

In Darkest Africa

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Chapter One

Kristin squatted in the corner of the dark cavern, scraping carefully away at the base of the stone wall. She screamed and fell backwards, scuttling away from the wall where the enormous bug had emerged, and George laughed in amusement.

“Fuck!” she gasped, heart pounding.

“It's only a bug.”

“Do you see the size of that thing!?”

George stepped on it, then used his boot to fling it away.

Kristin glowered up at him, then got back onto her feet.

“If you're going to be an archaeologist, my dear, you had best get used to bugs,” he said.

She snorted resentfully. She'd spent seven years in university, so far, working towards her doctorate and didn't need such condescending advice. It irritated her that George was so unflappable, but she supposed that would come with time. This was only her third real dig, and the first really undeveloped and unexplored site.

They were in Southern Ethiopia, trying to find the ruins of an ancient palace which was allegedly built high into the mountains and reached through tunnels dug through the stone. The problem was there were an awful lot of caves, and many of them had been expanded and fortified ages ago by the nomadic people who had once lived here. George had a theory about this particular cave, though. The walls had been cut and carved and a crude outer wall put in place, much like in many places, but he thought there was a hidden passage behind.

She resumed her careful scraping away at the dirt, trying to find some long ago sign that would point to something more to this little cave. It was all so different from her schoolwork. At school, she wore neatly pressed dresses and business suits – for as a doctoral student she was also an assistant teacher. She worked in sterile environments, with air conditioning, bright lights, and all the amenities, including toilets.

And out here, where the real work was done, she was wearing a sweat stained pair of khaki shorts and a dirty green t-shirt. Her blonde hair was pulled severely back and tied behind her head in a doubled up pony tail, and she wore a bandanna around her forehead to soak up some of the sweat and keep it out of her eyes. For while they were in a cavern and out of the sun it was still horribly hot. She felt filthy, for water was at a premium and not to be wasted on sponge baths or even washing hands.

She felt absolutely filthy and grotty, and was determined that somehow she would get a job in a museum, developing the secrets to other people's discoveries once she graduated! Let them take the glory of the digs while she sat in comfortable obscurity back home!

She brushed away at the rock, then paused to examine her nails with a sigh of regret. They'd been so perfect when she'd left San Francisco! She got weekly manicures, and had a dozen different shades of nail polish for different occasions. She even matched them to her lingerie, which she also had in many different colors and types. For though she was required to wear clothing which was largely asexual in order to not be an object of fantasy to her students she liked to wear sexy lingerie underneath, to remind herself she was very feminine.

That hadn't really been possible for this dig, though. Everyone was in everyone's face, and she'd worn practical underwear as well as outerwear. She had always been something of a target for men,

given her looks, and she was trying to minimize that on the dig. She kept her blonde hair pulled back, and wore deliberately clunky glasses instead of the lightweight, rimless ones she tended to prefer at home. Her bras were also designed to minimize, not enhance, the apparent size of her breasts. There was no one on this dig she wanted to fool around with and so was not going to give them any more ideas than they'd already have.

She was so burdened with her unhappy thoughts she didn't even notice, at first, when the small stones and dirt she was brushing away actually began to show a pattern underneath. A line appeared, then another crossing it. She continued brushing away with her little wire brush, and a second line appeared. And now she did take notice, startled staring.

“Uhm ,George?”

“What? Another bug?”

“No, come over here.”

George and Adam came over, and George cursed happily, dropping to his knees. The three of them brushed and dug away, revealing what looked very much like a long, inch wide stone lever of some kind which was pushed in level with the wall around it. George sprayed water around it, then a little oil as they revealed it all the way down. Then Adam slid his long, thin fingers in around it and began to tug with increasing force.

There was a grinding sound, and then a shower of dust as a crack appeared in the wall above. George gave a push and the doorway slid in and back as he, Adam and Paul whooped in delight.

As lead archaeologist, George moved in first, while Kristin, being a mere student, brought up the rear. It was only happenstance that she forgot to grab her sack just as he passed through the door and then scurried back to snatch it up. She did so with such speed some of the spare batteries fell out and she had to stop, cursing, scoop them back into the bag, then leap up and head for the doorway again.

Just as it slammed down hard enough to draw a scream of shock from her lips. There was a rumbling sound beyond, and she thought she heard faint screams, then nothing.

* * *

Kristin moaned weakly, eyes fluttering. She had lost track of how long it had been since the water had run out. She had smashed windows in both of the two Land Rovers in the desperate hope someone had stashed a key somewhere in one, but the keys were apparently underground with George and Paul. They had not emerged from the wall, and she was sure now that they had died in some sort of collapse, perhaps a booby-trap.

They had been almost at the end of their endurance when they'd found the cave, about to turn back for lack of water. They'd used up much of what remained in the two days they'd been there. And now there was nothing. She knew that someone who understood cars could probably have gotten one of the rovers to start somehow, but she knew nothing about machinery. All she knew was it was a hundred and twenty degrees in the sun, and a long way back to civilization – somewhere, in some direction she wasn't entirely sure of.

She'd hoped that after a few days of non-communication someone might have noted it and sent help, though she wasn't sure how they would find them. And that frustrated her, as well. There were radios in the cars, but they required the car be turned on. No doubt someone who understood electronics could have hooked them up straight to a car battery or something similar, but that someone was certainly not Kristin.

So she had stayed there inside the cave, day after day, always hoping that surely someone would arrive – eventually – to find them. She had rationed her water as much as she could, but in end it had run out, and in the ever present heat she lay now on the floor of the cave, feeling as though she were being baked in an oven, her mouth dry, her throat parched. She knew she was dehydrated, and knew she was getting worse. But there was certainly nothing she could do about it at this point. There was no water nearby that she had been able to find, and she was now far too weak to go anywhere.

Her throat ached from lack of water, and every breath hurt.

* * *

Mengesha examined the abandoned vehicles with interest. Each had a broken window, and sand had gotten inside, scattering across the seats. That told him how long they had been sitting there, as did the sand piled up against the wheels on the windward side. There were no footprints nearby, so no one had been near them for at least a day or so. He spotted some debris off to his right, however, and more a bit beyond that, as if someone had been carrying things from the vehicles and dropped some along the way. There was an ancient cave that way, he knew, for he had taken shelter in it in times past.

Mengesha, like many of his nomadic contemporaries, was a tall, lithe man of well over six feet. He had a powerful build from working with his camels. Mengesha was a wealthy man in that he owned a number of camels, bred them, sold them, and used them to transport goods out into the desert highlands to sell to the isolated tribesmen there.

He made a signal to Tefere, his son, and the boy loped around the end of the clearing and off towards the cave. Tefere had passed his manhood ceremony four years back, but Mengesha knew he had a lot left to learn. He trotted off after the boy, wondering what the strange city people had gotten up to now. The cavern was sacred, and he scowled at the thought of them desecrating it.

He found him just inside the cave, squatting next to a white woman. She was one of those with golden hair. Mengesha had heard of such but never seen one.

“She has had no water for some days,” Tefere said, looking up at him.

Mengesha knelt and examined the female, rolling her over, pinching her skin lightly to tell how dehydrated she was. He parted her lips, blinking in surprise at her perfect teeth. He slipped a long, thin finger along her tongue, both to test its dryness and to see if it reacted. It did, but slightly. He rolled her eyes back and was again startled at how blue they were.

Tefere had already scrambled to his feet and gone out, certainly to fetch water and fruit. Mengesha considered the woman thoughtfully. He was a wealthy man as his contemporaries considered things, but he had three wives to support, and twelve children. His sons, like Tefere, would need a bride price if they were to marry, and that would be as much as thirty goats each.

His tribe no longer kept slaves, but it was not beyond his memory, for they had in his father's time. He looked around the cave, saw the lever, and nodded to himself, recalling again ancient words. The others of her kind had gone inside. It was death to go inside. All knew that, but not the foolish city people or the white skins. So the girl was alone without family, and if any knew of her they had not deigned to come and save her.

There was much wealth to be had here from the vehicles out front. If he could get the camels to drag them away. As for this woman, Mengesha had no need of a slave, but he had been to the city, and he knew how reverently such women were spoken of, as almost mythological creatures of pleasure. He ran his hand over her breasts with satisfaction. They seemed full and well-able to feed children. Her hips were slim, but no doubt with better food they would widen. She would bring a very good price if sold to the right people.

Tefere returned with the water sack and Mengesha held his hand out for it.

“I have taught you much about the training of beasts, Tefere. Now I will teach you more.”

They raised the female up and tilted her head back, and Mengesha poured a little water into her mouth. He waited, and poured a little more. It would be necessary to draw the girl back closer to consciousness in order to begin.

* * *

Kristin moaned dazedly. She had little idea where she was, nor even who she was. She drifted on a sea of pain and confusion, understanding little about what was happening. The touch and taste of liquid, however, water, was a powerful, instinctive influence. She neither knew nor cared where it came from or where it was. She licked eagerly at the wet finger at her lips, her cracked lips trying to suck like a baby.

She didn't stop for a moment to wonder whose finger it was, or why it was there. It was wet, and

she licked as desperately as she could given her weakened state. When the finger was removed she moaned unhappily. Strong hands propped her up, but she didn't understand that either.

And then the finger was in her mouth again, only it wasn't a finger. A part of her knew what it was, but her brain was not processing such information for she didn't care. It was wet, and she licked desperately, licked and licked again. Each time it appeared she moaned and struggled to crane her neck, to reach it with her tongue and lips.

It eased forward, and she got her lips around it, moaning, sucking on the moist liquid. It dripped with water, and she gloried in the touch and taste of it in her parched mouth, desperately trying to draw more of it down into her throat. It pulled back, almost dried by her hot, dusty mouth, but then came back, and again she weakly tilted her head to take it into her mouth, moaning in its slick wetness, sucking and licking at it.

* * *

Tefere was astonished at the sensations the female's mouth was imparting to his manhood. He gaped at his father, who smiled knowingly. His father had been to the city, and said all manner of things were practiced by the women there that the village women would never countenance. The woman's mouth felt amazing around his cock even when it was dry. Now that her mouth was becoming moist, the feel was even more amazing, as was that of her tongue!

He could not withstand the pleasure, and exploded into her mouth, crying in pleasure. The woman simply swallowed his juices with a degree of enthusiasm he found horribly exciting for some reason.

His father chuckled in knowing amusement, then motioned Tefere to trade places.

* * *

The liquid she could suck off the Ethiopian men's cocks helped ease the pain of her mouth, and gradually, her throat, but was not nearly sufficient to sate Kristin's thirst. It helped, though, and she lay, moaning weakly as her fuzzy mind tried to work its way back to consciousness.

She didn't really understand when her clothes were removed nor care as she was laid out nude on the warm dirt. Mengesha spread her legs and examined her naked sex with Tefere at his side. He gently spread the lips of her sex and showed him the tiny button above which, he said, was how to control women.

"Why has she no hair?" Tefere asked doubtfully. "She is no little girl."

Mengesha shrugged. "Perhaps she had a disease."

He hoped that wouldn't lower her price.

"Now, remember, lick your finger, and rub gently here, but only when my manhood is in her mouth."

"Yes, father."

He went back to her head, wet his cock, and rubbed it against the female's lips. She moaned and her eyes fluttered open again.

They turned her around, because Mengesha wanted her to struggle to reach him. He moved a little ahead of her and held his manhood out, swinging it before her glassy eyes, and she struggled weakly, trying to pull herself across the ground. He eased closer, and she panted weakly, shifting a few inches forward, her head reaching out, tongue pushing out.

He let her take the top of him into her mouth, and nodded to Tefere, who began to rub at her pleasure place.

"Slowly, boy," he cautioned.

He let his shaft sink deeper into the girl's mouth. He had already delivered an explosive release, but was ready again, and now braced himself against the pleasure. He kept pulling back to moisten himself, and then delayed the inevitable by moistening his balls and letting her suck and lick at them. Each time he made her struggle to reach him so her satisfaction would be that much greater when she was able to satisfy her great thirst.

She rolled her eyes up at him, seeing but unseeing. He pushed down on her head, wanting her to

focus her vision on his manhood. This would become the source of her nourishment in her mind, the source of both pleasure and sustenance, to be sought after, struggled for, worshiped.

He erupted in her mouth again and traded places with his son. Now it was Tefere who urged her on, fighting his own instinct to draw things out, to make her crawl desperately forward, to let her only slowly wrap her lips around his shaft and draw it into her mouth.

Mengesha's fingers rubbed insistently between her legs, pleased to feel the moisture beginning to appear in her sex. Not only was her body responding but the presence of that moisture meant she was not so horribly dehydrated that she faced any great danger.

He ran his hand over her body, shaking his head in wonderment at how wonderfully soft and unmarred her skin was. It was unpleasantly pale, true, but so soft! The women of his tribe spent their days in the sun, and their flesh told the tale of it, not to mention the ceremonies which resulted in scars across their backs.

The girl's hips began to grind slowly, weakly against him, and his lips curved into a deeper smile as he slowly sank his thumb into the mouth of her sex, pumping it lightly in and out as his finger caressed her pleasure place.

He looked up to see that Tefere had somewhat lost control. His shaft was all but invisible, indicating he had thrust it so deep into the girl's mouth it was down her throat. Yet there would be nothing in her stomach to draw out, and as long as the shaft was not left in too long it would not unduly harm her. He heard the girl gurgle as the shaft blocked her throat, and motioned Tefere back.

"She must breathe now and then," he said dryly.

* * *

The Ethiopian men spent several days in the cave with the girl, carefully rationing her water so that she improved but slowly. Her eyes began to clear a little, and with them her mind, yet still she was only partly conscious, her mind not functioning much beyond the level of animal desperation. She could crawl further now, and work her lips and tongue more readily down their shafts but she made little effort to talk.

Mengesha fingered her carefully as she knelt on all fours, her body swaying and trembling as she sucked and licked at his son's manhood. Her bottom ground against him and his fingers were now pumping slowly in and out of her slick interior.

"Get ready, Tefere," he said.

"Yes, father."

Mengesha moved behind the girl and rubbed his own manhood up and down along her glistening opening, then, his finger on her pleasure place, he pushed forward.

Tefere was holding a small orange. Now he squeezed it so that the juice trickled over the front of his manhood which lay within her mouth. The sudden sweet taste made her eyes blink, and she pushed forward eagerly even as Mengesha slid deeper into her belly. His finger rubbed at her pleasure place as she moaned in delight at the sweet taste of orange juice trickling into her mouth around his son's shaft.

She was so tight and warm Mengesha could barely restrain himself, but he did so, pumping slowly in and out, fingering the girl, letting her revel in the sweat taste of the juice. He tried to draw it out as long as he could, wanting her mind to fully embrace the sensation of pleasure and sustenance with that of penetration. Tefere would ride her after him, but he had never been married and would not have Mengesha's strength.

* * *

Kristin stumbled along behind their camels, moaning softly, wrists held out before her bound in rough rope. It was only the pull of that rope that kept her stumbling along through the sand behind their camels.

Her mind had still not had a chance to fully awaken, as she rarely had any rest or enough water. The black men had smeared her body with some sort of oil to protect it from the burning sun overhead, and stopped frequently to let her sip water, but she was overheated, gasping, exhausted even from the

moderate pace the camels set. Forcing her bare feet through the deep, loose sand was difficult, despite how athletic she was. And her eyes remained slitted against the brilliant light.

She fell again, and was dragged through the sand for a dozen paces before the camels stopped. One of the black men jumped down and came back to her. She didn't know his name and didn't care. She didn't even know his face. She was so exhausted and dazed she saw them as little more than shadowy figures.

He rolled her onto her back and pulled his loincloth aside, then leaned in against her face, letting his limp cock slide into her mouth. At the same time he let water trickle from a thin sack, and Kristin closed her lips, sucking greedily, moaning, licking and swallowing the blessed water. The other black man came over and spoke, but his words were just noise to her, and she ignored him as he knelt and spread her legs. His finger began to rub gently against her clit, but this too she ignored, her mind focused only on the water.

* * *

"She is so weak," Tefere said in disapproval.

His father shook his head. "We wish her this way, boy. She learns, her body learns, her mind learns better. Here, feel."

He drew Tefere's hand in against the woman's belly.

"See, there is muscle there. She will do much work when she fully awakens. But for now, we keep her this way. She learns much faster and does not resist."

"She could not resist us," Tefere snorted.

"Her mind could. This way is better. Watch and learn, young one."

They continued on for some time, then halted by a small copse of trees. Tefere half dragged the woman over beside one of the trees to lay in its shade.. He got some fruit to feed her and Mengesha gripped the girl, positioning her properly to be fed.

"The body will remember, and so the mind," he said.

He untied the girl's wrists, then drew them back behind her back and bound them at the elbows as Tefere bent before her to begin the feeding.

* * *

A part of Kristin felt a sense of anticipation as they positioned her, for her mind had come to associate the position with food, and she was famished. She was face down in the sand, her bottom raised high, her knees parted.. It did not even occur to her to worry about what the position might signify, any more than it did to worry about her nudity. Her mind was not operating at that level at the moment. It cared only about hunger, thirst, pain, discomfort, the raw animal basics.

