

Jungle Beyond The Bermuda Triangle

Jack Norman

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A note from the author

Thank you for buying *Jungle Beyond the Bermuda Triangle*. This is my fourth novel in the series, and I hope you enjoy it. Expect another one soon!

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Chapter One

Rachel and Julia were serving Brock, their black slaver owner, as he lazed on a low couch under the shady canopy over the veranda of his great stone house. Julia licked his cock with slow, practised swoops of her head, while Rachel kept him cool by wafting a large fan of white ostrich feathers. To Brock the large exotic fans were more valuable than the bare-breasted beauties who wafted them. Ostrich feathers were his insignia - and he went nowhere without them.

The American women were but two of a dozen or more personal slaves Brock maintained for his pleasure. Six of them served him on the veranda of the grand colonial house that day, their svelte bodies naked and oiled. They were prime stock but considered nothing special. Gleaming gold rings pierced their nipples and matching bangles adorned their wrists and ankles, attesting to Brock's great wealth and status.

So these slaves might have been premium, for such an important personage to select them from those available to him. Some of them slithered around the Dark Slaver on silk cushions, licking and caressing his ebony flesh, while Rachel and another woman stood by and wafted the large fans of ostrich feathers to keep him cool. It was hot... near 40 degrees. In the jungle, being forever naked had positive benefits.

Rachel saw Julia steal a glance out at the stockade as she licked the cock. A coffle of a dozen new female slaves had just arrived, all of them white and comely. Brock was only interested in white females. The new-arrivals lined up in front of the veranda for inspection. Their breasts were tagged by crude fish-hooks - the mark of new slaves. There was a predominance of blondes, but three pretty brunettes, and a stunning girl with midnight-black hair that hung to her buttocks. Rachel felt the women's eyes upon her as she continued to waft the ostrich feathers over her Master. She gave a faint smile. If they regarded her as an alien apparition, little did they know...

The women looked weary and terrified. Rachel knew they had endured a horrific sea voyage to the Dark Continent, and then a long trek into the jungle. Even from the veranda, she could see perspiration gleaming on their naked bodies, along with scratches from the undergrowth, and marks from the guards' whips.

These women had reason to be terrified. People the world over feared the infamous Dark Slavers, who were renowned for their harsh skills in turning out prime stock for the markets. A white slave woman moulded by a Dark Slaver always brought a good price on the block. Brock's men had turned Rachel and Julia into abject slaves. After a few of months in the jungle hell, they had become panting sluts with the wiles of whores. That, from their beginnings as modern and liberated American career women.

The naked creatures who lined up for Brock's inspection had grown up with the knowledge of slavery as an institution on their world. Many might have once had slave maids of their own. Rachel couldn't even guess whether that made it easier for them or not, now that their own tits had tags.

The cameo on the veranda must have presented a pretty sight for the new arrivals. It was a frightening taste of their life to come. A few of the women tried to shield their bodies. Surely they had grown accustomed to enforced nudity by then? A slave soon lost her modesty. But even now, an overseer strode along the line, cuffing hands away from breasts and pudenda, and slapping bellies with a short-blade whip as reminder to tighten their flesh.

That's when the plane roared overhead. Julia was deeply sucking the Slaver's prodigious cock, and she lifted her mouth from the black shaft in surprise. The other women on the cushions ceased their ministrations too, shocked by the loud noise. Spooked women in the line on new arrivals gasped and squealed. The Slaver appeared unperturbed and gestured for his slaves to continue their work, and he eyed the newcomers as if nothing had happened.

Rachel dares not move from her station under the canopy, but she caught a glimpse of a large blue and white jetliner as it dropped beyond the tree line. While it wasn't a normal landing, the plane's descent appeared to be controlled. She glanced at Julia and raised her eyebrows in

astonishment. Julia returned the glance with a small smile on her moist lips, but she squealed when the black slaver clouted her ear.

‘Back to work, white slut. Suck my cock.’

‘Yes, Maas, mercy,’ Julia said, taking the shaft deep into her mouth again.

‘Four marks on this one’s slate,’ he said, placing his hand in Julia’s blonde hair and pulling her head further onto his cock.

A girl lurking in the shade of towards the compound gate the house called, ‘Yes Maas. Four marks for Julia. I’ll mark the record.’

Rachel sighed, wondering how many demerits Julia had accumulated since her last flogging. Few of them completed a week with a clean slate, and each mark earned a stripe of the cane on the following Sabbath. Few of the girls on Brock’s personal chain sat on Sundays.

A mile or more away from Brock’s mansion and compound, gangs of naked field slaves were tilling the land under the lashes of brutal overseers.

“What’s that?” a man said, pausing from his work and shielding his eyes against the searing sun as a huge white object swooped from the sky, leaving a trail of vapour in its wake as it disappeared behind trees in the mid-distance.

“Ye Gods!” another cried, making as if to turn and run.

A whip cracked, and the wretch fell to his knees with a screech.

The manacled male slaves worked in strings of twelve. Their 30 ft central chain culminated at either end with stout eye-bolts embedded in large granite blocks. Now, under the lash, they returned to their labours, striking the soil with heavy steel pick-axes.

The Dark Continent wasn’t the best place on that world for a white person to be enslaved. The land mass bore its name as much for its brutality as for the ebony hue of its natives. Slaves here, though, were always white-skinned. Black indigents regarded the white races as natural slaves and fair game for capture. Dark Slavers bred few slaves - it was easier to snatch new stock from far off lands.

The skins of many of the chain gang chattels had weathered to a dark even tan, but that didn’t mean the overseer’s vicious whips stung or striped any the less. Nearly all male slaves ended up on chain gangs. Not so the women. Slavers rarely put the more attractive and valuable females in the fields. Even so some burlier women were working on another chain, 100 feet behind the men. They, too, saw the strange object fall from the sky. Their cries of awe and fear rang across the large clearing.

“Work, you lazy bitches!” the handler screeched, laying his lash on naked flesh.

The chain that held the women was less substantial than the heavy links that restrained the men. It held a dozen or more female slaves, strung together like a necklace. Their work was lighter too. They followed behind the men, raking and smoothing the broken soil. Two girls even worked unchained, carrying water back and forth to the different lines. A few women, though, wore stout chains and manacles like the men. They merited harsher treatment, for whatever reason. One, a trim but sturdy woman, worked on the men’s line, and required to swing a heavy mattock with the rest of them. The mere sight of her provided an incentive for the other women to work hard. They remained shackled to the same chain, day and night. So a woman on a male chain was always at the mercy of the men.

“Something dropped from the sky, Maas,” one of the women called.

“It’s no concern of yours,” the overseer snarled. “Back to work, or I’ll flay the skin off your back.”

“Fuck!” Maddy McDowell said, waking as the aircraft bumped along, “this is one hell of a

landing.”

Up to that point it had been a stress-free trip, as one might expect. The VC25 aircraft was returning almost empty from Brazil, where it had served as Air Force One and delivered the President for an official tour. Senator Washbourne had hitched a ride back to the States, along with his family and two black servants. He would live to regret that decision.

The aircraft’s return flight to Andrews Air Force Base was designated SAM (Special Air Mission) 29500, because it wasn’t carrying the President. Instead of the usual bustle of the presidential retinue, the jetliner had with just three passengers, twenty-three cabin staff and three pilots, a navigator and a flight engineer. Six marines were also on board. The off-duty cabin crew members were sitting in the seats usually reserved for journalists.

Sara Montascu, sitting beside Maddy, still grasped her glossy magazine in a reading position, although her expression had locked in a rictus of shock.

Nicola Summers, another flight attendant, became alert sooner than most, because the drinks glasses on the tray she was carrying shook. She had hurled herself to the floor in an approximate crash position, huddled with head to knees against a bulkhead.

Further forward on the huge aircraft, Senator Richard Washbourne had been enjoying the flight as he sat with his young wife and daughter in a cabin that resembled a plush sitting room. Now, though, the senator was gripping the arm rests of his seat so hard that his knuckles had turned white. Maxwell, his black manservant had been serving a gin and tonic to the senator, but he now lay on the floor, huddled at Washbourne’s feet. The other servant, Roy, was a handsome young dude, flash with swagger, and he was too proud to show fear as he clung to a door frame, but his wide eyes betrayed him.

“What’s happening, daddy?” Paige Washbourne shrieked, grabbing her mother’s arm as the aircraft lurched.

“I don’t know, honey,” Washbourne said, his face ashen despite the tan.

“Hot damn, we’re crash-landing,” Roy cried.

“Ridiculous, boy, this is the safest plane that ever flew.”

That was true. The pilots were the best of their generation, and the awesome jetliner was of the highest possible standard. So it was a great shock that the aircraft was kangaroo-hopping and yawing across rough ground in an unscheduled landing.

“It’ll be alright, please God,” Rosemary Washbourne said.

Rosemary and Paige Washbourne were both blonde and petite. With less than 17 years separating them, people often commented that they might be mistaken for sisters. That said, Senator Washbourne for Louisiana was himself only thirty-eight, sporting a deep tan with a flashing white smile that expensive American orthodontics provides. Rosemary and Paige were both beautiful Southern belles, vivacious and elegant. Political observers often depicted the attractive and wealthy young family as the ideal of the American dream emerging from the Deep South. Was that dream turning into a nightmare?

“Hold tight and pray,” Washbourne gasped.

There was a jolt and for a moment it seemed that the aircraft would topple onto its nose, but then the tail thudded back down and the nose rose again. The VC25 rose into the air in a vain attempt to take-off again but the high tree line of the nearby forest halted its progress. For what seemed like an eternity, a thunder-like sound filled the cabins. When all seemed lost, the plane lurched but then held steady, and the engines died.

Chapter Two

Brock the Dark Slaver paused in his assessment of the lined up new slaves. He looked up at Rachel and gestured towards his cock.

Glancing at the watching, terrified women who had just arrived in the camp, Rachel smiled, licked her lips, and handed the ostrich feathered fan to one of the other girls. Then she stepped forward to spread her feet and straddle the man's thighs. Julia, lying beneath her between his legs, gave his erect black cock a long, rasping lick and then held it upright, her fingers wrapped around its thick base. Rachel lowered herself onto the cock, confident that Julia would guide its plum-like head into her cunt. Once it nestled in the hungry mouth of her vagina, she sank with a long, hissed sigh as the shaft impaled her. Then Rachel squatted with the cock inside her, wriggled her backside, and concentrated on gripping the turgid flesh with her cunt muscles.

It was an exhibition for the benefit of the newcomers. She could feel their eyes upon her as she raised her backside, inching up on the cock, before pausing and sinking back again. Rachel paused for a few moments as Julia licked around the base of the shaft, and dabbed at her anus into the bargain. A shiver of illicit pleasure slithered down her spine. Then she repeated the maneuver, ... three or four times, her wet cunt flesh claspings at the cock as it slid inside her. It was hell on the calf muscles but she had spent long hours toning her legs. Rachel could continue in that manner for an hour or more. She teased her nipples into full erection with her fingers, flicking the gold rings in emphasis. Then she cast an artful, frank glance at the line of women a few feet away.

Some of them stared back with undisguised contempt and hostility. Why, though? Rachel knew that every one of these creatures would have been fucked in every orifice several times a day since their capture. That was how the slave hunters and pirates worked on that world. Once these ruthless operators tagged a woman's tits with their cruel fish hooks, she was a slave from that moment on, and the captors wasted no time impressing the condition upon her. They would fuck her without mercy, perhaps twenty times a day for a week or more. Rachel well remembered her own ordeals when first enslaved. After enduring that, a woman harbours no notion of being free again. Bonobo essence would be added to the new slaves' diets, until they cooperated and begged in their relentless debauchery.

Yet these naked newcomers seemed to think themselves above Rachel. The reason for their hostility was evident: they despised her because she derived obvious pleasure and brought artistry to her debasement. Didn't they yet understand that this was the fate that awaited them too? The Dark Slavers would leave them no choice in the matter.

Rachel sank on the cock again and emitted a guttural grunt to emphasise her pleasure, and she smiled lasciviously at the staring slaves.

Colonel Fallon, senior pilot of SAM 29500, spoke into the aircraft's tannoy: "I'm sorry for the rough ride, folks..."

"Nobody can hear you back there, Colonel," Flight Engineer Willard Johnson cut in, flicking switches on a console. "We've lost all systems."

Fallon sighed. "That electric fog must have wiped everything out."

"That shouldn't be possible, sir," Johnson said. "This baby is fitted with advanced gizmos to jam enemy radar. It should have coped with any electric storm."

That was true. The most remarkable feature of the plane was its extensive electronic systems. In normal circumstances, the secure air-to-ground communications could reach anywhere in the world while cruising high. It had onboard telephones, two-way radios, fax machines and computer connections. And none of it was working! The pilots hadn't even got off a Mayday call.

The special VC25 aircraft was unlike any normal commercial jetliner. It had 4,000 square feet

of interior floor space on three decks, almost as tall as a four story building and as long as a city block. Instead of the usual serried ranks of seats, the plane was equipped as a flying command centre. When the president was on-board he had his own bedroom, bathroom, workout room and office space. Senior presidential staff had their own offices too, and the rest of the president's entourage also had space to work and relax.

In the flight cabin, Major Helen Young, the pretty Combat Systems Officer, was trying to make sense of what had happened. All navigation and radio systems were down, despite being state-of-the-art, Helen was one of a small cadre of airborne navigators remaining on jetliners. These planes are reliant on computerized navigation nowadays, but Air Force One retained some 'steam gauge' systems as an extra precaution against electronic attacks. This required a good, old-fashioned navigator, and that was Helen's job, even if she was redundant for most of the time.

"Better get everyone ready to swim before she sinks," said Marie Marsh, the spare co-pilot, rising from her seat, way back on the flight deck.

Colonel Frank Fallon, at the controls, peered through the screen. "Are you crazy? It's flat grassland, trees and bright sun out there."

"I thought we'd ditched at sea."

"We're on land and it's daylight?" Helen Young said, rushing to peer out of the nearest porthole. "My God, that's impossible!"

"Ah well," the colonel said, unstrapping his belt and rising to his feet, "there goes my pension, I guess. We'd better check the people and assess any damage. The techno-vultures will be here all too soon and we'd better have some damned answers ready. But be in the conference room in 10 minutes."

Fallon made his way back through the aircraft, and he met Nicola Summers as she was hurrying forward.

"Is anyone injured, Summers?"

"Just a few bumps and bruises among the crew, sir. Nothing serious. I haven't checked on the Senator and his family yet."

Fallon nodded. "Do that straight away. Then get the cabin crew, and bring them to a meeting in the conference room in 5 minutes time."

Brock, the Dark Slaver, heard the drums in the distance. It was the tribal semaphore of the jungle tribes, and carried important news. Some of them were his own drums, beaten by scouts at strategic locations stretching miles from his base, relaying messages from one drummer to the next. Others belonged to jungle tribes, distant and far.

But Brock was preoccupied and relishing the attentions of his bevy of personal slaves on the veranda. His men were edgy and concerned about the strange falling object, but the Dark Slaver wasn't a man to be hurried his pleasures. As Rachel rode his cock, his eyes took in the new slaves lined up before him. The sight of trembling naked white beauties always aided his libido, not that it ever needed any encouragement. He had plenty of delectable white girls to choose from to satiate his lust - 50 or more in his jungle compound, depending on the season. But the sight of tremulous and terrified unbroken women always excited him.

New arrivals never looked up to much. The shock of their capture, the journey and harsh treatment always left them looking a sorry bunch. Few of them knew how to stand and present their flesh to the best advantage. Brock waved the black-haired beauty forward... the girl was like a rose in a field of poppies, with pert breasts and strong, upturned nipples from which his tags dangled free. Her body was svelte and slim, the colour of pale alabaster, and she betrayed neither fear nor shame at her nudity. She stepped forward and turned her hip. Her black bush was beginning to regrow and needed epilating - his men would see to that - but her pussy was neat with well-defined

lips. The slave was almost slave-ready, even before any added polishing. Brock knew that he could trade her within days at a handsome profit, if he chose so to do. He would take time to enjoy her first, though.

Brock raised his right hand to grasp and twist Rachel's pierced nipple as she bounced on his cock. She winced but her face maintained its lascivious expression. He felt her cunt muscles contract on his cock, milking it with tight, slurping movements.

As he glanced towards the watching slaves, he saw two men enter the compound at a run. They hurried to one of his assistants and spoke in animated fashion, pointing towards the trees in the distance.

Brock reached out with his free hand to probe the cunt of the black-haired slave. She spread her thighs to grant him ready access. He found her prominent clitoris and heard her gasp. Then his fat forefinger slipped into the girl's moist, hot pussy, and he noted with satisfaction how the flesh contracted around it.

"You were a slave before?" he asked, looking up at her smouldering eyes.

"I am the wife of a fisherman." The girl's tone was resentful yet, even as she spoke, she wriggled her cunt on his finger. "I am not a slave."

"A fisher-wife?" he said with a smile. "Your marriage was dissolved the moment fish-hooks pierced your tits, you must know that. You are a slave, and you belong to me."

Rachel's cunt muscles gripped his cock in a vice-like clench, perhaps to gain his attention. He gave a small murmur of pleasure. She was near to her first orgasm of the session. The smell of her arousal scented the warm jungle air. He didn't acknowledge her, but hooked his fingers behind the pubic bone of the new, black-haired girl to pull her closer, and rubbed his thumb against the pea-like nubbin of her clitoris. She closed her eyes and moaned, but it was a moan of pleasure as much as fear, he judged. "Maas Brock," an assistant said, pushing one of the ostrich feather fans aside. "We should attend to matters with urgency. The sky comet..."

"Can't you see I'm busy, Ebo?"

The small black man looked uneasy. He was a weasel, Brock thought, but men like him were useful - they enjoyed wielding power, but never posed a threat by trying to snatch it away. But he knew they were always ready to switch their allegiance, and plenty of other slavers were ready to accept men experienced in the trade.

"Our scouts report it dropped into the jungle less than three miles away, Maas." Ebo pointed out to the tree line beyond the veranda. "But others will be making their way there."

Brock closed his hand over the delta of the dark-haired girl's sex. She rose onto the tips of her toes, showing the turn of her calves. At that moment, Rachel groaned and increased her tempo as she rode her cock. He twisted her nipple again, making her squeal. Brock nodded to Julia, and she inserted two fingers - or perhaps it was three - into Rachel's bucking anus. Brock's other personal girls caressed and stroked Rachel as they slithered around the Dark Slaver. The black-haired girl, aroused by the scene, seeped sex juices onto his fingers.

"Maas?" Ebo persisted. "We should mount a search party."

"There are slaves to be had?" Brock asked, lying back on the silk cushions and closing his eyes as he relished the way Rachel plundered of his cock.

"Who knows, Maas? But the object could be valuable..."

Rachel was bouncing on Brock's cock in a frenzy, squealing and grunting with each downward thrust. She had changed beyond measure since he had acquired her. His trainers had worked wonders with her.

But Brock's mind was now also on the mystery flying object. Ebo spoke the truth: others would be heading towards the landing site, even though it was on his territory. Brock had an advantage, of course. His chain of drum-beating scouts passed the news of the landing within minutes, and a runner would have wasted no time to sprint from the nearest tribal village to deliver the message. Only the men of that tribe would have received the information quicker. That, though,

was another consideration. He was their patron, but had no real control over them. Their hunting party would already be on their way.

He groaned when his own climax arrived, and his cock twitched as thick wads of ejaculate pumped inside Rachel. She was protected by jungle herbs, and would not conceive. She screeched her pleasure and her body went rigid as an orgasm overwhelmed her.

After a full minute, she slumped and murmured, "Jesus Christ!"

Brock smiled. Rachel often uttered that strange exclamation at times of stress or pleasure. All of these women came with own cultures and superstitions. It added to the pleasure of owning slave women from across the world.

"Maas?" Ebo asked again, perhaps sensing it was a good time.

"Yes, mount a search party," Brock said, thrusting his finger high into the black-haired girl's cunt. "I will be there presently. After this beauty has licked me clean."

"A slave-hunting party?"

"Allow for the possibility, Ebo. I always need new stock."

Chapter Three

The crew of Air Force One was a well-integrated team, from the pilots to the cooks... twenty-six people, all told, half of them women, plus half a dozen marines. They had all worked together for a long time. Even the President of the USA knew each of them by name. It was that kind of unit. When they assembled in the conference room, there was a somber atmosphere tinged with incredulity. None of them sat at the large polished table with the presidential seal in the centre - they all stood round the perimeter of the room. The cabin sloped to the left by about 12 inches from one side to the other, and another 2 feet from front to back.

Colonel Fallon stood behind the president's chair, in front of the seal, flanked by his officers. "Quite a landing, huh? But it could have been worse. Hell, the president might have been onboard." He paused for the nervous laughter. "Firstly, don't worry. As far as we can tell, it isn't an enemy attack. We hit an electronic storm with a weird vortex at its centre. All the instruments were knocked out, and I had to steer manually into the eye of the storm. One second we were 100 miles out over the ocean in pitch blackness, and the next we were coming down on dry land in broad daylight."

"You did a great job bringing her down, sir," Marie Marsh said, and there was a murmur of agreement from the crew.

"Thanks, but save that for the inquiry," Fallon said with a grim smile. "The important thing is that you are all uninjured. Flight Engineer Johnson is assessing the damage to the aircraft. Now, does anyone have a cell phone with a signal?"

Several crew members shook their heads. Others reached for their handsets.

"No signal on mine, sir," one said, glancing at the small screen of her cell phone.

"Nor me," another said.

"Nobody?" Fallon said, glancing at his flight engineer with eyebrows raised. "That's weird. Oh well, not to worry, we just have to stay here and wait for the cavalry to arrive. You can bet they won't be long."

Marie Marsh said: "Colonel, it will get hot on here with no air-con and the sun blazing out there. I'd suggest we open the doors to let in some air."

"Post someone on watch beside each of the hatches, and keep the staircases retracted. I don't imagine it's an attack, but don't rule anything out. Besides, I don't know where the hell we are. Major Young?"

"I'm working on that, sir," Helen Young said. "I've made a manual calculation, sir, but need to verify it."

Colonel Fallon nodded and gazed around at the faces of the rest of the crew. "Ah well, it won't be long before the USAF is buzzing like crazy round here. I want everyone in uniform. And get what's left of this aircraft tidied up, spick and span, ready for incoming visitors. Dismissed."

Helen Young fell in step beside Fallon as they made their way back to the Flight Deck.

"I've calculated our position, Colonel, but wanted to talk to you before saying anything to the crew."

"And?"

"You'll think I'm crazy."

"Go for it."

"We're in Africa."

Fallon stopped mid-stride and turned to her, askance. "You are crazy. That's hundreds of miles from our last known position, Major. We can't have flown a distance like that in less than a minute."

"Yet we went from just 23.33 hours to some time around noon, judging by the position of the sun out there."

"Perhaps we've all gone crazy."

"I didn't want to panic the crew, sir. I figure that's your job."

"We'll share the news with the flight officers, but nobody else for the time being," Fallon said, ignoring her attempted humour. "The rescue guys will be here soon, and we'll deal with it then. I'm just hoping that this aircraft is in a stable enough position, perched in the tree tops. If it topples, it will be one hell of a landing."

On the Flight Deck, Marie Marsh vented her bemusement: "This is Air Force One, for God's sake. It's unimaginable that they aren't out in droves looking for us."

"They're probably looking for us at our last viable position," Helen said, 'but we're nowhere near there now.'

"It's a strange situation," Fallon said. "I've sent two marines to scout the lie of the land. They climbed down out of the forward door so as not to alarm the crew." He glanced to the Flight Engineer, and said: "What's the power reserve situation?"

Willard Johnson shrugged. "Very low. It was sucked out by the electrical storm. It shouldn't be possible - our electronics are hardened to protect against an electromagnetic pulse. We need to conserve our energy for essentials, or what food we have will deteriorate in the freezers."

Fallon sighed. "It's like being dragged back to the Stone Ages. Now though, we have to eat. Lower the rear staircase, and tell the cooks to light a good old-fashioned fire, well away from the aircraft. Let's get a meal going and raise our spirits."

"Oh, I love a barbecue party," Helen Young said, rolling her eyes.

"And detail the other Marines to mount a guard."

A group of 30 or more tribesmen lurked in the lee of a small break of trees some 100 yards away from the stranded object that perched high in the trees. Their eyes were big as they looked at the strange object, the like of which they had never seen. The sleek white and blue monster was sitting on the tree canopy where it had risen after gouging a furrow in the jungle clearing. The men gave an awed gasp and shrank back as doors at the rear and front opened, and they caught sight of people looking down at the ground.

"Females..." a man said, sniffing the air.

"I smell them too," the leader said.

"They have a curious scent, unlike any woman I have known."

The leader nodded. "Half-masked with strange floral smells. It is a strange house."

The object was 35 feet above the ground, and the tribesmen were many yards away, but the figures at the door were women without a doubt - their form-fitting, matching clothes revealed that much as they peered out of the high door and spoke together with animated gestures. The leader turned and called another man forward with a wave. This fellow stepped forward, carrying a human skull decorated in etched patterns.

"Magic or evil?" he said.

The man raised the skull up high and peered up at it, uttering a garbled incantation. After a few moments, he said: "Both magic and evil. We must take great care."

As he spoke, another two figures appeared, this time at the open front door of the huge object. These were white males, also dressed in strange clothing. Even though they looked small when viewed from ground level at a distance, these two men were both tall and well-built. They looked at the ground many feet below, and a rope snaked down from the door. One of them slid down the rope to the ground, and he waited as the other followed.

The tribesmen jabbered, but the leader raised a hand for silence. Some of the younger hotheads would attack first and consider things later. But he wouldn't alert the strangers to their presence yet. It was safer and sensible to wait. But he also knew that others would arrive soon and

try to rob them of their prize.

Chapter Four

“Where is the Colonel?” Senator Richard Washbourne asked.

Marie Marsh said, “He is busy, sir.”

“What the hell is happening?”

“We have a right to know,” Rosemary Washbourne said.

Rosemary and Paige were standing behind the senator. They had both changed into shorts and tee shirts.

“We hit some freak conditions and had to crash-land,” Marie said. “Now we’re waiting for the rescue squads to arrive.”

“It’s been over 3 hours now,” Washbourne said. “Something must be badly wrong. Has anyone contacted you?”

“No, sir. All communications systems are down. We can’t even raise a cell phone network. The Colonel has detailed two marines to recce the area, but they haven’t returned yet.”

“Christ,” Senator Washbourne breathed, “we could be at war, or it might be a terrorist attack. Where the hell are we? Those damn drums are driving me mad.”

Marie paused and then said: “According to my navigator, we’re somewhere in the Congo area - impossible though that may seem.”

Rosemary gave a small, exasperated sigh. “We can’t just sit around here, Richard.”

“Congo... where the hell is that?” Washbourne said.

“A long way off our course, sir.”

“It’s madness to stay here, like turkeys waiting to be shot at. I will take my wife and daughter and try to get to a hotel, and book some safe onward travel.”

“I must caution you against leaving the aircraft, Senator. We don’t know what’s happening out there. It’s the jungle--”

“We’re going anyway.”

Marie Marsh sighed. “Very well, if you insist... I’ll assign a marine to you.”

“There’s no real need. My servants Maxwell and Roy will accompany us.”

Ten minutes later the Washbourne family slipped from the aircraft and walked into the jungle, accompanied their two black servants and a single black marine from Louisiana. Marine George Detford was well-armed with a pistol and an automatic assault rifle, and he carried a pack with enough provisions for a short trek.

Less than three miles away across dense jungle, Brock the Dark Slaver was stirring from his ennui after a long fuck-fest. Whips drove his writhing, needful body-slaves from his naked body, and others arrived carrying a large round wooden tub bound with polished copper strips. Relays of more nude slaves brought pails of cool water, beginning the long job of filling the tub and adding fragrant herbs and salts.

Brock climbed into the tub and relished the refreshing sensation as the slaves emptied pails of water over his head. He had no place for male slaves. This was both for his sensuous pleasure, and for expedience. In Brock’s experience, white men always shriveled and faded away in the moist jungle heat, whereas their women bloomed with health and vitality and fucked like bonobos. It was a paradox, to be sure.

“Maas, we must go soon,” Ebo said, standing to one side.

“Can’t you see I’m bathing?” Brock said, wiping water from his eyes. “Would you have me stinking of cunt when I meet my new visitors?”

“Time is short, Maas. Already, the drums say a tribe has taken two new slaves.”

Brock nodded. He had heard the messages himself. Two male slaves from the object had been

captured and tagged by tribesmen. Still, one must make haste at a leisurely pace... He gestured towards the line of watching, newly-received women. "Put them to work carrying water for my tub," he said. "It will be good they serve their new Master."

As whips cracked and drove the slaves toward the well and handed buckets, Brock considered the matter further. The fact that the tribe had captured two new male slaves could only mean two things: people had survived the descent to earth inside the object, and they were white (for it was unseemly and unnatural to enslave blacks on the Dark Continent).

