her sex lips with his fingers and he flogged her again and again on the open vagina.

for two hours and kissed her sadistic rapist…

When he lay face up she licked his dirty genitals.

When he lay face down she licked his dark crack and his anus. She did not dare stop. She knew that Donoso was awake. No one could sleep with the screams coming up through the floorboards.

The deafening shrieks were getting through to General Herrera too. He heard them better than anyone else.

Only the General was fully enjoying the roars and screams that came from the young model.

Listening to screams had become over the years his main pleasure with women. And this time he had the added pleasure of torturing a woman who was liberal, free-thinking, atheistic and antimilitary…

Valdes had given him the torture room. It was a large, well-equipped room. A normal person would have guessed the function of no more than ten per cent of the strange instruments it contained. But General Herrera was not an ordinary person. As a young mercenary and later as Minister for Public Order in a horrendous dictatorship, and more recently through his friendship with Valdes, he had used the whole arsenal of sexual terror repeatedly.

On this occasion, however, he had wanted to keep things simple. The woman on the end of his lead was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, whether in real life, or in the cinema or in magazines. It would be a pity to twist her body around in a strange machine…

"You're gonna pay for your provocation now, you slut," he told her. "Do you have any idea how many men you make masturbate every day, thinking about the filthy things you do in front of the camera?"

Claudia said nothing. She did not know what to say. It was always the same story. First with Jake, who kidnapped her in Nairobi, then with Max, who auctioned her off in a cage like an animal, then with Valdes the highest bidder, and now with this General from a banana republic. Always the same accusation, that she was beautiful, that she provoked people,

she was an anarchist, or a star or a model or anything that came into their heads… There was no reply possible because it was all so meaningless, and anything she said was likely to be considered insolence or lack of obedience or whatever seemed to them to be a good excuse for torturing her or raping her.

They were all rich and powerful and sadistic. And they were also bitter and frustrated deep down inside because she had made it, she was successful and famous, and they were not. They were nobody. They were nobody even to themselves, in their own private opinion of themselves, whatever they said or did.

And they knew.

And took it all out on her, on her breasts and on her vagina and often too on her buttocks.

"It's time to punish you." He tied her wrists to a rope above her head.

Then he pushed a button with his foot and she was lifted a foot off the ground. The rope dug into her wrists. Her arms hurt.

"Now I'm going to flay you alive. I'm going to punish you all over your naked body!"

First he went over to her and took her shoes off. Then he unfastened the garter, removed her panties carefully, and finally took the garter right off.

Claudia Moore was left totally naked and defenceless, hanging in front a dark, twisted figure at the end of his military career and very near the end of his virility.

General Herrera took his jacket off and changed into "working" clothes.

Feeling much more comfortable now, he pressed his body briefly against the girl and then buried his face between her magnificent breasts, kissing and biting her, groping her legs and buttocks, feeling her, possessing her, making her his with his intrusive, exploring hands. He had the secret hope that this beautiful woman would restore his failing virility.

She did not.

And that made him very angry…



Now I’m going to flay you alive...

She was so lovely, so sensual! What a pity he could not turn the clock back twenty years! What he would have done to her then!

He turned her round with one finger and brushed the hair out of her face. He examined her closely, her neck, stretched shoulders, straight back, the lovely curve of the small of her back, with small dimples on each side, her exuberant and firm buttocks, her soft, long thighs…

His eye fell on Valdes' brand. "Son of a bitch," he mumbled.

He turned her round again on the rope.

He murmured to himself as if he could not believe it. It's Claudia Moore, it's Claudia Moore…

He stood on a short stool and kissed her on the lips, a dry, rough kiss. He knew that modern women hated that. It was an intrusion, too intimate, too personal. He had often been told by prostitutes that they did not want to be kissed.

A female prisoner hates being kissed by her torturer.

He was right. Claudia hated it. She would rather have been raped.

Herrera kissed her for a long time, stopping occasionally to see if there was any reaction visible in her green eyes. Nothing. Just the deepest repugnance, which made him angry once again.

She was just a slut, a twenty-year old slut who did not really respect him, who despised him.

He would make her pay for that.

And he wanted to hear her. He took her gag out.

He took a long, flexible cane down from the wall. It was a stretched version of a simple riding crop, but its greater length made it much more terrible. He swished the air with it in front of his victim's terrified eyes…

"NO, please!" Claudia managed to say. They were the first words she had spoken that night. "Don't hit me. Please!"

Herrera like the way she was begging him not to hit her. It turned him on. He hit the ground a tremendous blow. He had tortures hundreds of women in his time and he knew all about it…

"Now you're gonna sing and dance just for me," he said, turning the rope so that her back was facing him.

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH!
THWAAAAAAAAAACK!
"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

Claudia shout rang through all the rooms of the ranch-house, and much further too…

Instantly, tears streamed from her lovely green eyes and ran down her cheeks. Her gorgeous body writhed and twisted like an eel on a hook…

He had hit her on the small of the back, just where the waist is narrowest.
A diagonal red welt with raised edges appeared on her silky skin.
He waited until she settled down and then raised his arm again.

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH!
THWAAAAAAAAAACK!
"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!
STOP!!! PLEEEASE!!!
NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

Claudia shouted out in pain. This time the riding crop had bitten into the back of her thighs…

I'll leave her legs till later when she's tired, he thought, watching how she kicked around. He wanted to bring the crop down when his victim was still fresh. He could have tied her up in lots of different ways, but he preferred to watch the spectacle as she twisted around on the rope.