She felt the finger rubbing at her, as well, but again, paid it no heed. She licked and sucked the pieces of fruit out of the man's hands each time he held them out to her. Each piece she got to swallow was followed by the large black foot sliding forward to a position directly in front of her mouth. At first, her head was pulled up and forward by the hair so her face could be rubbed against the foot, but by now she had learned, after a fashion, to rub her face against it without aid. Rubbing her face, her mouth, against the foot preceded another piece of food. If she didn't do it, she wouldn't get the food.

It was not really dissimilar to rats learning how to ring a bell to get a piece of cheese, but none of those involved considered the comparison.

The Ethiopians knew how to train animals, however, and that was what they were doing, training a human animal.

She was rolled onto her back, then her legs folded back at the knees so her bare feet were alongside her hips. Stakes were pounded into the earth next to them, and they were bound tightly in place. Then the rope attached to her wrists was pulled downwards, drawing her bound arms down, forcing her body to bow, her back to arch. Another stake was pounded into the earth and her wrists were tied off in that position.

She lay in dazed discomfort for some time, unaware of the presence or absence of the Ethiopians.

When they returned they both sat next to her, but her mind ignored them, and the strange noise of their conversation.. She felt the rough fingers plucking and pinching and pulling and twisting at her right nipple, and moaned in protest against the discomfort but did not see the inch long bug the man held carefully out over her chest. He held it precisely over her nipple, and the insect's mouth bit into the soft, swollen flesh, tiny pincers digging deep.

Kristin cried out dazedly at the sharp pain, but it slowly eased even as her other nipple was plucked, pinched and pulled. There was another sharp pain, then the fingers were between her legs, and she felt another sharp pain. The tiny insects would feed off her blood for hours, grow fat, and drop off eventually. But the poison they injected into her body had a peculiar effect on the nerve endings on the flesh, causing it to become swollen, and nerve endings to become stimulated. And those effects would remain for many months after the insects had gone.

Her ankles were cut free, and then the rope binding her arms to the stake was undone, letting her slump to the ground with a shuddering groan of relief. Strong arms dragged her to her feet and a rope was placed around her throat, then the black men got on their camels and began to ride on, pulling her shuffling and stumbling behind.

The sharp, stinging pain in her nipples and between her legs got progressively worse as the insects fed and became fatter and heavier. Their added weight forced them to dig their pincers in deeper and inject more poison as they dangled from her body. The sight of them would have horrified her had her mind been awake. As it was she had no idea why she felt pain.

* * *

It was a beautiful apartment! It was perfect! Kristin loved it! But she did her best not to show her opinion as the woman showed her around.

The condo was done in a very modern look, with gleaming surfaces and huge glass wall looking out on the city and the ocean. Everything about the place said cool, crisp, calm efficiency and modern technology, from the whisper soft movement of cooled air to the shining tile and granite counters in the kitchen and bathroom. The overhead lighting was recessed, and adjustable, and there was a sophisticated color monitor for the intercom to the lobby. The fixtures were Danish modern, gleaming stainless steel and chrome with elegant curves, and the balcony had room for a table and chairs to sit out and admire the view.

It was perfect for her, and after some dickering, she bought it, arranged financing, and moved in. Her furniture was all elegant, modern leather and soft, dark woods. It was the perfect environment for who she was, and who she intended to be. For like it, she was elegant, sophisticated, and ultra-modern. Which was an interesting contrast given her specialty in archaeology – the knowledge of all that was ancient.

Perhaps, she thought, she needed that to contrast her profession, as a constant reminder of the age she lived in. A lot of archaeologist got so caught up in the past they forgot the present. Kristin had no intention of that happening to her.

And the building had an excellent gym! Kristin was a little ashamed of herself for the pride she had in her body. She tried not to be vain, but at the same time, like any other young woman, she enjoyed looking good. She enjoyed being healthy, as well, and keeping her body that way, and exercised carefully. She was not a small chested woman, and had no intention of having saggy breasts any time before middle age, if she could do anything about it.

Her dedication to her workouts meant she had accentuated the generosity of youth. Her stomach was not merely flat, but showed the sleek outline of abdominal muscles beneath. It wasn't anything as crude as the six packs so many men pursued, but more of a gentle outline, and she knew it made her look fantastic in a bikini.

That wasn't the reason, of course. She knew that, at least until she got a job with tenure, part of her duties in building up her reputation would require field trips where life could be rough and wild, and she wanted to be prepared, especially since so many men would consider a pretty young blonde to be

some sort of soft-living flower who needed their aid in stepping over a rock!

She fought that image, but in reality, she had to admit to herself that she appreciated her comforts, and much preferred the smooth efficiency of life in a big city to the hardscrabble rough living of field trips.

Her first night at the condo, she luxuriated in the smooth comfort of her big double bed with its advanced springs and pillow-top mattress. She slid her body between smooth, Egyptian cotton sheets and lay her head on a mattress of pure down, looking out on the sparkling lights of the city and content that life was good.

Chapter Two

Kristin woke slowly. She had no idea where she was, except the floor was dirt under her and the walls seemed to be made of sticks. After a while, she realized she was in some sort of shack like the ones the Africans lived in in rural areas. She felt a weary sense of relief at that, for her last sharp memory was of being trapped in the cave without water and hoping desperately for rescue. Everything after that was awfully fuzzy, as if in a dream.

As her mind slowly shook off cobwebs she realized that she was naked. That caused her some consternation, though she knew the rural Africans didn't have the same nudity taboos, and perhaps they had simply been attending to her perceived sickness. She wondered how bad off she'd been when dehydrated. It would have been nice if they'd covered her with a sheet, of course, but in this heat the villagers would probably not even have any.

She was still a little fuzzy headed else she'd have been much more concerned about her nudity, but as it was her relief over having apparently been rescued was foremost in her mind. Before very long, however, her efforts at moving brought another fact to her attention; her arms were bound together behind her back, underneath her.

She was at first confused, then startled by being unable to pull her arms free. Her increasing efforts at freeing them caused her to move around more, to roll onto her side, and then to sit up, and it got her blood pumping and her pulse moving more quickly. This helped waken her a little more. And when she realized her arms were, in fact, tied behind her, the shock, followed by fear and alarm sent adrenaline rushing through her system to chase more of the cobwebs away.

Her hands were free, and wriggled helplessly by her hips, but her arms had been crossed at the elbows and bound that way, effectively rendering her hands useless. Now her nude state brought more alarm, and she looked around wildly, then at the closed entrance to the shack. She could hear noises outside, voices, though she couldn't understand a word that was being said.

More adrenaline flooded her system. Had she been abused? Raped even? She looked frantically down at her body. It seemed unharmed, unscarred, although... her nipples ached, oddly, and looked swollen and hard. That was odd, given the heat! She drew her legs apart and gazed down at her sex. She'd gotten tired of shaving in college and had had the hair lasered away, not just from her "bikini area" but all the way down her legs and underarms too. Why not? It certainly saved a lot of time, effort and pain over the years which had followed.

But now her naked sex was well-displayed as she spread her legs, and while it gave no outward sign of violation, and her sex lips were tightly and neatly closed, her clitoris looked swollen and she felt a strange aching coming from it which she could not understand.

The door opened and she gasped in shock as an African man came inside. Heat flooded her face as he gazed at her, and she dropped her eyes, blushing furiously even as he tapped a bowl he had in his hand repeatedly.

She felt a sudden hunger as he moved behind her and set the bowl down on the ground. She twisted around, gasping as she dropped onto her belly, facing the bowl, then drew her knees in and raised her bottom up, spreading her knees wide as the man slid the bowl closer to her mouth.

She wasn't even quite aware of taking the position until she was just about to slide her mouth into the bowl. Then she felt a flash of heat and hurriedly jerked her legs together, dropping her belly flat on

the ground. The man pulled the bowl away, shaking his head as he said something she didn't understand. He gripped her hips and jerked them up, then slapped her bottom sharply and growled a word she didn't understand.

She knew what it meant, though.

His big, rough hands gripped her thighs, and jerked them apart on the earthen floor, then slapped her bottom again as he moved before her.

Kristin blushed furiously as he stood before her, then her focus began to shift from her embarrassment to her stomach as he pushed the bowl closer. She felt her stomach rumble, and then, despite her embarrassment, she pulled her head up and began to wolf down the small bits of fruit in the bowl while he watched.

He growled a word which sounded more satisfied, and she felt a sense of relief, though she was still quite embarrassed as she ate. Still, he couldn't see a lot from there and -- .

He moved over beside her and knelt, and then Kristin's eyes widened as she felt his big hand thrust between her legs, felt his fingers on her bare sex! She squealed and twisted, but a hand the size of a shovel came down on the back of her neck, holding her in place, and his other hand cupped her sex, holding her easily.

"Please!" she gasped. "Please don't! Don't touch me! Please!"

He held her until she stopped twisting and bucking, then his fingers almost delicately spread open the lips of her sex. A moment later Kristin cried out at the sudden sensation as his finger stroked across her clitoris.

Her hips bucked and squirmed and she gasped in alarm and confusion. She was no teenager, and had felt men's hands on her before, but she'd never felt anything quite like the touch of his fingers - his slick fingers - on her clit. Her hot little button felt swollen and hard as the finger stroked across it, and the intensity of the raw, wild sensations staggered her.

His voice was a low rumble, but she had no idea what he was saying as his finger continued to stroke along her slit and over her clitoris, and she felt a sudden pulsing thrum of heat between her legs as her body began to respond. That alarmed her even more, and she squealed in denial, trying again to twist her hips out of the way.

She felt his thumb push slowly down into her wrinkled anal opening, sinking into her body, and then using it to help hold her in place as two more fingers penetrated her pussy. Then, holding her almost casually, like a bowling ball, he continued to stroke her clit rapidly and steadily.

Kristin moaned and shuddered, still trying, but with no success, to pull herself away even as the raw heat began to build within her belly. The heat spread up her body and, like an intoxicant, began to cause her mind to churn and fuzz as she gulped in air.

He pulled his hand away, suddenly, slapped her bottom sharply, and then grasped her thigh, jerking her legs apart once again. Then his hand returned, his thumb sliding into her ass, two more fingers slipping deep into her pussy. She moaned and shuddered as his hand worked her tormented body into a state of helpless arousal, a deep, trembling arousal that continued to inflame her mind.

Despite herself, her bottom was grinding and rolling up against his fingers as he caressed her, and she was gulping in air, wide-eyed with near panic and consternation at the intense sensations his touch was bringing to her.

Then he moved himself directly behind her, and Kristin whimpered as she felt something that was definitely not his fingers against her. She felt her sex lips spread apart, and then what had to be his cock sank deep through the soft, warm, slick folds of her sex. Her eyes bulged and she shook her head in denial, yet her body burned as it felt the thick male organ pushing into it. She cried out weakly as he grasped her hair and pulled her head up and back. Then a hand slid beneath her, cupping and fondling her breast.

Her nipples were rock hard, and she cried out again as his fingers pinched and then rolled her nipple, even as his hips began to slap against her upraised bottom.

Her mind fluttered like a bird in a cage, a cage which was slowly closing in on it from all sides. She gasped and panted and moaned and fought desperately to resist the siren call of heat pouring through her body, but she was too weak. When the orgasm hit she cried out in hopeless, miserable pleasure, cried out again, and then again, as the waves of intense sensation rolled through her trembling body. The orgasm hit her like a hurricane, sending her mind tumbling and turning end over end as his hips continued to pound against her bottom.

God, it was so good! His cock felt so incredibly good inside her! So right! So natural! So exciting and arousing!

It stroked up and down inside her, and every stroke was a delicious caress of wanton sexual bliss. Her hips were thrusting back at him of their own accord, as she gasped for breath, overheated, drowning in sensation.

Her eyes were slitted, her jaw agape, saliva dribbling over her lower lip as his cock plunged deep into her belly again and again and again and her hips rolled up in time to the slap of his hips against her.

Another orgasm tore through her mind and body and she gurgled in breathless heat, wild, raw sensation tearing through her body.

“Oh please!” she sobbed. “Oh God! Oh God! Oh my God! Oh! Oh! Ungh! Oh! Fuck! Fuck!”

The pounding of his cock was furious, her entire body shaking violently to the blows of his hips as he plunged into her to the hilt again and again. Her insides squirmed and twisted and churned around his big cock, and she writhed and twisted, her head rolling. She was hardly aware as he gripped her hair again, wrapping it around his fist, drawing her head, and then her chest fully off the ground to hang there while his hips slapped against her.

He reached beneath, kneading her breasts, fat fingers caressing her nipples, and Kristin mewled in dazed pleasure, trying to shove her breasts down harder into his hand as the wild heat wrapped itself around her mind and tore it apart again in another massive orgasm.

* * *

She was hungry, and thirsty. She was always hungry and thirsty! She hardly remembered a time when she was content. Kristin moaned as she lay on the ground of the shack, miserable, exhausted, sweating in the constant heat, bugs swirling around her. When had she had a bath? It had been forever ago. It was hard to think straight to use the mind which had always produced cool, calm, logical solutions to her problems. Sweat trickled down her flanks, and between her breasts, and into her eyes, and she had to breath in shallow gasps due to the heat.

She heard a sound, and her eyes went wide. Every nearby sound made her pulse race. She dreaded the men's visits, even though she longed for them. They brought her food and water, and an interruption to the dull nothingness of laying there on the ground with nothing to do and nothing to see and nothing to listen to or think about but her awful predicament. But they also brought the sexual abuse with them, and the worst part of it was how she reacted, how her body responded. Kristin didn't understand it and it was shocking and alarming. She had no idea why she felt so sensitive to their touch, why her nipples were so swollen and hard, why even the brush of an occasional breeze made them crackle with response.

And her clit felt like a hard little pebble nestled at the top of her sex. It wasn't hard, of course, but it certainly felt and looked swollen, and it was incredibly sensitive!

She was being conditioned, and knew it, and was astonished ignorant savages would even have the concept in their heads. But as much as she understood it and tried to fight against it, she knew she was losing the battle. Already, in addition to the anxiety every time she thought about them bringing her food and water, there was a tightening in her belly, a throbbing between her legs, a tingling in her nipples.

She had tried begging them, tried offering them money, bribes, tried cursing. Nothing worked, and she was sure now that they spoke not a word of English. Their entire attitude was one of casual routine.

They weren't angry at her, or vindictive, or cruel. They treated her in a calm manner, instructing her (training her, she thought with dread) in their requirements, and reinforcing it with sharp pinches and slaps that while doing her no essential harm produced more than enough pain to cause her to want to obey them.

The door opened and she gasped rolling over, staring up with wide eyes. Would it be the younger or the older? She blinked helplessly, trying to see, wondering for the millionth time, where her glasses were. The vision in the doorway was blurry, and she couldn't tell, at first, not until he stepped closer.

It was the older, and she moaned as she saw the bowl he carried. Her mouth, almost of its own volition, began to drool, and she licked her lips and closed it. At the same time, her pussy began to thrum with excitement that ignored her furious efforts at rejecting it.

He jerked his head, and without thought she rolled onto her belly, drawing her knees in and then spreading them wide. She gasped softly as her swollen nipples pressed into the hard packed earth, and unconsciously ground her chest down against her breasts as he placed the bowl before her.

She felt a wave of despair. How long was this going to go on!?

Then hunger took her and she arched her neck, licking at the contents of the bowl as the man knelt beside her.

She moaned as his hand slid between her legs, and at the first gentle stroke across her clitoris her bottom rolled sharply upwards at the eruption of delicious sensation. She tried to eat more quickly, but whatever the food was it defied her, insisting on long, careful chewing even as her body began to boil with inner heat to match the outer.

He touched her only lightly, caressing her clit as she ate, his fingers stroking gently along her sex, easing the increasingly moist, swollen lips of her sex aside to slide between them. That gentle touch kept her hips jerking and grinding, her muscles spasming, her mind swirling as she ate.

His finger pressed against her anus, and slowly slid into her, slippery with her own sweat and his own saliva, pumping lightly in and out as she fed. And while she had never been a woman who had had any interest in anal sex her disgust at the idea had now faded. Still, she groaned to herself as his digit slipped in and out of her. It was relatively painless, and somehow it just added to the swirling, churning sexual miasma surrounding her.

He mounted her and she shuddered as she felt his thick cock opening her up, spreading wide the wrinkled rosebud entrance to her back passage. She continued to eat, though, hungry as she was, and held her position as he slowly worked his cock down into her anal tunnel.

It occurred to her to wonder why such primitive people would be so interested in anal sex, but she hadn't researched the local tribes. In truth, anal sex was quite uncommon among them. The purpose of coitus was reproduction, and nothing which wasted semen on mouths or rectums would ever find common use in their poor, rural existence. It was, in reality, something which came down through the years as a mark of contempt for captives, or for the women of other villages they raided. It was as if to say those women were so worthless they were not even worth breeding with.

Of course, such raids did not happen these days, but the community memory of male tribesmen whispered of how tight and pleasurable the back passage was, and how attractive and exciting was the mouth. None of their women would ever consent to such activities, and of course, no man would ever degrade one by suggesting it. But with a captive, such things were far more possible. Female captives who were meant to be taken and used as wives, and bred, would not be used thusly. But special types of female captives, those meant for sale only as sexual toys to the wealthiest of nobles were a different matter. And Mengesha had ambitions for this pale skinned, golden haired female.