A woman poured a pail of water over his head, followed by another, and another... The new slaves were waiting in a long line to tip their buckets over him. He spluttered and raised his hand, just as the black-haired girl was about to lift her pail.

"You, climb into the tub and clean me," he said.

The girl giggled and jumped in beside Brock, and reached to caress his genitals beneath the cool water. He smiled and lay back as more water was emptied over the pair of them.

His thoughts returned to the conundrum at hand. It seemed reasonable to assume that, if two people had arrived in such a large container it was probable there were more besides. But if that was so, why hadn't the tribal slavers taken the mall, and put them beyond the reach of himself and other slavers? Everyone accepted the slavery codes of the Dark Continent. Only recognised sale, combat or theft could remove a tagged slave from his or her captor. Contraventions often resulted in open warfare - no sane blacks would risk that for the sake of a few white slaves. So, Brock concluded, this could only mean that the other prizes, if they indeed existed, must have somehow eluded the tribal hunters.

Brock's cock was getting hard again under the girl's ministrations. She giggled and ducked her head under the water to take it into her mouth. He grinned and held her there. What would he care if she drowned?

But the jungle drums were beating again. Their messages wouldn't be lost on others. Ebo was right - it was time to move out. As he climbed from the tub. He gestured to the line of women who waited with filled buckets in hand. "Wash the filth from my personal slaves too," he said, stepping from the veranda and stretching his glistening naked black body for the sun's warming rays.

As Rachel and two other girls splashed in the tub, the dark-haired girl ran to kneel and take Brock's burgeoning cock in her mouth. "A fisherman's wife, you say," he said with a laugh. "I will find you a better Master."

"Now what?" Julia hissed to Rachel as they bathed. "Have they come to rescue us? I wish we knew that those damned drums are saying."

The dark-haired girl from Utah had spoken in English, even though they had agreed to keep their communications to the tongue of their captors. It was perhaps unwise now, with the other slaves in earshot. Rachel looked uneasily towards Brock as he stood on the verandah with the black-haired girl on her knees at his feet. He was too preoccupied to pay any attention to the bathing slaves, of course.

"I don't know what it means," Rachel said, sponging Julia's face, neck and shoulders. "I can't see how they could have come for us. Even if they could find us, you know it's impossible to bring heavy equipment over the Divide. It's all they can do to transport a timber raft and a few passengers through the rent in space and time, much less smuggling a jet airliner across."

Julia ducked under the water and surfaced again, shaking water from her face. She came so close to Rachel that the gold rings on their breasts clinked together and whispered in her ear. "I'm not sure I'm ready to leave," she said. "Is that bad?"

Rachel laughed. "You mean to say your studies of this culture aren't complete yet? I don't see you taking any notes."

“I’m enjoying it here.” The dark-haired girl lathered soap on Rachel’s full breasts and looked serious. “If they make us go back, we’ll need to take ample supplies of bonobo pellets, that’s for sure. Otherwise the virus will drive us crazy.”

That was undoubtedly true. The strange hormone secreted by the small bonobo monkeys fueled the libidos of everyone on that world. Withdrawal, sudden or otherwise, wrought worse effects than cold turkey from any drug known on Earth. Like almost every adult, Rachel and Julia were infected by the virus. The result was a strong and dramatically enhanced sex drive that remained just about under control while they received the regular supplements of bonobo pellets. So if the two women ever returned to Earth, they would need their own supply of the hormone.

“It’s more likely that this plane came across by accident. We know it happens sometimes. The people on board will be really confused, if they survived the landing. I think it’s more important than ever that we keep quiet about our own Earth origins. It could be the death of us.”

A whip cracked and the other women leaped from the tub. Ebo, Brock’s anxious right hand man, stood there. “The Dark Slaver is making ready to leave, and he will take his personal entourage. Get yourselves looking as though you’re worth his ownership, pretty chickens.”

“Oh, goodie,” Julia whispered. “We’ll soon find out what’s happening.”

“No more English,” Rachel warned, stepping from the tub. Then, to Ebo, in the language of that place, she said, “Coming right away, Maas.”

When Brock’s expedition left the compound less than half an hour later, his personal slaves accompanied him, carrying parasols and an awning to shade him from the sun. Rachel and another girl flanked him, each wielding a large ostrich-feather fan to keep him cool. The naked beauties presented a pretty sight surrounding their Master. To the fore and behind, marched formidable-looking, weapon-toting men. As they entered the jungle, scouts peeled off to either side, communicating with each other in low coos and whistles. Brock the Dark Slaver was on the move with his entourage and armed guards, and he meant business. He carried a plentiful supply of fish-hooks and tags in his pouch, anticipating rich pickings. Let the drums beat out about that.

Chapter Five

"My God, Richard, those poor women are chained and naked. It's an outrage. You have to do something about this."

Rosemary Washbourne crouched with her husband, Maxwell, Roy, and Marine Sergeant George Detford in a dry gulch. They were watching the chain gang of slave women whose bare bodies shone with sweat in the heat as they toiled with hoes and mattocks and chopped and dug at the hard, dusty soil.

"Notice anything else that's strange?" Senator Washbourne asked. "They're white women, and those overseers patrolling with their whips are black. What the hell is that all about?"

A grim smile crept across George Detford's ebony features. "I can see why that might bother you, Senator," he said.

"When I get back State-side I'll make damn sure we bomb these barbarians back into civilisation. It's an outrage."

"Hot damn," Roy breathed, lying on his stomach and watching the scene with wide-eyed awe. "Them snow bunnies are butt-ass naked."

"Hush your mouth, boy," Maxwell muttered, glaring at the younger black man as they lay on their bellies in the ditch.

Black overseers strode back and forth behind the strung-out chain as the women chopped the soil. The black men's whips often cracked like sharp pistol shots, and a pained squeal or groan usually followed.

"I'm wondering what kind of country this is," George said. "I've served at places all over the world, but never seen anything like this. Even the vegetation is different."

That was true. They had travelled through dense jungle where tree roots seemed to reach across the sky. The undergrowth comprised shrubs and plants with strange, multi-coloured leaves. The jungle was alive with animals, too. They heard the whoops of monkeys and the brays of what sounded like hyenas, and the unnerving sounds of other creatures they couldn't identify. At one time, a huge flock of cormorant-like birds had taken to the air. Even George's compass was misaligned, as if North had shifted a fraction.

The small group from SAM 29500 had moved through this jungle, hoping to find a highway. The plan was to hitch a lift to the nearest town and then send for help. But although tracks crisscrossed the jungle, there was no other sign of civilisation. But they had pushed on, until finding a sudden break in the jungle.

George surveyed the wide, scarred swathe where blackened tree stumps punctuated the fire dirt. It was more than half a mile wide and a hundred yards across. It was the work of humans, and they must have cleared the area some time before, because small patches of green shoots and tiny saplings were growing from the ash-grey soil as the jungle sought to reclaim its own. On the other side of this scorched strip stood a single sparse stand of trees and shrubs, following a natural rift in the land. Beyond that, George had heard the shouts and sounds of men and women. He urged caution on his charges. They crept forward to the thicket of the dry stream bed and crouched there to observe the chain gang. Mrs. Washbourne, the prim Southern belle, was horrified by what she saw. Naked white women toiling under the whips of black overseers, whatever next? Further away, another line of slaves, this time males but also naked, were hard at their enforced, back-breaking work.

"They seem intent on pushing back the jungle and cultivating the ground," George said, "but I can't see a single machine in sight."

"Not even a horse or a plough," Rosemary said. "Just poor naked white men and women."

Senator Washbourne said. "It's inhuman."

"Hot damn," Roy said again.

"Not so different from what was happening in America up to a few years ago, Senator,"

George said, "although some racial role reversal has taken place here."

"There's no need to sound so damned pleased about it, Sergeant," Richard Washbourne said with a glare.

"I abhor slavery in all its forms." George Detford toted his carbine rifle and yanked on Roy's shoulder, making them both slither down the bank to the dry bed of the stream. "There's no way we can cross that open space without being spotted. We must go back to Air Force One."

"The hell we will," Richard Washbourne said. "We have to get to a city and alert the US Government. Besides, I have to be back in Washington this week. We'll go into the jungle and skirt round the clearing."

"That's a ten miles detour, sir. I advise against it."

"It's an order, sergeant. Man up, for Christ's sake. You're supposed to be a marine."

"Yeah, man up, man," Roy said with a smirk.

George Detford shrugged, and a small, grim smile flickered on his black features. "You're the boss, Senator Washbourne," he said, and then moved back over the scorched strip towards the jungle in a low, crouching run, stopping at the edge to wave the others to follow him.

Ngao's nostrils flared. He detected a slight but distinctive animal scent on the air. It was unlike nothing he had known. It wasn't the musk of an antelope, or the stench of a boar, or the stink of monkeys... this was a different fragrance from anything stored in his olfactory memories. It was a floral, reminiscent of the heady scents of some jungle flowers, yet not quite the same. Within that strange cloying aroma, he picked out the natural smell of a woman on the breeze. That was the underlying base tone! His nose was well-attuned to the sensual bouquet of females. He could smell a woman at two hundred paces or more, and even identify her if she was of the tribe, and if she was menstruating. But this was not a woman of their tribe, and neither was she menstruating. It wasn't the warm scent of the Dark Slaver's female slaves, or the raw caramel aroma of women on the chain gangs. No, the musk of this human woman was different.

He glanced around the hunting camp. Other men had as keen nose for women, but many of them were asleep in the shade of thatch-roofed huts and others were downwind of the cooking fire. Nobody seemed to notice the scent. A couple of the female warriors were sparring with each other, and three were disporting in the cool waters of the lake. These statuesque black-skinned creatures were as quick and sharp as the men in battle, and even more deadly in their own way. But they wouldn't detect the scent of a woman. It wasn't in their nature. Now a strange man... that was a different matter altogether.

Ngao rose from his haunches and stretched his long, black arms. He picked up his spear and machete and turned to stroll towards the jungle that fringed the lake. His path was obtuse to the direction of the scent trail - he would change course when out of sight.

"Hey," a female voice called.

Ngao sighed. He turned and saw Ember. She was emerging naked from the lake, her large pendant breasts jeweled with droplets of water that sparkled in the sun. That woman always kept a close eye on him. At first it had been flattering, but now it had become oppressive. Ember was foremost among the women warriors, which was no mean achievement given their general ability and ferocity. She was no match for Ngao in a straight fight, or half a dozen of the other strongest males either, but Ember was not an opponent to be taken lightly. She was a natural, ambitious leader, and blessed with political skills. At over six feet tall, lithe and athletic, with natural and trained jungle-fighting prowess, it was best to keep peace with her. Besides, in a way, she was his woman, of sorts. They copulated on a regular basis in a rabid frenzy of bonobo need, although he was never sure who was fucking whom.

"I'm bored, so I'm going hunting," he said.

Ember walked up the shallow-shelving beach towards him, her breasts swaying. "What will you hunt?"

"I will hunt this or that," he said with a casual shrug, seeing her sniff the air. "I will catch anything useful that might be caught."

Ember's nostrils twitched. She turned her head towards the breeze. After a short while a white smile cracked on her black face, "I also will hunt," she said, "for this and that."

Ngao's spirits sank. He realised that she too had detected the scent of a human, a stranger, someone not of their group. Perhaps he had underestimated her nose? Maybe she had developed an unusual facility for scenting other females. He could see why that might be so - Ember had a liking for women as well as men. When the bonobo heat was upon her - and it was never far away - nobody was exempt from her rapacious lust.

"Hey," another woman called from the lake. "I smell man."

"As do I," another said, running up the beach.

Ah, so that was it! The man's distant scent had eluded Ngao. Had they been closer, then he would have known, but for him it was overpowered by the female's scent.

"There is more than one man," Ember said with a smile. "A strange tribesman, from the musk of him, and another who is half-scented like a white woman. Perhaps they are from the strange object in the trees, although they are some miles distant from it."

The female warriors laughed and clapped with glee. Their clamour roused the other men too. Within moments, the whole hunting pack of the tribe was armed and ready to go.

Paige Washbourne lay back on the mossy grass and gazed up at the surrounding jungle. A low current of air cooled her, evaporating the tiny droplets of perspiration from her exposed limbs and face. It was idyllic. Tall, graceful fronds of fern grew in the damp earth. The moist air was redolent with the rich scent of bright and vivid flowers among the flora at the edge of the clearing. The trees were different from those she had known. Some had tall, slender stems that curved up to the sky, swaying as their broad palmate leaves rustled with the rising thermals of air. Others had huge boles the size of a house, from which sprouted three or four trunks that each supported a massive structure canopy as if covering a green cathedral. Long vines looped and threaded through the branches. She could hear the shriek of strange birds and the occasional whoop of a wild animal. Although privileged beyond obscenity, and widely-travelled despite her tender age, Paige had been nowhere quite so beautiful. She hadn't even imagined that such a magical place could exist.

Richard and Rosemary Washbourne were on the other side of the clearing, arguing. Paige smiled. She knew that her mother was trying to persuade the senator to make their way back to aircraft. It would be a waste of time. Once Senator Richard Washbourne had decided on something, he stuck by it. Maxwell, George and Roy were some distance away, leaving the white folks to get on with it. Roy had discarded his shirt and his black muscles were gleaming in a white vest, but Maxwell remained dressed in his white servant's uniform, as if it were a badge of office. Marine Sergeant Detford - George to the Washbournes - wore his functional army combat fatigues but looked cool with his shaved head and open-necked camouflage shirt.

A small movement caught her Paige's eye. Something, or things, were moving in the jungle near to where her parents were arguing. Near-naked black men burst through the undergrowth and into the clearing. She sat up in alarm.

"Senator," George Detford cried, drawing his pistol. "Come this way, be quick."

Washbourne grasped his wife's wrist, and they both sprinted in the opposite direction, into the jungle. It was too late. A dozen or more men made chase after the fleeing white couple.

"Halt, or I'll shoot to kill," George yelled at the chasing hunters.

The tribesmen ignored the warning and continued on their dash after the Washbournes. Paige

screamed when a black hand closed around her ankle. She had been so occupied with her parent's problems, that she hadn't noticed four men creep up on her.

"George, help me," she screeched, as the man dragged her toward the jungle.

From her inverted position, she saw George hesitate. He cast one last glance back in the direction where the Richard and Rosemary had plunged into the jungle followed by their pursuers, and then paused to glance back at the struggling Paige. Then he ran forward a few paces, dropped to one knee, and fired his pistol.

Paige screamed. The man released her ankle. The other three savages glanced in obvious shock at their fallen brother, and then looked wide-eyed at George. George rose to his feet and walked towards them with the pistol raised, and Roy and Maxwell followed on his heels.

Although the black tribesmen's eyes betrayed fear, they stood their ground with spears at the ready. One of them spoke, gesturing towards Paige, and leaning to grasp her arm in a proprietary manner. The near-naked tribesman was turning to drag Paige into the jungle when George fired another bullet, this time into the man's naked thigh. The warrior screamed and fell. The other two gazed in panic and indecision. Then they turned and fled.

"What did he say?" Maxwell said, looking down at the stricken man.

"It's no language I ever heard," George said, kneeling beside the fallen warrior and tossing aside his spear. "He seemed to think we would let him take Paige though."

Rosemary Washbourne had kept herself fit with regular gym work. That had been for the sake of a trim figure, but it stood in her in good stead in her desperate dash through the jungle, pursued by naked black tribesmen. She had somehow become separated from her husband, and now she ran on, alone and terrified. She had heard the sound of gunshots, and hoped that rescue was at hand. In the meantime, though, she fled for her life. All around her she could hear crashing sounds in the undergrowth. There were soft cries and low dove-like whistles too... signals between her pursuers. She turned to the right and sprinted on, with some shred of a plan to double back towards the aircraft. Looking back over her shoulder she saw shapes darting after her and knew the chasing pack was getting closer. She spurted forward, but screeched in pain when a long leather whip wound round her calf and brought her thudding to the ground.

Rosemary yanked to free her foot, but the leather lash tightened round her ankle like a tendril. Then a tribesman was upon her. She squirmed and screamed as his knee pressed into the centre of her back, crushing her to the soft earth. He dragged her arms behind her and bound her wrists with astonishing speed. When he turned her over, she cowered back under the gaze of the several blacks surrounding her. All were naked but for loin cloths, but there were two women amongst them, tall, long of limb, and with full bare breasts. These natives all seemed pleased, men and women alike, as they looked down at her, and they laughed and spoke in a strange language.

Then they stripped her. Despite Rosemary's squirms and protests, the laughing women sliced her outer garments away with sharp knives. She lay on her back, terrified, clad in white bra and panties, as they inspected her in obvious amazement. The men exchanged more laughing comments before one of them reached to pluck at her bra, yanking so hard between the cups it broke the link between them and spilled her breasts out. Rosemary shrieked and tried to scramble back, but they tore her last garment away too.

One of the savages - he who had ruined her bra - knelt to remove the tendril of leather from her ankle, and then he coiled the whip and clipped it to his waist. He puffed his chest with pride as he turned and grinned to his colleagues, making eloquent gestures at Rosemary's naked body. He looked at her and patted his chest and then reached to squeeze her breast.

"Ngao," he said.

"Please, let me go..."

He seemed surprised at her words and spoke again. When she gazed at him with wild incomprehension, he squeezed her breast with such force that its white meat spilled through the gaps of his black fingers, and he pointed at his own chest with his free hand and said again: "Ngao."

"Your name is Ngao?" she said, cowering back.

"Ngao," he nodded, plucking her nipple hard.

One of the black women warriors reached under Ngao's loincloth and laughed, and he grinned but didn't flinch from her touch. This fellow was tall. He wore animal skins wrapped and bound round his lower legs but, except for the flap of cloth at his loins, he was otherwise naked. He brushed the tribewoman's hand aside and passed his spear to her, and then reached to his belt and produced two small, dangling objects and held them between his lips. Before Rosemary could imagine their purpose, another man hoisted her to a sitting position from behind, holding her with a firm grip around her upper arms. She whimpered in fear when the tall man knelt in front of her and cupped her breasts. He glanced up at his laughing comrades as he pinched her full nipples, rolled them between his fingers and thumbs, and teasing them to erection. She squirmed when he pulled the teats so hard that the mammary flesh distended outwards.

"My God, no," she screeched when Ngao took one of the tags from between his lips and placed the tip of a barbed fishhook - a hook half-inch in radius at its shank - against the turgid nub of her nipple. She screamed in pain as the barb pierced the nubbin and protruded through on the other side. "Dear God, not again," she pleaded in sobs as the grinning man distended her other nipple.

Rosemary screamed again as the hook pushed through. She cowered and sobbed when Ngao stroked the smooth, waxed lips of her cunt, fearing that he intended to pierce them too. But he straightened and grinned at her with evident satisfaction. She looked down in horror and saw that two coin-like tags dangled from the short wire traces hooked into her tortured nipples.

"Ngao," the man said, pointing at his own chest and stooping to tug at the tags and sending tendrils of agony across her breasts.

Rosemary quailed. Ngao's meaning seemed obvious: he was claiming her by right of capture, and the coins marked her as his property.

Other black warriors slapped Ngao's back congratulating him, and he tore away his loincloth to reveal a half-tumescent cock. The woman who held his spear laughed and reached to wrap her free hand around the shaft, stroking and tugging. Rosemary watched in horror as the massive cock grew erect in the woman's hand, its purple head the size of a plum.

But as she looked wide-eyed at the giant cock, more warriors emerged from the undergrowth. Two bare-breasted women dragged Richard Washbourne in a stumbling run between them, and two men trotted behind, prodding him with a spear. Richard was panting, and he stood with his head bowed and shoulders slumped when brought to halt, and it seemed as though his knees might buckle under him.

"Richard," Rosemary called, horrified, "please help me."

Washbourne looked up, defeated. But he showed no surprise at seeing his wife naked and bound on the ground, with her nipples tagged and bleeding. He didn't resist when the women stretched him supine on the ground, one on each arm, and two of the men held his ankles wide apart. He was shaking in his captors' grip, his eyes darting from one to the other of them. When the woman at his right hand moved to kneel beside him and drawing a wicked-looking long knife, he kept his arm above his head, as if afraid to move it. Rosemary thought of the crouching woman as a near-naked Amazon warrior, such was her impressive appearance with large, full breasts and a trim, bared arse. Panic rose in Rosemary's gut as this Amazon laid her blade at her husband's throat.

"Please, no," Washbourne said, weeping.

"No," Rosemary cried, struggling to rise and forgetting the pain at the tips of breasts. Ngao laughed again and placed his bare foot on her chest and pressed her back to the damp, musky-smelling earth.

The Amazon woman teased the blade against the skin of Washbourne's neck, as if shaving him, and the turgid tips of her nipples brushed against his face. His Adam's Apple bobbed and his eyes were wild, but otherwise he held himself rigid. Rosemary heard him exhale with relief when the Amazon removed the blade from his throat, but the woman then slid it down the front of his shirt and the garment fell aside, leaving him bared to the waist. She stroked his smooth, hairless chest with an appreciative murmur in her own tongue to the woman who still held his left wrist. They both giggled.

Washbourne squirmed as the Amazon woman unbuckled his belt. She said something to the men at his feet, and they slit his trouser legs from ankle to waist, before removing his shoes and socks and tossing them aside. The woman attended to his shorts herself, slicing them clear and revealing his lolling cock, uncluttered by pubic hair.

Rosemary could only watch with bated breath. Like her, Richard regularly waxed his body. His hairless flesh seemed to intrigue the tribeswomen though, for they both trailed their breasts over his belly, and stroked his smooth skin and tugged at his naked, flaccid cock.

The Amazon then sat upright and snapped an order in her own tongue, her breasts swaying. When Washbourne made no reply, she repeated the demand, this time stooping and twisting to slap her breasts across his face. Washbourne looked up at the Amazon in terror. Rosemary saw that the woman held his balls in her hand. Then, with an angry swat at his limp cock, the woman took the knife and placed its razor edge against the sac. Rosemary gasped.

Washbourne shuddered when the cold blade touched his bollocks. He looked up with a mute, helpless plea. Please, not that. The Amazon screeched the order again, the same word. Each time she repeated it, her blade pressed all the more against the tender skin of his ball sac. Rosemary could see that one flick of the woman's wrist would see Richard castrated. He sobbed and pleaded, and his face was wet with tears. The Amazon twisted his ball bag, making him squeal with fear. Then, with great care, she placed the tip of the lethal blade at the base of the cock, between bag and shaft, and gave a short jab. Rosemary shuddered and clenched her eyes shut as Richard screamed. She feared the worst.

But when Rosemary opened her eyes, to her amazement, she saw her husband's cock responding. It was as if a powerful, invisible pump were inflating it, for the staff stirred and lifted into tumescence, so strong that the veins along its length seemed fit to burst. Washbourne groaned. Perhaps the erection was painful - to Rosemary's experienced eye, it looked that way as it twitched and pulsed. The Amazon nodded to the other tribeswoman, and they both grimaced at the erect organ. They were still dissatisfied with the state of Richard's cock, although Rosemary had never seen it so upstanding.

The women warriors made Washbourne kneel up, and they tied his wrists behind his back. The other tribeswomen gathered around and one of them, much younger than the others, knelt to grasp the firm stem. The Amazon spoke sharply to the girl, who looked up, sheepish. She answered and crept back as the other women laughed. Now it was the Amazon's turn, and she crouched to cup Washbourne's balls in the palm of her hand. She smiled when he winced as she squeezed them hard again. The woman reached to her belt and pulled out two fish-hook tags, dangling them before his eyes with her free hand. With a final squeeze of his balls, she took his nipple between finger and thumb, distended the flesh, and thrust the barbed point through the aureole. Washbourne screamed and screamed. Rosemary watched as if seeing a traffic accident, unable to tear her gaze away. Had she herself screamed so when the hooks pierced her nipples? She couldn't be sure. Her husband's second scream was louder and longer than his first, and it brought alarmed squawks from birds in the tree canopy nearby.

"My God, what was that?" Paige said when horrific screams rent the air.

"Best not think about it," George Detford said, kneeling beside the stricken warrior and examining the man's wounded thigh.

The black warrior had a long coiled whip at his waist, George took this and shook it out, before using the lash to apply a tourniquet to the man's thigh.

"What you doing, man?" Roy said.

"I can't let him bleed to death," George said. "We've had enough bad publicity about the way US military treats capped indigents."

"He was trying to kill us and drag Paige away into the jungle. Let the bastard die, I say."

George took the man's leather pouch and examined its contents. Among the strange artifacts, there were several large fish-hooks, each with a short wire trace wound through a drilled flat black pebble. There also some small, shaped bones, and small bundles of cord and slivers of thin skin. Primitive nonsense more than likely, George decided. None of it seemed worth a damn.

"We'll leave him here, and his friends can come and get him," George said, straightening but keeping the warrior's pouch and knife. "Now, back to the aircraft. I must get help for the senator and his wife."

Chapter Six

The Amazon went to work on Senator Washbourne again as the light dimmed. She stroked his throbbing cock, nipping under the shaft and at the base of his balls where the knife had pricked him.

From her position on the ground, with her arms held from behind, Rosemary could not see everything the Amazon was doing to her husband. Richard kept uttering small groans and cries, and she wasn't sure if they indicated pain or pleasure. But his cock was standing ever more erect and hard than ever, seeming about to burst from its sheath, with the glans fully-exposed and glistening. Despite it all, Rosemary found a warmth stirring inside her at seeing her husband handled by these primitive women.

There was little time for Rosemary to anguish about it, because her captor squatted between her legs and slapped the inner of her thighs. Ngao's meaning was clear and, although Rosemary willed herself to resist, she spread her legs somewhat, and then wider still when he slapped her again. When he reached to pluck her ultra-tender, newly-pierced nipple, she splayed her thighs so wide apart that the tendons stretched were taut. He smiled and looked down at the exposed folds of her sex and reached under to press a finger at the mouth of her vagina. She closed her eyes in shame as she felt it slip inside her cunt. He remained thus for a moment, wriggling his finger, and then withdrew the finger to find the hard nubbin of her clitoris. Despite herself, Rosemary moaned and squirmed. How dare this savage treat the wife of a US Senator in that way? But what was he doing to her body?

This black jungle tribesman cut through Rosemary Washbourne's middle-class mores and defences as he stimulated her until she was writhing beneath his touch. She had never known such skilled hands, and shuddered and groaned as an unexpected climax rolled over her senses. For the first time in her life, she ejaculated in a violent squirt. Rosemary, still held by her arms, trembled under the orgasm as the watching tribesmen laughed and slapped her captor's back. Then, without further preliminary, he turned her onto her knees, and his cock plunged into her cunt from the rear with such force that her knees scraped on the earth as he hammered his thrusting hips against her arse. She squealed as the massive shaft filled and reamed her pussy in fierce, pounding strokes. Rosemary huddled down, her tingling breasts pressing against her thighs as the warrior squatted with his feet on either side of her. He forced her bottom higher to receive his onslaught, until she was almost upside down, with her head curled under her shoulders on the mossy ground, her bare feet were scrambling as the black cock pinioned her. She grunted and moaned as the hammering thrusts that sank to the depths of her womanhood. The rage inside her belly rose until another orgasm broke over her senses. She could hear herself screaming, somewhere beyond flashing lights and a weltering torrent of emotions. My God, she had never, ever been fucked like that. Ngao seemed to go on for a long time, and she climaxed twice more before he withdrew his plundering cock and pumped a wad of warm ejaculate over her back. When he left her, she huddled and twitched on the ground, spent and fucked senseless.

Only after several minutes did Rosemary remember her husband... She opened her eyes and saw Richard gazing at her with anguished eyes as he knelt a few feet away. Yet his cock was even more rampant than before. Perhaps that was a response to seeing his young wife fucked by the huge black cock, or it may have been because of the continuous ministrations of the women, whose hands fluttered over his nether regions. The Amazon absorbed herself in the task of wrapping a long strip of soft, pliant skin around the base of his penis. This skin was so thin as to be translucent and it had elastic properties. The fierce woman wound and unwinding this strange bandage, keeping the tension tight. She spoke to the younger woman, who scrambled on the ground until she found some small, round pebbles and offered them to the Amazon on the flat palm of her hand. The woman inspected the smooth stones with care and then pointed to one of them - perhaps it was a quarter of an inch round, and it shone bright white in the sun, like a pearl. Keeping hold of the end of the skin, the Amazon instructed the girl, who then placed the chosen pebble at a precise point against the

underside of Washbourne's throbbing cock, at its base, and she held it pressed there with the tip of her finger. The Amazon then wrapped the remainder of the strip so tight that the pebble seemed to have sunk into the shaft of the cock. Rosemary's gasp matched that of her husband as the bandage was secured like a tourniquet. The woman then took great care to tie its loose trailing end round the base of Richard's testicular sac and pulled it tight until he howled with pain, and then she threaded the remaining length of the skin between the divide of his buttocks and tied it to the cord on his wrists.