He walked around, his arm raised high. Claudia did not know where the next blow would come from. She hardly knew where he was, as she was still spinning round, suspended by the wrists.

"Keep still now," he said, pulling her to a halt by the ring through her clitoris. Her clitoris seemed to be on fire. The slightest touch on the ring was painful.

"I'll tell you what you're gonna do now. You're gonna lift your right leg till your knee touches your breast. Your Master wants to see your

mark, OK?"

Claudia did not answer, so he pulled on the little ring. "I said, OK?"

"Y … yes, please … stop … don't hit me, please…"

Herrera pulled harder. "Yes, Sir. That's what well brought-up girls say when they are asked a question."

"Yes … Sir…"

She obeyed. It was a difficult posture but her profession made her unusually supple. Her muscular tone was excellent and she could do things that most women cannot.

"HIGHER!" Herrera shouted. He was getting excited. He cracked the long crop down on the ground.

"Yes, Sir! I'm doing it, Sir!"

Herrera crouched down to examine her. For the first time in many years, he felt his limp penis throbbing. Her brand, her sex lips covered in red lipstick, her shaven pubis that showed him her lips so clearly, the small ring sticking through them provocatively, it was all too much for him and it all turned him on…

He ran his finger over the brand. It was still tender. He slipped a finger between her lips. Instinctively she lowered her leg.

"If you bring that knee down another inch, you bitch, you'll regret it."

"Yes, Sir. I won't move it again." She lifted her knee.

Herrera stood up. Without saying a word he flogged her with all his might just on the inside of the thigh, aiming carefully at the well-exposed spot.

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH!

THWAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!!!

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

Claudia could not keep still. She twisted hysterically in her ropes, trying desperately to rub one thigh against the other to relieve the sting…

Esmeralda shuddered as she lay on the floor above, still crushed by Maria's repulsive vagina…

"Lift your leg, I said, you slut!" Herrera shouted, getting angry. "I

won't tolerate disobedience from a cunt like you!"

Sobbing, and still writhing, Claudia managed to lift her knee again.

Herrera slowly lifted his arm again.

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!" Claudia shouted.

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH!
THWAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!!!
"AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

The long riding crop did not bite into the soft thigh this time. Claudia brought her leg down just in time to prevent it. Herrera was getting hysterical. The Anglo-Saxon slut was doing it on purpose to wind him up…

He stomped over to a chest of drawers and opened a drawer. In his methodical, ritual way he knew where to find everything…

Claudia was slowly turning on the rope, her eyes closed.

"You have to learn how to obey. And one way or another, you're going to learn. In this country a woman obeys or dies. Lift your knee!"

Claudia was terrified and obeyed. She was not sure if he would kill her or not but she was sure that not obeying would be more painful in the long run. The impotent sadist held all the cards. He knew what he was doing. He could torture her for years and years, keeping her on the thin line that separates life and death. No one could stop him. She could suffer forever…

She watched as Herrera passed a thin piece of string under her knee and tied it to the ring in her right nipple. If she lowered her knee now, even without wanting to, she would tear her nipple.

It was a terrible sight, but it turned the General on. The top model's beauty seemed to him especially heightened when her face was twisted by pain under torture.

Her lovely red hair, which had set the fashion world alight, was sticking to her hair, wet with sweat and tears. She looked totally sensual, totally physical… Her sensual lips hung half open and seemed to be asking for more intimate uses than simply screaming… Her lifted knee was pressed against her sore nipple. Her free leg was struggling to gain support on

the ground and stop her turning…

Herrera took special pleasure in the little details of torture. He walked over to her and seized her by the lifted right ankle.

He liked her feet. They were small, with a lovely curve underneath. He kneaded her slender ankles too, perfect for the fetters. And he liked her toes, the toes of a child, straight and perfect…

He began to stroke her, tickling her on the sole of the foot. Claudia closed her eyes and tried not to move. It was difficult. Her thighs hurt from the forced position. Soon, she knew, the spasms would begin…

Herrera began to kiss her, licking her foot, sucking the toes. Then he tied her big toe to the ring in her clitoris. Tight.

Claudia was astonished at the man's ability to imagine such detailed forms of torture.

She had to hold her weight on her big toe, keeping it as straight as she could…

Herrera stepped back and gave her a slight push that made her spin slowly…

He was really enjoying the show now!

He was enjoying the muscular effort she had to make to keep her knee against her breast and her toe straight.

The General was getting an erection. An erection such as he had not for some years. He could feel it through the pocket of his dinner jacket, there was no doubt about it. He had a hard-on!

"Kiss me!" he ordered.

Psychological or sexual, it was always torture…

Claudia obeyed, trying not to smell him. She half-opened her lips and he immediately thrust in his rough tongue and ran it round and round her mouth.

A tug on her hair indicated what was expected of her. She pushed her own tongue out. She was feeling dizzy and sick. She did her best and began to kiss him as well as she could…

The kiss lasted a quarter of an hour...