Kristin knew none of this, but only how hungry she was, and how confused, and how aroused she was as his hips began to slap against her buttocks. He was not touching her clit now but even so, the jarring blows of his hips against her bottom was sending shudders through her body which were making her clit throb as though a small vibrator were buzzing away at her.

She moaned and gurgled and gasped and whimpered as his big cock continued to pump up and

down inside her. The savage had worked it deep, now, so deep that she felt cramps within her abdomen each time his cock drove all the way in.

His finger reached under and began to stroke at her clit, and Kristin cried out weakly, twisting and writhing her hips rolling uncontrollably as the swirling sexual heat exploded in power and intensity. She gulped in air desperately, head jerking and teeth gnashing as his finger stroked her remorselessly even as his cock thrust into her ass.

The orgasm washed over her, and she cried out in helpless pleasure bucking and jerking and thrusting herself back at his impaling cock, glorying in each deep thrust as her insides exploded with wild animal sensations of carnal heat and pleasure.

God! God! God! It's so good! It's so fucking good!

She gurgled and writhed as the crackling sexual electricity rippled up and down her spine, its tendrils surging up and out through every nerve ending, every pore of her body. The backs of her feet drummed against the earth below as she lost control of her body, and she felt her anal muscles spasming and squeezing down on his hard cock as he continued to ram himself down into her.

At some point he finished and left. Kristin wasn't even quite aware of it for a time. Only slowly did her mind regain its awareness to find herself still in the position he had placed her, on her belly, bottom raised, legs wide. And only slowly did she sink flat onto her belly, then roll onto her side and draw her knees in against her belly, gasping and moaning in dazed, overheated exhaustion.

She lay for some minutes, chest heaving, slowly regaining her sense of equilibrium. Then the young one entered, and she whimpered as he came over to her even as her mouth filled with excitement at the impending taste of water. If she was lucky, even some kind of fruit juice!

This required she rise on her knees, and despite her exhaustion, she did so as he stood over her. She licked her lips, blinking back sweat as she saw the water sack in his hand. It had a long, thin spout made from she had no idea what.

He drew his loincloth aside and she licked her lips again. His cock was already starting to rise and thicken as she knelt bound before him. Was the embassy even looking for them, she wondered forlornly.

He pulled her face forward and she opened her mouth, taking his cock into it. He slipped the thin spout of the drinking sack in next to it, and as she sucked, she moaned in pleasure as cool fruit juice began to slowly trickle into her mouth. She was so thirsty! That was only natural, she knew, but what of the sudden throbbing between her legs at the sight of his cock? Or was it the sight of the drinking skin? Was she going to become aroused every time she was offered a drink? She didn't quite understand what they were doing, but swallowed repeatedly as she sucked and licked on his throbbing cock.

He pulled out, guiding her mouth to his testicles. She opened her mouth despite her inclination to be revolted at the sight of his big, black, wrinkled scrotum. She licked along it and sucked his balls into her mouth, one after the other, massaging them with her tongue and lips as he again trickled fruit juice down along them, and she moaned in pleasure as she swallowed.

Then his cock was in her mouth again, and he was pulling her head forward, his strong black hands gripping her soft, pale hair as he pushed his cock down into her throat. She gagged weakly, but was getting used to it as he buried himself to the very last inch in her trembling throat, then ground her against him and slowly pulled back.

He came, pouring his cream into her, filling her mouth so that she had to swallow again and again, revolted, and then pulled completely free, a broad smile on his homely face. He dropped to his knees, shifting his grip on her hair, suddenly and roughly forcing her head up and back as his other hand slid between her legs.

Kristin moaned and cursed softly, trying to deny her body's own heat and lust as his finger stroked her clit. But it was a hopeless, losing battle, and despite her shame and anger her hips began to grind against his fingers, then began to buck helplessly as her body writhed to the wild, raw sex heat he was forcing upon her. She came, crying out in pleasure as he fingered her pussy, and then he withdrew just

as casually as when he'd entered leaving her to fall on her side with a shuddering moan.

"Bastard," she moaned dazedly.

Why?! Why was her body so horribly sensitive like this!? What had happened to her!? How long could this go on?! Was she fated to be, despite all her intelligence, education and sophistication, some sort of nympho sex toy to a pair of illiterate African savages!?

She rolled onto her back, for she could get no peace laying on her sides, with her thighs together. Whenever she tried she found herself slowly beginning to squeeze her thighs against each other to put pressure on her swollen sex. Sex was the only pleasure she got, after all. And since everything else was so miserable, any pleasure was to be enthusiastically embraced.

Even laying on her back she had to spread her legs to try and keep the inner heat on low. She lay for a time, then, frustrated and bored, she got to her knees and began to shuffle slowly around the shack, peering to look closely at anything she saw. There wasn't much in there, and much of it had a purpose she couldn't even imagine a use for.

In the middle of the shack was an upright pole, no doubt used as a roof support. It was made of some dark wood, the bark still on it, and it was a testament to her condition, or to the conditioning she had already been subjected to that the sight of it brought an instant thought of sex, of the black men and their thick black shafts. She ignored it, but kept coming back to it as she crawled restlessly around the little shack.

Her pussy was bubbling on a low heat, but she was bored, and miserable. Even so, she surprised herself when she almost accidentally pressed herself against it. She didn't really have anything in mind, even as the sexual heat rose around her, wasn't really thinking or planning even as she pushed her groin forward.

When the older savage entered the shack, however, she was on her knees, her upper body angled back, her sex jammed against the post. She half fell, but pushed her bound arms back, gasping and panting as she rode her swollen pussy up and down against the post. The sex heat exploded within her, and she gurgled and gasped in dark, carnal passion as she felt the hot, swirling surge of pleasure ripping through her groin.

Then she was yanked back by the hair and the black man was speaking sternly to her. He dragged her across the floor by the hair, then dropped to his knees. Before she could do a thing he had dragged her hips up across his folded legs and then began to switch her bottom with a thin stick.

Kristin yelped and wriggled and twisted and then cried out as the stinging blows whipped down across her soft bottom, but the man was very strong, and her arms were still bound behind her, so she could do little but wail in anger, pain and fear as the stick snapped down against her again and again and again.

Only when she was sobbing miserably did he finally stop, roll her off, point a stern finger at her, and say something which, of course, she didn't understand.

She got the message, nonetheless, of course. He had better not catch her masturbating any more.

Chapter Three

A long bamboo pole lay along Kristin's shoulders. It was a good five feet in length, and her arms had been lifted up and out and bound tightly to the pole on either side. Rough hemp rope tied the pole in place over her chest, too, one rope bound on either side of her neck going down over her chest, joining together just above her breasts, then descending down the length of her belly and abdomen. The same ropes also went down her back, joining together between her shoulder blades, and ultimately descending to pull in between her round buttocks.

Another, much shorter bamboo pole lay horizontally and lengthwise between her legs, and the ropes were bound to it quite tightly. Two more bamboo poles were attached to that pole, and they were, at the moment, driven uncomfortably deep into her pussy and rectum.

Kristin had seen nothing of any human other than the two African men since she'd wakened in the shack. She had no idea how long that had been, but at a minimum, several days. Now she saw many others, both men and women, and the village which the shack was part of. Her face burned with humiliation as they looked at her. She was literally frozen with the shock of her humiliation and shame as men snorted and laughed and women whispered and giggled.

All of them were dressed, of course, even if only in loincloths. Only Kristin was nude, and she had no way of covering herself with her arms bound up and apart, no way to hide the bamboo poles driven up into her pussy and bottom as the older African swatted her buttocks with a thin switch that made her yelp in pain and jerk forward.

Her body glistened in the sunlight, for he had smeared some sort of gooey salve on her before bringing her out of the shack. Now he swatted her bottom again, and then again, forcing her to move forward through the village. Every movement ground her naked sex against the bamboo jammed up against it, and twisted her insides against the vertical bamboo poles attached to that! Kristin gasped and moaned in discomfort as she awkwardly shuffled along, horribly aware, humiliated by the fact she was utterly, utterly exposed, naked, with these things inside her while villagers looked on!

The man stopped her, then a bucket was attached to each end of the bamboo pole over her shoulders, and she was ordered on. There was a thin trail through the waist high grass, and he led her along it, snapping the switch across her buttocks whenever she slowed. Others moved on the trail, mostly women, and they looked at her curiously, but with no particular shock or sympathy.

The ropes held the lower bamboo very tightly against her, squeezing hard against her sex, but the movement of walking caused it to grind somewhat, up and down, rather like a teeter totter, with the front part jamming up against her clit, then easing down, and the back part jamming up against her tailbone, then easing down. And this, of course shifted the two bamboo tubes inside her.

They walked for almost a mile before reaching the spring, and Kristin's insides felt hot and sore and aching – and horribly, horribly aroused. She was soaking wet down there, and her juices were leaking out onto the bamboo pressed against her, moistening it as she walked. Then the man took the buckets off, filled them, and placed them back again, turning her around and motioning her on.

The weight of the now full buckets was not inconsiderable as she walked along. The sun beat down on her bare blonde head, and she gasped for breath as she was overheated from the outside and the inside.

Her pussy ached! But the switch struck her bottom with stinging force, urging her on, and they

walked slowly back to the village.

She was exhausted and collapsed to her knees as soon as a pair of women removed the buckets. But the man pulled her to her feet and turned her back towards the trail again.

“No! I can't!” she moaned, dropping to her knees again.

He snorted and pulled her to her feet again, snapping the switch across her bottom, but even with that as an inspiration she dropped to her knees once more.

He growled something under his breath, then left her for a moment. He returned with a pair of thin cords, and knelt beside her. She ignored him, panting, chest heaving, sweat dripping off her – her inner lubrication dripping off the pole between her legs.

He tied a loop in each of the cords, and fit them around her hot, hard, swollen nipples, then he yanked them tight.

Kristin cried out in pain, jerking to her feet, dancing from foot to foot as her nipples burned hotly! The man simply ignored her, unraveling the long cords. He had a dog with him, and tied the cords to the dog's collar, then pointed at the trail and slapped the dog's hindquarters.

The dog started off, and Kristin cried out at the pull against her nipples, lurching forward after it! The dog didn't run, but moved swiftly enough that she had to keep scurrying forward to keep up as it tugged on her aching nipples.

The man followed along beside, not even having to switch her bottom as the dog yanked on her nipples and forced her into desperate, scurrying movement. Mortified, gasping and moaning in pain, Kristin alternately walked or rushed ahead to try to ease the pull on her throbbing, burning nipples. She passed several villagers, who snickered and laughed to see her being pulled along in such a fashion, and by the time they reached the spring her chest was pumping like a bellows and sweat was streaming down her body as she collapsed to her knees, gasping for breath.

The man patted the dog roughly and took the buckets off her, then took them to the spring as he chatted with other villagers there for the same reason. Kristin knew they were talking about her from the way the Africans were looking at her, but didn't care. She knelt, bent over panting, and finally bent over all the way, putting her overheated forehead against the trampled grass.

The dog, however, picked that moment to stop scratching itself, stood up and moved closer to the spring to sniff at some rocks. Kristin cried out as the cords suddenly yanked at her nipples, jerking her head up and back as she scrabbled awkwardly forward on her knees.

The African man, who had been talking, who was still talking, bent over her and she suddenly cried out as his big hand was thrust in beneath her abdomen, his fingers sliding in to press against her clit. He continued to speak amicably to several villagers looking on, as his other hand gripped her hair and jerked her head up and back to hold her in place. Then two fingers of his right hand began to roughly rub against her clit, and the raw sensation tore through Kristin's mind like a buzz saw.

It wasn't pain, not exactly, just a wild, intense rush of raw sensation that made her eyes bulge and her muscles spasm and jerk in helpless response.. Her clit had been ridiculously sensitive for days now, for no reason she understood. But the way the short, bamboo pole had been crushed against her sex as she walked, grinding unevenly against her mons in time to the twisting of the two attached poles up inside her belly had made her entire groin throb hotly with both heat and pain.

Now, the feel of his comparatively soft fingers jammed in against her made Kristin's hips jerked and bucked violently as she gurgled and cried out in helpless shock. But after several moments, the raw sensation began to take form, and her lower body began to turn hot. Her nipples ached and burned, but with a bubbling crackle of pleasure gripping them at the same time.

“Oh! Oh! Oh God!” she cried. “No! Oh no! No! Oh! Oh Gooooood!”

Humiliated, she fought to control her response as the villagers looked on, as she felt the wild sense of arousal spread and deepen, and her face took on a desperate sheen as her hips began to ride the man's stroking fingers with frantic need. Her vaginal and anal muscles began to spasm and suck on the fat bamboo poles impaling her, and she whimper and mewl weakly. Her cries of shock became gurgling

moans of helpless pleasure and even the heat and pain of her nipples sent that pleasure spiraling upwards into a sudden monstrous orgasm that no one could have hidden.

It didn't matter how mortifying it was. It didn't matter how much she didn't want to lose control, to so degrade herself in front of these... savages. All that mattered was the fire in her veins and the stunning rush of sensation turning her mind to mush.

And so there before the villagers she screamed in pleasure, bucking and jerking and spasming against the man's rapidly stroking fingers as the wildfire heat instilled a fever in her mind which could not be fought. Nothing else mattered but the pleasure, the heat. Nothing mattered but her oozing, burning sex, as she jammed herself desperately down against his fingers.

She heard him laugh, but didn't care, and then he caught her clit between the sharp edge of his fingernail, and the bamboo underneath, jammed his nail down painfully, then resumed his rapid stroking. She screamed again, jamming herself in and down against his fingers as the intensity of the orgasm screamed upwards. She rutted like an animal against his fingers, whimpering and moaning and crying out in pleasure.

She collapsed in a near faint, dazed, gasping for breath, hardly aware of who she was, never mind where. There was movement around her, but she paid it little heed. Then the tight, pulling grip of the cords on her nipples was suddenly gone. She felt a sudden jolt of hot, burning pain as the flow of blood began to return, then a sort of pins and needles sensation which grew ever more powerful and had her whimpering and moaning in dazed response.

The man pulled her head up and back by the hair, raising her body off the ground, then a big hand cupped one of her breasts, kneading and squeezing it. His big thumb began to stroke against her nipple, and a moment later his other hand came around her and cupped her other breast, also stroking her obscenely swollen nipple.

Another orgasm hit her almost out of the blue, and she trembled and shook in his arms as the villagers laughed at her. He released her hair and breasts and she collapsed to the ground, panting, moaning, and then crying out again as he slapped her bottom.

Chuckling, he untied the rope behind her, and gently eased the bamboo pole down so the villagers could see the two bamboo poles inside her, and how sopping wet the one in her pussy was. He pulled them both free, then slid two, then three, then four fingers deep into her swollen, overheated sex. His thumb pushed into her ass, and he kept it there as he worked his fingers in and out of her sex, forcing her into another shattering, trembling, bucking orgasm as she writhed and screamed and sobbed and her hips bucked up frantically against him.

The villagers then carried on with their business, and the man pushed the bamboo poles back into her pussy and anus, re-tied the rope - even tighter, then filled his buckets. He let the exhausted blonde girl drink from one, rubbing her clit very lightly as she did. Her bottom began to grind and roll against him weakly as she gulped down the water. Then he drew his fingers away, pulled her to her feet, and hung the buckets from her arms before slapping her bottom and sending her shuffling back down the path to the village.

She was light-headed and trembling at the start of the walk, panting and exhausted by the time they arrived at the village with the water. She almost collapsed when it was finally removed from her pole, but then he handed her over to two women, who led her off in the other direction.

Kristin moaned weakly, wishing she could get in out of the sun. But each of the women held one of her arms firmly as they led her along a twisted path down to a shallow creak. The water didn't look particularly clean to Kristin, but she supposed that was why they didn't drink from it. It felt incredibly good on her overheated skin, though, as the women led her into it and sat her down.

She groaned in relief. The water only came up to her waist, but as soon as the women released her wrists she lay down in it, submersing herself and letting the cool water flow over her hot flesh. The women pulled her back into a sitting position, and then each took an arm and began to scrub it with some sort of odd smelling soapy substance. They were using leaves, not cloths, but it worked

nonetheless, as they worked their way to her torso, and began to scrub at her back and chest.

Her breasts ached as the harsh leaves scrubbed across them, and her nipples burned so that her arms rose to protectively cover herself. The women stood, pulling her to her feet, where she swayed weakly as they scrubbed down the length of her body. Again, as soon as they slid the rough leaves between her legs she squealed and her legs snapped shut, her hips twisting away, but this time the women were not to be deterred.

There was a large rock in the middle of the stream, and the women pulled her, stumbling, back against it, then back across it, lifting her arms up above her head. Kristin whimpered and moaned, her mind still fuzzy, and her legs spreading for balance. That let one of the women thrust her soapy fingers between her thighs and start scrubbing with the leaves again.