After plucking at the taut skin and adjusting it for more tension, the Amazon nodded to the young warrior woman. This one, with the proud and pert breasts and trim svelte figure of youth, giggled and shuffled forward on her knees and took Washbourne's cock into her mouth. Rosemary, still recovering from her rutting, watched with morbid fascination as the woman - perhaps the same age as her own daughter - advanced her husband's pleasure in a way she herself had never done. In a sort time he was moaning and pleading for release. A tribesman, perhaps noting Rosemary's intense interest in what was happening, came behind and grasped her arms, bulling her to an upright kneeling position. Rosemary blanched at being so presented - her bared breasts, heaving and with the shameful tags dancing from the hooks with her every breath. Her semen-soiled thighs seemed like an added affront to her husband. His anguished eyes seemed to drink in the sight of Rosemary as the young tribe woman teased his thrusting organ. Somehow, though, in spite of all that had happened, Rosemary found herself even more aroused by seeing it.

At an order from the Amazon, Washbourne was made to lie back, resting on his elbows, with his tormented cock strong and upstanding. As the black woman sat with her knees astride his head, swaddling his face with her cunt, the other women gathered round his helpless form, crouching and kneeling, their hands reaching to touch, nip and stroke. One woman squeezed his tethered balls, and another punished the shaft with her fingers, and flicking the trapped pebble time and again. Another placed the circle of her finger and thumb around the base of the plum-like glans and tightened her grip until the head changed colour. The Amazon leaned forward to whip the underside of the cock with a pliant twig. When Washbourne's cock was at its extreme extension, a woman straddled his hips and impaled herself on the shaft. Rosemary watched, flabbergasted, as the tribeswoman bounced up and down in a wild frenzy. If Richard was protesting, the Amazon's grinding cunt stifled them.

When the first woman had satiated her lust, Washbourne's cock was still upstanding, and another took her place. This happened four more times before the Amazon herself sank onto the twitching penis. She rode out her conquest for long minutes, and Rosemary smelled the scent of female juices in the moist jungle air. Almost beyond belief, when the Amazon climbed off Richard's cock, it was still as stiff as before, with no sign of the erection abating. It was incredible - Rosemary had never known her husband have such stamina in bed.

Thoroughly used and abused, Rosemary watched miserably as the tribes people spoke together with much animation. They were arguing. Whatever their difference of opinion, it was soon decided, for the Amazon hauled Senator Washbourne to his feet and tied a long cord to the end of the skin strip that was wrapped around the base of his cock and his testicle sac. She drew the string between his legs and yanked it hard, bisecting his buttocks. He winced and rose on the tips of his toes.

Rosemary could only kneel and watch, her own upper arms gripped by the tribesman who knelt behind her. The way her husband had been tied forced him to keep his spine ram-rod straight to avoid putting undue pressure on his genitals, and still his cock stood rampantly erect and jutting like the jib of a dockside crane. It was a complete revelation to her.

Ngao gave an instruction, and the tribesman who held Rosemary's arms pulled her to her feet and placed his knee in her back, forcing her hips forward and requiring her to spread her legs

widely apart for balance. Ngao now came to stand in front of her, and he glanced at her bare cunt. She whimpered as the knee in her back forced her hips forward towards her captor.

The tall warrior kept his eyes on her as pulled a tiny and slender strip of skin from his belt and pushed it into his mouth, chewing on it for a minute or more. When Ngao removed the skin, damp with his saliva, he leaned forward to push it into Rosemary's pussy. She squirmed, but resistance was useless. Ngao's long forefinger prodded the object into her sodden cunt, plugging her with the alien material. For good measure, while he waited for a couple of minutes, he massaged her clitoris with practised skill that made her moan and grunt even though aware of her husband's recriminating gaze. Another orgasm seeped over her, and she was embarrassed by the warbling sound that escaped her throat. Only then did Ngao remove the freshly-dampened wadding from her vagina and, as an afterthought, he used it to wipe the slime of spent spunk from her inner thighs.

Rosemary watched as if mesmerised when he shook the strange skin to disentangle four long, slender cords, each tied in pairs at opposite ends of the small, narrow strip, which was itself only 2 inches long. He rolled the damp skin into a tight ball in the palm of his hands and then offered it to her clenched mouth. She shook her head. What was this, a perverse, humiliating gag? Ngao laughed and pinched her clitoris hard, and when she opened her jaw to squeal, he thrust the ball into her mouth, leaving the strings trailing from between her lips. She tasted the salty-musk of her own sex juices and the spent sperm and thought she might retch, but his hand clamped her chin and forced her to keep the alien material on her tongue. Soon her saliva contributed to the slippery and sodden state of the skin. This was a task not to be rushed, and she was made to suck the soggy ball in her mouth for many minutes before Ngao pulled it out.

He used his long black fingers to knead and stretch the moist strip across its width and length, pulling it hard until the skin became so thin that it was translucent. Rosemary had seen condoms made of less dense material. When the skin was suitably pliant, he wound the cords attached to one end of the strip around Rosemary's waist.

Then he squatted with his eyes at the level of her cunt and, with great deliberation and care, he stretched the skin over the contours of her sex lips, gloving them in its clinging moist-cold embrace. She gasped as the damp material contracted, literally clasping her cunt like a second skin. He massaged her labia, as if milking the udder of a cow, puffing the lips while moulding the shrinking membrane over them until it fitted tightly into the divide of her plumped-up cunt. Only then did he tie off the remaining strings to the cord around her waist, cinching so tight she was forced onto her toes. When she glanced down at her pussy, it was as if it had been wrapped in a translucent pink film. It was the strangest thong imaginable - made from the same thin, stretchy skin that had been wound round Richard's cock - semi-transparent and fitting the camel-toe of her cunt.

Rather than pulling her sex lips together, the moist skin separated them, and the upper edge of the strip terminated just below the apex of her pussy lips and forced out the stone-hard pip of her clitoris. It was as if her entire sexual delta was gripped by an unseen, inexorably tightening hand.

She cast an anguished, uncomprehending look into the face of her captor, who smiled broadly at her discomfort and said something she couldn't understand.

But Ngao wasn't finished yet, because he produced a strange, slender white bone from his pouch - it was 3 inches long and less than a quarter of an inch round, with a round half-inch nodule at its extremity and tapering to a flat, convex spatula at the other end. He flexed this between thumb and forefinger, and it bent double and sprang back. Rosemary couldn't imagine what animal this bone might have been taken from, or for what purpose a warrior might keep it handy. When Ngao presented it to her lips, she dutifully sucked the thin, ivory-like object, her tongue rolling round the knob at its end. Then, to her consternation, she discovered its purpose...

The knee in her back pushed her hips forward and, with great care, Ngao inserted the smooth, bulbous end behind the thong at the naked apex of her otherwise tightly-sheathed sex lips, threading it under the clinging membrane into the fleshy-divide, pushing it forward a fraction of an inch at a time. The smooth half-inch nodule ploughed a furrow along her most intimate flesh.

“Please, no...” Rosemary closed her eyes and groaned, clenching her cunt muscles and trying to resist when the mouth of her seeping vagina tried to suck in the nodule.

But that was not its purpose. Instead, the round knob was edged further back until it bedded into the well of her anus. The convex spatula cupped the underside of her clitoris and pushed it up from the thin clasping thong. Ngao massaged her enclosed lips again in the palm of his hand, squeezing and palpating, and his forefinger pressed the smooth round nodule beyond her sphincter. The curiously-shaped bone seemed to take on a life of its own. Rosemary could only utter small, lascivious moans as the springy rod moved in minute degrees to stimulate both her clit and anus. She knew that moisture was seeping out to further lubricate the skin that sheathed her cunt. This delicious torment was enhanced when the man behind released her arms and pushed her forward. The springy bone writhed with her every movement.

The captured, once-proud Washbournes were then led off through the jungle by their captors. The Amazon’s hand held the bow-tight cord at the small of the senator’s back. Rosemary followed on, the slender bone teasing her throbbing clitoris with each step, keeping the nubbin as hard as a cherry pip. Ngao walked besides her, reaching to massage her sex lips in proprietorial fashion - there was little doubt she now belonged to him.

Chapter Seven

It was a warm, balmy early evening, and a whippoorwill gave a plaintive call above the steady shrill of the crickets.

“Well, isn’t this romantic?” Nicola Summers said with an ironic wince, raising her glass in a toast. “To us!”

The other girls chuckled but there was a nervous edge to their laughter. They were experienced military personnel. Even though the colonel hadn’t told them too much about their situation, they knew something wasn’t right. But professionalism prevented them from enquiring further. So the cabin crew had gathered round the camp fire and settled to eat a wonderful meal. The men wore navy blue suits, white shirts and ties, and the women had slim-line skirts, white blouses and fitted jackets, worn with elegant heeled shoes. The officers dressed on their smart standard uniforms, and both Helen Young and Marie Marsh wore trousers. It could have been a dinner in any mess room, except for the unusual location.

The chefs on board SAM 29500 were exceptional, and their supplies were plentiful enough. In fact food was thawing in the unpowered freezers and needed to be eaten. So they had prepared a veritable feast fit for a president, bringing their pots and pans from the galley to cook on the open fire. Colonel Fallon had sanctioned the break out a few bottles of good red wine, restricted to just one glass each. It wouldn’t do for the crew to be as drunk as coots when the rescuers arrived. Fallon was mixing with the crew, smiling, chatting, and trying to exude confidence.

Helen Young stood to one side with the black flight Engineer, Willard Johnson.

“I suspect we will have to strike out from here soon,” she said. “I hope the women have good walking shoes.”

At that moment, the eerie howl of a wolf wailed in the night air, coming from behind the stranded plane. Another wail answered the first, but this time from the opposite side of the clearing. The crickets stopped singing and the two marines leaped to their feet, guns drawn.

“Wolves?”

One of the marines fired at the shadowy figures who were now running towards them.

“Everyone, back to the aircraft,” Fallon ordered, drawing his own pistol.

Even as Fallon spoke, a marine cried out and clutched his head before falling to the ground. Fallon looked down in alarm. The agent had been felled by a rounded pebble the size of a quail’s egg. Others stones were raining down on them. Fallon backed off, and crew members scrambled to their feet and ran towards the single staircase at the rear of the plane. However, the aircraft was some way away from the cooking-fire, where they had been eating when the assault started. Worse, black men with swords were swarming under the fuselage. Their war chilling cries created more panic. The second marine lay on his belly, firing round after round. Two of the attackers fell in their tracks. But the advancing assailants were soon upon the man, and a close range swipe of a sword slashed his throat.

Fallon fired his pistol, trying to drive the attackers’ back. He downed a large man in a white woolen tunic who leapt roaring like bull and wielding a huge machete. The man was hit in mid-air and he landed writhing. Within seconds, Fallon was bowled over by two of the burly assailants and decapitated with a slash of a heavy sword.

“Stop firing,” an officer called in horror as the colonel’s head rolled into the embers of the fire. He tossed his own gun to the ground, and raised his hands and shouted to the attackers. “This is Air Force One of the United States of America.”

Rachel stood at the edge of the clearing with Brock, Eno, along with the Dark Slaver’s other personal slaves. They were well away from the fighting, but she could hear the shouts from the

besieged plane. When the group came upon the clearing she was taken aback to see the huge VC25, crashed and perched atop the trees, minus a wing but with its blue and white fuselage still intact.

Rachel had cast an urgent glance at Julia, warning her to silence. Most of the unsuspecting crew were some distance from the aircraft, surrounding a fire where people in chefs' hats were cooking.

Brock's men surrounded the relaxing crew, taking them by surprise. After the first skirmish some of the American's were already down, including their leader - a man in the uniform of a senior USAF officer. A few of the mercenary guards had fallen too. As Rachel expected, a few of the crew had firearms. The Slaver's men were unfamiliar with gunfire and bullets, and they charged head-on until learning the lethal threat of the weapons. After the guns had scythed down a number of the slaver's men, they fell back, but not before a spear had taken out one of the marines and seized his gun.

Rachel wafted her fan over the Dark Slaver as she watched the assault developing.

"Do you understand the trouble you are in?" an officer was yelling. "The USA will avenge our dead."

"What language is that?" Brock asked.

"I've never heard the like," Ebo said. "There are blacks among them though."

"Which is the black leader?"

"He perhaps keeps himself well-hidden from the combat," Ebo said, glancing at Brock with a sly smile, "as leaders do."

Brock chuckled. "If we can't identify him, I can't parlay terms."

Rachel realised that Brock assumed that the black men on the aircraft were in charge. That was a normal assumption, given that only blacks wielded any power on the Dark Continent. Indeed, they regarded white people as natural slaves. She saw no reason to disabuse him. Rachel counted ten black men and women from the aircraft. They were encircled by sword-wielding slavers' men.

Brock stepped forward his entourage of naked white personal slaves, Rachel and Julia included. They moved with their master, fanning him with this trade-mark ostrich feather fans. Rachel knew that they must have presented an astonishing sight to the people from Earth, who gazed with open jaws.

Brock directed his attention to a black man and asked a question. When he got now answer, he spoke again in another, alien tongue. Rachel blinked. The Dark Slaver had spoken in a strange language.

"Does anyone understand him?" the black air officer called to the crew who were huddled together. "What language is he speaking?"

Rachel cast another glance at Julia, torn as to whether to remain silent. Neither of them had revealed their Earth origins since being delivered to the Dark Continent, and it was a risk to show their hands now. Even so, Rachel was ready to speak if necessary.

The aircraft crew were fighting a desperate rearguard action, their retreat toward the plane cut off by surrounding warrior tribesmen.

"It might seem incredible," Helen Young called, "but their leader spoke in some form of dog Latin."

"You understood him?" a male white officer said.

"I studied the Classics, and can put a few words together."

The man nodded and stepped forward to within a few feet of Brock. He said, "Okay, Major Young, tell this jerk he's in big trouble. They've killed a USAF colonel and two secret service agents. Demand that they lay down their weapons and surrender."

Helen looked somewhat doubtful at this. She stepped forward and attempted to translate. This brought guffaws of laughter from a few of the men who surrounded Brock, whether at the structure or the content of her words it was hard to tell. Then, though, Brock spoke to Ebo, who drew his

short sword and thrust it into the male officer's belly, slitting it open and spilling bloody entrails onto the ground.

Then, raising his voice, Brock said to the captives in a rough tongue, which they obviously didn't comprehend.

"Everybody, keep quiet," Helen yelled in terror.

"Very well, separate the blacks from the whites," Brock ordered, this time speaking in his own smoother language. He gestured towards Helen and added: "Leave that one here to translate as best she may."

Brock's black militia moved to obey the order with relish, pulling the white people roughly to one side.

"What tribe is this?" Ebo said, glancing towards the blacks who stood in a separate group.

"They aren't from this part of the Continent so it's hard to gauge the threat," Brock said. "If it's a band of slavers, this is my territory and they can't object that I intervened and seized their stock. But that is a wondrous house, and they have powerful weapons. I wouldn't want to fall foul of these people."

Ebo nodded and gazed at the stricken aircraft. "Shall we leave them be then?"

Brock laughed and slapped his thigh. "Certainly not," he said. "Have the blacks guarded, and then cut the white men out. We have no need of old male slaves and I won't waste food on them. I'll sell the younger ones to the chain gangsters. Kill the older white men."

Rachel stifled a gasp.

Ebo nodded and marched off towards the gathered whites, drawing his sword.

"What did they say?" another female officer said, moving to join the woman who had been translating.

"I don't know, they were speaking in a tongue I couldn't understand--" Her words stopped with horrified gasp when she saw Ebo deftly strike off the grey-haired head of a male artificer. "My God," she said, turning to flee, but a grinning slaver's man barred her way.

Bloody mayhem followed in the next few minutes as Brock's men separated the white men and killed the older among them without mercy. The killers made no attempt to hide their murderous actions, executing the men in full view of the others. This had the effect of cowing the remaining crew, black and white, who stood aghast with terror. Ebo returned and wiped the bloodied blade of his sword on the thigh of the translator's trousers, leaving a scarlet mark there. The woman gave a muted sound of terror.

"Get the rest of them stripped naked," Brock called.

"The blacks too?" Ebo asked, examining his blade.

"Yes, everyone." Brock turned to the woman who had been translating. He spoke in Latin again: "Order them to remove their clothing. I wish to see what weapons they are concealing."

Rachel knew what must follow. It was the age-old practice on the Dark Continent. But she saw the woman frown in astonishment, perhaps doubting her comprehension of his words. The woman in the blood-soiled officer's uniform hesitated and glanced at the naked and abject white slaves surrounding Brock. She seemed to go over the command in her mind. Rachel knew that this was a dangerous moment, and the unwitting Incomers were but a moment away from slaughter. She continued to waft her large ostrich feather fan over her Master, but she had decided to speak.

"Listen to me," Rachel said to the woman, "you must do as they say. Tell everybody to remove their clothing."

"You speak English?" the woman said, amazed. "I am Major Helen Young. Please help us."

"Everyone must obey the Dark Slaver, Helen, or he will kill them all."

“A dark slaver... are you crazy?”

Brock and Ebo and the other slaves in the entourage were staring at Rachel with their mouths agape. Rachel glanced at Brock and continued to wave the fan in slow, swishing movements.

“Yes, he is my Master,” she told Helen Young. “He will enslave the white women... or kill them.”

“My God, slavery in this day and age? We won't stand for that.”

“Which day and age? This isn't Earth. Like me, you somehow slipped through a tear in the fabric of time and space. Things are primitive here, and we must all do what is necessary to survive.”

“Search-teams will soon be swarming all over this place and--”

Helen's words were again cut short, this time by a shrill shriek from Rachel as the flat of Ebo's broad blade slapped hard across her bare buttocks.

“You can speak their language?” Brock said, raising his hand to stay Ebo's arm from a second strike.

“Yes, Maas,” Rachel said, tensing the muscles of her sore bottom. “I came from the same... land.”

“You said you were captured as a free woman by a conquering army in a city in the New Territories.”

“Yes, Maas, but I had gone there from the land of my birth.”

“And where is this strange land?”

“It is a great distance away,” Rachel said, choosing her words with care.

“There are many white slaves to be had in that place?” Brock asked, gesturing towards Helen Young, the female officer who was listening without comprehension.

Rachel thought about that, and then said: “Yes, Maas, it is teeming with them.”

“And black races populate this land too?” he said, pointing at the small group of blacks, male and female, who stood watching twenty yards away.

“Yes, Maas, many of them.”

“And they allow these white women to run free?” Brock asked, chortling at Ebo. “These are white men with black skins?”

Ebo laughed. This was a common insult among black tribes on the Dark Continent, such was their contempt for white men.

Rachel hesitated before speaking. It was the tipping point. The lives of the black Incomers depended on her answer. Her mind raced for a suitable response. She could only think of the black pimps and their white whores in the USA on Earth. Also, she noted some black officers there, standing with the others. It was a tenuous connection, but the best she could come up with in the limited time available.

After some moments, she said: “No, Maas, many of the blacks enslave and control white women in that land. There are many such men here in the captured group.”

“Ah, so blood and nature will out,” Brock said with evident satisfaction.

“They will have powerful, war-like friends, to be sure.”

“But their friends are a long way away,” Brock pointed out.

“Yes, Maas,” Rachel said.

“Tell them all to strip, the blacks too - I must see they have no more powerful weapons.”

Rachel relayed this to Major Young, who jutted her chin defiantly. Another woman, with dark hair cut in a severe bob, older than the other, but also wearing an officer's uniform, came to stand beside her.

“What's going on, Helen?” the new arrival said.

“He's ordering us to strip.”

“He can go to hell.”

“Everyone... naked,” Brock said to Rachel.

“You must take off your clothes,” Rachel told the two women.

“Tell him to go fuck himself,” the older woman said with obvious belligerency.

Without waiting for Rachel translate, Ebo sighed and gestured to one of his men. A gruff fellow laughed and stepped forward, dagger drawn. He grasped the neck of the dark-haired woman’s white shirt and ripped it open. Then, despite her squeals and struggles, he cut off her bra with his razor-sharp blade. After a momentary glance at the woman’s slack breasts, he thrust his blade into her belly, and she fell to the floor.

“She was useless,” the warrior told Ebo with a shrug.

“Everyone cooperate, and take off your clothes for a strip search,” Helen cried in horror, unbuttoning her jacket and dropping it to the floor.

Rachel looked towards the group of prisoners and was glad to see that, after a momentary hesitation and fleeting discussion, they began to strip off their clothes.

Helen took off her shirt and folded it neatly, and then unbuttoned the waistband of her trousers and slipped them to her ankles. “What does he intend to do?” she asked, now down to her white bra and panties.

“If you are lucky, he will enslave you,” Rachel answered, glancing at the other, dying woman.

“Bring the women over here and line them up,” Brock ordered.

“The black women too, Maas?”

“Are you mad? Not the blacks. I will examine and tag the white women to stake my claim, and then I’ll deal with the blacks.”

“What the fuck?” Roy said, watching from the jungle undergrowth, in awe as the crew members stripped naked.

George Detford, Maxwell and Roy were crouching on the far side of the clearing, watching things develop. Paige Washbourne was kneeling behind them.

“We have to go and help them,” Paige said. “Maybe my parents have returned there.”

“Yeah, like we’d risk our necks to save their miserable lives,” Roy said.

“Hush,” George Detford said. “We have to stay hidden.”

From the shelter of the jungle, they had watched the black warriors surround the crew of the stricken Airforce One jet. Now, it seemed the Americans were defeated and captured. Colonel Fallon, Co-Pilot Marie Marsh, and a lot of the white men had been murdered.

Detford sighed. Defeat was almost unthinkable, given the attackers' primitive weapons. How could the defenders have allowed themselves to be surprised in that way? Alright, their numbers were thin. Only six marines were on the aircraft in the first place. George had been absent with the Washbournes. Fallon sent two others into the jungle. That only left three combat-trained soldiers to defend the aircraft. A few of the crew had also been armed, but they were soon overwhelmed by the black tribesmen.

Now the surviving twenty-five or so captives were naked, and warriors were collecting up their clothing and weapons. The clothes were carelessly tossed onto the fire.

“He must be the head honcho,” George said, pointing at the impressive-looking black man who was so ostentatiously surrounded and attended by a bevy of naked white slave women.

“Hot dog,” Roy said in a low whisper, “would you look at them titties. It’s like I’ve died and gone to heaven.”

“Cut it out,” George said, “or we’ll all be getting to the afterlife sooner than you want.”

“What can we do, Sergeant?” Paige said.

“We can keep calm, review our options, and do what we have to do,” George said, watching as the attackers heaped the captured weapons at the feet of the leader. “Let’s just hope they don’t figure out how to use those guns.”

Rachel watched as the ten captured white women stood in a straggled line in front of Brock, attempting to shield their naked bodies with their hands. It was a useless gesture, for two slaver's men were working their way from each end of the line, tying the hands of each woman behind her with thin cord. Rachel well knew the feel of that rough hemp on her wrists. Each captive tugged at it, but it was a swift, efficient tie - merely two loops and a slip knot - and strong enough to hold any woman.

"They are good stock," Ebo said, stooping to pick up Helen's shirt and wiping his hands before tossing it to one of the men.

"I've seen better," Brock said.

That may have been true, but the surviving white women were all fit and trim, as might be expected of elite USAF personnel. Darkness was falling fast in the jungle and red and orange light from the flames of the fire flickered on their naked flesh.

Turning to Rachel, Brock pointed Helen Young, who been acting as translator. "Ask her name."

"The Dark Slaver wants to know your name. It is a good sign. He may let you live. You have a good body."

"My God," the woman said through clenched teeth, tugging at the tie on her wrists. "My name is Helen Young, Major, 84700064."

"Her name is Helen, Maas."

"Give that one a sound whipping for her attitude," the leader said to Ebo, pointing at Helen.

Helen was grabbed and, despite her struggles, thrown face-down on the cool grass with four men holding her outstretched limbs. She let out a muffled gasp of astonishment as a fifth man lashed the first stroke of his whip down on her back. The next few blows brought screams that echoed in the night sky. Soon Helen was begging and howling, but the whipping went on relentlessly. The other captives watched in horror, and the watching naked black women clung together. When it was finished, Helen lay huddled and twitching on the ground, her body wracked with sobs. At a word from Brock, Ebo hoisted her to her feet.

"Now tell them this," Brock told Helen, "they must learn the lesson well - retribution is immediate. I will now examine them to see who is worthy."

Brock waited while Rachel translated his words. Then he wandered down the line, pausing before each woman to sweep his gaze over her body. He turned most of them about to look at their rear too. Rachel followed, wafting the fan over him, even though the moist air was cooling now the sun had set. She saw the undisguised hostility in the women's eyes as they gazed at her, taking in her painted face, her breasts pierced with the barbaric gold rings, the tattoo and the ring that peeped from the apex of her pussy lips... they looked at her as if she were the whore of Babylon. She didn't care. Little did the women know what lay in store for them.

Each of the captive white women remained sullen but stoic as the Dark Slaver cupped her breasts, tweaked and plucked her nipples, stroked her belly, and even probed her cunt. His hands were practised and assured. Brock had conducted similar, lightning assessments on thousands of white women in his time. His examination of each woman was professional, and almost impersonal. He pushed Emily Schneider - a large, heavy-set woman - back from the line.

"Send her to the chain gangers," he said.

Emily whimpered, perhaps fearing that she would be killed. Rachel smiled at her, hoping to convey reassurance, but pitying her unenviable future working in the fields under the searing sun.

"Most of them are worth their feed, at least," Brock said when he reached the end of the line. "Have them kneel, and bring me my tags."

Rachel said: "The Dark Slaver finds you acceptable as slaves. Now you must get on your

knees, and kneel up with straight backs.” When the women looked at her dumbfounded, she said: “Now!”

The bound women sank awkwardly to their knees, including the heavy-set, big boned girl who was standing one pace back from the line. Ebo stepped behind Brock, carrying a strip of cork bark studded with sharp fishhooks, each of which was wired to a tag. A naked girl, Brock’s scribe, stepped forward unbidden, slate and chalk at the ready.

Ebo dipped two hooks in a jar of red paste before passing them to Brock. The Dark Slaver smeared his finger and thumb into the red greased, and then squatted in front of Helen at the end of the line. She winced as he plucked her nipples to prominence, and they were soon standing erect and coloured to a bright crimson hue. The young woman was well-endowed for what was to follow, for her breasts had fat round teats. The paste was both an antiseptic and a dye, and it would indelibly mark broken flesh.

Helen screamed in horror and pain when the fist fishhook skewered her right nipple. Undeterred, Brock treated the other breast in similar fashion, and Helen screeched again.

They always scream, Rachel reflected, as much at the appalling indignity of the piercing as the pain. Rachel herself remembered screaming her lungs out when her own nipples had been hooked, but the pain hadn’t been too bad, not really... Helen stared with eyes agog at the tags that now hung from her nipples. Brock’s scribe slave made a note of the tag number on her slate.

The Dark Slaver took his place in front of the next woman, who was already sobbing and trying to cower back. Brock was efficient - he had her tagged in double-quick time and moved to the next. Some of the women took longer to tag than others, depending on their anatomy, but in a matter of minutes all the kneeling women were sobbing and wailing, and each vermillion-tinted nipple in the line soon carried Brock’s insignia. From that moment, they were all the rightful property of Brock the Dark slaver. The scribe girl had a full slate... nine new white slaves for training.

George Detford watched proceedings through a pair of field glasses as he knelt with Maxwell, Roy and Paige in the cover of bushes. The sobs and wails of the kneeling women competed with the shrill of crickets in the night air.

“What on earth are they doing to those poor women?” Paige asked.

“I can’t rightly see,” George said, lowering his glasses.

George had seen well enough, and now knew the cruel purpose of the fish hooks and tags he had taken from the fallen tribesman.

“That guy sure knows how to treat bitches,” Roy said in awe.

“Can you see my mother and father?”

“No, Miss,” George said. “They’re lucky not to be there.”

A plan was forming in George’s mind. He knew that it was only a matter of time before the black attackers learned how to use the guns they had captured.

“Can you handle a pistol?” George asked Maxwell.

The older servant looked horrified. “Good Lord, no,” he said.

George nodded and gave the handgun to Roy. “Be careful with that. The safety lever is to the left.”

Roy grinned and hefted the pistol in his hand. “This is getting better and fuckn better,” he said.

“Shoot only if it’s necessary to protect Miss Washbourne,” George said. “You only have five bullets left.”

“Hot damn,” Roy said, holding the pistol at arm’s length and eyeing along its sight, “I always wanted one of these mean motherfuckers.”

George grimaced and checked his own automatic assault rifle. He could see that sniping at the leader was out of the question, because he was behind the row of captured women.