Upstairs, Nadine was also tied to ropes coming from the ceiling, but in her case by the ankles, and she had Donoso's penis down her throat. She was wondering if the silence meant that Claudia had fainted or died. The only sounds in the luxurious room were the doctor's gruff panting and the noises coming from her own throat as his penis throbbed and pushed in and out, and her own occasional gasps as she sucked air in when she could.

But Claudia Moore had not died. She was still licking and sucking an old man's tongue in an old man's smelly mouth.

Finally Herrera stepped back, momentarily satisfied by the girl's tongue. But there was something he did not quite like about her posture. Claudia was trying to lean forwards, with her chin down on her chest…

He did not like it. It was not aesthetically pleasing. After all, he had given Valdes a good contract. In a sense he had paid for this woman, paid for one of the best bodies in the world. She had to live up to her reputation, especially when she was alone with him.

He went back to her. Her eyes were full of tears and her face was wet with sweat and his saliva. He put his finger under her chin and lifted her face. He turned her round until she was showing him her back. What shoulders! What a waist, what lovely dimples just above it, and what an ass!

He took her hair in both hands, just above the fringe. Skilfully – he had been in the navy for a short time before joining the army – he plaited it to the end of a length of rope. Then he pulled it back, lifting her head. He tied it to her left thigh, in the crutch, just above Valdes' mark. He would have preferred to anchor it to the ring in her clitoris, but there was not enough room for the two pieces of string.

That simple arrangement satisfied him fully. The lovely model Claudia Moore was now arching her body backwards, offering him her gorgeous breasts. She was struggling even more now with her right foot, fighting a losing battle, feeling all the stresses and strains on the cruel rings in her most intimate parts…

"Please, Sir, please … NOOOOOOOO! Stop! Please! Untie me, I can't take any more, please...!"

"I said I would teach you obedience and I will. Do you know a better way?"

"Please … please … please…"

"SILENCE, YOU SLUT!"

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH!

THWAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!!!

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

The scream was heard all over the ranch, confirming to all that Claudia Moore was still alive. Valdes, especially, breathed a sigh of relief. He did not quite trust Herrera. It would have been a terrible loss. He had hardly started working on Claudia himself…

General Herrera carried on flogging her on the defenceless inside of her thigh until she lost consciousness. Then he moved quickly, holding her lifted knee. The weight of her body would have damaged sensitive parts…

He brought her round with a spray that he always carried on such occasions.

Claudia opened her eyes to find herself once more in the real world, a world of torture and punishment and terrible pain, her world since Jake had kidnapped her in Nairobi…

She felt something pressing against her vagina.

The position of her head prevented her from seeing what it was.

Herrera wanted to make the most of the occasion and to use his unexpectedly impressive erection…

He penetrated her quickly. She was not ready for it and was dry, but not completely. The physical effort, the sweating, the heat and the humidity, all lent themselves to the penetration.

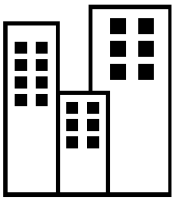
Herrera knew he could not keep it in for long. He had to finish quickly. That's what happened with Esmeralda. Only the attention of her tongue and lips produced anything like an orgasm, although not exactly an

erection. It would be too frustrating to have such a beautiful woman so totally at his mercy and not be able to make use of her…

He pushed into her. He hated her, and this helped him a little. Claudia hardly felt it. She had other things to feel. She could not concentrate on the feeble efforts of a feeble member.

Esmeralda, with her nose stuck in Maria's greasy anus and her tongue stuck into the woman's smelly crack, heard Herrera grunt. She knew the grunt very well. The pig visited her every week and she knew him well. He had just come. She supposed that the worse was over for Claudia, but she also knew that Claudia had suffered greatly to give the man such a strong orgasm…

At least, she said to herself, in an attempt to find some consolation, I had time to enjoy life a little bit before I fell into Valdes' hands..



Four yards under the ground, in a Tokyo alley...

She had been unable to see or speak for some days now. Yamamota had taken over her whole life, even in the smallest, most intimate details…

Strangely, the Japanese had never raped her. He had often threatened to, but had never done it, at least not in her vagina…

Alone in the total dark, she lost all sense of time. She was only aware of eternity. The same frozen instant of time that refused to move on…

She spent day after day on her knees, tied up in the basement by the throat, unable even to strangle herself.

A black hood, tied tight round her neck, covered her head completely. A buckle, fastened to a rope from the ceiling of the gloomy cell, made it impossible for her to sit down. Fortunately for her, her arms twisted behind her back had not hurt for some time. She had lost all feeling in them.

Her elbows were tied together by a strap and her wrists were forced back up and tied to the collar round her neck. It was a cruel posture, with her forearms tied together and her back arched painfully. A thin piece of cord joined the finger of each hand to its corresponding finger on the other hand, thumb to thumb, little finger to little finger…

Jasmine remembered the pictures on the little cards of pious virgins that she used to collect in her convent school. The difference was that her hands were not joined in front of her face, nor were her arms covering her breasts. Her own hands were at the back of her neck and her arms were high behind her back.

But this was not all. A thick strap pulled very tight hung from an

equally tight belt, went down between her legs and held to two huge dildoes in place, one in each hole. Two batteries and an ingenious condenser gave her two separate electric discharges every two hours. It was the only way she had of measuring time, the slow passing of hours and days…

A tremendous rubber penis, made of viscous rubber, went through the only hole in her hood and forced her jaws painfully apart... She spent the rest of the time trying to move the weight of her body around in different ways on her aching knees and legs.