Kristin squealed again, trying to close her legs, but the woman had one leg pinned with her thigh and was holding the other back as she scrubbed. The other woman pinned her slender wrists down and back above her head while she resumed scrubbing the blonde girl's breasts.

Their intent was clearly not sexual, and Kristin recognized that, but to her horror she felt, after the uncomfortable intensity of the raw sensations, the rapid twisting of those sensations into a hot, churning sexual arousal., and the deep embarrassment and discomfort that caused her as the women scrubbed her body.

And she wanted to be scrubbed! She would have vastly preferred scrubbing herself, but her little language problem had not allowed her to communicate that desire. Now she desperately feared this other rising desire would be communicated, and neither of these women was either young or attractive. Not that she had any interest in women to begin with!

They pulled back on her hair and began to scrub it, and she was forced to close her eyes, for the soap was harsh and stinging. Then she felt her body rolled over, and scrambled weakly to keep from falling. But the women handled her easily, and she found herself bent over the rock, belly down as she felt the rough leaves, twisted and rolled into a narrow tube, pushed against the opening to her sex.

Again she was sure they were simply cleaning her, but that didn't matter to her mind as the excitement was pumped into a fiery heat by the mere thought of penetration of any kind, and as rough, soapy fingers made contact with her swollen clitoris. The rough leaves turned and twisted from side to side as the woman forced it deeper inside her, scrubbing out her hot, sweaty sex, and Kristin sobbed weakly as she felt her hips beginning to buck backwards, felt her hips grinding spastically, and was unable to control her movements as her breasts ground against the rough stone beneath her.

If the women were shocked at her response they didn't show it, even laughing in amusement as the hapless blonde girl's slender hips thrust back frantically against them. One of them even stroked her finger across the girl's clit in amusement, just to see and hear her response.

Kristin squealed and her hips bucked violently as the two women laughed in amusement. They pulled the wadded up leaves out of her sex, however, and then dragged her off the stone and sat her back down in the water. They pushed her head under and their fingers worked through her scalp to help rinse out the soap.

Kristin was literally shaking with arousal, but the water helped cool that somewhat. When one of the women spread apart the lips of her sex under the water, however, that heat began to rise once more, and when the women slipped two fingers into the girl's sex to spread her open to the water and let it rinse off her insides she began to roll her hips wantonly up at them.

They rolled her onto her belly in the water, rough hands moving swiftly over her body to rinse off the soapy substance. It seemed only natural for her to raise her hips in the now familiar position, especially with one of them still holding two fingers inside her. The position shamed her, knowing the two had nothing sexual in mind, and her face heated even as the woman pulled her fingers free and slapped her bottom lightly.

The woman pulled her up to her feet and helped her out of the water, and, dripping wet, she was led back towards the village.

The village itself was a collection of shacks, mostly put together with sticks and poles, many of them the bamboo types she had been bound with earlier. Their roofs were mud and leaves, and most didn't even have doors. There was an outer ring, then another ring within that, then a number of shacks seemingly thrown up at random. Each shack had fire pits, frames for hanging food and other materials on, and almost always people in and around it working on things.

She was led through them all, blushing still, at her complete nudity, especially as everyone she passed looked up and stared at her, often jabbering to themselves in evident conversation about her. All the village women were fully clothed, in robes, while most of the men wore loose pants and sometimes a vest-like top. A few men wore only loincloths, but no one was naked.

The women led her back to the older African man who she thought of as her principal captor. There were several other older men standing together with him talking, and they all regarded her as she was led up to them. Face heating, Kristin dropped her eyes to the ground as they apparently discussed her, her mind squirming with embarrassment.

The village was noisy compared to the creek, with people calling out to each other, hammering on stones or cutting wood, or engaged in the thousand and one other tasks of village life, most of which involved hard work. Still, it was boring work, and as she seemed to be a novelty, anyone in the vicinity gawked at her with interest. She kept awkwardly trying to cover her breasts and her groin with her hands and arms, but every time she did her captor pushed her hands away. Then, finally, apparently irritated, jerked her around and slapped her bottom sharply, making her yelp and leap in pain.

He then grabbed her arm and brought her to the center of the village. There was a tree there whose lower limbs had all been removed. The man threw a rope over one of the limbs which was eight feet or so high, then bound it around her wrists. In short order her arms had been raised above her head and Kristin was tied tightly in place – still, of course, naked – as the villagers continued their life around her.

The man who was her captor then moved back across the square to continue his discussion with the other men.

The tree shaded the area directly beneath it, which was a relief to the hapless blonde woman, but on the other hand it was also a popular place to rest, to sit and work at light chores, and to enjoy a light meal, so many were gathered in the shade, and all stared at her as she stood there. She turned her eyes away from them all, blushing furiously, keeping her thighs tightly closed. She knew those around were discussing her, and could only imagine what they were saying.

How was she going to get away from these people!? Surely there must be someone civilized nearby who would notice her here and tell the authorities! Could she offer someone a bribe, promise to give them a lot of money once she got back to a city?! Not until she found someone who spoke English anyway!

She gasped as someone stepped up to her. It was a woman, very wrinkled looking. If they'd been back in America she would have guessed the woman was in her sixties or seventies, but she knew that people aged prematurely here in rural Ethiopia so she was probably in her early forties. Another woman stood beside her, and the two talked, then one reached out and ran her hand along Kristin's ribs, making the blonde girl squirm with discomfort.

The other simply cupped and squeezed her breast, not in a sexual way, but merely in the way of feeling its texture, and that made Kristin blush even more furiously. Worse, she fingered Kristin's swollen pink nipple, and that almost immediately began to cause her breathing to quicken. Even though she knew the women had no sexual interest in her, that in all probability they were merely commenting on her very pale and very soft, unblemished skin, she felt her pussy starting to throb.

The other woman cupped her other breast, the two of them chattering in an animated fashion as her breasts warmed and she felt them swelling with excitement. Her nipples burned as their fingers brushed across them, and her pussy began to tingle and moisten.

Fortunately, they released her breasts and turned away, and she slowly got her breathing back

under control. She stared at her nipples, wondering why they were so swollen now, why they were so sensitive. What had happened to them anyway? Not to mention her clitoris!?

After half an hour or so standing like that Kristin was beginning to lose some of her self consciousness about her nudity. Then a group of young men wandered through, saw her, and angled in her direction. She gulped and dropped her eyes, hoping against hope they would go away. Instead they stopped and gathered around her, staring, and chattering to each other.

Kristin kept her head down, blushing, ignoring them as best she could. Then she gasped suddenly as one of them gripped her long hair and jerked her head up and back.

He made an exclamation of some kind, and several others reached up to run their fingers through her already dry hair, then one of them cupped one of her breasts and squeezed it in a way which was definitely different from how the women had.

Kristin's face heated but she didn't try to resist, even as another man began to fondle her other breast. Other hands stretched forward, sliding up and down her body, over her ribs her belly, her back, her thighs and her bottom, all apparently admiring the texture of her soft, pale skin.

She began to squirm and twist only when hands slid between her thighs and began to caress her bare little sex. She'd seen a lot of people staring at it already, and thought they were probably fascinated by the fact that, unlike their own women she was naked there. These young men were simply fumbling and touching and caressing her in no artful way at all, yet even so she gasped at the hot rush of sensation whenever a finger stroked across her clitoris, or rubbed or pinched one of her nipples.

She twisted and turned from side to side, pulling her pussy away from their fingers, but others always found it, laughing and enjoying themselves as she became increasingly panicked and frantic.

But hands thrust in between her buttocks, in between her thighs, front and back, as well as in under her sex, and it became impossible to twist away. Kristin could only writhe, her legs twisting, as the laughing young men pawed and fondled her.

A dozen hands fumbled roughly over her body, groping her breasts and pinching her nipples and bottom, and fingers tried to push up into her pussy even as fingers yanked back on her hair and admiring fingers stroked her perfect teeth and even her tongue.

Then the older man was there, speaking sternly so they all backed away as Kristin stood trembling and shaking, eyes rolling as she gulped in air anxiously. Yet he slapped Kristin's bottom sharply, and she yelped.

One of the young men brought him one of the bamboo poles, and she looked on anxiously as he squatted and placed it against her left ankle. He then tied one end of it in place, then pulled her ankles apart, yanking on the other until she could barely stand on the balls of her feet before tying it off against the other end of the pole.

He stood beside her, then, talking, as if giving a lecture. He pointed at various parts of her as he spoke, running his fingers through her long hair, then squeezing her jaw to force her mouth open and pointing his fingers at her open mouth as the young men looked on with considerable interest.

That Kristin might find his little lecture humiliating probably didn't even enter his mind, she thought miserably.

He cupped her breasts, squeezing and lifting, mashing them gently together, and then his thumbs curled up across her hard nipples, stroking against them and immediately producing a rush of wild, raw sensation. Kristin's wrists jerked against the rope overhead, but there was nothing she could do as his fingers continuously kneaded her breasts, mashed them up and together in slow, repeated succession, and his thumbs stroked back and forth across her nipples.

Her breaths became more rapid and her pulse raced. She could feel the blood heating within her as she struggled to ignore what he was doing, even as he continued chatting to the younger men.

There was laughter, and then one of them gave him a feather. He grinned and preceded to roll the feather back and forth across her clit. Kristin gasped in relief as he stopped fondling her breasts, but then the soft surge of sensations rose up her spine from between her legs as the feather delicately

tickled her swollen clit.

Others were gathering around now, dozens of them, as they watched and listened to his little lecture with interest. It seemed half the village was gathered watching, and Kristin was stricken, mortified, and desperately trying to hide the slightest response to what he was doing.

He put the feather down and picked up a short, thin flat leather strap, then slapped it down lightly across her lower abdomen and sex.

The muscles in Kristin's legs convulsed as she instinctively tried to jerk her legs together, but of course, she could do nothing. The strap slapped against her mons, and her clitoris ached at its touch. He stuck his fingers into his mouth, then rubbed them lightly against her clit, and Kristin sucked in air, biting her lower lip. Then he began to slap her there with the strap. It hurt – a little – then more – then a lot, but she bore it as a better alternative than humiliating herself by having him touch her in some other way!

Kristin winced and gasped and clenched her teeth as he slapped at her sex with the strap. She felt herself heating with pain, and her soft, bare flesh becoming more and more sensitive to each following blow. Yet he wasn't slapping hard, and she simply braced herself and bore it.

He stopped and one of the young men handed him the feather again. He continued to speak all the while, and now stroked the feather back and forth across her clit in a way which send shivers up her spine. Her pussy was now sore and throbbing and hot, and the gentle caress of the feather was doing very strange things to it.

Then he dropped the feather, and began to rub her with his fingers. The sudden surge of raw sensation was shocking, and Kristin cried out helplessly. Her hips jerked and her body thrashed against the ropes binding her in place. Her eyes were wide and desperate as she jerked her head up and aside, trying frantically to ignore the hot rush of sensation even as she felt it beginning to shift and twist and turn inside her.

She moaned and deliberately bit her tongue to raise pain, but that was only a temporary distraction. She could feel the rough, raw pleasure now emanating from between her legs stoking her hunger and need. And that hunger and need was like a drug, like an intoxicant, sweeping into her mind and washing away her cares, her concerns, her inhibitions and pride.

Her hips began to grind helplessly against his fingers, pushing forward more and more desperately as the heat deepened and the pleasure rose.

“Please!” she whimpered. “Oh! Oh God! Oh please! Please don't!”

He ignored her, of course. And Kristin's teeth gnashed as she felt a hot, sparkling sexual electricity run through her feverish body, felt her nipples burn and sparkle, felt her pussy spasm and boil.

He stopped, and her hips bucked frantically against his hovering fingers as those looking on watched and laughed and clapped their hands.

Then he seized her hard, burning nipples between thumbs and forefingers and began to stroke them, began to pluck at them, began to pinch them with sufficient force that as he pulled, her upper body jerked forward with them and she let out helpless yelps of pain.

He stopped, then gripped her hips and turned her slowly around so her back was to them. She whimpered as he pulled on her hips, forcing her bottom up and back. She had to rise onto the tips of her toes to keep from hanging completely by her wrists as he caressed her bottom, slapped it lightly, and then sank a finger slowly into her rosebud while the crowd looked on.

His finger pushed in slowly, and it hurt. He said something, pulled it out, and then a moment later, apparently having oiled it with something, he slid it into her, much more easily. It pushed in to the knuckle, pumping in and out, and despite her humiliation Kristin felt a squirming inner heat at the penetration – at any penetration! He squeezed her buttocks again, sliding a second finger into her anal opening, pumping them in and out as several dozen villagers looked on with interest.

He gave her bottom a slap then slid his fingers out of her and turned her slowly around. Again, Kristin jerked her eyes away, face flaming, but this time, standing behind her, he pulled her hair up and

back, holding her head so her face was towards the center of them all.

Then his other hand thrust in between her legs from behind, two, then three longer fingers sliding up into the hot, bubbling opening to her sex.

Kristin felt an immediate surge of wild heat and pleasure, and despite her best efforts, her hips jerked sharply, and, angling her buttocks up and back, she jammed herself back onto his fingers with a helpless animal cry of pleasure.

Her hips began to grind and buck violently, as her ragged breaths sounded among the otherwise silent villagers. Mortified, but helpless, she cried out in pleasure, then again as he brought his other hand around in front and began to carefully stroke her clitoris. The orgasm tore through her and she screamed, head jerking back, thrashing from side to side as the orgasm tore through her like a firestorm.

Chapter Four

If it was possible to die of humiliation, Kristin would already have passed away. She had no way of knowing that the man's main intent was to rob her of just that sense of shame and humiliation, to crush all sense of modesty and erase her inhibitions so as to make her a better pleasure toy.

She gasped for breath, moaning in the dazed aftermath of the intense orgasm. She'd hardly been aware when he and another of the men untied her ankles. Then they'd lifted her ankles up and back, raising them up next to her head, tying them again, and then pulling them back even further until they were tied together behind her neck!

Kristin was thus obscenely exposed to the view of anyone who glanced in her direction, as well as completely helpless to resist any touch to her body, however intimate. And that was exactly what happened for her main captor left her, and even though many in the crowd drifted back to what they were doing, many stayed, including many of the young men.

Fascinated, and perhaps excited, they continued to run their hands over her lewdly exposed body, though more gently than they had been. And many began to do as the older man had done plucking and rolling her nipples, and rubbing at her clitoris to induce another orgasm.

Despite Kristin's best efforts they were able to succeed repeatedly, and she bucked and jerked and cried out again and again as they giggled and laughed in delighted victory for much of the afternoon.

Her main captor finally cut her down and she lay groaning, drained, coated in sweat. Her pussy felt raw, her breasts bruised, her nipples like hot wax had just been poured over them.

He rolled her onto her belly, and then a bowl of fresh fruit was placed before her. Kristin was famished and dehydrated. Dazed, her knees scrambled weakly in the dirt and she raised her bottom high, spreading her knees apart as she licked at the pieces of fruit and pulled them into her mouth to swallow.

She was only partially aware of his finger stroking her clit gently as she ate, or of her hips beginning to roll and grind against him.

He let her empty the bowl, and she groaned in satisfaction as the worst of her thirst and hunger was assuaged. Then he pulled on her hair, raising her to all fours. And she knelt there before them all, miserable, shamed, and yet, even so, rolling her bottom back against his fingers.

Then he led one doddering, ancient, wrinkled old man up, and there was much laughter from the watching villagers. The man was as thin as a skeleton, and needed help to kneel. Kristin had a sinking feeling in the pit of her stomach, turning her head, wincing, moaning as the man undid his robe. He pulled out a thin, wrinkled penis, then leaned forward.

Horried, she wanted to crawl away, but the touch of his cock against her made her gasp with pleasure, and her breaths came in ragged gasps as he rubbed himself up and down the length of her very moist opening. He sank himself into her, and his hands slid forward onto her hips as he began to thrust in and out.

Kristin whimpered and half sobbed in humiliation, but even so, the hard thrust of his cock the hot, churning volcano between her legs made her shudder in pleasure, and she couldn't stop herself thrusting back. Soon he was riding her hard, and she was lewdly rolling her buttocks and jamming herself back onto his cock, yelping and moaning in pleasure with every stroke.

He leaned over her, all-but falling atop her, his skinny chest laying on her back as his arms

wrapped around her. His thin, skinny fingers spread wide, then grasped her full pale breasts, and another hot, wild surge of pleasure ripped through Kristin's feverish mind as the first orgasm rolled over her.

Her cries rose in strength and passion, gasping and moaning and squealing with every deep thrust. Her fingers clawed at the dry earth as her hips rolled and bucked back with desperate need, and her eyes were wide with the intensity of the raw pleasure pouring through her overheated mind. Then another orgasm ripped through her, then a third, which drained her to the point she collapsed onto her elbows, then onto her face in the dirt. Still the old man rode her, his skinny black hips slapping her pale round bottom, his cock driving deep into her sopping, burning pussy until he too orgasmed and finished.

The villagers laughed and whistled in approval and satisfaction at the old man's continued proof of his virility, and the men patted him on the back as he walked smugly away.

Kristin groaned dully, eyes slitted, face pressed against the ground, chest heaving. Her bottom remained in the air, knees apart, but the rest of her was pressed against the cool earth below, and now her knees began to sag as well.