"Okay, you stay here and protect Miss Washbourne and Maxwell," George told the young man. "Don't expose your position, no matter what you do. I'm going round the side to get a clear field of fire."

With that, George left Paige with the two black men, and scurried at a low, crouching run through the jungle undergrowth.

The first Rachel knew that something was happening was when Brock's men began to drop to the ground. She heard of the rata-tat-tat sound of automatic gunfire. Men were yelling and screaming as a hail of bullets wrought havoc among the black guards. As one, the kneeling women threw themselves face down in the dirt. The few of the slaver's men who remained unharmed dashed to stand behind the cowering naked blacks from the aircraft. Another burst of gunfire felled two of the attackers.

"What is happening?" Brock said to Ebo.

"Weapons from hell again, Maas," the man replied, showing the whites of his eyes in his fear.

The firing had stopped, and only the wild cries of birds and jungle apes was to be heard, mingled with occasional groans of the dying. Rachel looked round in desperation, realising that the attackers might be changing position to get clearer shots at Brock and his leading henchmen. If that happened, she would be in their line of fire.

"You ought to go, Maas, it is dangerous for you here," Rachel said, risking a whipping for speaking out of turn.

Rachel quailed under Brock's icy glare. He was a proud man and would not run. He stood erect with his chest puffed out, assessing the situation. As he watched, one of his men dared to venture from behind the black air crew, and the fellow was cut down with a single shot that sounded like the crack of a whip. That left only six of the Slaver's men there. Rachel could see that as many lay dead on the ground, and three more were with Brock, counting Ebo.

"Surround yourselves with the black captives, and move over here, herding them with you," Brock called to his besieged men. Then, to Ebo, he said, "Get the women to their feet, ready to move out."

There were three men and four women among the black air crew - hardly enough to shield six men who crouched behind them, prodding their naked buttocks with spears to urge them forward. The captives' eyes were wide and alert, but no shots came. Soon they stood in front of Brock, standing in a line, shoulder to shoulder. He glanced at the naked black women, appraising them by instinct, and then at the men with their gleaming muscles and limp cocks.

"What tribe are you from?" Brock asked. When they stared at him, uncomprehending, he repeated the question in another tongue. "Which tribe?"

"They speak the same language as the women, Maas," Rachel said, and she received another glare for her trouble.

"Retreat," Brock said to Ebo. "Keep the white women to the fore and the blacks shielding our rear. As soon as we get into the cover of the jungle, leave the blacks and separate and run hard for the stockade, each taking a white slave with you."

Rachel glanced at Julia and raised her eyebrows. Brock had not given any instructions to his personal body slaves - he took it for granted that they would follow at his heels. She considered making a run for it, wheeling back and joining the surviving crew of the stricken VC25 jetliner. Only then, though, did she realise that she had no real wish to escape. Rachel embraced her life as a trained sex slave, and wasn't sure how she might cope without its strictures... and its hedonistic pleasures.

Chapter Eight

Paige Washbourne knelt behind a massive palmate leaf in the jungle undergrowth at the edge of the clearing, watching as the black warriors retreated, taking their white captive women with them. The fusillades of gunshots that had raked the clearing had ceased, and for a while it had sounded as though a small army was besieging the attackers. Paige knew that it was just Marine Sergeant George Detford, working alone, but he had spooked the belligerents. In fact, half of them had been cut down, and others were sheltering behind the surviving crew of SAM 29500 and edging back towards their leader's cohort on the other side of the clearing, using the naked black aircrew as a shield. George had stopped firing, presumably to avoid hitting any of the Americans, but perhaps because he lacked ammunition.

"What the fuck," Roy said, crouching behind Paige with his pistol cocked beside his ear and looking towards Brock. "I think I could get that big bastard from here."

"Don't do a damn thing, boy," Maxwell whispered. "You heard what the man said – don't give our position away to the savages."

The naked black crew members stood in a huddle at the edge of the clearing. They cast occasional glances behind them, but the bandit leader and his warriors had melted back into the jungle, taking the white women from SAM 29500 with them. A couple of the black women were weeping, but others looked in anger at their fallen white colleagues. They flinched when a figure emerged from the greenery on the far side of the clearing with automatic weapon in hand. This man had leafy branches attached to his combat uniform, and he trod with care, stepping over the stricken attackers and checking the condition of each. He paused at the fourth one, and emptied a single round into the jerking body before moving to the next.

Roy leaped to his feet, shouting, "George, over here."

"What did I tell you, boy?" Maxwell said.

George Detford looked across the clearing at Roy's bouncing figure. It might have been a fatal mistake. One of the felled attackers, lying prone on the floor, sprang into action and his spear glanced off George's chest. It tore the camouflage shirt and scored a furrow across George's pectoral muscles. As the Marine Sergeant fell, he emptied a burst of bullets into the man's gut.

Paige and Roy sprinted towards the spot where George lay bleeding.

Roy fired a bullet into the head of the dead black attacker. "Got the motherfucker," he said in triumph.

"I told you to save your ammo," George grunted, glancing at his bloodied chest.

Maxwell arrived panting. "Over here, quick, man down," he shouted to the black personnel on the edge of the clearing. "Over here."

A naked young woman with ebony skin ran to kneel beside Detford, examining the wound.

"Excuse the lack of uniform, but I'm a nurse," she said with a grunt. Glancing back over her shoulder, she called: "Hey, you guys, get me an emergency kit from the infirmary on the aircraft."

George looked up at the naked woman. "How many marines are left?"

The woman shook her head. "None except you here. The two men the Colonel sent into the jungle haven't returned. Don't you worry about that right now though."

"It's important that we organise ourselves. It's no coincidence that only our black people are unharmed - the attackers treated us different to the white folk."

The nurse laid a hand on his perspiring brow. "Maybe that's because they are black themselves. Who knows?"

"They'll be back, now I've dispelled their illusions. And they have some of our weapons. I guess it won't take them long to learn how to use them. Colonel Fallon's dead, so we need a leader."

"Hot damn, who's in charge then?" Roy asked.

"All I know is it ain't you, boy," Maxwell said.

Rachel was blowing hard when she ran into the stockade. She dropped to the ground and stretched on her back, looking up at stars in the night sky.

"My, that was incredible," Julia said, dropping beside her. "Did you see the insignia on that airplane? Air Force One... I wonder if the President was on board."

"Let's hope not," Rachel said. "Look, it's best if you don't let them know you speak the language too. It's enough that I've compromised myself. Why risk it?"

"What about the black people on the plane?"

"Brock spoke as if he thought the American blacks were a powerful jungle tribe he hadn't encountered. He didn't want to start a war with them."

Two more women ran into the enclosure, squealing and leaping as whippy switches scorched the backs of their thighs. Because the captives had been herded on varying routes to the Slaver's Stockade, they each arrived there at different times. Emily Schneider came in 15 minutes after the first arrival, and she fell to her hands and knees, gasping for breath, her heavy breasts pendent and her body filmed by sweat.

If the white women of SAM 29500 had thought themselves physically fit, the forced naked sprint through the jungle might have persuaded them otherwise. A black slaver's man drove each of them through a bewildering mélange of undergrowth, strange foliage and thorny bushes. These men knew the jungle well, and needed nothing to light their way, but the naked women stumbled into unseen obstacles and tripped over half-buried roots as they dashed forward, hands tied behind their backs, chivvied by whips and springy switches. Rachel and the other personal slaves had run with their Master, who was no mean athlete despite his size. Everyone, slave and guard alike, was panting when the stockade gate closed behind them.

"Where is she?" Brock asked, hands on his knees as he recovered.

"Who, Maas?" Ebo said.

"My slave who spoke their language..."

"Huh huh, you're wanted," Julia whispered to Rachel.

Ebo strode to where Rachel lay and kicked her ribs. "Up, little clucking chicken," he ordered.

Rachel climbed to her feet, and Ebo led her to where Brock was stooped against a wall, breathing like a blacksmiths bellows.

"You spoke the language of the new slaves," Brock panted, and it was an accusation.

"Yes, Maas."

"It was out of turn and without permission."

"I beg forgiveness, Maas."

"Give her ten lashes," Brock ordered. "Make her feel them, but don't disable her. I need her to communicate with the new slaves. Gather them round and let them witness her beating for their own instruction."

Rachel grimaced, but it was a light punishment as these things go. Ebo called a whip-man over. Rachel didn't recognise the fellow. Brock was always recruiting new staff to keep his slaves in check.

Without awaiting an order, Rachel walked to the whipping post in the centre of the compound. That post was 9 inches round and 10 feet tall, and worn smooth by the writing bodies of countless slave girls and the occasional well-whipped male. She reached up on the tips of toes to grasp the thick dowel rod that pierced the round pole high above her head. Her full breasts separated around the post and her soft belly pressed against the slick, polished wood. There she waited, aware that the new slaves from Air Force One were watching in morbid fascination. This, Rachel knew, was as much as for their instruction. They would each soon become familiar with that whipping post.

Often a whip-man would bind a girl's wrists to the dowel, but not on this occasion. Even so

Rachel was as good as bound, for she dared not release her hands. The ‘voluntary’ submission added extra humiliation to the beating and emphasised her utter slave’s subservience. Glancing back with the wiles of an experienced slave girl, she saw the man shaking out a thick-butt, three-blade scourge. She winced as the straps of stiff leather, each 2 feet long, hissed and slapped together when he gave a practice swing of his muscular arm. Rachel knew she was in for a torrid few minutes, followed by a dull, burning soreness through the night. Brock’s whip-men were experts at administering exquisite pain without rendering a slave unfit for her duties. The punishment might have been much worse - if deemed necessary, or on a whim, the Dark Slaver could order a thrashing so severe that a woman could not move for days without wailing in agony. In neither case, whether the whipping be light or heavy, would the slaver’s experts ever mark the slave to reduce her value.

The man reached to push Rachel’s long mane of hair over her shoulders, baring her back. She closed her eyes, awaiting the first blow and trying to ignore the whirring and slapping of the whip blades as the man whirled them above his head. This particular whip-man had never whipped her before, and she didn’t know his skills. But he would put on a great display with such an audience, she was sure of that. He was something of a showman, practicing loud and fancy swings that brought murmurs of horror from the watching women. Sometimes the blades came so close to Rachel’s bare flesh that she felt the whoosh of displaced air. It is a girl’s instinct to flinch and whimper with each near strike, but Rachel was determined to deny him that pleasure. Neither would she plead and sob, she had her own pride and—

Rachel heard herself scream, and a searing pain lanced across her shoulders. Despite everything, the blow had taken her by surprise with its speed and ferocity. Her first shriek was still subsiding when the next followed, ushered in with a mighty thudding blow on her buttocks that sent her belly slamming against the whipping post and made her inner thighs clasp its smooth wood. The whip-man placed the third stroke to the left of her torso, and the stiff straps wrapped round her flank. Her lungs ached from screaming. Before she could muster enough air for her next screech, the whip blades caressed her other flank and curled to sear the soft side-bulge of her right breast against the pole. Oh, the new man was very good.

She clung onto the dowel rod above her head and danced on the tips of her toes, as if trying to sprint away from the whip. Another blow, delivered with an upward trajectory, caught the under-swell of her buttocks, raising her feet from the ground, with one strap curling under to caress the split peach of her pussy with fiery pain. For the next few minutes, Rachel descended into pit of pain. The remaining strokes landed on calves, thighs, along the length of her back... When the final one struck on the sweet spot across the crease between her thighs and buttocks, she felt as though her entire rear was afire, and was begging and sobbing. Yet she still clenched her fists around the dowel handles.

“Kneel to kiss the whip butt,” the man said.

Rachel inhaled deeply at the archaic command. She might have known this fellow would be keen to impress Brock with such theatre. It was a demand every slave had to learn, designed to complete the degradation and submission of a whipped woman, but rarely made nowadays. Although rare, it was a legitimate command. She had to obey. Rachel released her grip from the handles, and had to steady herself against the post lest she should fall. Turning to face the whip-man, she pushed her hair back over her shoulders, and then sank to her knees. With trembling hands she reached to unfasten the plaited leather belt that encircled his waist, and then she undid the thong that laced the front of his breeches. Rachel was an experienced sex slave, and sucking a cock was no big deal for her, but this was the last thing she wanted to do at that moment. Her breathing was still ragged, and tears soaked her cheeks. Try as she may, she couldn’t prevent the occasional sobs that racked her body. Even so she pulled his cock out of his pants and stroked it to full erection. The surrounding onlookers (new slaves who had never seen a whipping) gasped as Rachel’s tongue touched the heated head of the glans. She tasted a drop of pre-cum at the eye and then licked the ridge of his plum. Then she rasped her tongue along the length of the shaft. This was the ‘whip-butt’

in the slavers' argot. The musk of manhood assailed her nostrils. She stroked back to the tip and then, looking up at his face with big eyes - they always liked that - as she took the cock into her mouth, inch by inch, swirling her tongue under the head and the cock, feeling for the particular ridges and conformation. Long ago, Rachel had been taught that a slave must learn to identify a man from the feel of his penis in her mouth. Once sucked, never to be forgotten... that was the slave girl's mantra.

She took him in to the back of her mouth and eased the muscles of her throat before sheathing the shaft fully. Rachel remained thus for a full two minutes, with her nose buried in the next of musky black hair at the root of his belly. She could only imagine the thoughts of the watching slaves, and doubted if any one of them had ever taken a cock so completely - that would soon be changed.

When Rachel pulled back to catch her breath, she looked up and smiled at the whip man. His black features were solemn, but he gave her a small nod. She went back to work, bobbing her head back and forth on his cock, feeling it tense and spasm in her mouth, and increasing her tempo until a spurt of cum pulsed into his mouth. Had it not been for the gag of the cock, Rachel might have permitted herself a sly smile. It was an art to bring a man off in that way. At other times, she would never have dared to bring a man to such an early climax, but he had given her tacit permission with his nod. The act of abject submission to worship the so-called whip-butt, completed the whipping and sealed his status. That was enough for him.

When Rachel glanced up into the whip-man's face, he was looking across to where Brock was watching. She climbed to her feet with a wince, but the ferocious hot pain in her back was already dulling to a warm ache. Almost shyly, she went to stand with the horrified new slaves. A slaver's man dragged the heavy-set woman to a cage in the corner of the stockade. She was left there to huddle in a fetal curl, her back to the bars.

Brock walked over and stroked Rachel's hot back. "It was well done," he said to the new whip-man, his hands cool on her inflamed flesh.

"Thank you, Maas," the man said with a flourishing bow.

"You, girl," Brock said, pushing Rachel forward, "take these new slaves to the White Hut and tell the Mamma I need her to start their training. Stay with them and translate the Mamma's instructions."

Rachel's heart sank. Every slave dreaded a return to the White Hut. The regime was harsh there, designed to break slaves to their servitude. A fearsome black woman superintended the hut. Mamma was cruel and merciless with her charges, and made them desperate to graduate from her draconian training school. Rachel had hated it there. Every girl did. But Brock sometimes sent a slave back for refresher training. All of them strove to avoid that. Now Brock had consigned Rachel back to the White Hut, just because she spoke English, or because she'd spoken it out of turn. She was beginning to wish she'd kept her mouth shut.

Guards marched Rachel and the new white slaves to a long, thatched hut, where the fat, stern-faced woman was waiting, wielding a cane. Two rows of low wooden bunks lined the walls of the hut - perhaps a couple of dozen on either side. A number of white women already occupied many of these bunks. They lay on their backs, stark naked, breasts sporting tags, hands by their sides. None of these women turned their heads when the newcomers entered. A plain table and a chair were placed at the far end. There was a metal bucket with a lid under each of the bunks. Nothing else.

"If it pleases, Mamma, the Maas sent these slaves to you for training," Rachel told the overseer. "He instructs that I stay with them to translate, because I speak their language."

The woman's eyes were beady in her podgy black face, and her large bare breasts were slung in a confusion of ample rolls of fat. She wore only a loincloth, tied like a diaper between her legs.

She eyed the women as they stood at the door of the hut.

"More white chickens for the pot," she said. "Why can't they speak our tongue?"

"They have only just arrived here, Mamma, and don't know the ways."

"Everyone knows the ways of slaves."

"With respect, Mamma, no... these slaves come from a place where such a thing is unthinkable."

Mamma sniffed and said, "They will learn fast or be whipped. Tell them that."

Rachel turned to the nine other women and explained: "This is the White Hut where all new slaves begin their training. Mamma is the training overseer. Fear her. She says you must learn the local language quickly."

"The White Hut?" Helen said. "That's ironic, considering we're from Air Force One."

"What's involved in this training?" Maddy asked, glancing at the women who were lying supine on the beds.

Rachel held up her hand and checked with the fat woman. She knew well enough what was in store for them, but had no desire to pre-empt things. "The slaves wish me to tell them how they will be trained, Mamma," she said.

"Tell them I will break them fast and hard, and then mould them into fine, simpering slaves. That is all they need to know."

Rachel nodded and translated that. Then she added: "The first 48 hours are the most challenging. They will break you down until you are exhausted, desperate, disoriented, and over-stimulated sexually."

"My God, how can we be over-stimulated?" Sara said. "That's impossible."

"Oh believe me, it's possible," Rachel said. "But I've already said more than I should."

The Mamma said: "Allot a bunk to each of the plucked chickens and tell her to stand to attention beside it. Show them..."

Rachel nodded, realising that she was starting from scratch with this new intake. They had no notion of what slavery might mean. She took Helen by her hand and led her to stand at the end of a vacant bunk.

"You must all learn how to adopt the tahadhari position. Whenever Mamma or anyone else calls 'Tahadhari', you must stand like this, perfectly and without question."

To demonstrate, Rachel stood with her heels brought in line at the heel with toes pointing out to form a precise angle of 45 degrees. Rachel clasped her hands behind her head.

"You do that now," she told Helen.

"My God, what next?" Helen glared and seemed about to refuse, but she adopted the pose after a glance at the fearsome Mamma. "What is this, some perverted boot camp?"

"You might think of it that way," Rachel said, reaching to push up Helen's chin with the tip of her finger. "Your neck must be held straight and align with your body, with your chin raised and eyes looking forward. Pull in your belly and thrust out your breasts. And you must never speak unless given permission."

When Helen had adjusted her stance, Rachel glanced at Mamma who gave a small nod.

She inhaled in relief, knowing the trainer's dissatisfaction would have been painful for both Helen and herself. She then repeated the lesson with each of the other eight women and they were all soon standing to attention, aligned at the ends of their bunks, hands clasped behind their heads, chins up, looking straight ahead. The other slaves from the previous intake were still lying supine on the bunks opposite, without a movement or a murmur.

Rachel cast another inquiring glance at Mamma, who pointed to a spare bunk. She gulped, having hoped the overseer might release her from the White Hut once the new slaves had been introduced. She took her place at the end of the bunk and stood to attention, like the others. Mamma walked slowly up the line, inspecting her new charges, poking the occasional slack belly with her cane, or tapping a breast here and there.

“Kuandaa kukojoa,” Mamma said.

The women on the bunks opposite leaped to their feet, taking the stiff tahadhari position, facing the newcomers.

Without adjusting her stance, still looking straight ahead, Rachel called, “Mamma is ordering us to urinate.” She paused when she heard the gasp of outrage. “There is a waste bucket under your bunk. On the first count, stoop to pull it out. Do not risk a whipping.”

“Moja,” Mamma called, and Rachel and the slaves in the opposite line stooped as one to pull the pales to the end of their bunks, followed by the newcomers after a momentary pause.

“Barua,” Mamma called, tapping her cane against the palm of her hand.

On this count of two, Rachel removed the lid and squatted to hover over her waste bucket. The women opposite did the same, their buttocks hovering above the pails. There was a squeal when Mamma’s cane struck one of the reluctant captured women from Air Force One. Despite their reluctance, they all obeyed.

“Be ready,” Rachel called. “On the next command, you must all urinate. This is a requirement. Besides, it will be your last chance to pee for a few hours.”

“Kujoa,” Mamma ordered, and the squatting women began to empty their bladders into the pails. After a minute or so, when the sound of trickling fluids had ceased, the obese woman cried: “Kuonyesha.”

“Kuonyesha means display,” Rachel called, as she and the women opposite straightened and held their pails at waste level. “Stand up and hold your bucket at your waist so the Mamma can inspect it.”

The Mamma walked along the line of women, peering into each bucket. She hit one of the Incomers with her cane and ordered her to squat again, and Rachel knew the woman had been carrying an empty pail. This slave was not allowed to stand until she had pissed into the bucket, and then she received another stripe across her buttocks to reinforce the lesson.

When the slaves had stored the buckets under the bunks, Mamma ordered: “Tahadhari. Clasp your hands behind your head and push your tits out.” She waited while Rachel translated. Then, strolling back and forth between the two columns of naked women, she went on: “You all belong to Mamma while in the White Hut. You must do as I say, without question. Like everything else in your lives from now on, you will eat, fuck, urinate and defecate only on my command. You own nothing, you are nothing, and have no will of your own. This is your rite of passage as a slave, and when I have finished with you, you will never be the same again. For those of you who were free, do not expect to ever return to your former lives. I will change you forever into abject slaves.”

Rachel translated this diatribe as the grotesque woman waddled back and forth. Her task was made easier by the slow delivery of the overseer’s chilling message. For Mamma took the time to examine the erect Incomers as she spoke, handling them like meat at the market. She pulled already tender nipples and pinched them flat to bring droplets of blood from the piercings, watching as the creatures grimaced and strained to hold steady. When she arrived to stand in front of Rachel, the woman compressed her left breast between her large, podgy hands and wrung it left and right.

“Isn’t that correct, little slave?” she asked, squeezing the breast at its base with both hands until the ringed nipple protruded hard. “And if any chicken gives the slightest cause for displeasure, the Dark Slaver will return her to me to be re-educated. She will regret that very much. Tell them that...”

Despite the harsh ministrations of her breast by the black harridan, Rachel stood erect and translated Mamma’s words for the women. She didn’t flinch when Mamma slapped her other tit back and forth, but couldn’t repress a whimper of pain when the cane rapped hard on her sore backside.

“Kwa kitanda,” Mamma said, and Rachel and the women opposite dived onto their bunks. They lay supine, rigid, arms by their sides, legs straight and apart, thumb joints touching their thighs, looking up at the ceiling. “Kwa kitanda,” Mamma said again, and this time the Incomers

required no instruction, and they rushed to lie on the bunks. Mamma spent a few minutes correcting the posture of each woman, making sure she was lying in the appropriate stiff posture, arms at her sides, and staring at the ceiling. Then silence reined in the White Hut, leaving each woman alone with her own thoughts.

“Okay, guys,” George said, “this is one hell of a situation. Two marines are still out there, but we must assume that the people in this cabin might be the only ones who are alive and free. For some reason, the Government rescue boys haven’t been able to find us.”

Marine Sergeant George Detford sat in the presidential chair and glanced round the solemn faces gathered at the conference table. Most of them were glistening with perspiration in the half-light of oil lanterns. It was warm on the plane, even though way past sundown.

All of the faces were black, except for Paige Washbourne. Everyone had dressed in an assortment of clothing - a few wore spare uniforms, but most had settled for sportswear or shorts and tee shirts. George was bare-chested, with a wide swathe of white bandage stark across his chest like a poncho, and his right arm was in a sling.

“It’s crazy, Sergeant,” the nurse said, lines of worry etching her dark forehead, “but I guess we’ll just have to set our stall out here until the cavalry arrives. I’ve got a good supply of meds and first aid equipment, but need electricity for the infirmary.”

“Mr. Johnson...?” George asked.

Willard Johnson, the tall gnarled Flight Engineer, shrugged and said. “You’ve all seen the damage. This thing won’t fly again. Once the power reserves are exhausted, we’ve no means of replenishing them. I can jerry-rig a small charger and some smaller batteries, for emergency use only. But our immediate challenge is to stabilize this aircraft. Its present position on the tree tops is precarious to say the least. This bird weighs over 800,000 lbs. and there’ll be a hell of a thump if she topples to the ground.”

“What do you suggest?” George said.

“Our best hope is to shore the fuselage up where it is. That’s if we’re going to stay with her.”

George nodded. “We’re safer in the tree tops, and at least have the relative comforts of home, even without electricity.”

“Something else you should know,” Johnson said, “I reckon we might lose the tail section at some time, so we should salvage anything we need from the rear cabin.” Looking to the others round the table, he said, “I need everyone to put their back into this. Get to work felling some tall, stout timbers to build a support cradle for this big baby.”

“And maybe a staircase to the ground,” a woman suggested. “Some of us aren’t great at climbing ropes.”

“Let’s stick to rope ladders which can be pulled up when threatened,” George said. “I also need to crack the weapons-safe in the armoury.”

“I can do that too,” Johnson said. “And they claim that Flight Engineers are out of date...”

Chapter Nine

The tribal warrior took Richard and Rosemary to a small village in the jungle on the shores of a large lake. The camp that was little more than a collection of wicker huts with roofs of broad leaves. To one side of the shore here, the lake disappeared into the yawning mouth of a cavern that half-hidden by boulders clothed with emerald green moss, and this might have been the reason for siting the encampment here. It was more of a way-station it seemed, for a much larger village could be seen less than a mile away, just round the bay.

At the centre of this smaller camp, surrounded by the huts, was an octagonal communal gazebo open at all eight sides, and there were three larger thatched shacks too. Two cages constructed of sturdy bamboo stood to one side, and Senator Richard Washbourne sat in one of these, weeping. The other cage held a band of small, chattering monkeys.

Ngao took Rosemary to one of the huts and he stood her in the centre near the post that supported the thatch. She expected to be confined there, but instead Ngao pulled her clear of the pole and she trembled as he walked around her and examined her body. His strong black fingers plucked her skewered nipples, and she screeched when he pinched them. Her breasts seemed to fascinate him, and he slapped first one and then the other with the flat of his palms. Then he reached for a short strap and moved behind her, and she screeched when the leather slammed down on her backside.

After hitting her buttocks three times, and trailing his fingertips over the welts, he came to stand in front of her again and placed the pad of his long black forefinger against her lips. She misunderstood and opened her mouth to suck his finger, but he smiled and shook his head. Rosemary was mortified by her wanton gesture. He had merely meant that she remain silent. She nodded her head. He slapped the strap across her thigh, making her dance on the spot.

His cool fingers trailed along the red streak left by the leather on her white thigh. He moved behind her again and she tensed, waiting for the leather to strike again. Instead, he lifted her long blond hair, feeling the tresses, stroking her slender neck, and then trailing the fingers of both hands from her neck to the edges of her shoulders. She shuddered, standing under his inspection.

Then he was in front of her again. She thought the sight of her naked body made him catch his breath for a second but, even if that was so, he swiftly regained his icy composure. He grabbed her face between the finger and thumb of his right hand, pressing hard at the jaw hinge and forcing her to open her mouth. Ngao held her thus, and the fingers of his free hand ran over the tops of her perfect white teeth, before raising her tongue for a moment before thrusting deep down her throat and making her gag. He said something, a warning, akin to a growl, and she understood - she was not to bite his fingers. Rosemary could only eye him with wide eyes watery with tears. He withdrew his fingers and traced their damp pads over her high cheek bones, pulling at her lower eye rim as if inspecting a dog.

Rosemary stood quaking, too terrified to move. He reached to take both of her hands, which were hanging at her sides, and his touch was gentle. He said something she didn't understand and raised her hands to her chest. She closed her palms over her breasts, hiding them from his view, but he shook his head, and mimed a lifting motion with his own hands. She grimaced but supported both soft orbs on her cupped palms, as if offering them to him. Ngao seemed to catch his breath again, and he tapped the end of each throbbing, pierced nipple. She whimpered each time he did it and was glad when he strolled behind her again. Rosemary remained with her hands under her breasts as she felt his fingertips tickle down the curve of her back. He traced a feather-light line downwards, from the small of her back, with brush-like strokes, back-brushing the skin hairs after each caress, advancing along the groove of her bottom fraction by fraction. As if in a trance, she bent forward at the waist when he pressed a hand between her shoulder blades, and she spread her legs when he nudged her ankles apart with his foot.

She gulped as he spread the glutes of her arse, and tensed when he twirled his fingertip round

the fleshy rim of her anus. Her back arched and her breasts were pendent beneath her torso. She clenched her teeth. The tribal warrior seemed so assured. This wasn't the cursory, curious inspection of a captive by a barbarian. He was thorough, practiced, and intent on examining her fully. She held her breath, expecting the finger to push into her anus, but he withdrew it and reached forward to take her hands, which had been resting on her knees. Drawing her arms back, he placed her palms flat on her buttocks and then, keeping his own large hands atop hers, prized the cheeks apart. Rosemary understood. When he removed his hands, she held the position, still reaching back to prize her arse apart, yet dreading what might follow.

Ngao made her wait. His hand brushed between her spread legs and closed round the fleshy lips of her cunt, and a finger pressing between them until it found the tight, engorged bud that nestled there. He murmured something, she thought in approval, as he palpated her throbbing clitoris and sent small tendrils of undeniable pleasure across her belly. Her breath was ragged when the finger withdrew.