She had been like this for a week now, in this living hell.

Her world had shrunk to nothing. She saw nothing, said nothing, and felt nothing in at least half her body. She could not even expel anything, sealed off as she was by the huge phalluses. She could only hear, hear the rats and cockroaches that infested the damp cellar in a Tokyo slum. She heard too, more distantly, sounds that she associated with freedom: cars in the alley, children shouting in a nearby school, and even Yamamoto's footsteps when he came down the steps.

His visits were always the same, pure routine. He began by rubbing her breasts with stinging nettles that he grew specially for her. He flogged her breasts painfully with a small "cat-o'-nine tails", specially made for her. Then he took off her diabolical chastity belt and gave her a necessary enema, putting a thick nozzle into her anus. The other end was attached to a tank of hot water.

It was a cruel form of torture. When the girl exploded, shooting out all her excrement, he hosed her down with a high-pressure hose of icy water. And then, without taking her hood off, he buggered her.

A few minutes later, when he had recovered, he took the gag out, but left the hood on. He made her clean his genitals and anal crack with her tongue and lips. Yamamoto never washed, not even after going to the toilet…

Then she had to suck him until he came. He had just come and it was a difficult job. He controlled himself and made her work on him for a long time. Jasmine did her best to satisfy him, always fearing that there were even worse forms of torture waiting for her if she did not.

When he had his orgasm, he fed her. Another excuse for a fiendish little game… Yamamoto strewed a handful of dogs' biscuits over the ground. Jasmine, still wearing the hood and unable to see or smell, had to find them if she wanted to eat. She was obliged to move around with her arms still tied behind her back, moving on her knees and rubbing her naked breasts over the rough stone floor…

The Japanese man took special pleasure in watching his explosive prisoner look for food in this way.

He also enjoyed mixing his own excrement, dry and compressed, with her food. Without her sense of smell, the young Brazilian girl was often deceived by the size and texture of the false biscuits into eating them. He had warned her about them, but she still fell into the trap sometimes. She knew the difference when she sank her teeth into them, but it was too late by then. She ended up swallowing part of the dry turds thrown down for her by the mad sadist…

It was all horrible, but it was just a few hours every two or three days. The rest of her time was worse. She was deprives of practically all sensory stimulus for hours and days with her aching muscles screaming to be released from her terrible bondage.

With no feeling in her legs and no strength to get up and a terrible chain that prevented her from lying down…

Hour after hour with a cruel rubber penetrating her anus and vagina, under the constant threat of the two electric shocks every two hours and the visit every ritual two days… Yamamoto had calculated it all. Just when the girl was about to go to sleep or lose consciousness, the cattle prod switched itself on, deep in the warm silky walls of her vagina or rectum…

Jasmine could not stop thinking, thinking about her plight and thinking about all that had happened since the audition in Leblon in her beloved Rio. She remembered the abuse she suffered at the hands of the two pigs, the rape in the dark cell in Nairobi, the interminable journey to Tokyo, and how she had woken up in that same basement to be cruelly tortured by Yamamoto right from the beginning…

And she remembered the terrible night of the "dance", when following the Japanese man's instructions, tied by the neck to her companion Laura, she had to dance and give him the lesbian show he wanted to see.

"I want to see your wet pussies kissing each other, over and over again!" were his final instructions.

He was not disappointed. He looked on in huge pleasure as one of the girls opened her thighs a little and moved forwards, while the other girl raised a knee, pushed a thigh forwards onto the girl's open vagina and pressed against it, causing her to move up on tiptoe in an involuntary gesture of pleasure. The girls, dressed up like prostitutes, had to stroke and kiss each other, like two lovers smooching in a dark disco…

Then he made them lie on the floor and lick each other's vaginas, alternately sucking on the clitoris and licking it, and kissing each other all over the invitingly open lips, their faces shining with feminine secretion and their eyes shining with enforced passion, groaning and writhing until they both came.

It would have been useless to pretend. They knew it had to be genuine, so they had real orgasms.

Yamamoto watched in silence, masturbating. He could not believe what he was seeing. Two amazingly beautiful women chained by the neck, one a voluptuous Latin and the other a lovely half-caste.

Even for him, this was a new experience. He had always cut off the clitorises of his slaves with a heavy pair of metal cutters as soon as he got them home. But a castrated woman now seemed less sensitive to him, and he had decided to change his rituals.

Jasmine, meanwhile, was still waiting for him. She wanted him to come, to put an end to the torture of her isolation. She wanted it more than anything else in the world. Any change could only be better than that agonising posture and that gloomy loneliness.

She did not suspect that a whole month would pass before the psychopath who had bought her would decided to put her to other uses...

Anyone else would have shown the wear and tear, but Jasmine, with the vitality that came from her youth, looked beautiful. Yamamoto had taken off the hood just a few hours ago and had untied her arms. He gave her the enema and cleaned her carefully with the hose and shampoo. Then



I want to see your wet pussies kissing each other, over and over again…

he brushed her hair and put perfume on her. The young woman just let him do it. She was in a daze and could not have stopped him anyway. She was too tired and too numb, physically and mentally.

"When you came, I explained to you some of the uses of a sexual slave," he said, unexpectedly. "I promised you a little party. It's time we had it."