A half dozen women moved in around her, however, chattering happily to each other. The making of a pleasure toy was now a village project, for it would bring much profit when she was sold. Hands moved in around her, holding her in place, and raising her bottom once more. Kristin groaned in bleary confusion and uncertainty as a long black finger slid into her anal opening. It was slick with some sort of lubricant, and pumped in and out easily before being joined by a second, then a third.

She groaned and tried to shift, but the women surrounding her were kneeling on her arms, pinning them down, and holding her hips up and apart. A fourth finger slowly pushed into her bottom, pushing in and out, twisting and turning inside her. She couldn't see what they were doing, could only hear their chattering comments as they did it. Then a slick finger began to stroke back and forth over her clitoris and her hips bucked in response.

She moaned in denial, trying ineffectually to twist free as the finger continued to caress her overstimulated little button. The other fingers continued to turn and twist inside her anal opening, working her sphincter muscle loose. The fingers came out, and she felt something pushed into her, something ... soft, malleable, almost like... leaves or some sort. Then the fingers pushed in once more, thrusting whatever it was deeper. She felt liquid poured into her round opening, then the fingers thrust in once more.

More liquid was poured into her opening, and now some sort of wooden tool slid into her, pushing deeper. More vegetable matter was thrust into her, then more liquid, and she moaned in complaint.

Then came something much larger, much thicker, much harder. A long, slender, curved melon akin to a cucumber, was slowly pushed into her bottom. It was hollowed out, with numerous different herbs and ingredients shoved inside, but the walls were still strong as they slowly twisted and turned and pushed it deeper and deeper into the moaning, wriggling blonde girl's bottom.

Kristin trembled and shook, gasping, moaning as what felt like an enormous object was slowly pushed down into her ass. The finger continued to stroke her clit, and now more fingers were thrusting in and out of her moist pussy opening. Her sexual heat had quickly reignited, despite her confusion and embarrassment, and she felt the first orgasm begin as she cried out in both pleasure and denial.

The women ignored it, continuing their work, and soon liquid was being poured into her pussy, along with a variety of herbs and spices. Then a second big melon was pushed deep into her belly. All through it they continued to stroke and caress her quite calmly and quite clinically, for none of them, of course, had the slightest sexual interest in her. Orgasm after orgasm tore through the writhing, twisting, crying blonde as her muscles spasmed and her insides burned.

She could not walk when they had finished, and a rope was looped around her throat so as to lead her, crawling, across the village to her main captor's shack. There she was given water to eat, and then her hands bound behind her so she could not touch the melons. She was so drained she collapsed into

deep sleep soon after, and the villagers continued on with their business.

* * *

Kristin woke with a groan. Her entire body ached as though she'd run a marathon. Every muscle felt strained and stretched.. She was laying on her back, on her arms, and she rolled onto her side to the take the weight off her arms, her wrists throbbing a little as they pulled against the rope binding them together.

She groaned again at the pressure against her inner thighs, then rolled back onto her arms, her knees pulling up and back as her glazed eyes tried to focus on what was between her legs.

It looked like the bottom few inches of a black cucumber was sticking out of her swollen, grossly stretched pussy lips, the big melon held in place by a thin cord wrapped around it and pulled up around her waist. She could feel a similar object protruding from her back passage, also held in check by thin ropes.

What were these people doing to her, she wondered miserably.

The horrifically embarrassing events of the previous day came to her mind and she cringed at the shame of being used right in the middle of the village, while everyone looked on. That would have been horrible enough ,but the memories of her crying, moaning, wailing, howling orgasms made them far worse.

She realized she was thirsty again, and hungry. But another sensation rose, and that was a strange burning sensation coming from between her legs. She'd felt a lot of heat there over the past days, but this was different. This felt as though something very hot had been shoved up inside her, and yet all she saw was the part of the melon protruding.

The heat continued, and seemed to grow as she lay there. She moaned and twisted around, rolling, moaning, her wrists pulling against the ropes. Both melons felt very hot inside her, and she began to sweat, spreading her legs wide, whimpering with discomfort.

One of the older women entered the shack, and Kristin blinked up at her, gasping weakly as the woman knelt and casually inspected the two melons. The woman gave each a good twist and push as if to make sure they hadn't come loose, then grunted in evident satisfaction and left.

As the day wore on the heat grew oppressive, but she was already being baked from the inside, gasping weakly as sweat poured off her body.

The woman came back a few hours later, and Kristin's eyes fluttered dazedly. The woman's name was Hagos, and she examined the placement of the melons with care, satisfied they remained tightly locked within the belly of the Seethe. She examined the Seethe, then. Her pale skin was slick with sweat, which was to be expected. Her forehead was hot as if feverish. The melons inside her were very warm with the natural processes which were taking place, so this too was to be expected.

The Seethe was disoriented because of the poisons which made up a part of the ingredients, and which had by now seeped into her blood, but they were not dangerous poisons. Hagos gripped the Seethe's thick hair, thinking to herself how handy such a long mane was for a handle, and twisted its head up and back as she poured water into its open mouth.

The Marach tribe had not taken slaves for some time as the government forbid it, but the cultural acceptance of it was still strong, for the Marach, like many isolated, rural tribes did not have the same view of the world as others. To them, the only true people were themselves. All others were simply prey or predators, to be avoided or attacked. They knew something of other nearby tribes, but this female had obviously come from far away beyond the sea.

Even were she still free, the Marach would not have considered them to be people. But once taken as a slave they assumed the same status as any of the Magos' animals, their cows, and goats and dogs. Animals were valued for what they could furnish the tribe by way of work or food or clothing or tools or sale. There were no pets here, for life was far too harsh to support such a concept.

A Seethe was simply a slave female who could be turned into a pleasure toy. The Marach were again far too poor and led far too harsh a life to ever support such a useless object, but they often traded

with the Arabs to the north, and wealthier Ethiopian cities to the south, and they had come to realize the value such foolish men placed on simple pleasure.

Hagos did not understand why any man would even want to lay with the ugly, skinny, pale female, but it was not her concern to think of such things. The tribal elders thought this female could be sold as a Seethe and bring the tribe a good exchange. It was not for Hagos to question them. So she attended to the health of the Seethe much as she did to goats and cows, just as competently, just as impersonally. And it would no more have occurred to her to think of it as a person than it would to think of goats, dogs or cows as people.

She left the Seethe and went on to other work, and when she returned a few hours later, and found the melons beginning to soften, she carefully undid the rope holding them in place then slowly forced them even deeper into the Seethe's belly. That the Seethe squealed and moaned and writhed in pain was of no particular importance. Magos pulled the ropes tight and bound them again.

Magos bore the scars of the whip on her back. It was a whipping she had demanded when her brother had taken the test of adulthood, a whipping which she had proudly endured to show her devotion to her family. All the other women of the village had similar scars. Pain did not daunt or frighten them, and they certainly weren't about to care about the pain of an animal.

* * *

Kristin's eyes opened, and then blinked rapidly. She had no idea where she was, at first. But she felt – better – as if she had just come out of a fever. She didn't feel as hot any more, and her pain seemed to have faded. She groaned and rolled onto her side, then tried to sit up. She glanced down and saw with relief that the big melons had been removed from her body. She still felt raw and sore inside, but at least she wasn't hot and all stretched out any more.

Her wrists were still bound, but she'd been tied for so long now that she was quite used to it.

The door to the shack opened and several women came in. One held a strange looking, slightly curved wooden tube of a sort, and she looked at it warily as the women knelt around her. One slapped at her thighs and then pulled her legs wider, and Kristin licked her lips nervously as she saw that the object was now pressed against the entrance to her pussy.

What were these perverted fucking Africans going to do to her now, was the thought which flitted through her weary mind.

The woman spread some sort of goo over the thing, which was, she saw, quite as thick as his big cock, though longer and more curved. She knew there was nothing she could do, however, as the woman pressed it to the mouth of her sex, and then slid it slowly inside.

She was tight, and could feel her pussy squeezing around it, but the polished wood pushed easily through the soft, elastic folds of her sex.

It felt – strange inside her for some reason Kristin couldn't quite identify. But she was still feeling hot and raw inside, so perhaps whatever stretching and straining those melons had done to her had scratched or in some way scraped her inside...

The sensations coming from within her as the thing was pushed in, twisted, and pulled back, were startlingly intense. Kristin knew very well that there were not normally a lot of nerve endings inside a woman's vagina, and they weren't particularly powerful. Like other women, she enjoyed the feeling of being penetrated, was excited at the penetration, at the fullness, at the psychological arousal generated by having a stiff cock thrust in and out of her. But she had never really felt physical sensations like this.

The woman worked the thing in and out, pushing deeper, until the nose was jammed deep inside her, and began to cause aching pains as it pushed against the back wall of her sex.

Kristin was bewildered by what they were doing. These were not a group of jaded, depraved western lesbians, after all. These were village women in rural Ethiopia. They simply didn't partake in this sort of perverted lesbian behavior! Nor did it appear any of them was even slightly excited or aroused. What they were doing was – a chore, from their attitude.

Even as one of them began to stroke her finger across Kristin's clitoris – which was also far more

sensitive than she recalled it once was, their attitude was simply that of village women undertaking some sort of communal task. And they casually pressed down on her thighs to hold her in place as her hips began to grind and roll up, again without rancor or particular interest.

Kristin felt the wild heat rolling up her body, felt the tremendous sexual electricity crackling through her nervous system, setting her muscles to spasming, her nerve endings to sparkle with power. She moaned deep in her throat, her hips rolling up more violently as the deep, hard penetration excited her mind as well as her body. She could feel the heavy, thick wooden cock driving desperately deep into her belly, and the pain melded with the pleasure to produce a wild firestorm of sensations that built up like a fever within her mind.

Her hips bucked frantically, and she cried out again and again, her head rolling, her back arching, her arms pulling spastically against the bonds holding them behind her. She gulped in air desperately, her face a mask of raw, wild animal heat as the woman continued to thrust the big cock into her aching pussy. Then the orgasm tore through her and she screamed, howled like an animal, without shame, mindless heat roaring within her as the orgasm reached stunning intensity and set her to writhing, twisting and bucking uncontrollably.

The women simply held her in place, calmly endured her howling and wailing, and continued with their work until the orgasm had spent itself and she lay dazed and moaning. Then they tied a thin rope around the half of the dildo which protruded from her sex, pulled it up and tied it around her waist before pulling themselves to their feet and leaving.

Behind them on the ground, Kristin moaned weakly, eyes fluttering, skin sheened with sweat, heart fluttering as she continued to twitch helplessly for long, long seconds.

The orgasm, of course, produced a temporary chemical change in her body which helped to cement the effects of the mixture which had been earlier pushed into her, and which would now be held in place by it, as though it were a plug. Neither she nor, in fact, the village women could have stated as much. The women could merely have relayed knowledge passed down from their forefathers that making the seethe feel the raw pleasure would help seal the changes they had cultivated.

Kristin lay on her back, moaning softly until her breathing slowly returned to near normal. It did not return to normal, however. Her heart rate remained elevated, her body gripped by a low, simmering heat as she lay with her legs spread wide around the thick wooden cock the women had bound within her. It ached, deep inside, but her belly also felt warm, with a soft sparkle of sexual electricity running constantly through it.

After a time, her original captor arrived and dragged her to her feet, then led her back outside. She moaned weakly, blinking in the bright sunlight, the fat dildo still stuffed up inside her and extremely visible.

No one seemed to be paying a lot of attention to her, though as the man untied her wrists, then laid the pole across her shoulders again and tied her arms along it. Then it was another long walk to the village spring for her, and a second, even longer walk back, staggering under the weight of the two buckets. Then a second trip, then a third, before dazed exhausted, coated in sweat, she was put back into the shack. Her wrists were bound behind her back, and she was permitted to sleep.

* * *

Kristin sobbed as the wild heat tore through her mind. She swayed weakly, moaning around the fat black cock in her mouth, but a slap to the bottom refocused her mind to some extent, and she pushed her lips forward, sucking.

She was out front of the shack, and her entire lower body seemed to buzz like a hornet's nest which had been disturbed. Her clitoris was swollen and sparkling like a live electric wire as she knelt in the dirt outside and bobbed her lips up and down the man's hard erection.

One of the women knelt beside her, casually stroking her clitoris from time to time. The slightest touch made the blonde girl hiss and shudder, caused her hips to buck violently, and sent a wild flood-wave of sensory overload through her body.

Men crowded around her, most in loincloths. Though several had their cocks out, two of which filled her small pale hands as she pumped them up and down. Her eyes were glassy as the man whose cock was filling her mouth gripped her hair and pulled her all the way down, and she gurgled weakly as his shaft slid down her throat.

A slap on the bottom reminded her to continue pumping her hands on the other two black cocks in closest range, and then, as she slid her lips slowly back off the man before her she was directed, by the hair, to the one next to him. Again she slid her lips up and down, then took him deep.

There was a semi circle of male villagers around her, all with stiff cocks needing attention, and while they seemed to welcome her attention none of them seemed to be particularly eager or filled with lust. It was almost as if, as with the women the other day, they were merely partaking in a chore.

She sucked on the next man, taking him down her throat, shifting hands as directed. Yet none of them, not one, seemed to have ever come. Every time it seemed like one might he would step back, and her lips would be directed to the next one over. Not all the men were young, some were quite old. Not all their cocks were hard, some she had to work on to get them that way, and she continued, wrapped in a hot, shimmering cloud of low level sexual heat as her pussy squeezed down around the thick plug still within it.

When her mouth was too sore to even move, her lips barely able to close, they finally relented. She was allowed to collapse to her knees, groaning, leaning forward, letting her chest press against the dry ground. The woman slapped her bottom, raising it, and another woman joined her, the two spreading her legs apart as they untied the ropes binding the big wooden cock inside.

They gently twisted the thing, then quickly drew it forth.

Kristin groaned helplessly, even as one of the women stroked her clitoris. She did not look up, or even open her eyes to see the warm bowl of thick liquid which was being drawn in behind her. It contained a mixture of herbs and spices, as well as the collected semen of all the men she had worked on that morning. It had been boiled and then allowed to cool. Now with her pussy still stretched wide, and held that way by strong black fingers, it was poured down into her belly in a thick, sluggish, oozing mass.

The women poured carefully, watching the liquid flowing slowly down into her pink tunnel, then the thick wooden plug was slowly pushed down inside her once again, twisted and pushed until it was as deep as it would go, and tied in place once again. Kristin moaned as she was raised upright, her head tilted far back, and her jaw opened. Then the remainder of the liquid was poured into her mouth.

She swallowed automatically, again and again as her mouth was filled, without knowledge or even real care about what it was she swallowed.

Then her arms were bound behind her to her ankles and she was carried across to where a low fire had been placed beneath a very large pot of liquid. They lowered her slowly into the pot, and she sputtered and turned her head, rolling onto her side to keep her mouth out of the liquid. It was warm, but not unbearable, and she thought at first, somewhat weakly, that they were simply bathing her.

In truth, that was partially the truth. The mixture in which she lay was also composed principally of the semen of the village men, collected over the past several days, and as it was heated, as the liquid grew warmer around her, the pores in her skin opened, and then somehow, some facet of the mixture, along with the herbs and spices which had been added, was absorbed into her body. None of the villagers could have explained the science behind it, even if they understood what science meant. But they knew what the results would be.

Chapter Five

Kristin trailed behind the camel, gasping, panting, moaning weakly as her feet plowed through the soft, dusty sand. It was good that the villagers were finally taking her somewhere, for surely nowhere could be as isolated and primitive as the village she'd spent the last week in. Leaving behind the humiliation of what had been done to her was no small thing either, and her mind felt eased because of it.

Yet it was very hard, being pulled along by the camels, her bound wrists extended out before her. It wasn't the heat of the sun which baked her which caused her to feel physically distressed. It was very early morning and the day was reasonably cool. Nevertheless, though she was still nude, she was sweating profusely, and while the camels were not moving with any undue haste she was panting and gasping weakly.

She felt feverish, yet the fever was not centered in her head, not in her chest, but between her legs. She felt a definable sense of pressure and heat from her groin, from her lower belly, an unrelenting pressure and heat which made her want to roll her hips and grasp at her sex with her bound hands. Her clitoris was hot and swollen and she knew she was dripping wet inside. If she had witnessed a dog or cat evidencing this sort of behavior she would have thought them in heat.

Humans, however did not go into heat except through emotional and psychological excitement. Yet still, she felt herself fantasizing as she walked, fantasizing about a large cock, or many large cocks, about riding them, being ridden by them, taking them into her mouth and hands, pressing them against her breasts, anything, everything.

She stumbled along weakly, her entire lower belly swirling and churning with sexual hunger and need, her breasts swollen and flushed, her nipples hard and inflamed, hopelessly aroused despite herself, and she could not understand why. Her mind still functioned, after a fashion. It was difficult wading through the flooding heat pouring up from her body, a heat which made her mind feel muddled and dazed at times.

Yet her mind was still working, and she recognized that something had been done to her, something like nothing she had ever heard of. In the condition she was in she would have gladly accepted anyone between her legs, and gladly. The sex-heat was like an intoxicant in her system. And while she wasn't completely drunk she was well on her way to being so.