Rosemary Washbourne, privileged young wife of a wealthy US Senator, could not quite believe what was happening to her. She was standing naked, stooped at the waist, with her hands clutching her backside and pulling her buttocks apart as this ignorant tribesman played with her pussy. What was she thinking, allowing herself to be treated in that way? Yet she remained thus, her eyes wide with anticipation as she looked ahead across to the opening of the primitive hut, where she could see other tribesmen sitting around a fire talking and laughing.

She gave a start when he touched her clitoris again, this time just a slight friction, exactly at its tip, before pressing together the puffy lips and moulding them around the nubbin, squeezing them in steady rhythmic pulses. Her eyes closed as she submitted to his intimate manipulation... The mood was broken when he tightened his grip yanked on the plump labia, distending them down two inches or more before allowing them to slip from his grasp. His finger returned to her anus, and this time he thrust it forward, breaching the tight sphincter and pushing in past the knuckle. Rosemary mewled and squirmed. His digit pushed further and writhed inside her. Yet she remained bent at the waist, holding her buttocks held apart to facilitate his access. It went on for five minutes or more before he pulled his finger from her clenching anal sleeve.

Ngao moved with the languid, flowing movements of an athlete as he crossed the hut in two strides and reached into the chest again. This time, he took out a strange and irregularly shaped object which, for a horrific moment, she thought was a severed hand. Ngao examined it closely, holding it up in front of his eyes and in the half-light and viewing it from various angles. Perhaps a little smaller than the size of a man's fist with several round, thick growths extending from it like fingers. Then Rosemary could see it was a root or tuber of some kind. She could only watch with morbid curiosity from her stooped position, not daring to move, as he took his knife and carved the root with great care.

Ngao sliced through the central part of the root and separated one of the long, finger-like protrusions. He peeled slivers from this finger, removing all traces of the outer skin, leaving it about an inch or less in circumference. He was in no hurry, taking apparent pride in his work. Frequently he sucked on the root to moisten its exposed yellow flesh. Then he carved a shallow groove around the finger, three-quarters down its length. He moved across to where Rosemary was stooped, and held the product of his handiwork in front of her face. She viewed it with foreboding. The strange vegetative objective looked threatening and obscene, but she couldn't think why that should be so. It was only a carved root, after all, shaped like a small boomerang, with one end smoothed and round. Below the carved indent in the small shaft, it was thicker, and he'd left the outer skin intact there. He placed the exposed end to her lips and her nostrils twitched at the familiar aroma. She sucked on the pale finger and her eyes watered at its pungent juices. There was no mystery then. She wasn't a woman who had ever cooked - her servants did that - but this was a piece of ginger root, of that she was certain.

Ngao manipulated the root by its thicker, unpeeled end, pushing it in and out of her mouth,

making her suck it like a small cock. That thought made her gasp as she guessed its purpose. This was confirmed when he pulled the prepared root from her lips. It was slick with her saliva. He strolled behind her again, yet she still reached back and spread your butt cheeks...

Rosemary closed her eyes when she felt the slick rounded end of the crude dildo push at her sphincter. The tender rim of flesh in the well of her anus burned warmly on contact with the exposed ginger root. She whimpered but made no effort to resist as Ngao worked the ginger root into her anally, and then she felt her sphincter settle around the plug, clasping it. That, she realised, was the purpose of the indentation at the base of the small shaft - this groove prevented the root from moving and held it in place.

Seemingly satisfied, Rosemary's captor reached to take a small sliver of ginger from the floor, and popped it into his mouth for a few seconds. Then he took his knife again and made a scoop in the exposed side of the sliver of root. Ngao spread Rosemary's labia and placed the wedge of root directly over her clitoris, so that the scooped depression snuggled down directly over the nubbin.

That accomplished, Ngao rubbed his hands with a rag and wandered to gaze from the hut.

Rosemary waited, unsure what to expect. The sensation in her rectum was warm, almost glowing, but it wasn't especially uncomfortable. This was matched by the sensations invading her clitoris. Another warrior ambled by and looked in the hut, chatting and laughing with Ngao as he looked at Rosemary's stooped position. The Amazon woman - she who had captured and tormented Richard - also wandered across. She spoke sharply to Ngao as she glanced at Rosemary, who was bent at the waist, still reaching back to keep her buttocks prized apart from the ginger butt plug. Ngao answered the woman, and it seemed as though they were arguing.

The effects of the plug built up slowly. The sense of warmth increased until it tingled, then over several minutes it became more and more intense as the oils seeped into her tender tissue. Rosemary's clitoris was throbbing with a sensation on the very edge of pain, promoting a strong urge to orgasm. Ngao glanced back at her when she moaned. He then smirked at the Amazon and ambled back and took up his leather tawse again.

Rosemary screamed and squirmed when the leather slapped against the back of her thighs. The Amazon snorted her contempt and marched away, back to the cage where Richard was imprisoned. He brushed her hands away and the burning in her butt increased as her buttocks closed and clenched. Hands on her knees again, Rosemary remained bent for the strap.

Ngao lashed her arse for minutes on end, without hurrying, pausing before each stroke. His timing increased her misery, as did the frequent swishes that displaced air, set her nerves even more on edge, but didn't land. When she tensed up and tightened in anticipation of the next smack, the ginger root created a sharp burning, which wouldn't go away until she relaxed. But not tightening up meant that the crack of the leather was all the more intense. Ah, decisions, decisions... By the time he had finished, Rosemary was a sobbing wreck, but streams of desire in her belly flooded directly from the butt plug. An orgasm was just over the horizon of her pain, but its release was never quite attainable.

Ngao returned the tawse to the chest and pulled out a collar, a leash, and a hood, all of which were made of dark leather. Rosemary remained stooped over and sobbing as he buckled the collar around her neck, and tightened the hood over her head. His hand under her shoulder made her straighten upright, but her legs were still widely apart. The exquisite heat in her anal canal was rapidly subsiding, leaving an insistent, burning desire. She looked ahead blindly, the leather over her eyes so thick that she was shrouded in utter darkness. His hands were at her throat again, fastening something to the collar, and when he withdrew his fingers a long strip of slender leather dangled between her breasts, over the soft swell of her belly, caressing the lips of her pussy where the tormenting sliver of root still nestled, and brushing her inner thighs. She struggled to hear what he was doing. He took her hands again and placed them behind her neck, pushing her elbows back to the fullest extent to lift her rib cage and raise her tagged tits. She gave a small yelp when his fingers - two or perhaps three - thrust into her cunt, and she heard the squelch of her sodden flesh

when they pulled out of her. She sobbed in need. Then she was alone.

Rosemary waited in the darkness, utterly helpless and in his control. Panic rose like bile in her belly. It was nigh unbearable. The worst was his lack of touching her or better still, fucking her. Mrs. Rosemary Washbourne knew that, layer by layer, he was stripping her psyche to the bare essentials of her womanhood. This primitive tribesman was inexorably preparing her for slavery, and he planned to own her - mind, body, and soul.

She sensed movement, but couldn't tell from which direction. A flash of pain exploded across her belly, leaving her gasping. Whatever had struck her - a flat wooden paddle, perhaps - had landed with such force it compressed her soft belly flesh and took her breath away, almost doubling her over. She struggled to straighten, thinking it important to maintain position. A scream echoed in her skull when a streak of fire seared the underbelly of her breasts, catching both of them with an upward cut. Her breast shook violently, and she shrieked again when he twisted her already-tortured nipples. Trying to regain some composure, she realised that her bladder had released a flood between her spread legs.

Chapter Ten

Helen awoke in the White Hut with a scream as the Mamma's cane seared across the swell of her breasts. Confusion weltered across her brain. She looked around to get her bearings. Other naked women were rising from their bunks and hurrying to stand to attention at the end of their beds, with their hands behind their necks. Yes, the Slaver's camp... The fat black woman leaned to snarl in an unknown language. Her face was pudgy, her piggy eyes black, and she raised her rattan again - slender but stiff, and a meter or more long - and Helen leaped to her feet, not wishing her tits to be striped again.

After a moment's indecision, Helen scurried to stand beside the post at the foot of her bunk, as did the others. She adjusted her position, placing her feet at 45 degrees with the ankles touching, sucking in her gut, and thrusting out her chest. Fiery red lines scored her white orbs, just above the nipple line. The teats were still sore, too. She sighed and looked across at the girl on the other side of the aisle. This young woman, with dark black silky hair to her waist, gave no sign of even seeing Helen as she stared straight ahead with her chin held high.

Helen waited as the Mamma strode back and forth along the line, swishing her rod. She wasn't sure how long she had slept - hardly at all, she had thought, given that a painful cut of the cane had awakened her each time she broke position. She had often awoken to the yelps of other girls... the overseer required them to even sleep in a prescribed position, lying 'to attention' on their backs with arms by their sides. So Helen was surprised she had managed to sleep at all.

She couldn't understand a word Mamma was spouting, so none of the other Earth girls could know what she was saying either. They didn't need to know - it was strident and threatening was enough not to require translation. The harshest USAF boot camp had been nothing like this, and even those awful training courses on how to handle capture by the enemy didn't come close. Besides Mamma, half a dozen black men - the slaver's attendants - watched the slaves, swishing long switches. It was a hell hole.

Mamma had moved on and was barking into Rachel's face. The blonde American girl stood statue-like, staring straight ahead.

"Kambaa nafasi," the black woman finished, and Rachel stepped a smart pace to one side, turned and raised her hands to embrace the post beside her bed.

"I am ordered to translate," Rachel called to the other American women. "Kambaa nafasi means to ready yourself for the whip, Kambaa nafasi. Learn it well. You will hear it often, and every morning on parade in the White Hut. In here, you must stand to face the whipping post at the end of your bunk."

Helen blinked. These posts were whipping posts, and the women were beaten each morning?

"Kambaa nafasi," the Mamma barked to the general assembly.

Many of the slaves turned as one to stand and clutch the pole, just like Rachel had done. The American women from Air force One were less spontaneous, and the Mamma and the attendants chivied them into position with sharp blows of their rods. Helen sighed and spun round to grasp the round pole above her head. Her breasts settling on either side of the smooth post, and the polished wood was surprisingly cool against her skin.

The Mamma spoke to Rachel again, and the girl called: "Mamma says that this is your morning beating. It isn't severe, just painful, and the kambaa are made of soft rope and will never scar or mark us. It's to remind us we are slaves, and only allowed any time without pain because our owners grant it. Freedom from pain has to be earned. Sorry, but there it is, girls."

Helen stretched up to clutch the pole, almost disbelieving what she had heard. Any doubts were dispelled when an attendant beat Rachel, who uttered muted gasps of pain with each blow of the soft rope. The same happened along the opposite row of bunks, where attendants worked their way down the line of bared backs. These women, who had already been in the White Hut when the Americans arrived, squalled and moaning as they were beaten, but they remained in position.

Mamma watched with critical beady eyes. Helen glanced at the scourge that hung from her own post. She had noticed it there, but hadn't realised its purpose. The implement had a well-worn wooden handle, from which dangled and a single strand of soft grey-white woven rope, as broad as her wrist.

The man had paused Rachel's beating, and Mamma spoke to her again. However, the other men continued with their whippings, bringing sobs and yelps from their victims.

This time, when Rachel translated the Mamma's words, there was a catch in her voice. "We all receive ten strokes of the kambaa each morning in the White Hut. It hurts like hell, but we're not allowed to make a fuss. It's to teach us to take a whipping, I suppose."

Then the attendant recommenced Rachel's flogging, with the more strikes of the fat rope on her thighs and buttocks. When he had finished, her entire rear was glowing cherry red but without a single weal. Helen gave a start when a black hand reached to unhook the handle of the whip from her post. She tensed her muscles for the first blow. This would be her second whipping since being captured, and far from learning to take it, she feared the pain with unholy terror.

The first stroke thudded across her shoulders and, although she gave a hmmmph of express air when it landed, it was not as bad as she had expected. But the effect was cumulative. A second, third, fourth, and fifth strike followed, and Helen's back - already sore - soon felt as though it were afire. The strokes were functional rather than cruel. When they splattered on her buttocks, she pressed her pudenda against the pole, her thighs on either side of it. The beating was relentless, driving all other thoughts from her mind. She could only tighten her muscles and grit her teeth. When she received the thudding slaps of the rope on the back of her thighs, she rose on her toes and thrust her hips forward so hard that the lips of her pussy separated against the slick wood. She had lost count of how many blows she had taken, and was surprised when the black hand hung the kambaa on its hook. Helen continued to embrace the post with her body, gasping for breath. She had learned the first lesson of her slavery: the price of continuing survival was pain.

Only when every slave had been thrashed did the Mamma allow her sniffing charges to break position at the whipping posts. They were stood ordered to take out the waste pales, squat over them, and urinate and defecate on command. This was the most shame-making thing Helen had ever experienced, with the six slaver's men looking on. But it was a daily ritual, it seemed, removing their human dignity and modesty. Then the women ran to the midden behind the hut to empty their wastes in a foul-smelling pit.

After that, they formed up in ranks of three and were taken on a brisk run round the perimeter of the large compound. A high fence constructed of stout tree trunks, reinforced in parts by stone, guarded and delineated the Dark Slaver's property. It must have been a mammoth undertaking to building that stockade in the jungle heat, for the area was fifty yards across, if not more. The naked slaves pranced round the paved track three times, hurried on by the cries and canes of the attendants. Pranced? The indigent slaves - those who had already been in the White Hut when the Incomers arrived - ran with high, exaggerated springy steps. Helen noticed that Rachel received a few cat-calls from other watching slaves as she ran with the newcomers, and the attendant's canes caught her cherry-red backside more often than most, despite her perfect prancing gait. The jogging Incomers felt the rods across their buttocks and thighs as they were encouraged to emulate them,

"Raise your knees with each step," Rachel called.

None were keen to receive extra lashes. For the military women, this was boot camp all over again, albeit without clothing, and they strove to comply with the absurd demand. For the civilian girls it was harder to take. But soon they all copied the high-stepping trot. Helen ran with the best of them, her knees raising to almost waist level and pointing her toes with every stride, which seemed to be the required style. Only then did the blows stop scorching her ass.

She glanced round the compound as she ran. The place was already busy with morning activities, with a lot of people at work, loading or unloading of provisions and goods, under taking cleaning chores, raising water from the well... and across the way, some of the Slaver's men were

practicing their fighting. The troupe of prancing women attracted attention from free and slave alike. They must have made a pretty sight, Helen realised, with their tagged breasts bobbing in unison.

After the third lap, the attendants ushered the panting women to a square hut near to the Dark Slaver's mansion. Inside was primitive, communal bath, the size of a small, shallow swimming pool. It was unheated but welcome to the slaves. The heat of the day was already building, and the women were sweating from their beating and the forced run around the compound. They leaped into the water with relish, and the pool was so small, and the women so many, that they had to stand almost shoulder to shoulder as they bathed. The cool water soothed Helen's lash-burned flesh, and she dipped down in the water. For the first time since their capture the strict rules seemed to have relaxed, for the slaves were chattering and their babble filled the hut, and the indigent women were even laughing.

The American women drew together in the pool, making the most of the opportunity to speak with each other. Soon the entire group was gathered in the centre of the pool, speaking in furtive whispers.

"What the hell is all this?" Nicola Summers asked, maneuvering over towards Helen through the melee of splashing women. "Where are the rescue teams?"

Rachel was standing waist-deep in the water and laving water over her breasts. "Haven't you worked it out yet?" she said. "There won't be any rescue."

"My tits are really sore and inflamed," Maddy said, moving next to Rachel. "Is there a medic to apply some antibiotic or antiseptic?"

"The Slaver's men applied a strong red antiseptic to the hooks before tagging you, and the pain will soon ease," Rachel said. Then, glancing around to see where the attendants were on the side of the pool, she said: "You all have to wise up. This isn't Earth as you know it."

"That's crazy," Maddy said.

"Is it?" Helen glanced around the group. "It would sure answer a few questions."

Rachel nodded. "Crazy as it might seem, your aircraft accidentally slipped through a rent in the fabric of time and space. This is another world, with more primitive rules and values."

"If we got in, then we can get back out again," Nicola said. "Or others can follow."

"It's not as simple as that. Rare conditions have to precisely align for it to happen, whether travelling by design or accident. A large object like an aircraft is certainly accidental. The US Government hadn't figured out how that is possible, the last I knew."

"You mean to tell me that the US authorities are aware of this phenomenon?" Helen said.

"You've heard of the Bermuda Triangle and mysterious disappearances."

Maddy looked at Rachel wide-eyed. "How come you know so much about it?"

"It's a long story, but I got captured a year ago, and here I am."

"Jesus Christ," Helen breathed.

"And they haven't been able to get you back?" Nicola said, aghast.

"I doubt if anyone even knows where I am. This must be the equivalent of the African continent on Earth, or maybe the Asian rain forests. Face facts, ladies: you're stuck here, so you must make the best of it."

"As slaves!" Maddy said.

"As sex slaves," Rachel corrected with a small smile. "So it has some advantages. Like everyone else on this world, free and slave, our food is doctored with matter that infects us with the bonobo virus. Soon you'll be as horny as hell, and desperate to be fucked. Brock chose you because you are attractive and desirable young women, so make the most of it. It's better than working on a chain gang, believe me."

Chapter Eleven

George Detford slid down a rope from SAM 29500 to the ground. His shoulder was still causing some pain, but he was desperate to do something useful. Everyone else had been working hard to secure their situation as best they could while he lay in bed recuperating.

"It's good to see you up and about, George, but are you ready yet?" Willard Johnson said. "What did the Doc say?"

"How are things progressing, Will?" George said, looking up at the aircraft in the tree tops, to where the other crew members were working on a support structure of heavy timbers under the fuselage.

"That just about does it. It's as stable as any museum exhibit - which is about right, because she'll never fly again. God knows what the USAF will say when they see I've converted their precious VC25 into a garden shed."

"Don't beat yourself up, you've done a great job," George said. "It was a necessary modification."

The work was excellent. Apart from constructing a strong cradle of timbers under the fuselage, Johnson had jettisoned the damaged tail end of the aircraft. The remaining cabin now gave out onto a square timber platform twice as wide as the aircraft. This decking had open sides surrounded by waist-high railings, and it was three-quarter covered by a roof of bamboo and hacked planks. It was a shaded terrace high in the tree tops, with comfortable seating taken from the discarded tail section, and with a small outdoor kitchen using an oven made from stones and salvaged metal.

Willard Johnson was a resourceful man to have around in the jungle, but everyone had pitched in to help. As a result, they now had somewhere to cook al fresco - important, given that most of the on-board electrical facilities were defunct - and an airy place to gather in safety outside the aircraft. The cabin itself provided comfortable sleeping quarters and living accommodation. Water wasn't a great problem, either, for there was a large river-fed lake nearby, although it was arduous and dangerous work carrying it to the plane.

"Well, that's first base in the hierarchy of needs," George said. "We've established the physical requirements for survival - water, food, and shelter. Now we have to see to our safety."

Willard nodded. "We're safe enough for the time being, surely? The height of the aircraft in the trees should give us some advantage. You have a few weapons left, and I'll set about cracking into the armoury for more ammo. Doc says she's worried about the psychological state of some of the guys... post-traumatic stress, fear of the unknown, that kind of thing. They don't feel safe."

"I'm not surprised, Will. I'm going out to do a recce and see what we're facing here."

"Is that wise, Sergeant?"

"Marines don't leave their people out in the field."

With that, George set off alone into the jungle. He wasn't taking any chances, carrying a carbine and spare clips of ammunition. That left another automatic rifle and pistol back at Camp Air Force One, should they need it.

While satisfied with the work that had been done at the stricken aircraft, he was aware of the bigger picture. Hopes of rescue were fading fast. The dead were buried in a neat plot with the Stars and Stripes fluttering from a pole above it, and there was nothing more they could do for them. But white colleagues and Senator Washbourne and his wife were missing. Even if the black crew were in relative safety, they had a duty to help them.

Unlike on the previous occasion when negotiating the dense jungle with the Washbournes, George headed towards the open land to the south. There was some risk in this, because it was harder to conceal himself and he wasn't sure what to expect. This was the direction the attackers had gone when taking the captive women, so he was heading towards an enemy. Then again, the tribesmen in the jungle hadn't been friendly either. Besides, to a trained marine, it wasn't so

difficult to keep out of sight. The rolling fields had dips and shallow valleys which provided some cover. Using his binoculars, he could see the distant tree line, perhaps ten miles away. There were no buildings, so he reasoned that the enemy hostiles must be beyond the large clearing.

The baked soil had been tilled and crops, albeit straggly and weak, grew in serried lines in some areas. Humans had claimed this land from the jungle, and there was little wrong with the farming that some water wouldn't put right. But there was no sign of any irrigation system.

George followed a small rift that might once have been a stream, and he kept his head down as he travelled. After a couple of miles, he heard shouts, thudding implements, the crack of whips sometimes... peeking up over the bank, he blinked at what he saw.

A dozen white women were chained in a long line, and their naked bodies shone with sweat as they swung mattocks over their heads to smash clods of baked earth. The line moved forward one pace at a time, urged on by a black man who strode back and forth behind the women and wielded a signal whip. Ahead of these women was another chain gang, this time of men, and they were wielding large, heavy implements akin to pick-axes.

It was striking to George that all the slaves, men and women, were white-skinned. He crawled forward to get a better view, scanning the nearest chain with his glasses to see if any of the women from Air Force One were among them. Sure enough, at the end of the chain, Emily Schneider was swinging a mattock for all she was worth. It was little wonder, judging from the stripes on her bare, sweating and dust-encrusted flesh. Her stout thighs strained with each downward plunge of the ancient farming tool, seeking to gain maximum impact on the clods.

The labouring white women on the chain were stocky and big-boned in the main, like Emily. They all swung shovels and picks with gusto, their grunts filling the air. It was that, and the occasional indignant, pained squeal that George had heard. He stared at the dusty scene, wondering how he might get a chance to speak with Emily. It seemed impossible. The overseer strode behind the slaves as the chain gradually moved forward across the field, following the line of men up ahead who were doing the heavier work of loosening the hot, dry dirt. Looking back, George saw another gang of women, their bare backs bent in a stoop, sowing seed in the sunbaked tilth. What was the point of that when the soil was so dry? It seemed to him that these slave-owners were no farmers, even if they had a system.

George, hidden in the rift or ditch, followed the women for some time, easing along as they made their slow, back-breaking progress. A slender and attractive young woman - naked like the rest - was plying back and forth between the chains and a wheeled wagon which held a large water butt. She struggled to carry pails of water on a wooden yoke, trying not to spill any as she went. Each line of sweating slaves was allowed to sit to rest and take a drink, scooped with their hands from the girl's bucket. At that moment, the water girl was picking her way over the uneven soil, heading towards the line where Emily was working, barely twenty yards from where George crouched in the ditch. When the girl arrived the overseer shouted a command, and the weary women ceased their toils as one, dropped their hoes, mattocks and shovels, and sank to the dirt.

Emily, at the end of the line (perhaps because she was its most recent addition) was the first to dip her hands in the pale. She gulped at the water and then splashed it over her head and body. Her face and shoulders were burned red with exertion and sunburn, and her short hair was lank with sweat. George saw that her nipples were pierced by fish-hooks attached to metal tags. The hefty American girl nodded her thanks to the water-carrier, who moved to the next woman.

On an impulse, George lay down his carbine in the ditch, tucked his pistol in the rear of his pants, and jumped from his hiding place. He shouted and waved his arms. Everyone - the slaves and their overseer - turned to look in his direction. He smiled and stepped forward.

"Hi there," he called, sauntering towards the line. "Can I get a drink of water?"

The fellow reacted with caution, laying his hand on the haft of the machete at his waist, and glancing round with obvious nervousness. He called over as George approached.

Not understanding the question, George held both arms aloft, open palms outwards. He

glanced at Emily, who looked at him in astonishment. Then he squatted beside the water pale and scooped water into his mouth.

"Water... very good," George said, as the man stared from a few paces back.

George took his time, scooping more water to lap from his palm, even though his heart was pounding. Every instinct told him to shoot this bastard and free Emily Schneider. But there were three more overseers to consider, albeit with other chains 50 yards away. He couldn't jeopardise the safety of the folk at Camp Air Force One. So he straightened upright, reached into his pocket for a tube of glucose tablets which he carried as part of his survival kit, and walked to the man. George popped a tablet into his mouth and then offered one to the overseer. When the man shook his head and half-drew his machete, George smiled and then showing his own tongue with the melting white lozenge upon it.

"Very good, you like," he said, reaching to offer the glucose to the man's lips.

The overseer hesitated and then accepted the tablet into his mouth. His eyes widened in astonishment at the taste, and his face cracked in a broad smile. He reached out to take the tube of glucose from George's hand. But George shook his head and, instead, peeled off another lozenge and tossed it to the man, who caught it and dropped it onto his tongue.

As the man relished this second offering, George turned and went to the line of slaves - choosing not to go to Emily, but to the opposite end of the chain. He squatted and placed a glucose tablet on the lips of the girl there and, after a moment's hesitation, she sucked it from his fingers. The man shouted his anger, but George ignored him and progressed down the line, administering a tablet to each woman. The overseer said something more, threatening this time, and he stepped forward with his hand on his machete, but George smiled up at the fellow as he administered the tablets to the sweating women.

"I don't understand a fucking word you say, bro," he said, squatting in front of Emily. She looked at him in bewildered astonishment as he pushed a glucose into her mouth. Taking advantage of the overseer's confusion, he said to Emily: "Here, take this... you look as though you need it. Where are the others?"

He pressed his ear to her face, obscuring her lips from the man as she whispered: "At the camp of Brock the Slaver, about ten miles north from here. It's well-defended."

The whip-man made another demand, prodding George's shoulder.

"What is he saying, do you know?"

"I think he's asking what tribe you're from."

"Tribe?"

Emily shrugged as she sucked the glucose. "You're black, like them..."

"Holy fuck, so that's why they've left us alone." Turning to smile up at the man, he patted his own chest and said, "Tribe USA, motherfucker, and you'd better believe it."

The overseer looked doubtful, not comprehending, but then brightened and gestured along the line of chained women. He repeated the same word each time he pointed to a different slave.

"Ah, that I know," Emily whispered in George's ear. "He's asking if you want to fuck any of the women."

The man spoke to the water girl, and she posed for George. He appraised her tanned body, finer than most Californian girls he had ever seen, but shook his head. Instead, he pointed at Emily, and said, "This one!"

Emily looked shocked. The overseer laughed and slapped his thigh, shaking his head in disbelief, but he held his hand out for payment. George placed the remainder of the tube of glucose tablets onto the outstretched palm. The man shrugged, and the clapped his hands at Emily.

"Maas," Emily replied with a small smile.

George waited for a moment and when the man made no movement, he lifted the links of chain at Emily's ankle. At first nonplussed, the fellow looked askance as the request to unshackle her registered. He shook his head, his lips quivering, and spat out a string of indeterminate words.

The meaning was clear: Emily would not be unchained, and he must fuck her where she was. George blinked. His plan to separate her from the others slaves had failed.

The overseer snapped his whip at Emily's flank.

Galvanised into action, she turned and knelt with her buttocks raised high, offering her cunt for George's use. At another word from the whip-man, the water-girl leaped forward to unfasten George's pants, struggling with the unfamiliar fastening. She reached inside to extricate his large black cock in her delicate hands and knelt to stroke and lick it to strong erection. The overseer squatted to watch.

Emily gave a small, mewled protest, but she reached back with both hands to separate her buttocks. The water girl spat onto Emily's anus and then guided the head of George's tumescent cock against the small eye of pouted flesh. Things had gone too far too back down now without arousing the overseer's suspicions. The girl maneuver George's cockhead against Emily's sphincter.

"No," George said, "not there."

"Yes, do it, Sergeant," Emily hissed, groaning and squirming back onto his penis.

Afterwards, as George took his leave of the overseer and walked away from the chain gang, he could hear their grunts as they went back to work. Glancing back, he saw that Emily was swinging her mattock with the rest of them, despite her recent exertions. She even seemed cheerful. George sighed and shook his head. He would have to find some other way to free her.

However, he had at least learned the whereabouts of the other women, and the overseer would relay news of Tribe USA. Returning to his stash of weapons and field equipment – left for safety in the bush – he turned and headed north, aiming to locate the Slaver's Compound.

George crouched in the limbs of a tall tree, using his field glasses to peer through the canopy at the slaver's camp.

Brock's Compound resembled an old fort in the Wild West, with its perimeter wall made of stout timbers. From his high position, he could see that the stockade surrounded an impressive stone built house which stood in the centre of a large, clear courtyard, with other huts scattered around it.