The party began late. Yamamoto, naked and squatting on his heels, ate raw Japanese fish. Jasmine was twisting and turning around on a table in front of him to the rhythm of samba music. Laura, the Spanish dancer, was not dancing at that moment. She was hanging, suspended from the ceiling, in one of the corners of the room, tied by the hands and wrists. Her breasts were hanging free, pointing down to the ground and her shoulders were pulled back near to dislocation.

Gagged, she was the mute spectator of the sordid show.

Jasmine was very weak after so many weeks without moving, and she had difficulty following the rhythm. She was barefoot, and wore only a fluorescent green tanga that Yamamoto had bought her for the occasion, and two small but painful clamps that bit onto her nipples. Long, fine chains set off her beauty. They were attached to shining gold rings on her wrists and slender ankles.

The Japanese man was a lover of all kinds of music and dancing. He was a connoisseur, a gourmet, knowledgeable in many different areas: history, music, electronics, dancing, the plastic arts, anthropology, and torture.

Whenever the girl lost her rhythm in his expert opinion, he whipped her on the legs with a long whip that he kept beside him on the floor.

Jasmine could only raise one leg to try to avoid the whip. The table was not big enough to let her get away from it. Yamamoto did not flog her often, but he enjoyed it when he did.

The sound of little bells rang out as she danced. The man insisted that the bells should follow the rhythm too. It was practically impossible, but the young Brazilian discovered that if she moved her body in particularly

rounded and provocative movements, he usually found her dancing acceptable.

She no longer felt the embarrassment or humiliation of the first few days. The month of sensory deprivation had changed her into a jumpy, nervous creature who panicked easily and whose main interest in life was avoiding sexual torture.

The CD played the same song over and over again. It was a well-known piece, very popular in the summer. She saw that this was going to go on for some time. The psychopath had bought her for this, to watch her suffer. She knew from experience that he liked to take things slowly, to enjoy the pleasure that she was giving him and the pain that he was causing her.

Finally, Yamamoto grew tired of raw fish and jingling bells. His member was erect as a ship's mast. He pushed her onto a bed and tied her ankles and wrists to the four corners. Her vagina was wide open, but her lips had stuck together at the top. He separated them with his thumb and forefinger and arranged them so that they were fully apart. Then he fetched his special long, whippy riding crop and brought it down onto her totally defenceless open vagina…

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH!
SLAAAAAAP!
"AAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

He lifted the riding crop again and beat her, time after time, all around the vagina and sometimes on it, until the tops of her thighs were criss-crossed with red welts.

Then he began on her breasts.

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH!
THWAAAAAACK!
"AAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"
"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

Her large breasts wobbled and quivered and finally settled in place, a deep red line going through the nipples…

He hit her again and again on the breasts, and on the stomach and on the sex lips. "It'll make you more sensitive when I fuck you!" he said.

He had placed some horrible instruments for torture between the girl's lovely legs. When his arm was tired he would use them. Finally he remembered them, and inserted a giant penis into her anus, and rubbed her breasts with a metal cheese-grater until she screamed. Then he pressed it onto her open vagina and "massaged" her with a series of quick, painful vibrating movements. She screamed again.

Finally he fell on her and penetrated her, deliberately trying to hurt her as much as possible by rubbing or slapping the parts of her body that he had slapped or flogged or grated before.

In this way he forced her to move around and squeeze him. At the same time he worked on her clitoris with his fingers, and from time to time he kissed her on the mouth.

Jasmine was young, and unskilled in such matters.

Before she was kidnapped and raped in the flat in Leblon, she had only had sex twice, with a friend from high school. He was slim but strong, a respected ball player, particularly skilled at "Volleyfoot", a game played on the beaches of Botafogo. She was the envy of her friends…

Her sexual experience was growing with each second that passed. Yamamoto told her in great detail what she had to do to please him. He gave her a crash course in Eastern eroticism, with the added difficulties that came from being tightly bound…

He taught her how to contract her vagina to the rhythm of his pelvic thrusts, how to kiss the lobes of his ears, and how to bite him gently on the penis when he put it in her mouth, how to kiss him on the mouth, to lick his gums, to stroke his Japanese lips with her splendid Brazilian lips, to move her hips provocatively, to whisper obscenities in his ear, and to do it all with the respect that a prisoner, a slave, owes to her master, the samurai…

Yamamoto was skilled at restraining himself. After two hours of rape in which he obliged the girl to collaborate in her own torture, he finally got an orgasm out of her. It was a memorable moment for him. It was the



It’ll make you more sensitive when I fuck you!

moment when the warrior's strength took full possession of the prisoner. The moment when his favourite weapon, the penis, broke down all his victim's defences and conquered her totally.

It was a memorable moment too for Jasmine. For all the hatred she felt towards her repulsive jailor, the Japanese tycoon, she had been unable to resist the tireless thrusting of his member deep inside her vagina. She had always been especially afraid of this moment, when her guard would be completely down and he would take what he wanted from her. He would take the only thing she could deny him.

It was true that the criminal had forced her to have an orgasm on the first day. But it was not with his penis. It was with a huge imitation. After coming with his real penis inside her, she felt that she was his slave in a more complete way, that he was now invading her most private thoughts and feelings, controling them…

She had given up fighting. Overwhelmed by the defeat, she wanted to give up all forms of resistance. It was all over. He had raped her and won.