The sex-heat was relentless and unending, and she stumbled along, up low hills and down the other side, her wrists held out before her as the camels plodded along. The sun rose overhead, the heat growing worse, and she sweated under the slick coating of oil they had applied to her skin.

But it was the heat within which was draining her energy.

They stopped to rest, and she collapsed to her knees, then onto her belly in the sand. Automatically, the pressure against her lower belly caused her to grind her hips into the sand, her legs spreading wide as she began to gasp and moan at the increased sensation.

She pulled herself forward by the wrists, gasping and moaning, rising to her knees to shuffle close to the stopped camel, allowing her arms to then drop and her fingers to reach between her legs.

She knew the men didn't like it when she touched herself, but she didn't care. She slid her fingers across her clit and cried out in pleasure, falling back in the sand, fingers working frantically against her clit as her hips bucked up violently.

She screamed as she came, arching and bucking, her voice rising on the quiet desert air, howling like a banshee as her fingers plunged into her sensitive sex and stroked across her clit.

Her hands were yanked away and she sobbed in despair as she was dragged to her feet by the hair. They pulled her over next to the camel and then tied her rope up around it so she was pressed against the beast's side, her arms raised high. Then they went back to their meal, sitting cross-legged under a low tree.

After a time, they rose, returning to her, and the camel started forward once again. Kristin had a moment to slide her fingers down between her legs before the rope went taut and she was pulled forward once more, her pussy throbbing and dripping with heat and need.

They walked much of the day. It was only at the end, when they unloaded the camels that the two village men took the nearly frantic blonde girl and mounted her, enduring her howls and screams of pleasure as orgasm after orgasm swept over her trembling, shaking, spasming body.

They bound her to a tree that night, with her legs spread wide and staked to the ground to ease the wild, dark heat in her loins. Still, they had to gag her to keep the sound down as she moaned and writhed in hunger.

The next day the journey continued, and they finally reached their destination, a small, dusty town on the edge of the desert. Many people here wore the robes of the desert and rural people, but a lot wore the trousers and shirts which were more common in the cities, as well. And there were some cars and trucks here, dusty and poorly maintained as they were.

Kristin plodded along exhaustedly, wrapped in dark heat as the camel pulled her along. She was too tired to even really care about the many eyes which turned curiously at her as she was taken through the small town to the market.

There, water was given, water and food, and she was allowed to sleep in a small, shaded stall. Then she was given a quick washing before being taken forward and placed on display under a low tarp. To better display her body, as she kept slumping low, her wrists were bound above her head to the tarp's support pole.

There was a great deal of interest in her, of course. White women were rarely on sale here, and numerous potential buyers gathered around.

Kristin looked about anxiously, feeling a self-conscious sense of embarrassment again. She'd started to get used to being naked around the villagers, but these were a far larger and different group of men. She was gagged, so she couldn't call out and ask for help – even presuming any of them spoke English, and with her wrists bound she could do nothing to hide her lush young body from their curious eyes.

The man who had been her captor all this time stood beside her, speaking with them, answering questions, apparently. She had no idea what he was saying, or what was going on. She blushed and dropped her eyes at the hunger in some of the eyes upon her, yet despite her embarrassment she felt the hunger in her groin and the hot throbbing crackle of electricity in her nipples.

And then her hair was jerked back so that her head was forced up and back, and she gasped in pain as her back was arched. The man ran his hands over her breasts as he spoke, caressing them softly, then fingered her nipples, causing Kristin to gasp and moan and dance awkwardly in place.

He continued to speak, and his hand slid between the blonde girl's legs. Kristin felt a wave of hopelessness as she felt the sudden sharp burning heat which swept through her. There was at least two or three dozen men gathered around looking at her. She was already horribly embarrassed, and now she felt the screaming pleasure roll through her and knew that nothing was going to stop her from further humiliating herself in front of them all.

The man's fingers casually stroked her and her hips bucked with greater and greater need until with a helpless scream of pleasure she climaxed before all the watching men.

Many men spoke then, as she sagged breathlessly against the rope. And then she felt her wrists being untied. She moaned weakly, sagging to her knees, hardly paying attention as her wrists were

bound behind her back again. A rope was thrown over her neck, and another man, a stranger, pulled on it, tugging her to her feet, then led her away through the crowd.

She padded naked through the town, head down, following the man. He seemed older and unlike all the village men, he wore pants and a shirt over his sandals. He led her through an alley and then into a small building built of mud bricks. Inside was sparsely furnished, but it did have furnishings, tables and chairs. Kristin had a moment to look around before he bent her over one of the tables and spread her legs.

She moaned, half in denial, half in heat as she felt his fingers at her sex. Her hips jerked hard as he found her clit, then his fingers spread the lips of her sex before his hard black cock slid into her.

She was perpetually lubricated now, and groaned exultantly as his stiff prick pushed deep inside her. She began to grind her hips back immediately even as he started to thrust, and every hard thrust of his cock made her cry out in breathless pleasure as the heat rose around her.

It took very little time for the orgasm to well up inside her, and then she screamed in release, head thrashing, hips bucking back, feet pawing wildly at the floor as the man continued to ride her.

She had a moment of clarity afterwards, as she lay bent over the table, recovering her breath.

What's happening to me, she thought with a mixture of fear and misery.

Then the man pulled her back by the hair, and she slid to her knees on the floor. He removed the gag, and drew her cock to his flaccid cock. Kristin immediately felt a wild surge of excitement at the sight, and leaned in to lick and suck on it and his balls. Panting and weak as she was, she licked and moaned around him as he began to slowly build again, and then as he thrust out hard she pushed her lips to the base of his cock, sucking hard.

He pulled her hair back, threw her on her back on the floor, and then dropped atop her.

The feeling of his cock entering her made her scream in pleasure, and then his hand covered her mouth as he thrust into her again and again.

Kristin's knees spread wide, drawing up and back, then her long ivory legs wrapped around the man's back as she ground herself up against him. She came again, screaming, then again, then a third time before he finished.

She was placed into a rusting truck, in the back, hog-tied, and a tarp thrown over her. The truck left the town, bouncing over rutted dirt roads for some time. Ethiopia was a very large place, bigger than France or Germany, bigger than Texas and Oklahoma combined. The truck bounced along the rest of the day before pulling up. Kristin was dragged out of the rear, and held on her feet as the man fingered her.

Though exhausted the feeling of his fingers stroking against her made her hips buck and twist and writhe uncontrollably, and he laughed as she cried out in helpless pleasure, a powerful climax tearing through her in less than a minute.

They spent the night in another small town. Again she was gagged, and the man who apparently now owned her seemed to take a mischievous, if not sadistic pleasure in causing her to writhe and twist and buck in uncontrollable heat. Even after he had used her roughly three times, and thus was presumably beyond further need, he amused himself by stroking, fingering and caressing her to orgasm after orgasm until Kristin could barely breath, much less think. The last of them so shattered her mind she lost consciousness entirely.

* * *

They arrived in a small city two, exhausting days later. It had paved roads, though poorly paved, and the truck drove into a garage, the door sliding down before she was dragged out. Another man was there, and the two seemed to discuss her before taking her into a back room and washing her off. The washing caused her to have two more orgasms, as their fingers caressed her slick, soapy privates, and then both men used her roughly at the same time, with one plunging into her throat as the other rode her from behind.

They put her on a narrow metal table, then. It was just wide and long enough to support her torso,

and her arms and legs were drawn down to be tied to the legs, while her head hung over the edge. A doctor arrived then to inspect her. They discussed her for a time, then the doctor went away. He returned after a time, with a bag of equipment.

In short order he had pierced her labia, clitoris, nipples, belly button, and tongue, and inserted large, stainless steel rings into each of the holes. But then, after forcing a block into her jaw to hold her mouth wide, and putting on a headpiece with a long, flexible light, he leaned over her throat and inserted a long, thin needle.

After so many cocks which had slid down her throat Kristin had much less of a gag reflex than she'd once had, and the needle slid past her gullet and into her throat until it reached her larynx. She gurgled weakly as the needle pierced her larynx repeatedly, her body thrashing and pulling against the ropes binding her.

Then he withdrew and she was placed into a small cell to recover.

They left the city the next day and continued on their journey, and three days later arrived on the outskirts of another, larger city. Again she was bathed, and this time her hair brushed neatly. The stainless steel rings were replaced by gold, and the ropes which had bound her were replaced by slender, artfully designed gold-plated shackles. A similar collar went around her throat, and she was presented to a group of several dozen men in a low, garage-like building, where, she quickly realized, she was being auctioned off.

They stood her on a low podium at the front of the room, and her wrists were shackled up and apart dramatically, though there was no chance whatever of her escaping. Her ankles were similarly shackled apart, and she was forced to stand on the balls of her feet as prospective buyers moved around her, inspecting her.

Now and then the man who had driven her there would lean in and caress her clitoris, and nothing Kristin could do or think could keep her hips from almost immediately bucking hungrily against him. Several times he masturbated her to orgasms, and she howled hoarsely as the men looked on, smiling and laughing softly.

She could not speak much now, though of course, since no one understood English there was no point in trying. The doctor in the previous city had done something to her voice box, and now she could only make soft hoarse sounds as she arched and twisted and bucked violently.

And when the man slid two fingers between her tight pussy lips and spread them open, warm girl cream slowly trickled out of her and down her thigh.

Each of the prospective buyers had to test out the tightness of her pussy, as well as her wrinkled rosebud. Each had to cup and weight her breasts and finger her nipples, and Kristin, despite feeling a deep sense of humiliation, was driven into repeated frenzies of bucking, twisting and grinding at their hands.

As a final demonstration, a large, bald headed man with an extra large, extra long shaft moved behind her and drove himself slowly up into her ass while the men looked on in amusement and interest. Then he drew her hips back against him and began to thrust. The deep, powerful penetration, the sense of his cock sliding in and out, the impact of his hips against her buttocks were far too much for the helpless blonde to resist for long, and the watching audience saw proof of just how well-conditioned she was as once again she threw back her head and screamed, howling in a hoarse, gravelly, low toned voice as another massive orgasm swept through her.

The bidding began in earnest, and Kristin stared dazedly out at the men as their arms rose and they shouted out their bids. She felt a sense of unreality, as if this could not possibly be happening. She was a graduate student in archaeology, a year from her doctorate. And she was being sold, auctioned off among a group of barely literate – if that – third world rabble. And clearly sold as a sex toy of some kind!

The bidding continued for some time, and then stopped abruptly. The man unhooked her shackles from the chains he'd used, locked her wrists behind her back, and handed the chain attached to her

collar to another man. This one wore a western style, black business suit. He was middle aged, with a chubby face and dark, hooded eyes. His full lips were turned up in a satisfied smile as he beheld her, then he tugged on the leash and Kristin resignedly followed him out of the building and to a large black car out front.

The driver opened the door and the man pushed her in, then got in beside her, and the car started forward.

The man spoke to her as the car moved, but of course, she had no idea what he was saying. His hand dropped to her lower belly, then slid down, his fingers rubbing at the top of her slit, and she moaned and lay her head back, her hips slowly beginning to grind up against his fingers.

He drew his hand back with a contented sound, leaving her to grind herself against the air for long seconds before easing back.

The car drove to an airport and she was put into a small, twin engined propeller plane, with the big man beside her. They flew for an hour or so before landing at a small, isolated field where another black car was waiting. Nearby was what appeared to be a collection of buildings, and she at first thought it was another town. But as they drove closer she realized it was all one large, sprawling building, and they drove through a gate and then around back to where she was handed off to two women.

They took her inside, and down a flight of stairs. Then her shackles were removed and she was douched and given several enemas. After that she was washed very thoroughly, even bent over so that scrub brushes could be pushed into her pussy. Her hair was brushed out and dried – with a blow dryer, and new golden rings were inserted in her nipples, clit, and labia. A jeweled ring was slipped into her belly button opening, then a special tongue ring was placed in her mouth.

The collar which went around her throat was a gleaming silver, with diamonds, and matching bracelets went around her wrists and ankles. They were not locked together, however, and her arms were loose at her sides as a leash was attached to her collar.

The woman holding the leash led her along a stone walled corridor, with tiled floor, and then into a room which looked surprisingly modern. It had a hardwood floor, and painted walls with modern track lighting. There was a green mat, something like the yoga mats she used at home on the floor, and the woman had her kneel on it, then removed the leash and departed.

Kristin looked around anxiously. Her knees had automatically spread wide, for if she closed her legs it added to the pressure against her sex, and almost immediately began to build up the sexual pressure and tension in her body. She had become weary of the constantly, unending sexual hunger, and rousing it further was not something she enjoyed.

Still, it was very hard to keep her hands away from her body. Only deliberate effort would accomplish it, and even then, eventually, her hands would begin to stray, and every touch would build the fire higher until she could not resist.

The door opened and a new man entered. Kristin dropped her eyes briefly. Every new person who saw her nude made her flush a little, but she was beginning to get used to it. It seemed like forever since she had last worn any clothing.

She quickly raised her eyes again, however, for he was a large, powerfully built man wearing a dark, button-down shirt and black trousers. He gazed back at her for a moment then went to a nearby cabinet and opened one of the doors, inspecting something inside. He closed it and turned back to her, carrying a thin, rattan swagger stick under his arm.

He said something to her which she could not understand. Then he spoke again, in another language, then a third time in French. She jerked her head up at the latter, but her french was far too rusty to understand what he was saying.

Then he spoke in English.

Your name is?" he asked.

She stared at him, almost missing her cue to speak. It had been so long since she had spoken to

anyone...

"I... you... you speak English?" she asked in a hoarse croak.

He smiled thinly.

"Your name is?"

"M-My name is Kristin! Kristin Foster! I was with an archaeological expedition near Mahta when there was a cave-in of some kind. I haven't - ."

He held his hand up abruptly, silencing her.

"Yes," he said in thickly accented English. "Is terrible thing, how expedition perished in collapse of tunnels there. All die."

"No, No! I was there!" she gasped hoarsely. "I survived!"

"All die," he said. "No search now. All die."

He smiled then, as if in satisfaction, and Kristin stared at him uncertainly, not understanding.

"Now you begin training, yes? You train and learn to service the prince. You learn obedience, yes?"

"But... but I'm a American citizen! I-I wish to contact my embassy!" she gasped, her voice still a hoarse, aching croak.

"All die," he said. "Now you learn to obey, yes. "

His voice rose and the door opened. Another man entered, bringing a girl with him. The girl was slender, with very black skin. Like Kristin, she was nude, but did not seem the least aware of that. She moved with a cat-like grace and confidence as she bowed her head to the big man, and examined Kristin with a sniff of contempt. The second man left, and at a motion from the first, the black girl knelt smoothly and gracefully on a small mat next to Kristin's.

"But I'm a - ."

"No more speaking," the man said sternly. "You watch, yes? You watch and then, you do."

The man spoke a word, and the girl slid forward fluidly onto her hands and knees.

The man turned to Kristin and spoke the same word. She opened her mouth to protest, but then, eyeing the swaggar stick, she slid forward onto all fours, as well.

He moved beside her, and the stick slid along her spine. He reached down and tugged at her hair, forcing her head up and back, raising her shoulders, then slapped the stick at her inner thighs so that she shifted her knees wider. When the stick slid between her legs and the shaft pressed up against her belly, angling up against her clit, she gasped helplessly, her bottom jerking up.

"Hold like this!" he ordered, drawing back.

Trembling, Kristin obeyed, kneeling, just as the black girl was, until the man spoke another word. Then the girl slid back onto her knees and heels, and Kristin, her stomach roiling, did the same.

They did the same movement repeatedly, sliding forward onto all fours, and now the man slapped the rattan crop against her bottom when she failed to assume exactly the right position.

He said a different word, then, and the girl dropped onto her elbows, shifting her knees wider. Kristin did the same, trembling as the heat rose inside her, for this was nearer the position she had been conditioned to associate with pleasure, with sustenance, with relief of pain and hunger and thirst.

Again and again she assumed that position, and as before, the rattan cane snapped across her bottom, or even her back when she failed to assume just the right position.

Another word, and the girl slid lower, letting her small black breasts pillow out against the floor, her arms reaching before her. Kristin imitated her, moaning softly as she spread her knees wide. The man snapped the crop across her bottom but it was hard to keep her hips still as the heat grew between her legs.

He snorted, then slid the rattan cane crop between her legs and, as he had done before, let the narrow shaft press up against her moist opening and sank in between the lips of her sex. He angled it down and forward so that it pressed against her clitoris as well, and Kristin gasped helplessly as the pressure made her lower belly burn and throb. He rubbed back and forth harshly, and almost

immediately, Kristin's hips began to grind and roll and buck back against him as her pulse rate shot up and her breaths became loud and ragged.

“Oh! Oh! Oh! OH please! Oh! Ungh! Oh!” she gasped as her hips grind against him with increasing violence.

The orgasm tore through her and she cried out in pleasure, rutting back shamelessly as the heat and sexual pleasure exploded inside her. Her bottom jerked up wildly, violently, the sensory storm howling through her mind as she jerked and spasmed in orgasmic pleasure.