To one side, four nude white women were trudging in a circle around a water well, turning a wheel attached to a pulley and ropes, which mechanism alternately filled and emptied leather buckets into a stone channel. The conduit branched at various junctures, channeling water to different buildings. The Slaver's Compound was equipped for life in the otherwise hostile jungle. Fierce-looking black men armed with spears and swords patrolled the walkway around the walls, with two guards stationed above the wide double gate. When someone approached from the jungle, George noted that a gate opened to allow sufficient space for just one person to be admitted at a time.

The Dark Slaver himself lounged on the shady veranda of the house, surveying his domain. The large black man cut an impressive figure, attended by a retinue of magnificent nude white slaves. Except for the women at the water-wheel, George saw only limited activity in the courtyard, which was understandable in the jungle heat. However, as he watched, the door to a large white hut opened and white women streamed out into the sunlight. He counted 19 of them. The women were all naked, and they formed up in ranks of four, chivvied by three black attendants. George focussed his field glasses, and saw that the women's breasts bore the same cruel tags he had seen on Emily Schnieder. Scanning back in the group, he found what he was seeking: the 9 women from SAM 29500. His lens settled on Major Helen Young, who was standing to attention with her pert tits thrust forward. George felt his cock stir. He had always admired the woman, and she made a fine sight. He panned back until he had identified each of the missing young women. They all stood with admirable precision, but then he would have expected no less of trained US military personnel. At a

signal, the women set off at a trot, running in formation around the track that circled the inner perimeter of the Compound. They ran in an exaggerated high prancing step, like show ponies. This, he surmised, was their exercise period.

Having seen enough, George climbed down the tree and withdrew back into the jungle, heading back to Camp Air Force One.

Chapter Twelve

The jungle warriors didn't seem to consider Rosemary as a threat and she was allowed to wander in the camp unsupervised. However, Ember - the woman she had first of thought of as the Amazon - was vicious towards her, and this derived from jealousy over Ngao's attachment to his new white slave. It was true that the tall warrior had devoted most of his attention on Rosemary since capturing her, and he neglected the black women warriors.

Ngao gave Rosemary chores to do, the most onerous of which involved tending the ape cage. The apes, called bonobos, seemed very happy in their captivity. Almost every waking minute, they copulated or masturbated, sometimes in a group orgy. It was their only activity, besides eating and defecating, but they had little time for anything else anyway. Bonobos are close cousins of the chimpanzee who get great joy from sexual intercourse, and use it for every purpose. Because of their promiscuous relationships with both their own and the opposite sex, bonobos are known as the 'erotic' or 'promiscuous apes'. Rosemary considered them sensible animals, especially now she had inherited their promiscuous tendencies.

It was her job to feed the bonobos, tend their cage, and collect their dung. That last part was the most important. The tribesmen placed great value on the bonobo pellets, and it was the whole reason for keeping the apes.

On the first occasion when Rosemary removed the pellet-like droppings at the bottom of cage and thrown them in the foul-smelling jungle midden, Ngao had tied her upside down and beaten her feet with a length of thick vine until she passed out. She had never known such pain, and this was a punishment beating devoid of sexual overtones. To reinforce the lesson, Ngao packed some of the bonobo pellets into Rosemary's rectum as she hung sobbing from the post. He left her in no doubt that the monkey shit was to be sun-dried and kept for some use unknown to her.

When Rosemary wasn't tending the bonobo monkeys, she wandered free in the camp. Across the bay of the lagoon, beside the large village, people swam and splashed in the water. Rosemary could hear them laughing and shouting together. They saw no need for secrecy, that much was clear. It was obvious that the families, older folk and children of the tribe lived at this larger settlement, for none were to be seen at its smaller encampment. Instead, besides the male and female warriors, only gangs of painted young adults came and went - girls with nubile and small, tight pear-shaped breasts, and young men with loud laughs and burgeoning cocks, all with youthful bodies embellished with intricate patterns that at first appeared to be tattoos, but transpired to be drawn with paints. The young bucks even decorated their cocks and bellies in lurid colours.

Rosemary knew all about those painted cocks. They had frequently left their colours daubed on her face, her breasts, and outer and inner flesh. She was a whore, ensconced in a jungle brothel. Many of the well-endowed black men who fucked her were little older than her own daughter. These budding young warriors were voracious. Rutting Rosemary was a rite of passage for them, and they ravished her with glee, enjoying her squeals and grunts of passion. The paint transferred from their bodies to hers marked her flesh like a ewe tupped by rams. Afterwards, young warriors paraded her through the camp with her body smeared in their paint as evidence of his prowess as a cocksman.

But the fucking by the young warriors, though always hard run, was usually frenetic and short-lived. That wasn't enough for Rosemary. This new womanly need came as a surprise to her. Although she had previously enjoyed sex as a dutiful wife, she had never been obsessed by it. Now though, she craved the more measured and extended fucking of Ngao and the other older warriors, who could transport her to hitherto unknown ecstasy. They visited her too, but not as often as the young bloods. When these established warriors dragged her to a hut, they would throw her on her back, use extravagant ties, or inflict previously unimagined, mind-blowing techniques. The whole camp, including her husband, must have heard her passionate cries as the experienced men wrought orgasm after orgasm from her body. All thoughts of shame or moderation had vanished within the

first two days of her capture.

Thus she flaunted her naked body to them as she sashayed across the clearing with her tagged tits swaying, or when resting she spread her legs provocatively while feigning sleep... It was little wonder that Ember and the other women resented her as she vied for the cocks of their men

Rosemary often lurked near the cage where Richard, her husband, was kept. The young female warriors of the tribe wouldn't leave him alone, and one or two of them were always playing with him, and sometimes half a dozen of them at a time. Again, fucking this captive white man was a special rite for the nubile young women. It was they who were taking him, and not vice versa. That fascinated Rosemary. Prior to being captured, Richard was very much the patriarch of the Washbourne family... virile, demanding his nuptial rights, but never very imaginative. Now, like Rosemary, he was a sex object to be used and abused. That was the only purpose in life for the once powerful US Senator.

As Rosemary sat cross-legged outside Richard's bamboo cage, two young women were intimately handling him. Both girls were entirely nude, although fine swirling lines had been painted on their ebony bodies in yellow and white and gold, delineating the contours of their sexual zones, encircling their thrusting breasts and the pert lips of their plucked pudenda. Rosemary envied the young women their shorn pussies, for Ngao was intent on keeping her with a full bush - she hadn't been allowed to shave or even trim her dark-blonde pubic hair since arrival, and it was beginning to grow through.

For once, Richard's cock was only half-tumescent. The tight skin bandage and pebble had been taken off soon after he arrived at the camp, and he had screamed and screamed as the women coaxed the flood of pent-up ejaculate from the pumping cock. Now, though, it was as if his organ had been trained to stand on demand, for it was always ready for action, even if he himself was not. Rosemary suspected that the tribesmen were putting something in the bland and indeterminate soup or gruel which was their staple diet.

Richard was standing with legs widely spread and a young woman on either side of him, each with a foot hooked around one of his ankles to keep them apart. His wrists were fastened behind him and tethered tightly to his balls, keeping his spine arched and his shoulders pulled back. One of the women was stroking his rubbery shaft and bringing it to attention, while the other brushed the inside of his thighs, his lower belly and around his cock with bright yellow paint, using a round-headed brush which she often dipped into a large pot. As one woman laid on the paint, the other massaged it into the burgeoning cock shaft, moving its skin sheath up and down and even coating the exposed glans. So it was to be a yellow fucking for Richard this time - Rosemary had seen the same thing done to him with red, orange, gold, chalky-white and turquoise-blue.

Richard's gaze was so doleful as the women worked on him that it made Rosemary want to weep for him. She gave him a wan smile. He looked exhausted, and his face was grey. How much more forced fucking could one man withstand, for goodness sake? It was different for a woman. Rosemary was fucked much more often than her husband, yet it just made her insatiable for more. But poor Richard was fading away before her eyes. Even if they escaped, neither of them would ever be the same again.

The woman put the paint pot and brush aside and picked up a thin, narrow strip of wood, 1 foot long and 1 inch and wafer thin. She bent this strip into an arc, demonstrating its flex. Both of the women giggled. Rosemary watched as one of these budding warriors held the erect cock by its plum, and the other beat its underside with the whippy spatula in steady, measured strikes. At the first blow, Richard gave a sharp intake of breath and uttered a mewled yelp. Between each strike of the spatula, the other woman massaged the slickly-coated yellow cock, and then arranged it for the next blow. After the third stroke, one of the girls produced a small band studded with coloured pebbles, and she slid his onto his cock until half way down the shaft. The women now changed their methods and one bent the whippy strip almost double, while the other held the erect shaft in place with her finger tip, directly on the eye, and then the flexed wood was released to land with a snap on

the tight band that encircled the throbbing organ. Each time, the cock shuddered and pulsed, and strained even more erect. The band was teased further down the shaft, and the strike repeated. After three or four more strokes from the whippy rod, Richard's cock was so erect that its curve touched his belly unaided, and the pebbled band nestled at its root. From the expression on his face and his whimpers, Rosemary assumed that it was painful. The tight band would keep him erect for a long time, she knew. Unlike their male counterparts, the tribal girls had no liking for swift, brisk fucking, and this was their idea of foreplay.

Rosemary watched as the skin sheath of her husband's cock was peeled back and another pebbled string was tied around the exposed flesh, just under the rim of the glans. When the skin was eased back into place over the pebbles, the protrusions were still visible, like little nodules. The two young women giggled again in excitement.

The first of them stood in front of Richard and folded over at the waist, her buttocks presented to him. The other girl eased him forward, her hand encircling his yellow cock, and she forced its head down to smear the black buttocks before stroking the purse of the exposed sex. He groaned and closed his eyes, and the cock pulsed. Rosemary half-wondered if that was the beginning of orgasm, stifled by the pebbled band. Then his cock was thrust into the stooping woman's cunt, and she ground her hips back against him, daubing herself with the yellow paint on his body.

Richard opened his eyes and looked at Rosemary again, gazing over the bent bow of the black woman's back. Rosemary gave him another wan smile as she rose to leave. She had seen him being fucked before, several times, and it would go on for some time. There was something unedifying about Richard when he wept and begged to be allowed to cum, and she didn't want to be there when that happened. So she wandered off towards Ngao's hut, wondering if he might fuck her own arousal away.

Back at Camp Air Force One. A meeting was hastily convened. Everyone had forgotten their previous reluctance to sit in the hallowed chairs in the President's conference room, and they were now seated around the polished table.

"So here's the grim news, folks," George told the surviving black crew. "If we needed reminding that danger is waiting for us out there. Emily Schneider is being made to work in the fields on a chain gang of naked women with fish-hooks through her tits."

"Hot damn," Roy said. "Ain't that something? I never did like that ugly, snooty bitch."

"Hush your mouth, boy," Maxwell said.

George sat in the presidential chair in front of the impressive crest on the cabin wall. He glanced around the group. The black crew members were becoming a motley bunch. After the formality of the early days after the crash, they now wore a curious mix of casual clothes. Their wardrobes were limited, to be sure, for they only had their minimal flight baggage to rely upon. Paige Washbourne, on the other hand, had a more than adequate amount of clothing to choose from, since she was traveling with a full wardrobe. She was fresh and smart in tee-shirt and shorts, wearing make-up, and with her long, blonde hair tied in a bunch at the back.

"Did you find any trace of my parents, Sergeant?" Paige said.

"I'm sorry, Miss Washbourne..." George said with a helpless shrug.

"You managed to speak to Emily, George?" Johnson asked.

"Yes, we had a snatched conversation," George said. "Our other women are being held at the fortified Compound in the jungle, about five miles away."

"I still don't understand why they took them and not us," one of the women said. "They could have grabbed everyone, if they'd wanted."

"They only wanted snow bunnies, that's why," Roy said. "They have the complexion for the connection and the selection - I can understand that."

“Hush boy,” Maxwell said again.

“I don’t think it’s a matter of preference,” George said. “It seems blacks are the natural top guys in these parts, and they regard whites as natural slaves.”

“Hot damn!”

“Hush boy.”

George went on: “Even so, we’d best be on our guard, and stay on the aircraft as much as we can. Whenever we leave, make sure that we go in groups, and that someone is armed.”

“What now?” Johnson said. “Can we get them out of there?”

George had been thinking about that. It was a conundrum. The slaver’s camp was well-guarded, and although they had the advantage of modern weapons, ammunition was so limited in these parts, that a frontal assault didn’t seem a viable option.

“I don’t know,” George said. “Let’s concentrate on surviving until help arrives.”

“You really still think that will happen?” one of the black women said.

“And in the meantime, keep this aircraft clean and tidy. Mr. Maxwell, put Roy to work and do some damned cleaning.”

“Yes, sir,” Maxwell said. “It’ll be my pleasure.”

Chapter Thirteen

The monsoon began with a whisper - a shower, not a deluge. But when it really started to rain it was like nothing Rosemary had ever seen before, falling like continuous shafts of water from the heavens. It went on for days. The temperature didn't drop, either, and the humidity rose until it was hard to breathe. The slashing torrent hammered huge dimples across the surface of the lake, and soon the mud around the camp was ankle-deep. As for the huts themselves, Rosemary could see why they the natives had built them on raised stone platforms.

Those tribesmen who remained retreated to the huts or to the gazebo at the centre of the encampment, but many left the encampment, perhaps going back to the main village. None of the painted budding warriors ventured out, so that gave Rosemary some respite from their constant and clamorous fucking. The sudden absence of the young studs was a mixed blessing - although she got a much-needed rest, it left her frustrated to the point of screaming aloud.

But Ngao increased his own demands on her, perhaps for something to do in the incessant monsoon. He ensured that her sexual techniques improved to the level of an accomplished whore. She learned to perform fellatio, rather than merely being made to suck a cock. He taught her to use her cunt muscles to good effect, lying beneath her and whipping her tits when she failed. Anal sex became a pleasure instead of a dreaded chore. She explored his penis until she knew every vein and crease in all its phases. It was a pleasant way of passing the time, and it half-served Rosemary's needs. For the rest, she masturbated, like the female bonobo apes often did.

When Ngao wasn't pleasuring himself with her, he sat with the other warriors for hours on end in the open gazebo, playing a game with small stones, or just talking, so she was left to her own devices.

Rosemary's libido seemed to be building to nymphomaniac proportions, and there was nothing she could do to assuage it. It left her baffled and shamed, but there were many times when she had to resort to stimulating herself. She began to discover things. Whether the fishhooks through her nipples aided her excitement - the piercings had healed but the teats were still super-sensitive - or perhaps it was just the general rise in her hormones, but she learned that 'nipplegasms' exist! In fact, her pussy apart, she discovered that her body was a treasure trove of not-so-obvious erogenous spots just waiting to be aroused. In the relative absence of ardent young males, she masturbated often and developed techniques to prolong her pleasure with multiple orgasms. Right before a climax, she would stop, breathe, calm... then rev up her sex engine all over again. So a miasma of fragrant sex juices permanently permeated the warm, moist air in Ngao's hut where she spent most of her time, often alone.

At least, with the rains, ablutions were no problem. She was taking a nature power-shower when she noticed that the warriors sitting cross-legged under the nearby gazebo were watching her. They seemed to be arguing.

Rosemary recognised her husband's owner there - the woman's name was Ember, but she still thought of her as the Amazon. This statuesque and arrogant creature had often appraised Rosemary, but she had never used her. Yet there was something about the woman's hungry look that disconcerted her. She had seen the cruel way that this woman treated Richard, and had no wish to incur her wrath. So Rosemary did what she could to remain unobtrusive, but that was impossible when wandering forever naked through the small camp, the sole white woman there among the ebony black skins.

Ember was arguing with Ngao and pointing towards Rosemary as she laved the suds between her legs from a strange crushed leaf that swerved as soap. Ngao argued back and shook his head. An older woman, regarded as a healer and seer, was arbitrating between the two and she made a decisive gesture as if breaking a stick. That seemed to incense Ngao, who raised his voice in anger.

On an impulse, Rosemary sprinted to the lake and dived in, spluttering as she resurfaced and bobbing down again to rinse the suds from her hair before swimming a few strokes. When she

turned and stood up to her waist in the lake water, she saw that Ember was standing beside the lake in the rain, watching her. The tall woman's near-naked body was impressive, with medium-sized firm breasts, a trim but muscular belly, and strong thighs. This was an athlete's body, without a doubt, unlike Rosemary's own softer and more voluptuous curves. Ember called out something that was lost in the hammering rain - not that Rosemary would have understood anyway - but the gesture was unmistakable. Frightened now, Rosemary tried to ignore it and continued to swim a few yards from the shore.

The woman shouted again, more strident and demanding. When Rosemary turned and stood to face the statuesque black woman, she saw that Ngao had also emerged from the gazebo, and he was standing in the torrential rain behind Ember with an angry look on his face. Ember waved again, and this time stamped her bare foot in anger. Rosemary gulped. She could only obey and return to the shore. She did so with foreboding, fearing the worst.

Rosemary waded from the lake and walked towards Ngao, attempting to move past the Amazon. But Ember reached to place a hand flat on her chest between her breasts, halting her. Rosemary stopped and glanced down at the ebony hand as it moved to cup first one breast and then the other. The long, strong fingers toyed with the tags on her nipples - Ngao's tags - examining each one and tugging slightly against the hook that secured it.

"Tahadhari," the woman said, caressing Rosemary's turgid nipple until it was leathery-hard. Then, when Rosemary didn't respond, she said it again, with a sharper edge: "Tahadhari."

This was a word that Rosemary recognised - Ngao used it to her often enough. She straightened and raised her arms and laced her fingers behind her head. The Amazon stared into her eyes and nodded, and her hand slithered down over Rosemary's belly and settled around her pussy.

The woman murmured something else, squeezing the lips and lifting. Rosemary rose her heels off the ground. She maintained that pose, her toes digging into the wet sand as the woman massaged her cunt with one hand and stroked under her exposed arms with the other. The hairs there had grown beyond the stiff, prickling stage and were softer now. The woman twirled one long finger in the soft pit under Rosemary's arm, and pressed another up into her vagina. This made Rosemary strain all the more onto her toes, and she moaned when the tip of the finger unerringly touched her G-spot. The woman gave a throaty chuckle.

Rosemary remained perched on her toes, calves straining and buttocks tensed. Beyond Ngao, behind the gazebo, Rosemary could see her husband Richard, peering out of the bars of his bamboo cage, watching her. What was Richard feeling for his wife at that moment. Pity, anger... anything? He gave no sign as he watched her, clutching the bamboo bars, his face blank.

"Kuja," the woman said, but added, "kudamisha."

This nonplussed Rosemary. She knew only a few words of their language - commands mostly - but the word *kuja* meant 'come' while *kudamisha* was stay. This seemed contradictory. But the taller black woman smiled. She pulled at the tagged nipple and hooked the forefinger of her other hand behind Rosemary's pubic bone, and stepped back a pace. Rosemary had no choice but to step forward, but when she lowered her heels to the sand, the finger in her cunt lifted to raise her back onto her toes again. The woman took more paces backwards, and Rosemary had to follow, walking on the tips of her toes, tugged along by teat tag and pussy. Ngao stood proud and erect in the rain, anger on his face, but the older, grey-haired medicine woman had emerged from the gazebo into the pouring rain, and she placed a gnarled hand on the warrior's shoulder.

When Ember led Rosemary past her owner in that strange fashion, Ngao glanced down at her and their eyes met for a moment. He shook his head, and she saw foreboding in his dark brown eyes. But Rosemary was forced to follow the Amazon, hands behind her head, matching each of Ember's backward paces with a step forward on her toes, her eyes transfixed on the beautiful black, smiling face.

Instead of being taken to the gazebo or to a hut as she had expected, Rosemary found herself drawn along the edge of the lake to the inlet near the cave. Then they both stepped into the water.

The Amazon didn't release her twin grip as the water lapped around her knees and Rosemary's thighs. Even then, with her feet submerged, Rosemary didn't dare to lower to her heels. The boulders that stood beside the cavern mouth were a dull olive-green, their previous bright-emerald covering of moss now sodden with the rains. The Amazon towed Rosemary between these boulders and they waded into the cave.

The immediate impression was of heady incense hanging in the damp air. Rosemary glanced around. It was the first time she had ever been in the grotto. The sight came as a surprise. It was small and intimate, only 30 feet in its irregular width and depth, and the intruding lake surrounded an island of smooth, shallow-domed rock that was edged with half-submerged clumps of red and yellow flowers. Four carved stout stone pillars stood on the rock, only three feet high, and with a golden bowls of smoking incense. A small, ornate cage of fine mesh surmounted each of these pillars, and within each of these a single colourful snake lay coiled in the curling smoke from the incense bowl. The placement of the pillars formed a rectangle between them, perhaps 10 feet by 5 feet, where a crimson and gold cloth was stretched out like an altar. The high walls were of large, mossy boulders, and exotic bromeliad plants grew here and there upon them. Daylight and slashing rain shafted down from a circular opening in the roof, supplementing the light from the mouth of the cave. When the sun was shining it must have been as bright as a summer's morning in there, but on that monsoon day the light was tinged blue-green, lending a dreamy and moody cast to the scene.

The Amazon's finger curled against Rosemary's pubic bone, guiding her towards the island. Rosemary followed as if in a trance and she closed her eyes when the Amazon smiled and leaned forward to plant a long, lascivious kiss on her lips and pulled their bodies close together. The feeling of soft white breast upon pert black breast, the purposeful writhing of the finger inside her, and the probing tongue... it all served to quite undo any reserve that remained in Rosemary, the previously pretty but prim Senator's wife from Maine. In all her 35 years, she had never known a woman's sexual touch. Still in this embrace, the Amazon moved them both to stand on the crimson and gold cloth.

"Kwa kitander," Ember murmured, pulling back from the kiss but keeping hold of Rosemary's cunt and throbbing nipple. "Kwa kitander."

This was another command that Rosemary understood. She folded to first kneel and then lie back, and Ember moved with her, careful not to disturb the finger inside in her, nor pulling at the grasp on her nipple. The pair stretched together on the altar formed by the island of smooth rock and the four pillars that surrounded them, and the Amazon licked down Rosemary's trembling body from the hollow of her neck to the apex of her sex lips, planting small, sucking kisses. Then, having reached her goal, she dabbed the tip of her tongue into the fleshy divide to find the clitoris that seemed to pulse there like a small, pumping heart. At least, that is how it felt to Rosemary, and she almost swooned when Ember sucked that small nubbin into her mouth and nipped at its base with her small, sharp teeth. At the same time the finger moved inside her, its tip pressing on the sweetest spot on the ridged front wall of the sodden sleeve.

The beautiful, strong black woman played with Rosemary for some time, until the white slave writhed and moaned. The heady smell of the incense was making Rosemary light-headed too. Ember was content to give rather than receive, for she made no other demands of her plaything. Rosemary was required only to lie back and accept the Sapphic delights wrought upon her with such skill it left her breathless with want. Ember didn't neglect a single erogenous zone, but her most persistent and careful attention was for the throbbing clitoris, and she teased orgasm after orgasm from the all-too-willing flesh until Rosemary became languid with pleasure.

Only then did the Amazon release her hold, and withdraw her fingers from Rosemary's breast and cunt. The American woman lay back sleepily, allowing the Amazon to take her limp right arm and stretch it back to be bound to the foot of a pillar with soft but strong cord. Rosemary made no complaint when her left wrist was secured in the same manner, nor when her legs were widely

spread and fastened at the ankles to leave her spread-eagled between the four pillars. Why would she protest? She had often been tied in this and other ways by Ngao and the young bucks, and expected it as part of her carnal duties.

Now the woman gave her full attention to Rosemary's clitoris. She reached for the small box at the foot of the altar and took out two small objects, each less than half an inch round. One was merely slotted metal plate, wafer thin with a keyhole configuration, while the other had more substance. Unlike the gold slotted disc, the latter object seemed to be made of a dull and malleable metal, for when the black finger and thumb pinched the material it held its new shape.

Keeping these two strange items in her clenched hand, Ember went back to work on Rosemary's clitoris, stretching and nipping at the tender morsel, palpating and licking at the surrounding flesh, tugging its tiny bundle away from the wall of muscle behind it... it was some time before the woman slid slotted disc around the engorged nubbin, pushing it upwards and bedding its rim under fleshy hood. This had the effect of nipping the clitoris at its very base, heightening the sensations and making it throb, presenting the morsel as if on a golden platter for the Amazon's tongue.

Soon Rosemary was a writhing and sobbing wreck again, but this time her limbs were held by the ropes and her body alternated between rigidity and limp surrender. From time to time the Amazon refitted the small, pliant object about the turgid nubbin. She squeezed the soft metal, flattening a portion like a wafer-thin tongue, changing its shape, fashioning a small saddle and slipping it over the golden disc beneath the hood of flesh, enclosing the tiny bean of throbbing flesh in a constricting metal sleeve. Rosemary squirmed and moaned at the strange sensation. It was not unpleasant - quite the contrary. Her clitoris was no longer sheathed by its own fleshy hood but by the tiny metal cowl, but the sensitive membrane moulded against the smooth metal. The wider bulk of the saddle held the engorged nub in the tight embrace of a tiny collar, leaving just the fleshy tip exposed. The Amazon delicately kissed and licked that enclosed morsel, and tapped it with the end of her finger, keeping the clitoris erect and thrusting, as if it was trying to escape from its tiny prison. The opposite effect was achieved, for each time the clit swelled all the more, the Amazon pressed the saddle further under the clitoral hood and squeezed the metal collar tighter. All of this drove Rosemary wild with desire, and the intoxicating incense seemed to pervade her mind and produce a kaleidoscope of colour.

The Amazon smiled and rose to her knees, looking down at her helplessly writhing victim. Then she reached to the nearest stone pillar, opened the cage atop it, and placed her hand inside to take out the small snake that had been kept there. Her finger and thumb grasped the snake's head, and its small jaws opened to reveal two small fangs. That seemed to galvanise the torpid reptile, for its sinuous body jerked and then writhed around the black wrist. Rosemary watched, wide-eyed in mute horror - she had always had a primal fear of snakes, this creature filled her with terror. When the Amazon dipped her head to suck on Rosemary's clit again, her hand was still holding the snake aloft. Even that sight couldn't prevent the seat of Rosemary's womanhood stirring all the more, teased by the Amazon's tongue and teeth. She closed her eyes to shut out the sight of the snake, and relished the sensations that spread like tiny electric tendrils over her belly. The black woman didn't stop until she had wrung out the mightiest orgasm that Rosemary had ever known. It was a crashing, tumultuous climax that shattered the American woman's shredded reserve and made her howl like a she-wolf. For once, rather than seeping inwards, the exquisite flood of pleasure gushed out like a torrent, seeming to draw her heart and womb along with it, as if someone were yanking filaments of mesh entangled around them. It was incredible.

Then, in the midst of all that ecstasy, she felt a sudden sharp sting. It was a stabbing sensation, at the tip of her clitoris, and as the throes of her orgasm ebbed away the pain remained and it grew ever more intense. Rosemary strained to raise her head to gaze down and see what was happening. She gasped in horror. Ember held the snake against her groin, and one of its tiny fangs was embedded in her clitoris. When the acute pain subsided, the nubbin was engulfed by a warm

numbness that seeped to its roots. Ember rose on her knees again, and she stroked the head of the snake with the tip of her finger. Rosemary slumped back in her bonds, all of her being centred upon the strange, heavy sensation at the core of her womanhood. Ember returned the creature to its cage and smiled at Rosemary.

The Amazon was in no hurry now. She took her time to open the small box again and took out a small shining blade and a vial of fluid. Words caught in Rosemary's throat as she watched the woman hold the blade aloft and pour fluid onto it.

"Please, no..." Rosemary managed to say, but the rest of sentence curdled in her mouth.

The Amazon woman held the knife in front of her black face, inspecting the gleaming metal with meticulous care. The fluid dripped from its pointed end. She pouted her lips at Rosemary and murmured a sibilant shsssh, and then poured more fluid onto the razor-sharp edge of the blade.

Rosemary tugged weakly at the ropes that held her limbs. She was helpless on that barbaric altar. After a few minutes, the Amazon leaned to flick the end of the sleeved clitoris with her finger nail. Rosemary felt the pressure against the exposed flesh, but neither pain nor pleasure. The black woman then placed the tip of the blade on the engorged flesh and pressed until a bead of blood emerged there, but still Rosemary lay supine on the crimson and gold altar cloth.

The Amazon held the handle of the knife between her teeth, freeing both hands for further ministrations. She squeezed the pliant collar even tighter about the nubbin and then tugged to further distend the fleshy desensitised stub. Two fingers of her other hand went into Rosemary's pussy, pushing hard against the front wall of flesh so that the sleeved nubbin was pushed out. When the clitoral bundle could not be extended any further, the golden disc was fitted snugly around the base to retain the full extrusion.

The Amazon took up the blade and slid the razor edge beneath the upper metal clitoral jacket and the flat disc. When satisfied with its placement, she sliced across, and the pliant sleeve separated into her hand, still enclosing the excised clitoris.