Then came a different kind of hell, in which the victim collaborated with her torturer. For the next hour Yamamoto forced her to have orgasm after orgasm, whole series of quick body-wrenching jerks and spasms that lifted her to the crest of a wave and left her stranded on the beach, exhausted and drained, until the next one… At one moment they came every thirty seconds…

The Japanese sadist was in ecstasy. He felt the girl's spasms on his penis and knew that he was responsible for them.

This slave was worthy every cent he paid for her and much more...

Soon he would start training her as his Geisha. The little bitch would learn all about service then.

And to think that just a few months ago he used to ablate the clitoris of all his slaves!



In the middle of an oasis, in a discreet brothel known as the Desert Kasbah...

I sleep in his room now, in a small cage hanging from the ceiling. It's just iron bars, with no floor. It's so small that the only way I can get a little bit comfortable is with my legs hanging down through the bars, but I have to be very careful. If he finds me like that he beats my legs with a short hard whip they use on camels.

My life is hell. I'm his slave. First he kept me in the cage for two weeks, naked, and at the mercy of the tide, and then he sent for me. I would have done anything he asked me to. I was a broken reed.

He surprised me. He didn't rape me. He just told me to kneel on a stool in front of him with my hands clasped behind my back and my breasts lifted up high for him to see.

He looked at me for some time. Then he told me that his father had offered him a job in White Inc. He would be responsible for recruitment and "packaging" in the Middle East. The factory, as he called it, was in the basement of a brothel.

I did not understand much of what he told me, except that he had decided I was to go with him. I was a present, after all, he explained, and he didn't want to look a gift horse in the mouth. "Not if I can one you in the cunt!" he added, making a rare joke and staring at my crutch.

We flew in the same private jet that had taken me to Coconut Grove. We were the only passengers.

For the first time since the black day when he raped me and nearly flogged me to death, I was dressed. I looked like a personal secretary on

business trip, except for one small detail. I carried a thick vibrator in my vagina, switched on. "I wouldn't want our relationship to go cold on us," he said. "But it won't. The batteries will last all the flight."

It was terrible. I tried to avoid the inevitable, with his mocking, half-amused smile on me. I found myself pressing my thighs together at the top, putting one thigh over another, twisting and turning, biting my lips, closing my eyes, trying to think of horrible things I had seen or done, trying to switch off, but it was useless.

Before I knew it I realised I was gripping the sides of the seat and pressing my thighs onto my vagina…

"OOOH! … UGH! ... NOOOOOO!
NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!
AAAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

I sank back onto the seat. He came and took my panties off and checked to see how wet I was. This time he left with my skirt pulled up and my vagina showing.

And I came again. I couldn't stop. This time I felt my secretion run down my thigh. He made me rub some over the back of his leather seat, and some over his face too. He said he wanted to smell my perfume.

And then he sat back to watch as I came again.
And again and again…
Time after time…

I don't know how many orgasms he made me have, or rather the stupid piece of plastic made me have, on the ten-hour flight.

It was worse when we were half-way there and he forbade me to press my thighs together. "Keep your legs wide apart, and jerk around, do what you can," he said. I did. I had no choice.

I was all in when I arrived. My legs were shaking.

My breasts were stinging too because the last hour or two of the flight he made me open my blouse and take my bra off. I had to sit there with the blouse open. When I was nearly coming, he slapped me with a long plastic ruler, sometimes on the breasts and sometimes right on my vagina.

It broke my concentration and made it difficult for me to finish…

On one occasion he handed me the ruler and told me to slap myself on the breasts if I felt I was coming. At the same time he made me stand in front of him with my legs wide apart while he sat in his seat and masturbated me. He rubbed my clitoris with one or two fingers. I kept slapping my breasts to try not to think about it, but in the end I couldn't hold it off any longer and I had an orgasm. He said I had not tried hard enough to avoid it and as a punishment he made me have another one just two or three inches from his face, using the same ruler, but this time sliding it between my legs. After that orgasm I was completely exhausted and I nearly fainted.

I thought I was going to be raped again when we arrived, but Ben didn't touch me.

"Put this on," he said, handing me a suitcase. "You're going to meet Mme Roissy. She's into women. You'll like her."

I shuddered. I have never like being touched by a woman.

I got dressed, if that is the word for it. Black leather boots made of very thin leather and with very high heels. The boots came half way up my thighs, which were both still sticky from the vibrator and the masturbation sessions. The boots clung to me like a second skin and felt like pantyhose.

There was a collar too which I supposed was for my neck, and also some bracelets, which I put on.

But there were lots of other things too...

"Come here and bring the other things," he said.

I was shaking, but I obeyed. He showed me two rings that opened with a very tight spring, about an inch in diameter. When they were open, the two ends were sharp as a needle.

He opened one and put it through my nipple. It was agony. My hands were free, but I didn't dare touch my nipples. I wouldn't have dared open the ring and the slightest movement would make it worse. I saw a drop of blood ooze out.

"Good. Now for the other one."

I pleaded with him not to do it, but it was no good. In seconds, the other ring was through my left nipple.

Then he joined the bracelets with a little chain, about a foot or two long. In the middle of this chain hung two smaller chains which he hooked to the rings in my nipples.

"Get down on all fours!" he shouted.