She groaned weakly, her knees sliding slowly apart on the floor as her bones and muscles went limp, but a series of short, sharp snaps from the crop made her jerk her bottom back up into the air again, moaning a dazed complaint.

“Now you continue, yes!?” he said.

Groaning, she did her best to imitate the black girl again, and tried to keep her movements fluid and graceful as the stern man with the cane demanded. It was really quite exhausting, for she was moving almost continuously, rather she thought, like a lewd form of yoga.

The two sat back on their heels, and he strode forward, then snapped the cane against his leg and barked out a word. The Black girl slid forward onto her belly, and then began to crawl across the floor, writhing slowly, keep her body flat against the floor until she reached him. Once there, her pink tongue slid forward and licked submissively across his foot, against both toes and sandals, then continued on around to his ankle and licked slowly up. She paused to rub her face and head against his lower legs, moaning low in her throat, then slowly licked her way up until coming to his shorts.

She rubbed her face against him again sliding her face slowly up until she was rubbing it against his groin. Then her hands moved delicately up and unfastened his trousers, unzipped them and pulled them down. She eased them down around his ankles, and he raised his feet, letting her pull them off.

He was now naked to the waist, and the girl slowly licked her way back up his legs again, alternately rubbing her face and moaning, licking up the inside of his thighs, past his thick black cock, her hands caressing his thighs until she began to lick gently at his testicles. She took them into her mouth, one by one, sucking and moaning around them as her hands caressed his thighs and belly.

Then she pushed her face into his groin and licked at the underside of his cock, slowly licking and kissing up along the underside until she came to the head. His cock was beginning to harden, and she took it into her mouth, bobbing her lips up and down as she massaged his balls with her fingers. Kristin watched as she slid her lips forward, taking him deep into her throat, and moaned as she pressed her face against his groin.

Then he barked a word, and she eased back, turned, and moved back. The man pointed at her, and Kristin gulped and then slid forward onto her belly and began to crawl forward.

Given the sorts of things she'd done and which had been done to her over the past week – or was it longer – she couldn't quite remember – she wasn't particularly shocked at what she was doing. But she felt a sense of frustration and anguish that she wasn't able to communicate with him, wasn't able to make him understand that she ought to be turned loose and given over to the embassy. She was an intelligent, highly educated woman, after all, from a sophisticated western culture! She wasn't a ... whatever it was he was taking her for!

She couldn't feel anger at him, however, for clearly he, like the rest of them, was a primitive, and didn't understand such things. Eventually, she supposed, they would understand and apologize, but in the meantime it was so... frustrating!

Her breasts throbbed as she ground them against the floor, her body's weight squeezing down on them as she slowly wriggled across the floor. Her nipples were painfully hard and hot, and rubbing them across the floor was a strange mixture of pleasure and pain.

She reached his feet, and hesitated. She had few inhibitions left after her recent experience, but there was just something so... wrong in this! He slapped the cane against his leg lightly, warningly, and she gulped and leaned in, licking at his foot, at his toes, along the leather sandal. Her hands slid around

his ankle as she licked her way along it, then rubbed her face against it.

This was so wrong! This was demeaning! Yet she could hardly refuse. The man was a primitive and clearly didn't understand anything about how modern women were to be treated. The rattan cane stung and she had no desire for further acquaintance with it. She licked along his ankle and up his leg, her hands caressing his thighs as she rose up on her knees and began to lick along the edge of his groin.

She felt a shimmering sense of desire rising within her at her close proximity to his cock. It had softened since the Black girl had worked on it but not fully, and now, as she sucked on his testicles she stared rapturously at it, imagining she could actually see it thickening and hardening.

That desire confused her. She had no desire for him, or at least, that intelligent part of her mind which considered men as to their value and beauty certainly had no desire in him. Yet the desire seemed to rise all on its own, her pussy throbbing and her nipples throbbing at the mere sight of his black cock. And when she slid her lips around it she moaned softly, completely unconsciously, hungrily sucking each additional inch of his thickening shaft as she pushed her lips slowly forward.

It felt so incredible in her mouth! It felt so wonderful! So right! So perfect! It was so beautiful! She loved the feel of it against her tongue, the feel of it spreading her lips wide, the feel of the head poised at the entrance to her throat! Her hips began to grind helplessly as her body's arousal grew, and she ran her hands up and down along his hips, then behind to squeeze and knead his buttocks as she pushed her lips forward and took him down her throat.

The man made a small motion with his hand, and the Black girl crawled forward to kneel behind her. Kristin hardly noticed until the girl's fingers began to caress her soft, moist pussy. Her eyes widened, and she felt a whiplash of sensations rolling through her body as she bobbed her lips on the man's cock. She felt a long, thin finger slide up inside her, then two more join it, and in seconds she was coming, her hips bucking back helplessly as her eyes rolled up and back and she gurgled and moaned around the big cock filling her throat.

Chapter Six

It was an exhausting first day. It was also quite bizarre. She understood little of what had happened in the village, for she had seemed to be exhausted much of the time. And those people were true primitives. Of course, the man who had brought her away from there, the truck driver, as she thought of him, was not much better, and had molested her repeatedly. Now she was somewhere else, she knew not where. And they were clearly trying to teach her things she had little desire to learn.

They also had a bizarre way of treating her and the other young women she came into contact with. All of them were naked, and collared, and were required to crawl about much of the time.

They broke for lunch, which involved she and the black girl crawling on all fours down a narrow corridor – thankfully carpeted – and into a wider room where a dozen other girls, most of them Black, were also naked, kneeling, and collared. There was a sort of trough along one side of the wall, with water in it. Below that was a lower trough with food of some sort, and most of the girls were kneeling there eating.

She followed the black girl in and then bent her neck at the eating trough as she felt her stomach throb emptily. She didn't much like the look of whatever was there, but then she hadn't liked much of any of the food they'd had her eating. Hunger won out, as it always had, and she pushed her mouth down into the low trough, licking at what appeared to be some sort of marble sized chunks of grain stuck together with something, perhaps flour?

Kneeling on knees and elbows, face low, bottom high, she didn't really care who might be looking at her from behind, for her inhibitions had mostly faded away over the captivity. In fact, she felt less self-conscious around so many other girls who were similarly naked and collared, all in the same position as her. That was even something of a relief.

There were a few men by the door, standing and chatting together, but they didn't seem to be paying a lot of attention to what the girls were doing.

She raised her head, sipping from the trough with the running water, then dropped her head low to eat more. Behind them was a slit toilet, the kind common in third world countries. Now and then one or another of the girls would crawl over to it, straddle it, lower her groin, and urinate or expel waste. Kristin felt the need, then, to do the same. She would once have been horrified, but her bodily functions had been done in complete view of her captors for some days now, and at least this was a real toilet – of sorts, as opposed to going outside.

After completing her business she crawled back for more food, but a man came in, then, snapped a leash to her collar, and tugged her out the door. She followed, of course, hurrying as he pulled harder, and he led her up the corridor and into another room. He slipped her ankles into a pair of thick leather straps, and pulled a lever. There was a grinding noise of some machine operating, and she felt her legs pulled forward by the straps, sliding her along the floor a little. Then her feet were lifted up into the air and apart, raising her legs up, then lifting her bottom, then slowly raising her up until she was hanging upside down, legs spread wide apart.

The man then attached straps to her wrists, pulling them down and apart to lock her in place. He turned on a hand shower and sprayed her from top to bottom, then used a brush to scrub her body thoroughly. When he was done he sprayed water to rinse her off, then left her in place for a bit. Kristin hung upside down, soaking wet, for several minutes before another man entered the room. He pushed

over a small cart, then examined her pussy.

She felt some sort of metallic instrument touching her, then the ring piercing her clitoris was removed and replaced with one made of gold which was slightly thicker and which contained a small vertical tongue on a spring clip which would rub against her clit as she moved. He removed the ring piercing her labia, and replaced it with a thicker gold ring, then did the same with the rings in her nipples.

He replaced the ring in her belly button with a blue jeweled ring, then used a rubber coated clamp to pull her tongue out and replace the ring there with a small, round ring which was attached to a wide, flat, coin shaped base. The coin shape sat on her tongue, and was designed to increase the sensations to a man when she performed oral sex.

He did not, of course, tell her any of this but Kristin figured it out herself before very long.

Her collar was replaced by a much thicker, golden collar with stylized decorative designs, and matching bracelets were locked to her wrists, and to her ankles. After he left, the other man returned, dried her body and blow dried her hair, then let her down and led her, crawling on the leash, back up the corridor to another room.

A different black girl was here, and she began to dance, motioning to Kristin to stand and imitate her. She spent most of the afternoon dancing. The dances were sometimes slow, and involved much grinding and rolling of her hips, much like Hawaiian type dances she'd seen girls in grass skirts perform. At other times the movements were very rapid, but more like jungle type dancing than anything from a western disco.

After that she was led, crawling, leashed, back to the eating room where she ate the same sorts of food, drank, went to the bathroom, then was led back for more lessons. At the end of the day, she was placed in a low cage, in a room filled with similar cages, and lay down tiredly. She could not sleep easily, however. The cage was roomy enough, and there was padding underneath – which was better than she'd had for some time

The problem was the heat between her legs. She hadn't gone so long without a cock in her for quite a long time, and the ring which had been placed in her clit had gnawed at her teasingly for hours. She was desperate for relief. Unfortunately, her captors had locked her wrist restraints behind her back before putting her into the cage.

The cages were side by side, however, and she was not the only female who had been adjusted by the locals. She heard a hissing sound from the cage next to hers, and a black face peered at her from between the bars. The girl bobbed her head up and down anxiously, staring at Kristin, then turned around awkwardly, and backed into the bars of her cage. She had to thrust her lower legs through, but managed to get her pussy right up against the bars.

Kristin stared at her without understanding, until she looked at the cage on her other side. The girl there was backed against the bars, too, grinding and rolling her hips excitedly, eyes slitted, body writhing in pleasure. It was quite evident what was going on there, and Kristin felt the need within her, and the hunger to feel that same wild thrill of pleasure.

She didn't quite understand, however, until she saw, peering past that girl, the back of another black girl. This one was angled differently so that she could bring her shackled wrists up against the bars and finger her neighbor.

The girl on her other side slapped her bottom against the bars anxiously, and Kristin understood, though with some distaste. She had no desire to touch the black girl's body. On the other hand, she had a desperate desire to have someone – anyone – touching her. She shifted around, sitting back against the bars, turning her head and raising her arms back, thrusting one of her hands between the bars. She had to bend forward awkwardly, and her shoulders strained, but she got her hand up against the other girl's naked sex.

She searched out her clitoris, which wasn't difficult given how hard and swollen it was, then began to rub it as she plunged three fingers into the girl's hot, seeping pussy opening. It felt odd. She'd never

done anything of a lesbian nature before, nor wanted to. Nor did she want to now. Her thighs squeezed harshly together as a trembling sense of need surrounded her, however, and she stroked and rubbed and pumped the other girl desperately in hopes she would return the favor.

The girl began to make the same gurgling, gargling, gravelly moans Kristin did now when she came, and her bottom slapped frantically against the bars again and again, eventually slowing and halting, until the girl sagged weakly.

Kristin eagerly pulled her fingers away and then bent low, spreading her legs, shoving her bottom back against the bars, sliding her ankles through, and hoping against hope the girl would return the favor.

When she did, her entire body felt as though it were suffused with a liquid heat. She moaned low in her throat, grinding her hips blissfully as the girl's fingers thrust into her. In under a minute she was screaming in pleasure as a tremendous orgasm tore through her vitals. Her screams were, of course, soft, hoarse, croaks, but she heard them in her mind if nowhere else, and the shattering climax dropped her dazedly to the floor as she drooled dazedly.

She was able to sleep, though, after that, and woke to another day much like the one she'd left behind.

She crawled to breakfast, then crawled to training. Now she was given a small, diaphanous colored loincloth to wear. It was blue, and only a few inches wide in front and back, with a gold rope belt around her lower waist to hold it up. Slim gold chains were clipped to the front ring of her collar, then attached to her nipple rings at a precise length so as to remain taut.

She was in a large room with a huge, polished mahogany table. There were a dozen chairs on either side, and one larger one at the end. This was evidently a class in how to serve food. A man sat at the table, and the black girl with her carefully removed silver trays of food from a serving cart, then carefully placed them before the man, one by one. Kristin had little difficulty with this, except that she didn't perform smoothly and gracefully enough at first.

She felt frustrated again, unhappy she could not make them understand that they needed to call the embassy and let her go. She had wasted a lot of time in this God forsaken country already and needed to get back home to her studies.

Then the chair was pulled back against the wall and she watched the girl carry a silver tray to him. She dropped to her knees before him, raising her arms with the tray in her hands, dropping her head low as she presented it to him. He selected a small pear off the tray, and she slowly slid back, then turned and rose smoothly to her feet before backing away. Kristin frowned at how subservient the girl was, but imitated the girl anyway, not wanting to anger the man.

By the next class she was extremely aroused again because of the ring in her clit. This lesson involved dancing for a man sitting in a chair, then slipping off the loincloth, straddling him, giving him a lap dance, and finishing it up by taking him into her pussy and riding him smoothly. Kristin was appalled in a way. For this was far more modern, and thus more comparable to her own world. It went wildly against her inhibitions – at least, what her inhibitions had been in THAT world.

But the hunger inside her was a simmering, bubbling heat that never died down. And the sight of the black girl riding up and down on that stiff black cock had that heat rising within her, her pussy throbbing, her nipples tingling, her mind filled with thoughts of wanton sex.

She didn't at all understand why. She ought to berate the man, find her clothes and walk out! She didn't even know him! Why on earth should she have sex with him!? He wasn't even good looking! And yet she felt her thighs squeezing together, and her nipples tingling as she watched his fat black cock sliding into the Black girl from behind. Or rather, as she watched the girl's pussy sliding up and down the fat black cock!

The girl didn't ride him for long, but got off, and Kristin was motioned peremptorily forward. That should have made her annoyed at such an arrogant gesture, but she hardly had a thought for pride as she eagerly straddled him and began to grind her naked body against his groin and erection. She kept

reaching for it with her hands, only to have him slap her hands away. That frustrated her, as she ground her bottom against it, feeling the solid heat of it pressing against her, sliding along her pussy and her inner thighs. She wanted it inside her!

He turned her at last, and she again reached for him, but he shook his head, and she ground herself against him letting her breasts brush up and down against his face. She shuddered and groaned when he finally reached up and squeezed them. And when he spoke a word she knew instinctively what it meant, reaching down, gripping his hard cock, and rising. She pressed it against her dripping sex, and then cried out in pleasure as she sank down.

She gloried in the deep, full penetration, grinding her buttocks against him for a long few seconds, then almost immediately began to ride with an excitement and passion none of her boyfriends back home would ever have recognized. Uninhibited, gripped by a feverish hunger and need, she rode him frantically, yelping and moaning and whimpering with each delicious penetration, with each wonderful impalement of her throbbing, overheated pussy.

She came quickly, gasping and moaning and writhing while continuing to ride him for all she was worth, heedless of the Black girl behind her until she slumped low, gasping, and moaning, leaning against the man's chest. He gripped her buttocks, then, and began to lift her up and down, and she felt the Black girl's fingers slide between her legs and stroke her swollen clit.

The heat flowed and she moaned and writhed, and began to ride again, gasping and moaning and crying out in pleasure as she rode with growing excitement and heat, especially as the Black girl kept fingering her clit. She came again, then again, writhing and arching and rolling her head back, gasping for breath as she reveled in the blissful sensation of a hard, stiff cock inside her.

* * *

Kristin had not lost her mind. She wasn't drugged. Now that she was eating and drinking regularly her mind was functioning with the same degree of intelligence as it ever had, which was considerable. She felt a sense of frustration and wrongness in what she was doing, in not being able to call home, to contact her friends and the university, to resume her previous life.

But at the same time, the wild, thrilling sexual heat which enveloped her body so often now was like a narcotic to her mind. The thought of leaving it behind to resume her cold, antiseptic life as a graduate student seemed unattractive. Or at least, there didn't seem to be all that much of a hurry to resume it. She made a variety of excuses to herself for not trying to get away, not that she saw any way to do that, and for not trying to resist the orders and directions given her.

She did not like pain, for one, and she was subjected to sharp slaps and switchings for the slightest failure to obey and perform. The pain wasn't severe, but it was frequent and immediate, and had, she knew intellectually, affected how she acted, and the degree of alacrity with which she met their commands. When she was told to do something, any hesitation brought a stinging slap to the rear – if she was lucky!

Her failure to properly imitate the girl teaching her dancing, for example, had made them bend her over and give her an awful strapping. She'd sobbed woefully as the strap had cut across her tender bottom repeatedly, flinching and jerking and crying out at every sharp blow as her bottom had burned like fire. She had certainly put more effort into her dancing after that!

And yet she certainly hadn't forgotten who she was, nor did she ever lose that sense of indignation at being treated in such a cavalier manner by people who were, she knew, quite backward, uneducated and unsophisticated compared to her. It was necessary to get away, for them to let her go, and to return to her studies. And she would insist on that – as soon as she found someone willing to listen. Failing that, she would escape – as soon as she saw a way to do that.