Rosemary watched with wide-eyed shock. She felt no pain, but knew what Ember had done to her. The realisation shocked and horrified her to the core. She had heard of female circumcision but never for one moment had considered its implications. Her recent, shattering climax was the last clitoral orgasm she would ever experience. Ember smiled and slid the bloody morsel of amputated flesh from the metal jacket, opened the snake's cage, and fed it to the creature like a precious tidbit. Then, after the snake had engorged the small, severed nubbin, Ember cut its head off with the knife. With great care, she placed this in a small leather amulet bag.

Rosemary's screams echoed around the cave. She continued to scream until she thought her skull might burst.

Chapter Fourteen

In the White Hut at Brock's Dark Slaver's stockade, the deluge of the monsoon came as something of a relief. Even though the humidity was almost stifling the air was a little cooler than before, and it was easier to stay awake on the bunks.

Even the mandatory morning beating was mitigated, for when the women ran on their daily circuits around the compound perimeter, the torrential rain soothed their burning flesh. At first, the hammer of rain on the thatch was a welcome distraction too, and something else to think about.

The white women from Air Force One, softened with relentless abuse that passed for training, were inexorably descending into slavery. Boredom was a major tool in their conditioning. For hours on end they lay to attention on their bunks, hands by their sides, legs straight and parted, eyes open, staring at the roof of the hut. It was a struggle not to go to sleep in the stifling heat, but the fearsome Mamma and her male assistants patrolled the aisle, alert for the slightest sign of drowsiness. A dozing woman would be awoken with a hail of lashes from a cane, across her breasts, her belly, and thighs too. It was easier to stay awake after the first rude awakening. So Helen watched a spider's web she had spotted above her - that spider had become almost like a pet to her.

The monotony of their existence, reinforced with strict silence, was getting to Helen. Although never having been religious, she often prayed for rescue, for a dignified life, and for some independence as a free woman again. It wasn't likely to happen. She was coming to accept that.

Helen believed what she had been told about this being a world separate from Earth. The atmosphere was more oxygen-rich, the force of gravity less, some of the flora and fauna were unusual... this was a savage and primitive world, similar to Earth but yet very different. She accepted that SAM 29500 had somehow slipped into another dimension. Even if the USAF rescuers could get access to that time and space, it would be nigh impossible to find them. And, if rescued, what might their lives be after that anyway?

Rachel had tried to explain things on the few occasions when the slaves could talk, usually in the communal bath. What she told them wasn't reassuring, and Helen had no reason to disbelieve her. Brock, it seemed, was a significant merchant among the slavers of the Dark Continent, renowned for his thoroughness in selecting and training desirable white women. The Dark Slavers traded wherever the best profits were to be had, and Brock's offerings commanded high prices at markets all over that world. So the white women from SAM 295000 would soon be dispersed to far-flung places across the globe.

The evidence of their inevitable decline into whoredom could be seen in Rachel. She was an abject slut, forever panting to be fucked. Helen knew that the same fate awaited her, and all the other captured women too. The mysterious bonobo virus that now infected them already had them craving salacious sex. Rachel had spoken of daily food supplements which reinforced and nurtured this demon, which seemed as addictive as cocaine. This made them all the more malleable to Brock's training methods.

Rachel seemed to know a lot about it. She said that, although every Dark Slaver conditioned his slaves for utter subservience and unquestioning obedience, Brock demanded even more from his white women. He reached into a woman's soul and required the total immersion of her personality until she even took a perverse pride in her degradation. There were no half-measures with Brock. His women were not so much trained, but rather broken and then reshaped into his ideal of a perfect sex slave. The few failures, or those deemed unsuitable, were either killed sent to the chain gangs.

So Major Helen Young was intelligent enough to realise that the slavers were bent upon the absolute destruction of her personality. After that, they would recreate her as a simpering slut... like Rachel, in fact. Their methods - isolation and relentless degradation - were similar to those used by the Chinese to reprogram prisoners on Earth. Yet even though Helen knew what was happening, she was helpless to resist it.

A nude girl was making her way from bunk to bunk, carrying a pail of water and a small tub

of salve. Helen kept her head rigid when the slave appeared at her side. From the corner of her eye, she gave a small smile. Then soft fingers applied a cooling unguent to the furrow between Helen's thighs, rubbing and massaging. Helen suppressed a moan as the girl worked the greasy ointment around her clitoris. The girl's intimate caress - for that is what it was, rather than a medical procedure - aroused the lurking alley-cat in Helen's belly and psyche. That was another thing that troubled Helen: for the first time in her life, she was always on the brink of an orgasm.

Helen clenched her muscles, afraid to move, when the girl repeated the process with the rear passage. Before the slave's arrival, she had been in a partial trance-like state, but this penetration of both orifices by first by one slender finger, then two and three, brought her to full awareness. She squirmed and grunted as the fingers pushed in and out of her anus. With an effort of will, she concentrated her attention on the spider's web, straining to resist the swelling feelings of physical pleasure.

The girl washed her hands in the pail of scented water and moved to minister to Nicola Summers, who was lying rigid on the next bunk. As fires raged in Helen's belly, she heard Nicola murmur and gasp.

Whatever was in that strange, greasy ointment, it was wreaking dire effects in Helen's cunt and anus. She yearned to use her fingers and gain some relief. Mamma forbade that, of course. In fact, neither Helen nor any of the other women had been permitted to reach an obvious orgasm since they arrived in the White Hut, even though repeatedly fucked by the slaver's men. Helen desperately needed an orgasm... it was hard to stop thinking about it, but now it was even worse. Impossible though it might seem, the salve that heated her entire sexual delta was at once soothing and irritating. It eased the ravages of soreness caused by repeated, energetic rutting by the black attendants, and yet made her desperate for more of the same. It was torment.

Perhaps the slaver's men would take her for fucking soon? The signs were good. Mamma was telling one of the women further along the row to rise and follow a man from the hut. That was the usual prelude to a sex session unless it involved some group lesson (which no longer caused her any shame whatsoever).

Besides the boredom and the daily beating, the rest of the slaves' training regime comprised sex and more sex. The women - those from SAM 29500 and the indigents - were always more than eager to serve. Helen was gagging for it, in fact. The large black cocks of the slaver's men figured in her waking fantasies. Yet, for all their fucking and sucking, none of the women were ever allowed to cum. Helen - and others too, she imagined - yearned for a silent orgasm, but Mamma and her henchmen were adept at spotting the signs. Those who could not resist, and who displayed an obvious climax (including Sara Montescu) were paddled until their toes scrambled for escape.

As Major Helen Young lay thinking of these things, Rachel sashayed her bare arse down the aisle between the bunks in front of a switch-wielding slaver's man, a small smile on her face as she left the hut. Helen was disappointed that it wasn't her who had been summoned.

Paige Washbourne and four black crew women were showering under the torrential rain on the semi-concealed platform in the tree tops, using luxurious shampoos and shower gels purloined from the Presidential Suite.

The rains took the black survivors of Camp Air Force One by surprise. But thanks to Flight Engineer Willard Johnson, SAM 29500 made a great weather-proof base with all the comforts of home. The covered timber decking at the rear of the severed fuselage provided a pleasant open-air relaxation area. It was plush, even luxurious living, considering the circumstances.

In fact the monsoon had added an extra facility. Before it started, water had to be man-handled up to the aeroplane, presenting potential exposure to hostiles. But Johnson had now constructed a large metal dish from parts of the discarded tail section, and perched it in the tree

canopy to collect rainwater and funnel it into the aircraft's tanks. He had also provided the uncovered bathing area, accessed from the terrace by a tree-top walkway.

"We forgot to put the screen in place," one of the women said, pointing back at Roy on the main deck. "That little bastard is trying to perv a peek again at us again."

"Hell, girl, he's already seen all we've got," another said.

"He's interested in Miss Washbourne, not us."

Paige glanced back and saw Roy loitering on the covered decking, peering through the trees. She had led a sheltered life, always shielded from prying cameras lest her father's political position be compromised. So she hadn't even experienced the freedom of European beaches. Although accustomed to communal showers at her Ivy League college, Paige was uncomfortable parading nude with a lurking male voyeur nearby. That label certainly applied to Roy. Paige had often been aware of his eyes watching her, even when she relaxed in shorts and a tee short or bra. But then it had been the same on Earth - Roy had never concealed his lust for Paige Washbourne.

"That boy sure has the hots for you, Missy Washbourne," Cory said, as Paige turned her back on Roy and moved behind the other women.

"Hot damn," Millie said, "them young Southern niggas always want a snow bunny with a tight pussy and pert titties."

"A lot of the older guys too," Cory said with a laugh, going to push the bamboo screen into place to shield the open bathing section from the rest of the decking.

Paige wasn't quite sure how to react to the black women's joshing. The normal rules of proprietary behaviour were getting stripped away. Although most of the cabin crew still addressed her with some servility, they were more and more familiar in their tone. Perhaps the black men and women officers had never really regarded her as anything other than an over-privileged white girl with wealthy parents. She was in a difficult position as the only white person left on Air Force One.

"That girl is premium stock," the black slaver's man said, peering through an eyeglass as he balanced on a high branch of an adjacent tree. The two men were observing the naked womenmarks who were showering on the wooden decking in the tree tops. "She is not pierced or tagged either. They have strange ways, this tribe."

"That makes her open quarry," Ebo said, rain coursing in rivulets down his dusky face as he sat on the branch beside the scout.

"She is not marked, and cavorts with the free tribeswomen as an equal," the scout said, passing the tubular eyeglass to Ebo.

Ebo took the scope and surveyed the bizarre tree-top village along its length. Apart from the wooden decking at the rear, constructed of metal, smooth and totally-concealed, but a rectangular door was open at the front, and two black men were sitting with their legs dangling, chatting together. Perhaps the novelty of the monsoon season had lulled these strange people into a false sense of security. They seemed to have relaxed their vigil. However, the jungle natives were well-accustomed to this annual deluge and, although many remained in shelter and wiled away the hours, others were out and about and braving the rains. Ebo and the scout were two such men, despatched on a mission to spy on the unknown tribe.

The slaver's man turned his eyeglass on the women who bathed on the timber decking. The white figure of the girl was stark among the bare black bodies of the other women. He surveyed her through the scope. His focus lingered on her pert, pointed breasts as he confirmed that the pink tips were unfettered by either hook-tags or nipple rings.

"She is untagged," he said again, hardly believing it.

Brands or tattoos apart, nipple piercings marked a woman as a slave. He was excited by their absence on this beautiful girl. If she had worn the barbaric jewelry, it would put her off-limits to other slavers. Under the codes, it was more than illegal to remove nipple tags and replace them with your own - it was heresy. If that kind of thing was ever allowed to pass, then the very foundations of

the slave trade would crumble. Even in the otherwise lawless jungle, everything depended on respecting the tags that pronounced a creature someone else's owned property.

But this beautiful white girl wore no such tags. Ebo could see no evidence of piercing on her tits. He adjusted the eyeglass and wiped water droplets from its lens, gaining maximum focus on her breasts. No, there were no tell-tale dyed dimples on her nipples. Such coloured scars came from the permanent dye in the salve applied when piercing a tit. More surely than a brand, they proclaimed a woman forever a slave. In their own way, they were even more emphatic than hook-tags or nipple rings. A simple examination of a woman's breasts was sufficient to indicate whether she was slave or free. It was almost unthinkable that a prime young white woman in the jungle would not bear slave marks. Without them, by every code known to man, this young white female was legally open quarry, for anyone to hunt and tag. That would please Brock. Ebo continued to watch as the girl sat in the downpour and laved creamy soap suds onto her legs, unaware that alien eyes were assessing her naked body from the jungle trees.

Paige relished the cool rain. Relaxing naked in the deluge was a much-needed relief. Deprived of air-conditioning, the cabins of Camp Air Force One became hot-houses during the day, even though Johnson had engineered opening vents in the sealed fuselage. Apart from that, though, the grounded aeroplane now provided excellent accommodation in the otherwise primitive jungle. Willard Johnson had worked miracles, even constructing an external piping system for flushing the lavatories and grey water to a buried cesspit. All the comforts of home... well, almost.

The monsoon had brought no relief to the heat, and the added humidity made it even more stifling. So the new 'tribe' spent as much time as possible relaxing on the open decking under the awning, and the open-air shower annex was in great demand.

Paige realised that if she wanted to bathe in the rain, communal bathing was a must. At first she had retained her underwear for the long outdoor shower sessions, but that had seemed ridiculously prim. The black women showered naked, and there was reassurance in numbers. So Paige went nude too. It wasn't so different from being in the shower block of the cheerleaders' locker room at her college – where most of the girls had never minded about nudity among themselves.

"Hey, ladies, if you're going to hide, when can we use that deck?" one of the men called when Cory adjusted the screen.

"You just wait your turn," Millie yelled back.

"We could share. We're sweltering here."

"There's a very demure senator's daughter here, and she don't want to see your black asses."

They all laughed, including Paige. The bamboo screen shielded the women from the prying eyes of Roy and other members of the black crew. Even that convention was losing its importance. Sometimes, the black women, their inhibitions dropping, had shared the area with the men. Paige had never quite found the courage to do that, so she always waited for a 'women only' session. The men of Air Force One were always close by though.

Right at that moment, George, Willard and Roy were lounging on the other side of the screen at the end of the short walkway. Before the rains, one of them had been delighted to find cannabis plants in the jungle flora, and they often smoked the dried leaves. It was one of life's small pleasures to relieve the boredom.

"Sergeant Detford," Paige called, sitting with her back to the screen and allowing the rain to form rivulets on her face, "did I hear you say you were going hunting when the rains stop?"

"Yes, if it ever stops raining, Miss Washbourne," George said. "We're running short of food."

"May I come?"

"No, Miss."

"I'd like to go with you. Maybe we can find my parents."

"It's not safe for you out there."

Paige hugged her knees to her chest. The loss of her parents haunted her. It seemed wrong not to try to find them.

"I'll gladly go with you, Missy, to help you look for Senator and Mrs. Washbourne," Roy called.

"You'll do no such thing," George said. "Just remember that we've already lost two trained marines in that damn jungle, both white guys. A white girl would only bring added danger, so you'd stand no chance, Roy."

"Them fuckn Indians don't scare me," Roy said.

"Indians!" Millie said, rolling her eyes as she stretched on the timbers. "I swear, that boy..."

But Paige smiled. This was the only offer of help she'd had.

Chapter Fifteen

Rosemary lay bound in the lake-side cave for 20 days, tended day and night by the wizened old medicine woman. Remarkably, her physical wounds had almost healed. The crone's actions were even worse than the clitoridectomy. The Amazon might have stolen Rosemary's clitoris, but the old witch stole her cunt.

As Rosemary lay helpless in the cave after Ember had left, the tribeswoman applied a thick paste over the raw flesh, and it shrank and hardened to something resembling a snail-shell. It felt like that too. It was as if a small creature were sucking down on the cut tissue. But even worse was to follow. The crone had grasped Rosemary's labia minora and sliced them off. Then she snipped off the inside edges of the outer lips, and sewed the two sides together. The knot of catgut was sealed with a lead coin which dragged to keep it tight. After that, she bound Rosemary's legs together at the ankles, knees, and thighs to prevent her from moving, so that the healing wound would not be disturbed.

Little wonder the hag terrified Rosemary. Who was to say what else she might do to a helpless white slave?

It was as if the core of her had gone, eaten by Ember's snake. The abraded and sewn labia of her genitals healed together, effectively sealing her vagina, leaving the small yellow shell-like carapace to peep from their apex.

Rosemary was utterly bereft. She knew of the practices of clitoridectomy and infibulation, known as female circumcision, found in many African cultures on Earth. But never in her darkest nightmares had she thought it might be done to her. Now, though, only a small hole for the passage of urine and menstrual blood remained. It was horrific. Her cunt healed, forming a smooth area of epidermis with a still-livid mid-line scar as a reminder of what once had been. The aim was to make the opening into her vagina inaccessible. Between them, Ember and the Medicine Woman had curtailed Rosemary's capacity for fucking. Yet the clitoridectomy did nothing to dampen down Rosemary's sexual desire, but instead it left her beside herself with frustration.

Ngao was sulking. Relations between himself and Ember deteriorated to the point of open hostility.

After the events in the cave, the warrior woman tried to join Ngao on his sleeping mat in his hut, but he angrily drove her away. After that, Ember worsened matters by gloating and patting the leather amulet slung around her neck – everyone knew that the small bag contained the head of the snake that had eaten Rosemary's clitoris. Ember's meaning was clear – the slave now belonged to her. She set out to defeat Ngao by wily politics rather than open combat, as was a woman's way.

Ngao could have retaliated by claiming Ember's captured and depleted white man. But Richard Washbourne was now a miserable shell of his former self. The cringing creature was of no use to Ngao. It would not confer to him any power over the younger women because the wretch could hardly muster an erection. It was quite a different case with the budding male warriors - they viewed the loss of their white slave as a shutting off of their well-spring. Ngao was in danger of losing their support.

The conflict had been coming for some time. The establishment of the small hunting camp, away from the main village, was a sure sign of it. That place was the nucleus of a new, independent settlement, with its own leaders. Nobody ever spoke of such things, but that was how separate tribal factions always arose. It was natural selection and reproduction, in its own way. Sooner or later, when a village became too large and with stretched resources, a schism would arise and a younger section of the tribe would split off and replicate its parent. For the time being though, there was the pressing question of who would lead this new entity. Ember and Ngao were the two contenders, each offering a different potential identity to the new faction. Ember seized the initiative by mutilating her opponent's white slave.

Ngao sat morosely in the communal gazebo of the hunting camp for hours on end, sheltering

from the rains. A plan was forming in his mind. No tribal unit could survive with two leaders vying for control, especially if one of the contenders was a female. Had the challenger been male, then it would have been easier. A simple fight to the death would have resolved it. A woman, though, was another matter. She drew her power from a different well. With a scheming woman, politics came into it, and it was already clear that Ember was well on the way to winning that battle. The majority of the important elders supported Ember, and they each had their own coterie of warriors to enforce matters.

But Ngao still kept some support, albeit mainly with the untried and disaffected younger bucks. But those young bloods, approaching full manhood, needed a white woman for their ritualistic fucking ceremonies. How else were they to be initiated as warriors? It was plain that Ember would not provide a suitable slave for them. Without that, the young men's masculine authority would ebb away, and women would rule the tribe. Ngao saw both a problem and an opportunity in this. Once the rains stopped, he would get a new white woman for the young warriors. Then, once these men had graduated, they would become his cohort and follow his lead.

The monsoon period ended abruptly, leaving the jungle refreshed but squelching, and life got back to normal in the tribal hunting camp. But there were ever-more heated arguments between the Ngao and the young bucks and the women led by Ember.

Rosemary was glad to get away from the cave and the awful old crone. But that brought her under the direct control of the fearsome women warriors. The formerly proud senator's wife was still naked. She hadn't worn a single stitch of clothing since her capture by the tribesman. However, a tiny yellow poultice now covered the wound where her clitoris had once been, and her pussy was a smooth sealed scar.

There were many chores for her to do in the encampment after the deluge. As Rosemary toiled, she was aware of the Ember's constant, gloating stares and Ngao's resentful glares. She became the catalyst of their long-brewing argument. Rosemary worried that a day of reckoning in the tribe was drawing near, and she feared for her own safety when it happened.

Already, Rosemary had seen ominous signs.

One day, she discovered Ngao sitting in the cage with her husband. He held the pistol and was in deep conversation with Richard. Rosemary was astonished. Surely, given this unique opportunity with a loaded gun, Richard would seize the chance to escape? Instead, he explained the mechanism of the weapon before handing it back to the warrior.

It was understandable, perhaps. Richard had fared badly in the camp. The tribeswomen had wearied of him, and his cock was shrivelled and limp for most of the time. Rosemary got more and more opportunities to talk to him, but he spoke in sad, defeated tones and made it clear that he was done with her. Then one day his cage was empty and cleaned. He was nowhere to be seen in the village. When Rosemary asked Ngao what happened to him, he replied with a single word: "Gone."

As it happened, Richard was adjusting to a new life that was hard, but preferable to being the tribeswomen's bitch. He was on a heavy length of chain, with manacles around his ankles, along with a dozen other naked wretches, and forced to work hour after hour in the fields. Anything was better than suffering the attentions of the women warriors...

Early one morning, Ngao came for Richard, just as he had promised. He slipped a rope leash round his neck, and led him from the sleeping camp with some stealth. The warrior did not wish to alert the others to his actions. Neither did Richard caused any fuss. They walked for an hour or more, until coming across the chain-gang of male slaves in the fields, already out working in the weak light. Ngao's conversation with the black overseers was brief. The warrior handed Richard over to them and left without a backward glance.

To Richard's surprise, two of the men on the same chain were the two white marines Fallon had sent to scout the area just after SAM 29500 crashed. From what he could gather, these men suffered a similar fate at the hands of sex-rabid tribeswomen. Richard wasn't sure if they had been held by another tribe, or perhaps the same one at the larger village. They spoke little about it, shamed by the things done to them. Richard expected the soldiers to be alert for opportunities to turn the tables on their captors. Instead, they were meek individuals who abjectly obeyed every order – rather like himself, in fact. So they toiled under the vicious whips of merciless overseers.

Their work after the rains was the filthy job of clearing the ditches to allow the floods to drain away. It was dangerous too, with vipers and snapping lizards lurking in the murky water.

Near to where the men cleared the irrigation channels, naked white women were hoeing and weeding rows of seedlings that had emerged as if by a miracle. It was evident the primitive tribes lived by the seasons, with the annual monsoons bringing forth new crops they'd had the foresight to sow while the ground was bone dry.

Ngao was decisive when the day of reckoning came at the camp. He gathered the young bloods together and his coup was bloodless because Ember and the women fled at the first shot of Ngao's pistol. The gun was also the key to cementing his support among the budding warriors. Buoyed by his possession of the impressive weapon, they were receptive to his promises of better times ahead.

Ember and most of her warriors fled back to the old village, but three of the women remained. That was good - any tribe needs its breeding females. The future of the new off-shoot tribe would be assured if Ngao could consolidate his success. This though meant that he must supply a suitable white female slave for the initiation of the young men. Rosemary was now useless for that purpose, at least without some further modification, and he hadn't the time to wait for the healing process that would follow.

So he set off the next morning with Rosemary in tow, heading not to the slave chain-gangers, but for the Compound of Brock the Dark Slaver.

Rosemary followed Ngao through the jungle. Clinging mud dragged at her ankles, and at other times they waded across new, fast-flowing flash streams. The black warrior carried a single heavy leather sack on his back, leaving his spear arm free. Rosemary too was laden, but with four smaller sacks, tied in pairs and draped over both shoulders. They contained the bonobo monkey pellets she had gathered and dried. The weight of the load forced her to walk at a stoop as she struggled to keep pace with the long-legged warrior.

When Ngao and Rosemary reached the edge of the clearing that surrounded Brock's slaver's compound, the warrior took no chances and gave a low, throaty call to announce his friendly presence. When no immediate reply was forthcoming, he repeated the call but stayed back in the trees.

The considerable area of land surrounding the tall stockade it was kept free of undergrowth, giving a clear view of any visitors. Three of Brock's men were patrolling the palisade atop the timber wall. Ngao understood why. The jungle was a dangerous place, and Brock held goods that were worth taking a risk to steal. There was little chance of that happening though.

After Ngao's third call, it was answered by a similar baritone warble. Despite the Dark Slaver's great wealth, he still used ancient tribal ways developed over centuries of warfare. Such was his heritage. By lineage and at heart, Brock and his men were really just simple jungle warriors.

"Come," Ngao said to Rosemary, slapping her buttock with the flat of his long spear.

"Yes, Maas," she said, glowering at him as she stepped forward under the burden of the heavy sacks.

At the gate a man stared down at Ngao from atop the timber stockade, spear at the ready. "State your business and tribe."

He was one of two surly-faced fellows guarding the gate, and both wore the distinctive initiation scars of the Mamluki tribe. There was no love between Ngao's people and the Mamlukis - in fact, the mercenary tribe had few friends, but they didn't care. They didn't hunt, or fish, or gather fruits and berries... the tribe prospered by hiring out their murderous skills to anyone who would pay. Ngao knew that Brock hired their fighters by the dozen, supplying white slaves and provisions in return. It was a despicable way for warriors to live, in Ngao's proud opinion. He also thought that it was a waste of slaves - woe betide the poor white wretches who were given to the barbaric Mamlukis.

Instead of deigning to speak to the guards, Ngao again uttered the low, throaty call. After a stony glare, the man nodded.

"State your business."

"Trade."

"You are here to sell the woman? I might do trade with you."

"I am here to trade bonobo dung," Ngao said, hefting the sack into plainer view on his shoulder. "And I would speak to Brock the Slaver, not his bonobo."

The guard growled and left the palisade without another word, leaving the other to stare down at the warrior and his naked slave.

Ngao glanced at Rosemary and noted her stooped posture. "Tahadhari!" he snapped.

Rosemary straightened at once. Ngao nodded. His slave woman, heavily-laden or otherwise, was under the eyes of a man (even if he was a Mamluki) and she must hold herself well.

After a short time, the timber gate creaked and swung open, just enough to admit one person. Ngao pushed Rosemary forward first, easing the gate further ajar to allow her entrance with the bulky sacks on her shoulders, and after he entered he gave his spear to the Mamluki guard. The man nodded and placed the spear against the wall next to the gate.

"Brock the Dark Slaver will see you and your dung," he said, turning to lead the way across the open compound.

Ngao stood back as a troupe of slave women pranced past, urged on by a trotting slaver's man.

"The slaver keeps his white cunts trim and healthy," the Mamluki said, seeing Ngao's admiration as the women high-stepped with their white, tagged breasts bobbing in unison. "We see it every day."

"It's a pity you don't get to fuck them too."

"Sometimes I do if their trainers require it."

Ngao grinned broadly. He doubted whether Brock would allow the mercenary fighters anywhere near his precious slaves. They were utter savages. But perhaps if an obstinate woman needed to be broken... so the man might not have been lying.

When they arrived at the veranda of the impressive stone-built house at the centre of the Compound, Brock was sitting under the cooling ostrich feather fans wielded by six nude beauties. His heavy black features widened in a smile as he saw Ngao.

"Welcome, friend," Brock said. "Where is Ember, the light of my life?"

"The woman Ember is well," Ngao said, half-concealing a grin, for he knew the enmity that existed between Brock and the strident female warrior.

"That is good, tell her I still have my cock and balls. You have trade for me?"

Ngao saw that Brock, by instinct, assessed Rosemary's slave form as she stood before him. He noted that the slaver's practiced eyes settled on the small pale shell that nestled high in her sewn sex lips.

"You have cut her?" Brock said, a note of recrimination in his voice.

"The woman Ember..."

The Dark Slaver chuckled. "Ah, the woman Ember... that would explain it."

"I wish to trade the woman and these sacks of potent bonobo pellets, dried and sheltered from

the rains," Ngao said. "What will you give me in return for them?"

"Let me see your clipped chicken," Brock said.

Ngao nodded and took the bags from Rosemary's shoulders and urged her forward, onto the veranda. She kept her eyes lowered, perhaps conscious of the fascinated stares from Brock's slave women as they wafted their feather fans. When she was in touching distance of the Slaver, he reached out and cupped her sewn sex lips in the palm of his hand. She whimpered as if afraid that he might hurt her.

"The medicine woman did much work," Ngao said.

"So I see," Brock said, tracing his finger along the scar that sealed Rosemary's sex lips together. Looking up at Rosemary's face, he said, "It is still painful, little one?"

"She does not yet speak the language," Ngao said.

Brock glanced at the warrior in surprise. "You took this woman from the You-say tribe?"

Ngao shrugged. "She wears my tags. We captured her in the jungle, along with a white man. They were fair quarry."

"Ember took the man... the poor devil still has his balls?" The Dark Slaver said with a small grin. He ran his hand over the swell of Rosemary's belly and then back to the flare of her hips. Turning to Rachel, he said, "She is slick with sweat. Take this slave and bathe the filth from her."

"Yes, Maas," Rachel said, laying down her large fan.

"May I go too, Maas?" Julia said.

Brock looked surprised at that. After a moment's thought, he nodded. Then, turning back to Ngao, he said, "I think we can trade together, my friend."

The rains had left the centre of the compound a quagmire, but the paved perimeter track was dry enough. The Mamluki guard hadn't thought or bothered to lead them around that path when taking them to the big house. But both Ngao and Rosemary already had muddy legs anyway, from their trek through the sodden jungle, so perhaps the warrior thought it superfluous to take a drier detour. Now, though, Rachel and Rosemary ushered Ngao's white woman behind the house on the paved footway to the separate bath house.

"You are from the aircraft?" Julia asked, once they were out of earshot.

Rosemary gasped. "My God, you speak the language."