I obeyed, trying not to pull on my breasts. When I was down he put something very thick into my back passage. "Look at yourself in the mirror," he said, putting an iron bit between my teeth.

I looked at myself. It was a degrading sight. I was humiliated, reduced to an animal of some kind, a bitch as he often called me, or a pony or something.

I had a tail about a yard long!

"Arch your back. I want your rump up high!"

I felt as if I didn't exist.

"Wag your tail! That's what bitches do when they're happy!"

I obeyed once more. I waved my tail around in the air. He had stuck it right into my bottom somehow and it hurt me. I felt so stupid.

"Let's go," he said, attaching a lead to the collar and picking up a riding crop.

We went to the room where Mme Roissy was waiting for us. I was on all fours, trying not to lose my rhythm walking because the chain that joined the bracelets also pulled on my nipples. I had to take short little steps and walk quickly to keep up with Ben, who was pulling mercilessly on the strap around my throat. I tried not to think what I must look like with the tail stuck in me.

I had seen in the mirror that it was shaped like a cork, with the thin end inside me. It was a thick object, impossible to squeeze out.

I imagined how absurd I would look to her.

Madame Roissy gave me a cold smile, a smile that chilled my blood.

"Your father told me all about her," she said, deliberately ignoring me. I must congratulate you on your good taste".

"Let Madame see you properly," said Ben, feeling proud of himself.



Wag your tail! That's what bitches do when they're happy!

I didn't know what he meant really, which part of my body did she want to see? He soon made his meaning clear enough with a slap on my buttocks from his riding crop and another tug on the lead which pulled me round so that I was showing her my uplifted bottom and pony tail.

I felt her eyes burning into my bottom, her hand wiggling my tail around, her finger searching rudely further down, between my lips, Christ! She had no shame. She knew just what she was doing, just where a woman feels things most. I could not suppress a deep shudder as she ran the whole length of her index finger over my clitoris.

"She's quite a woman," was her only comment.

We were there for over an hour. They ignored me and chatted about other women. But I knew she never took her eyes off me. Then, as I had feared, Ben asked her for a favour. "Could you teach her a few of your tricks? She doesn't know any. She's not much use. You know, the typical white woman from a good family who's only seen a penis in the cinema."

There was a slight pause. "It'll be my pleasure, Ben. I could find a few hours for her, maybe in the evening, maybe tonight even." I turned round to see her wetting her thin lips with her tongue…

Since then, I've been in this cage. It's night now. I'm wearing a pair of boots and nothing else. I have had to watch this woman playing around with a young girl, a slave I suppose from the way she treated her. It was horrible. The girl looked Arab or something. She was really lovely. Ben had her from the front and the back. I thought his big penis would break right through the girl. When he finished, he made her lick him clean with her tongue and then he put his penis into her mouth. I don't know how she survived it all. She had over a foot of thick flesh pushing down her throat, pushing in and out, forcing it way down again and again, choking her… Until she passed out.

Now he's asleep, naked, and I'm back in the cage wondering what the future holds for me. I can't know. All I know for sure is that my hands are cuffed behind my back and I still have rings in my nipples, and that Mme Roissy is going to teach me things tonight maybe…

God! What kind of a life is this?



In the middle of the burning sands, in the middle of nothing, there lies a dream Palace...

The clothes that Ben-Azir ordered some time ago, when he first started thinking how to get Sarah Goldstein into his dungeons, finally arrived.

Without wasting time, he went down to the cells and ordered his prisoner to put on the first thing that came out of the box.

She looked marvellous. It was a one-piece costume made of thin, shining leather. It clung to her body like wet silk…

It covered her from neck to feet. She also wore very high boots of the same material, sewn into the trousers.

Sarah Goldstein's hands were tied behind her back.

She looked like an ebony statue.

At first glimpse only her head and her flashing blonde hair were visible, in dramatic contrast to the black leather and her green eyes.

On closer inspection, her nipples were also peeking through…

Two small holes, no more than half an inch in diameter, held the two buttons of rosy flesh. They were sticking through a thick strap of abrasive material like sand paper which had clearly been sewn there to irritate the sensitive skin…

Ben-Azir held the nipples thoughtfully in his fingers and pulled on them, bringing tears to the eyes of his slave, Tagira.

Now the pink nipples, strangled horribly at the base, stuck out even more. The Sheik smiled in amusement as he painted them red with a fine brush.

There was a distant humming from the two vibrators that penetrated

her deeply in both her anus and her vagina...

She had a red collar round her neck.

In his left hand Ben-Azir held a strap that was attached to the collar. In his right hand he held a small lash. The fine leather of the suit would not provide much protection for the girl's fine skin. On the contrary, the Arab had chosen the material so that he could flog her harder without breaking the skin.

He was teaching her the subtler shades of meaning of the word obedience.

He was teaching her the right tone of voice to use when she spoke to him, the right words, the right respect…

In Arabic.

How to greet him, how to introduce herself, how to greet other people...

How to use her mouth and not her hands, how to pick up objects which he threw to the ground, taking them delicately in her lips like a horse takes grass. He taught her too how to take them to him, like a dog.

They were just preliminary training sessions, that was all.

It would take a long time to train Tagira. A very long time...

He was erect again.

He would have to interrupt the lesson and get some relief.