In the interim her tender bottom said she had better do what she was told and her constantly shimmering sexual hunger made her do so with an enthusiasm which left no room for restraint or inhibitions.

Even the thought, the understanding, the realization that she was, in fact, in deed, in all things

which mattered, a slave girl, had a dual effect on her mind. She was outraged at the thought, filled with disbelief and denial. At the same time the thought sent a dark, seething sexual hunger through her lower belly. For it was filled with erotic and sensual images from old fantasies and thoughts of the Barbary Coast and white slave traders.

She was a graduate student from California on her way to her doctorate. It was preposterous to think she was a slave girl, and yet she was! A sex slave!

The first role selected for her other than training came a few days later. It was a dinner in an enormous room, bigger than the gymnasium back at her college, yet with chandeliers overhead, and decorative murals on the walls. Long low tables lined the room, filled with men. She found herself blushing despite the amount of time she'd already spent naked. For there were so many men, and this was no quaint, backward village filled with half naked people. These were seemingly modern men, mainly Black and Arab, often wearing western business suits.

She wore jeweled anklets and bracelets, a filmy, lacy blue loincloth perhaps six inches wide in front and rear, and a matching veil which covered her face below the eyes held in place by a thin gold chain which went over her ears. Aside from that she wore large, golden nipple rings, and nothing else as she was directed with other girls to carry silver trays of food out and set the plates on the various tables.

She was quite nervous, intimidated and blushing at all the eyes upon her as she carried the food to the table assigned to her. She set the food down on to the right of each man, ignoring the hands which slid in under her little lace loincloth to squeeze and caress her, or the occasional hand rising to squeeze her breast as she made her way back and forth from the kitchen to the dining room along with the other girls.

She was darkly aroused, despite her embarrassment, her pussy thrumming excitedly as she worked, as they stared at her, as they touched her. Her chest was tight, and her breasts felt swollen, her nipples tingling.

After the dinner, the men moved into another enormous room, this one where they stood about mingling and chatting. Bus-boys, or something she took to be bus-boys, cleared the tables while the girls moved into the other room to carry around trays of drinks. That was more difficult, for she was groped much more often, and had to be careful about spilling the drinks.

Nor did she feel able to pull away when cornered, or when bracketed by a small group of men who took the opportunity to fondle and grope and caress her, all the while talking to her in whatever language they owned. At one point one such group pinned her in, grinning and saying things to her, and one of them pulled her little veil away as they gazed at her face. Then her little loincloth was pulled away, as well, leaving her completely naked.

For some reason she blushed darkly at that, and yet she was sent on her way – naked – and had to continue to serve drinks, and endure even more groping and staring and remarks she didn't understand. It had embarrassed her to be naked around the villagers. It embarrassed her much more now, in these modern surroundings, around men who often as not wore suits and proper shoes and looked very western.

She came up near the front of the room and a man took the tray out of her hand. She was wondering why when another man gripped her soft blonde hair and jerked her head roughly up and back. She let out a little cry of pain, her hands half raising, then dropping to her sides as she'd been trained, and stood there, back arched, gasping as his other hand roamed her body, then slid between her legs.

She felt his large fingers rubbing and stroking her there, and whimpered as the heat churned inside her. Her hips began to grind against him as her breathing became more and more ragged, and she was helplessly aware of how many eyes were looking on as she neared orgasm. She tried to resist, knowing dozens of eyes were on her, but the pressure rose so that she felt herself beginning to tremble and shake, her hips bucking helplessly against his fingers.

Then he stopped. He released her hair, and she staggered, gasping for breath. She saw that there were more than two dozen men looking at her, as the one who had gripped her hair folded his arms and contemplated her down the length of his nose. He was a tall, slender Black man, wearing a very smartly tailored black silk suit with a purple tie. He pointed at the floor, and without even really thinking about it Kristin dropped to her knees before him, blushing again at demeaning herself in front of so many men.

He gestured again, and her heart sank, yet she obeyed, knowing she would be strapped badly if she failed under so many eyes. She dropped to her belly, her bottom high in the air, and began to lick at his shoe. Her mind was a tumult of humiliation, heat, indignation, excitement, fear, anticipation and confusion as she did so. She knew it was what he wanted her to do, and knew she had to do it, but also knew this was horribly degrading, and that, in fact, he was doing it purposefully to degrade her.

She licked at his polished shoes, her eyes rolling up at him to ensure she saw any sign of approval or disapproval, or of further orders. Her breasts were pressed to the cold marble floor as she licked, her bottom raised high, and she knew full well the view the men behind had. Yet her mind squirmed with both embarrassment and excitement at that.

She let out a little cry of pain as he reached down and seized her thick hair, yanking her upright, lifting her onto her knees. Her hands jerked up instinctively, then dropped to her sides as he twisted her head back, even when he pulled harder, actually raising her off her knees for a bit before lowering her. He ground her face into his groin, and she could feel his hardness there, and raised her hands to caress him.

She definitely did not want to do anything now, here, in front of all these people, but she didn't hesitate, unzipping him and rubbing her face against his groin, reaching her hand in and sliding her fingers around his stiff cock. The instant she touched it she felt a hot little jolt of excitement, and despite her embarrassment, as she drew it slowly out into the light, her pussy began to throb anew at the sight of it.

She moaned and slipped her lips around it, sucking and bobbing up and down, taking it deeper and deeper. She felt her hands drawn back behind her, and didn't resist, as the bracelets were locked together behind her back. Then his hands tightened in her hair and he began to work her mouth up and down on his thick black shaft, pulling more forcefully, then drawing her all the way down, burying his cock in her throat and jammed her face into his groin.

He said something loudly and a number of men around laughed and cheered. He pulled her up and down the length of his cock by the hair, and she gagged weakly as his cock pumped inside her throat. He pulled her up and off by the hair, yanking her up onto her feet, and then lifted her up and back onto a nearby table. He gripped her thighs, jerking them up and well apart, and she fell on her back, on her arms, gasping, panting, chest heaving.

A wall of men surrounded the table on all sides, laughing and grinning, often with drinks in their hands as the man rubbed himself up and down her naked little furrow, then sank into her. He jerked her hips forward and Kristen gasped in pleasure and pain as he buried his thick black lance in her throbbing pussy with one hard stroke.

Embarrassment flooded her, with all those eyes watching, but the sex heat rose higher, and began to push all other thoughts and considerations aside. She moaned in helpless pleasure, writhing and twisting as the man thrust into her hard and fast. Her back arched repeatedly and her head rolled from side to side. She twisted and writhed and rolled and then cried out, rapturous pleasure swamping her mind as the orgasm arrived.

The watching men laughed and cheered, but the fever was on her, and despite her embarrassment the pleasure rode her under and turned her into a wild, carnal animal.

She was dragged off the table by two men who held her arms to keep her from falling. A uniformed man lay down on a knee high table as laughing faces surrounded them, and she was guided over to him, made to straddle him, and then sank down on his stiff, hard cock. As she leaned over a

hand gripped her blonde hair, twisting her head forward and down onto another Black cock. Then she felt the nose of someone's cock probing against her anal opening.

Humiliation swirled within her but the fever of sexual passion made her ride and suck and sob in pleasure as the three black men used her with hard, violent strokes. And it didn't matter that it hurt, and it didn't matter how embarrassing it was, for her body and mind had been prepared and conditioned well. Orgasm after orgasm tore through her as she was roughly used, and she was barely even aware when one man replaced another as orgasms washed away her energy, her strength, and her mind.

Chapter Seven

Kristin was much in demand. There were other white girls, but not many, and even fewer were blonde. The Ethiopians, and their visitors, Arabs from the west, and Black Africans from the south, seemed fascinated by blondes. She was sent from room to room all day long, with only enough time between visits to take a quick shower and douche and brush out and dry her hair. And that was done for the benefit of guests, not her.

She never knew who any of the men were, didn't know their names or what countries they came from. Mostly, they just tore off her little veil and loincloth, threw her on the bed, and jumped atop her. Some bent her over and took her from behind, and some had her kneel and perform on them before taking her to bed. But there was little variety to any of it.

That did not stop her from having repeated climaxes, from living in a world where her body was almost constantly, continually aroused. That arousal was like a drug, soothing her mind and keeping her from caring about anything else.

One day she was led into a small room, and her bracelets – or shackles, depending on how you thought of them, were raised up and apart, then chained in place. Her ankles were spread and also chained, and a small, wizened African man came over to her with a dirty glass jar in hand. She eyed him anxiously as he reached into it with bony fingers, and clutched something, then pulled it up and out.

Kristin's face scrunched up in distaste as she saw he had a fat, slug-like insect of some sort, and her eyes widened as he drew it closer to her body. She pulled anxiously at the shackles, but was tightly held in place, and could do nothing to escape as he brought the insect right over her nipple, then touched her.

She squealed at the gross sight and feel of the thing, then squealed again as it bit her as it sank its tiny fangs into her tender, swollen nipple. The man released it and it hung there, attached to her nipple, as Kristin stared in horror.

A second bug was attached to her other nipple, then, worse, a third to her clitoris, and the man left her like that, whimpering and moaning in disgust and horror as she saw the fat things dangling from her body, as she felt their sharp little jaws biting into her most tender flesh. The man slid a metal pipe of sorts up into her pussy. It was attached to a wire, and began to grow warm, warming her insides. He locked it in place, then left her standing like that, moaning and whimpering, and staring down at the things, wondering what they were supposed to be doing.

She could do nothing, however, as she stood in place for hour after hour. Eventually, so slowly she didn't notice, at first, the things got fatter and heavier, and both nipples and clit began to burn and throb, becoming unnaturally fat and swollen. She was sweating heavily, the heat seeming to come from inside her, and her pussy was uncomfortably hot to the point of burning.

After some time, the man returned, removing the pipe and the bugs, but left her standing in place. Her nipples were grossly swollen, she saw, and so tender that even the occasional breeze wafting through the high, distant window made them tingle. She felt a sweltering sexual heat enveloping her, encasing her like a shimmering wall of unseen air. Her insides fairly glowed with it, and she moaned and swayed and writhed helplessly, eyes slitted, breath coming in shallow gasps and moans.

Her hips ground slowly, her back arching again and again, her head rolling, for long, long minutes.

She felt as though she were on a drug, on a high, her body throbbing and pulsing with sexual need. Her muscles began to spasm, and she felt herself trembling and shaking with the lust and desire building within her.

She wasn't even aware of the man there until he slapped her cheek lightly and repeatedly. Then she raised her chin, forcing her eyes open, and tried to focus them.

It was a man in a suit: a white man.

"Kristin Foster?" he asked.

He was about forty, florid faced, with a receding hairline and a nose which hinted at heavy alcohol use over a number of years.

She tried to form words, to answer, but first she had to understand what he'd said and what she should say in return, and that wasn't as easy as it should have been.

"I'm from the American embassy," he said. "I've been ordered to investigate reports of an undocumented American here. Your face matches the record we have of an archaeological student who went missing some months ago in the Derita region. Are you she?"

She stared at him dazedly. "Yes," she croaked.

"Excellent. And you're here quite willingly, I take it."

She stared at him, swaying, moaning, her hips still grinding.

His hand suddenly slid between her legs, and she gasped aloud, head jerking up and back, back arching as her hips bucked violently against him.

"Ungh! Oh! Oh God! Oh! Oh!"

"Say yes," he said, his fingers stroking lightly along her painfully swollen clit. "Say yes."

"Yes! Yes! Oh! Oh! Please! Please!" she cried.

His fingers gently spread the lips of her sex, and hot, thick juices oozed slowly out and began to slide down her thigh.

"I really wish the CIA would document what type of concoction they use on you sluts," he said as if to himself "Like to patent it and ship it home. Every young woman in the country could do with a regular dose."

He sighed and drew his fingers back. "But the Ethiopians won't tell, and they're our ally in this region, so we don't want to upset them by getting in their face."

He caught her nipples between his thumbs and forefingers and began to roll and lightly pinch them. Kristin shuddered and moaned, thrusting her chest out, gulping in air as sexual electricity crackled along her breasts.

"I'll put in my report that you have taken up a – position – with the prince of Bernarl and don't wish contact or aid from the embassy," he said. "Say yes, Miss Foster. Say yes."

He pinched her fat, round nipples, then tugged them up and forward. The pain burned like pleasure, and she writhed and bucked her hips as her head jerked back and began to roll and thrash.

"Say yes, slut!" he snapped.

"Yes!" she croaked. "Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!"

He laughed lightly and released her nipples. "The fucking Ethiopians know how to live," he said. "At least the rich ones do."

He disappeared, or she thought he had, but then she felt him behind her, felt his hard cock sliding between her thighs as his hands pulled back on her hips. She sobbed as his cock plowed back and forth in the tight, wet furrow between her sex lips, and then cried out as he penetrated her and slid up into her body. The orgasm tore through her like a freight train as he jerked her hips back harder and thrust into her hard and fast.

Her nipples burned and her breasts wobbled as he used her, and Kristin writhed and cried out again and again as the orgasm seemed to go on and on without end. He squeezed her breasts hard, then a hand slid down to rub her clit and the orgasm redoubled until she had no breath to scream, and her eyes rolled back in her head as consciousness fled.

She woke back in her cage, moaning, overheated, still trembling a little. Her hands were free for a change, and she immediately slid them between her legs, three fingers plunging deep inside her swollen pink opening, the fingers of her other hand stroking her clit. She came, and came, and came again, bucking and whining and moaning and crying out in her soft, guttural, croak of a voice, as the orgasms stormed through her. She masturbated until she was too exhausted, then fell unconscious again.

When she woke again, the heat had somewhat dissipated, though she felt the ever present sense of arousal, much like before the man with the bugs, only deeper. Sex, she thought. She needed sex. She needed a stiff cock. Just thinking about one, just picturing one in her mind made her moan and squirm, and she quickly masturbated to another powerful orgasm.

It was several days before they put her back into her old routine, and she hardly thought about anything but cock the whole time, nor for days afterwards, as she eagerly moved from one incredibly exciting sex session to the next, with men whose faces she hardly saw.

It was weeks before that initial terrible heat began to ease down to something bearable, weeks before her mind began to function on something more than the primitive level of sexual hunger. Only then did she remember the man, and consider what his visit had meant. She found it hard to be angry at him, or at anyone. The contentment she felt at nearly continuous sexual pleasure would not lend itself to anger. What did she have to be angry about?

She felt betrayed on some level but not enough to care about. And if she did begin to care about anything but her own sexual pleasure, a brief touch between the legs would sweep such concerns aside.

She was a slave girl, a sex slave. The thought didn't cause her any particular concern. She couldn't imagine doing anything but what she was doing, couldn't imagine enjoying any life more than she was enjoying herself now. Yes, she slept in a cage, and crawled to her food. No, she had no possessions, no power, no freedom. But the sexual pleasure she reveled in was so constant that it outweighed all other concerns, and caught her mind like an addiction.

Three years later she was sold to an Arab, and was flown northwest to Saudi Arabia. She spent several years there, pleasuring the men in an enormous palace which put her Ethiopian home to shame.

On her arrival, she was put through more training.

Naked, she was bent over a man's lap, and he began to finger her. It took little effort to turn her to writhing pleasure, and then her spanking commenced. He alternately spanked and fingered her, spanking her whenever her heat rose too high, fingering her whenever it dimmed, to the point she was sobbing in pain and pleasure and begging for orgasm. He gave her one, finally, while spanking her especially hard.

Over the days which followed, she was repeatedly spanked, repeatedly fingered, repeatedly held at the edge of the precipice, until she was finally able to be pushed off by the starburst stinging jolts of pain which came from sharp spanks to her bottom. Eventually, after more training, the fingering wasn't even necessary, and she could climax simply from being spanked.

And such were the prince's tastes, that she was spanked an awful lot.

After a few years, she was sold to an Indian governor who had a fetish for having his feet licked. As with the Arab prince, she was conditioned, fingered, caressed, stroked as she licked toes and feet, to the point where licking his feet made her pussy burn and throb and could almost make her come without any touch to her body at all. He would usually have her kneel, then, and spread her legs, while he slid his foot between her thighs and masturbated her to an intense orgasm with his toe.

A few years later, she made the trip over the Andes to China, still nothing but a wanton creature of sex and lust and heat.

Over the next few years, her Chinese master, taking the long view, bred her with several extremely handsome, or perhaps a better term would be 'pretty' male models, very light skinned blondes, of course. With the aid of fertility drugs, each birth was a multiple birth, and she had ten children over the years which followed, all extremely pretty girls. They were raised carefully, in innocence about the outside world, and indoctrinated to feel love, loyalty and awe for the governor in all things.

By the time they were adults, the young women, raised with no inhibitions whatever, were taught the art of sexual pleasure, then shipped to Ethiopia for the same treatment their mother had received.

Kristin, meanwhile, having learned Mandarin, was given to a loyal party man as his wife. And while she enjoyed her new life as a wife, housekeeper, gardener and cook, she often thought back to her long life of pleasure and sexual hunger with nostalgia.

End

Other erotic novels by JJ Argus

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