But she was in her suit, tightly sealed…

No problem, he said to himself. I will teach her how to use those lovely lips for more practical purposes than picking things off the ground.

"Open your mouth wide," he said, "and close your lips over the tip, softly, as if you were taking a rose bud into your mouth…"

Ben-Azir was the happiest man on earth...

EPILOGUE

Everything was ready in the "Desert Kasbah" for the next consignment.

A troupe of six girls from different countries in Central Europe. Dancers looking for an opportunity in the West, who had been offered sensational contracts with White Inc…

Ben would receive them, train them ... and auction them.

At the same time and not far away, in the Palace of Sheik Ben-Azir, in the remotest dungeons, an American girl is being instructed in the ways of the most abject slavery. She has a lot to learn and a lot to suffer…

In Tokyo, too, something similar is happening. A madman who believes himself to be a samurai is teaching a young Brazilian girl the refined, subtle arts that a Geisha should know.

And in another part of the world, sudden military coup forces Valdes to flee the country.

What will happen to the spectacular Claudia Moore?

Far away, in the swamps of New Guinea, a peculiar hunt is about to begin...

The prey will be released at dusk and will have all night to flee. In the morning the hunters will set out after her…

Don't miss the third and final part of The White Trilogy:

WOMAN AUCTION

The White Trilogy, a landmark in erotic fiction,
is among Lucas's finest work:

TAKEN
SLAVE MARKET
WOMAN AUCTION



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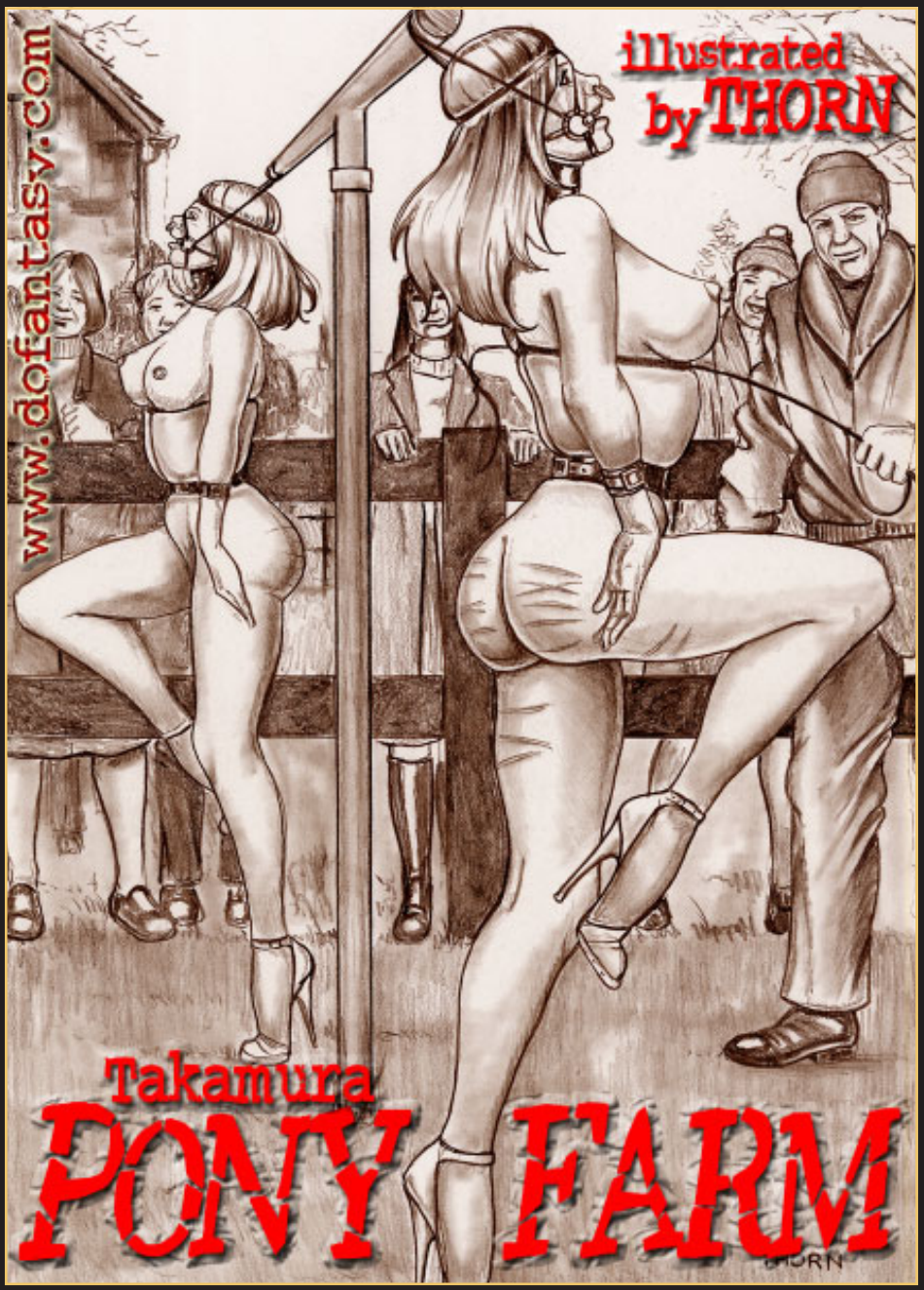
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