"I'm Julia and this is Rachel, and we're both Americans," Julia said. "They call us Incomers on this world."

"That's amazing. How long have you been kept here?"

"A year or more."

"Gosh, how can you stand it?"

Rachel smiled and said: "You know that you are in a different time and place to what we knew as Earth?"

Rosemary let out a wail that made others in Compound turn and look. She clutched at Julia and sobbed. Rachel shot a warning look to Julia and pursed her lips.

"Up to now, they only know me as an Incomer, and we've kept it quiet about Julia," Rachel said, grasping Rosemary's arm and pulling her along. "There are many superstitions about so-called Earth-witches. Let's get you out of sight before you attract even more attention."

Once inside the simple Bath House - which was little more than a sunken pool tiled with slices of local stone - Rachel shut the door and relaxed somewhat.

Julia smiled and brushed Rosemary's blonde hair back from her face. As she pulled the woman into the cool pool, she said: "Rachel worries too much. There is a lot of Incomers in the Compound now since the aircraft landed, so it's not so unusual."

Rosemary stopped, her mouth agape. "Other people from the airplane are here?"

"Nine of them, all young white women," Rachel said. "They are under strict training. Brock is a professional slaver, and he produces the finest white slaves."

"My God," Rosemary said again. "What will happen to them when they are trained?"

"Brock will sell them," Julia said with a shrug. "Or perhaps some might be retained for Brock's personal retinue, like Rachel and me. We were lucky."

"It's all too terrible to contemplate," Rosemary said.

For the next hour or more, the senator's wife settled in the pool and told the two other American women what had happened. She told them about her husband and of the Amazon's jealousy. Rosemary wept all the more when related her tale of the clitoridectomy and infibulation procedures inflicted upon her. Rachel and Julia could not hide their gasps. The results of the operation were visible on the white woman's body but it seemed all the more barbarous in the telling.

"We've seen tribeswomen who had this barbaric treatment," Julia said in horror, "but never a white slave. I mean, what's the point? White slaves are for sex."

"That was precisely the Amazon's point," Rosemary said bitterly.

"It's terrible," Julia said, clutching Rosemary to her as they lay together in the bath. "The sex is—"

Julia stopped speaking when the door opened and Ngao entered the Bath House. The warrior stared at the three naked women in the pool. Then, without a word, he stripped off his belt and loincloth to reveal his long, flaccid cock. Rachel and Julia glanced at each other. Julia licked her lips.

"Careful," Rachel warned Julia in a whisper, "remember the wrath of the Amazon."

"Let us bathe you, Maas," Julia said, standing and opening her arms towards the warrior.

Ngao stepped into the pool and Julia slid her breasts down his body as she stooped to scoop water over him. She fondled his cock to erection, mindless of Rosemary and Rachel.

"It's the bonobo heat," Rachel murmured, as if in apology. "It makes her incorrigible."

"No offence, but it's part of the job," Julia said with an artful smile to Rosemary.

"I know that feeling," Rosemary said.

"You speak the strange language?" Ngao said, grasping Julia by her hair.

"Yes, Maas, I speak it a little," she said with a wince as his other hand mashed her breast and her soft white flesh overflowed from his black fingers.

Ngao span Julia round, bending her forward until her breasts pressed down on the tiled edge of the pool, and he thrust his cock between her legs. She gave a long, low sigh as he entered her with a smooth stroke. Her cries grew louder as he fucked her hard in the splashing water. Rachel placed an arm around Rosemary and hugged her as they lay together in the pool beside the rutting couple.

Some time later, Ngao stood with Rosemary and Julia on the veranda of Brock's grand house. Rachel had taken her place back on the silk cushions beside her master, and she fed peeled grapes to him, one at a time.

"The trade is complete," Ngao said to Brock, grasping Julia by the hair with one hand, and pushing Rosemary towards the slaver with the other. "It is good. I will keep this one."

"It is good," Brock agreed, grasping the cringing Rosemary by her upper arm. "Fair exchange is no robbery. The cut woman and the bonobo pellets in return for the white slave. It is good."

"It seems you are leaving," Rachel said to Julia.

Julia gasped in horror. Without further ado, Ngao led his new slave round the paved perimeter track. She glanced back in apprehension and gave a small wave as she passed through the Compound gate and headed towards the jungle.

Chapter Sixteen

The day that Roy and Paige set out into the jungle alone, the auspices seemed good. For once, the sound of jungle drums – absent during the rains – was reassuring. The drums had a steady, almost soporific beat, rather than the frenetic pounding that often presaged some major event. The drummers were chatting with each other, not beating out urgent messages.

“You sure you want to do this, Missy?” Roy said as he slithered down the rope to join her on the ground beneath Camp Air Force One.

“Of course I am,” she said. “I have to know what happened to my mother and father.”

“Okay, you got it.” Roy took the pistol from the waistband of his pants and checked it.

“I’ll take care of you. We might even find a road to civilisation... this fuckn jungle is driving me crazy.”

Paige smiled. Roy was enjoying himself in the strange environment, more than he ever did as her father’s servant on Earth. He had blossomed. The life seemed to suit him. When smoking weed with the other men, he acted as their equal. The frequent nudity and easy lifestyle in the confined space of the crashed aircraft had led to some liaisons between the black male and female survivors, but she wasn’t sure if that included Roy. Whatever had been happening, some propriety had been maintained, but the inhibitions of civilisation had been disappearing from the group. Paige couldn’t imagine that Roy would want to return to his former status.

With one last glance back up at the stranded aircraft, the pair moved off into the jungle. They hadn’t asked permission to leave. In fact, they hadn’t announced their intention to do so. But nobody seemed to have noticed their departure. Only Willard Johnson and Cory and Millie, the black cooks, remained on board anyway. George had left the base some time before, with a hunter-gatherer party of three other men and two women, seeking to replenish the depleted food supplies.

Neither Paige nor Roy had dressed for the jungle. She wore white capri pants and a tee-shirt and tennis shoes, with her long blonde hair tied back in a bunch. The black youth had a cream vest to show his burgeoning biceps – honed by workouts in the SAM 29500 gym - and calf-length silk shorts with a crotch that hung near his knees, along with basketball boots. They might have been going for a walk in downtown St Luis – a young black dude showing off his white girlfriend.

“I heard George say that the Slaver’s camp is to the north,” Paige said.

“Okay, which way is north?” Roy said, glancing around him.

They had only gone a few hundred yards when the jungle drums increased their tempo.

Helen Young, formerly USAF major, gave a small grunt and sank down on the massive black cock. She cast a nervous glance at the fat black woman who was standing close by, switch in hand, ready to punish any recalcitrance.

“You are not here for your own pleasure,” Mamma growled, swishing the rod as a threat. “Clench your cunt... now relax, and then clench again... harder this time.”

“Yes, Mamma.”

Helen obeyed as she must. The fearsome black woman was taking her lead from the reactions of the man who was lying supine beneath the white slave. Had he given negative feedback about the working of Helen’s pelvic, then she would be whipped.

The training was as crude and simple as that. Yet, somehow, Helen had learned to look forward to, and even crave these sessions. This same scene was repeated on every bunk. There was a palpable fragrance of female sex juices in the already humid air. It was a regular event, and part of the women’s enforced study course as a sex slave. In those few short weeks, Helen had learned more about providing sexual pleasure than in her entire adult life before. Like all the other women in the hut, she was forever horny and ready to fuck, even in the most degrading circumstances. The

lack of freedom to refuse was almost liberating.

The white women from SAM 29500 were becoming adept sex slaves. To be sure, they had little choice in the matter with Mamma's relentless training, but even so they embraced their new degraded role, thanks to the bonobo virus. At first, they had been horrified at the demands made of them. Now though, they were even more eager than the well-endowed black attendants who were their study and practice subjects.

Helen had learned her sex lessons, all right, but each pain-free hour was but a parole. Freedom from pain had to be earned by performance, but even then it was not guaranteed. Corporal punishment was both routine and arbitrary. Helen could never relax. Some beatings were to correct her mistakes or urge her to greater efforts, but trainers administered often whipped women for their own pleasure. Sometimes, a woman might be whipped as an example to the group. At other times, slaves were beaten just for the purpose of inflicting pain and reminding them of their status. None of the women escaped punishment, no matter how diligent they tried to be.

"Now, keep clenching and rise slowly until his cock almost slips out," the black woman demanded.

"Yes, Mamma," Helen said.

It was always 'Yes, Mamma' and 'No, Mamma' - anything else brought a beating. Helen could have spoken more, for she was learning the language. She clenched her vaginal sleeve around the clock - which was so large it stretched her anyway - and eased her hips upwards using the muscles of her calves. The shaft seemed to drag against the moist flesh, such was the suction she achieved. The man groaned. It was... satisfying. Helen Young had learned a lot about how to fuck a man.

She squealed as the switch rapped across the meat at the front of her straining thighs. "Keep your titties thrust out - offer them to him."

"Yes, Mamma," Helen said, reaching to take the man's hands and placing them on her breasts.

Her nipples still bore the fish-hooks and tags, but the piercings had healed and they were no longer painful provided the vicious barbs of the hooks kept away from the nubs. The man's black fingers closed around her breast and squeezed.

"Now reach back to fondle his ball sac."

"Yes, Mamma."

"Now, clench tight and lower down again, very slowly."

"Yes, Mamma."

Helen might have thought she would become inured to the pain after all the beatings, but the opposite was the case. Indeed, her fear of the whip and the cane had been magnified. So she fucked with diligence, eager to gain approval, grateful for the slightest sigh or moan of pleasure from the man she was fucking. On this occasion, thank God, he was groaning with obvious delight as she reached behind her to roll his balls in the palm of her hand. His grip on her tits tightened as she sank down, fraction by fraction, on his straining cock.

"Carry on, little white chicken," Mamma said, using an epithet that should have been degrading.

"Yes, Mamma," Helen said with a smile.

The fat black woman moved to stand beside the next bunk.

"Clench your cunt..." Helen heard Mamma say to Sara Montascu. "No, stupid bitch, clench hard... harder."

Sara screeched as Mamma's cane lashed across her breasts. The olive-skinned woman, so cool and detached on Earth, seemed to garner more wrath than any of the others. She had become familiar with the whipping post at the centre of the Compound. Helen dared a sideways glance and saw that Sara was straining to clamp on the man's cock, but he was staring up at her with no obvious sign of pleasure. Mamma caned the unfortunate woman again, this time on the soft flesh of

her belly. Only then did the man moan, presumably as Sara's pussy tightened around his shaft.

As Helen plied herself to her own task, the door opened and Brock the Slaver entered. This was an occasion, for his interests were more inclined towards his trained slaves rather than to raw recruits. He was unattended too, and wore a voluminous robes and a small, silk hat.

"Keep working," the Mamma cried.

Brock sauntered along the aisle, between the bunks, glancing to either side as the naked women impaled themselves atop his paid attendants. "How goes the day, Mamma?" he called.

"It is hard, Maas," she answered. "You send me worthless turds and expect me to polish them to diamonds?"

"You're always complaining," Brock said with a laugh. "Perhaps I should get another training mistress?"

At that, Mamma lashed her can across Sara's belly again, bringing a loud shriek. The other women strove all the more to perform well, bouncing up and down upon the black men who lay on their bunks beneath their straddled thighs, as if in synchrony, like some erotic ballet.

"Where is the fisher-wife?" Brock asked.

"She's over there, Maas," Mamma said, pointing to the bunk opposite to Sara, where the girl with dark, silky hair down to her waist, was nestling her loins down upon the attendant lying on his back between her spread thighs. "Her training is progressing well. Like most white bitches, she has taken a liking to black cocks."

Brock nodded and walked to stand beside the bunk. The girl looked at him with an almost shy smile, but she licked her lips and rising up on the cock. The slaver reached out to cup her breast and rub his thumb over its erect nipple.

"How would you like it if I replaced this with a gold bangle?" he asked her, fingering the tag.

"Oh yes, Maas," the girl said, sinking down again with a small sibilant hiss.

"I have a need for another little chicken in my personal household. You would serve me well?"

"Oh yes, Maas," the slave said, swishing her long black hair as he toyed with her breast.

"Of course you will," Brock said with a laugh, pinching her nipple.

As the girl flexed her abdominal muscles and eased her body upwards, the door opened again and Ebo marched into the hut. Brock, still toying with the fisher-wife's breast, looked up as his aide approached.

"Maas," Ebo said, "there is news."

"Can't you see I'm working?" Brock said, transferring his hold to the girl's other breast.

"You heard the drums?"

The Dark Slaver paused for a moment, tugging at the girl's nipple, and cocking his ear above the multiple sounds of rutting in the hut. "Yes, I hear them," he said. Brock listened for a few more moments and then released the nipple with a final pluck that made the girl wince. "Come, Ebo, we have acquisition work to do," he said marching down the aisle to the door.

"And the black-haired slave, Maas?" Mamma called after him.

"Have golden bangles fitted to her nipples," he answered, striding from the hut with Ebo in his wake.

Mamma sighed and walked to the close the door after the two men. "Keep working on the cocks, little chickens," she cried, glancing at the two rows of fucking women.

Ngao's nostrils flared. He detected the slight but distinctive animal scent of a white woman on the air. Not just any white woman. It was the same scent he had first noted before capturing Rosemary... earthy, but wrapped in fragrances reminiscent of some flowers. The slave Rosemary had soon lost that overlying odour after a few days in captivity, and she had thereafter exuded only

the strong scents of a white woman in heat. This new scent could only be from another woman of the You-say tribe in the trees.

He strolled to his hut. Julia, his new slave, recently purchased from the Dark Slaver, was there, and the air redolent with her sex juices. It was little wonder, for at least four young bucks had used her that morning.

Julia was lying on a mat, but she stirred when seeing him enter. "Maas?" she asked, widening her legs.

Ngao smiled. Julia's naked body was smeared with four colours, evidencing her recent tugging by different males. Yet she was still ready for more. This slave was insatiable. Her acquisition had cemented his authority with the young bloods. Now there could soon be another white slave to initiate his warriors. With two white women at hand, even more warriors might be attracted to his cause.

"Maas?" Julia asked.

"You spoke the same strange language as the cut slave I sold to Brock?"

"Yes, Maas," Julia said, a little frightened now. "It was a tongue I once learned, but nothing more important than that."

"Have no fear," Ngao said, going to the secret buried box where his pistol was hidden. "I may need your tongue. Bathe yourself in the lake and make ready to leave with me."

As Julia ran from the hut to do his bidding, Ngao pulled back the lid of the buried box and took out the gun. It felt heavy in his hand and had a strong metallic aroma. He reminded himself of the lessons in the pistol's use from the white male captive, and then stuffed the weapon into his belt.

Emerging from the hut, he again sniffed the air. The fragrance of a white woman was stronger now, borne on an incoming breeze. He also detected the musk of a man – black, but his scent half-hidden by a layer of unfamiliar, almost feminine odours. The young bloods were still wrestling and sparring, laughing and joking, attempting smear their colours on each other... It was the way of youth. Life was a game. The men's noses had not yet developed the keen skills of the true hunter, or they might have scented the white woman too.

When Julia ran glistening from the lake, she had washed her pale body clean of the lurid hues from the cocks and bellies of the budding warriors. She did not wait for her flesh to dry. The heat would see to that, and evaporating water droplets cooled the skin.

"Come," Ngao told her, grasping her wrist. "We will leave without fuss."

Even as he spoke, the warrior paused and sniffed the air again. More scents. Heavier and masculine mostly, and issuing from many bodies. It was a hunting pack on the move. Hunters from another tribe? That was possible. But it wasn't the trace of his previous home village – he knew that much. No, this was the same complex scent he had recently smelled at the Dark Slaver's Compound. Julia had that scent on her when he gained her.

"You smell that?" Ngao asked the white girl.

She sniffed the air. "No, Maas," she said, perplexed. "What is it?"

"Trouble and opportunity too," he said, leading her off into the breeze that wafted between the trees of the jungle.

When Ngao found the quarry he was trailing, he saw he was too late. Others had got there before him. Ngao recognised the hunters – Mamlukis, and the paid mercenaries of Brock the Slaver. Brock himself was standing back, with a retinue of choice white slaves surrounding him. Large feather fans were wafting to keep him cool. Even though Ngao could not see him clearly from his position in the undergrowth, he knew it was Brock, for ostrich feathers were this Dark Slaver's exotic insignia and he never went anywhere without them.

He looked at the nervous pair who were standing at bay in the centre of a small clearing, surrounded by fighters. It was a white woman, all right. She was young and pretty, and wearing form-fitting white garments that much revealed her pink legs and arms. Ngao licked his lips. She was delectable, even when clothed. The girl was with a black youth, of an age with Ngao's younger

bloods, and he also wore strange light-coloured clothes.

Then Brock stepped forward into the clearing, with a fan-wielding white girl at his side. He stopped a couple of paces short of the couple.

Chapter Seventeen

Rachel stood a pace behind to the left of her master as his men fanned out to either side of the clearing. Brock looked hard at the young man in the strange garb who stood with the young clothed white woman cowering behind him. He gave a wide, toothy grin, meant to signify peaceful intent.

"You are from the You-says?" Brock said.

"What you fuckn wanting here, man?" Roy said, his eyes glancing round the warriors.

Still the black slaver smiled, but it might well have been the smile of a shark, for all its lack of warmth. The beleaguered young man cocked the pistol beside his ear. It was a dangerous moment. The frightened youth could see at least ten men surrounding him, and he was likely to fire at random. Rachel wondered if Brock knew that.

"Roy," she heard the girl say from behind the youth, "let's try to leave without any trouble."

"How'n fuck we do that?" he asked, his eyes wide and white as he glanced around.

Rachel looked at Paige and then back at Brock. She saw the determined look in her master's eye. "May I speak, Maas?" Rachel whispered. Brock glared at her but she resisted the urge to cringe back. "They don't understand your words. I can translate if you wish."

"You want to go back to the White Hut, girl?"

"No, Maas. I only live to serve my master."

The Dark Slaver thought on that response for a few seconds and then his belly rumbled with a deep chuckle. "Tell him to strip his woman," he said, pointing at Paige.

Rachel bit her lip and stepped forward towards Roy. She saw that, even though he was in grave danger, he was ogling her naked body.

"My master requests to see the girl," she said.

"What you talking about?" he said, pulling the girl by her wrist to stand beside him. "He can see her well enough. Now tell him to get the fuck out of here. I'll shoot his cock off, if'n I have to."

The girl pulled at the youth's grip on her wrist. "It's maybe not a good idea," she said. "The others would be on us before you know it. We're outnumbered three to one."

"It's a very bad to annoy him," Rachel said, glancing back at Brock. To buy some time, she told the slaver: "He is considering it, Maas."

"If he is from the You-say tribe, where are the others? Ask him that."

"Yes, Maas."

"What he say?" Roy demanded.

"My master is asking which tribe you are from. He thinks the people from the aircraft are of the USA tribe."

"Is that so?" Roy said with some wonder, his eyes feasting on her magnificent breasts with the large bangles piercing her thrusting nipples. "Tell him, damn right we are - Team USA - and he gonna be frying his balls in a US jail or Guantanamo fuckn Bay."

"What are your names?" Rachel asked with a small smile.

"This here is Miss Paige Washbourne, daughter of Senator Richard Washbourne. I am Royston Kenneth Galbraith... friends call me Roy."

"Where are your friends, Roy?"

"They coming, never you mind about that. So tell your boss man he'd better leave us be."

"For goodness sake, Roy," Paige said. "See some sense and try to negotiate."

"You're out here in the jungle alone then?" Rachel said. "That was very unwise."

"We are searching for my parents," Paige said. "We haven't seen them for a month now—"

"No, we're not out here by ourselves," Roy said, glowering at Paige and yanking on her wrist.

Rachel gave him another small, sad smile before she turned to Brock and said: "He says he brings greetings from the You-say tribe, Maas, and comes in peace. He doesn't want any trouble."

"The slave shows promise," Brock said, nodding towards Paige. "Tell him to strip her for inspection."

Rachel nodded. She knew what must follow. It was an age-old ritual on that world. A white woman was fair game for avaricious slavers in the jungle. If she was young and beautiful, so much the better.

Rachel's voice was soft and gentle when she spoke to Paige: "My master says you must take off your clothes."

"Your master?" Paige said.

"I am a slave. He is a slaver."

"Hot damn!" Roy said, a smile breaking out on his face. "I just might have landed in heaven."

"You must cooperate," Rachel warned him. "This slaver already owns the other white women taken from your aircraft. He won't tolerate defiance. The girl must strip naked for him. Now would be good."

If Paige was shocked, she showed no sign of it. But why would she be surprised? After all, a naked white woman relayed the demand, and there were other nude women surrounding the imposing black man.

"Why does he want me to take off my clothes?" she asked.

"He wishes to see you naked," Rachel said with a shrug.

"Then tell him I am an equal member of the USA team."

Rachel shook her head. "That's another bad idea. They will kill all the black people on the aircraft if they realise that it's a bogus tribe."

Roy laughed and danced a little at that. "Yeah, hot dog, tell him I own her. I'm a slaver too. Tell the man that."

Rachel turned to Brock and said, "The girl is a guest of the tribe, in safekeeping for her wealthy parents."

Brock looked at Ebo and they both burst out laughing. The slaver's men who were in earshot laughed too. Rachel saw Roy and Paige exchange agitated glances. The laughter had a worrying, mocking edge to it. Roy, perhaps by design, or maybe because of a nervous reflex, fired off a single shot from the pistol, and a man at the edge of the clearing screamed and fell to the ground. The encircling men edged forward with menace, their spears and cutlasses raised.

"Hold!" Brock called, and he stepped forward to within a foot of Roy, his cutlass at the younger man's throat. Almost before Roy knew what had happened, the black slaver grabbed the pistol from his hand. He looked at the gun disdainfully, sniffed at the muzzle, and then tossed it over his shoulder to Ebo, who leaped aside and allowed the weapon to fall to the ground.

Brock thrust a pointed finger into Roy's chest. "Strip your woman, You-say tribesman - if you wish to stay alive."

Rachel said to Paige: "My master will kill your friend if you don't strip naked immediately."

"Hell, Missy, you best do it," Roy said.

"He might kill us both anyway," Paige said.

Rachel shook her head. "If he finds you acceptable, he will take you, and may let the man go free. It's tribal-law."

"What you waiting for?" Roy said. "This ain't no time to be a prissy bitch. He's seen plenty of white tits and ass before."

"My God," Paige murmured, yanking her wrist free of Roy's grasp.

"It could be worse," Rachel said. "Believe me, you wouldn't want to get captured by the local tribe, like your mother. If he has to strip you by force, he will do so. It is necessary that the man presents you for inspection and formally offers you as a gift."

"My God," Paige said again.

"Yeah, tell him I'll do it... willingly," Roy said, reaching to seize the top of Paige's shirt and yanking it open. He hooked his finger behind the slender bridge of fabric between the two lacy cups of her bra and hoisted it high on Paige's chest, revealing her breasts. "I've always wanted to do that," he said.

The American girl twisted from Roy's groping hand, and she pulled the sides of the shirt together. Then, after a further moment's hesitation, she shrugged the top from her shoulders and reach back to unclip the bra, allowing it to fall to the ground in a lacy flutter. He shoes kicked to one side, she peeled off her tight training capri-style pants, and turned to face the slaver wearing just a black thong. He gave a small, impatient gesture, and Paige inhaled with a hiss as she slid the panties down her thighs and kicked them aside. Ebo stooped to pick up the tiny garment and examined it with interest.

Brock beckoned the naked girl towards him. Paige remained where she stood with one arm crossed over her breasts and the other shielding her shaved pubes. The black youth now held her forearm as if he owned her. As an experienced slave, Rachel knew that this girl would become a premium slave. If Brock couldn't have her, he was likely to make sure that no one else did.

Rachel said: "Step forward, don't shield your body with your hands, and avoid eye-contact with the Dark Slaver. Both your lives depend on your actions now."

"Do as the man says," Roy murmured, pushing Paige forward.

Paige trembled as she stood in front of the black man and his eyes swept over her naked body. She kept her own gaze at his sandal-shod feet.

Rachel was almost a connoisseur of slaves herself now - she knew what the Dark Slaver sought in a woman. This one fitted the bill perfectly. She had pert but full breasts, as yet unaffected by sag, with tight nipples at an upward tilt. Her waist was trim and the flair of her hips suggested womanly promise. The naked outer labia of her pussy were plump but neat and nicely tucked. Yes, she would do well in a slave market, once Brock had trained her, as was inevitable.

"Tahdhari," Brock said, with a snap of his finger and thumb.

"Stand to attention, with your hands behind your head, breasts thrust out, belly sucked in, and feet pointing at 45 degrees with the ankles touching."

As the beautiful white girl obeyed with obvious reluctance, Rachel looked at Roy, who was watching with his eyes agog. An erection tenting his pants and she wondered if he realised the parlous nature of his existence - one wrong move and Brock would have him killed in an instant.

"Akainama," Brock ordered.

"Keeping your ankles touching, you must now separate your knees by fifteen inches or more."

Paige flashed a horrified glance at Rachel but she did as she obeyed. This had the effect of bowing her legs in an inelegant posture. Paige was tense and stiff as she stood displayed before the slaver and his men.

"Try to relax," Rachel told her, knowing that what must follow would be the most embarrassing moments of the girl's life up to that point. "The slaver will examine you now, and he will want your flesh to be soft and yielding."

"I can't—"

"Hush, you mustn't speak."

Brock practiced black hands moved with assurance over the white girl's body, pressing here and there, palpating certain spots, teasing others with strokes or tickles. He went behind her, his fingers trailing down her spine and tickling in a circle around her tailbone. The slaver squatted, prizing her taut nates apart for a moment.

"Kupumzika," he ordered, slapping Paige's right buttock.

"You must relax," Rachel murmured.

The next time Brock separated the pert cheeks, they were more supple and yielding. But the buttocks tensed again under his hands when he blew a breath along the furrow of her arse.

Straightening, the slaver ran his fingertips across Paige's shoulders and up to the wells of her inner elbows. After a moment's thought, he removed the tie from her pony-tail, tested the silky blonde tresses between finger and thumb, and then spread the long hair over her shoulders. She was still tense, and looked straight ahead as if transfixed.

Brock moved to stand in front of her. When his hand descended from her neck, over her

breasts, past her belly, and settled on the pouting lips of her sex, she let out a small gasp. She clenched her eyes shut as the fingers probed and assessed her pussy.

"She is unaccustomed to being handled, so she may have been free after all." Brock said. Then, after a moment, he withdrew his fingers. "Not a virgin! How strange."

Rachel was unsurprised at that, knowing the ways of Earth in the 21st century, but it was something she had no wish to explain to her master. Instead, she said, "She is untrained, Maas."

"So the girl has no knowledge of the slave lexicon?"

Rachel said to Paige, "My master is asking if you know the basic slave postures. It is a standard method of examining a girl."

"My God!"

"No, Maas, she is wholly untrained," Rachel said.

Brock's eyes widened. He seemed to like that. "Order her to straighten her legs and fold her arms behind her back," he said. When Paige had adopted the stance, he held his hand out toward Ebu. "Tags..."

Paige grimaced and squirmed as Brock's black fingers reached to tug and tease at her right nipple.

Rachel said, "This will hurt like hell, and it might seem barbaric, but it won't harm you in the long run. Remain still and don't break position if you want to save Roy's life."

Paige Washbourne, pampered daughter of a US Senator, stood in terror as a fishhook pierced her nipple. Tears ran down her face as the left teat received the same treatment. Yes, she screeched as the barbs entered and passed through the turgid nubbins, but for all that the girl remained in position, trembling, with small badges of Brock's ownership dangling from the sore tips of her breasts.

"Well done, Paige," Rachel said. "They will one day be replaced with pretty rings, like mine." "Give me the weapon," Brock demanded.

Ebo gingerly placed the pistol onto Brock's palm. Brock gripped the handgun butt and turned to Roy. He pointed the barrel towards the black youth. Roy closed his eyes. Brock shook the gun without effect.

"How does this make a noise?" Brock asked Rachel.

"I don't know, Maas," she said.

"What the fuck?" Roy gasped, staring in horror at the raised pistol.

"May the strange tribesman leave, Maas?"

"Yes," Brock said with a sigh. "The deal has been done. Tell him he has sold me the woman with his life. He can go in peace, with my greetings to the You-say tribe. Allow the You-say tribesman to go safely."

"You had better leave before he learns how to fire that thing," Rachel told Roy.

Roy wasted no time. He turned on his heel and sprinted away, leaving Paige standing naked and tagged with her new owner. The slaver's men laughed in derision as he fled.

"What about me?" Paige asked, her voice small and plaintive.

"Brock will train you to become a perfect slave, and then sell you to a wealthy owner."

At that point, a fusillade of shots fired, sending a flock of birds squawking from the trees that surrounded the clearing. Rachel looked up to see a black tribesman emerge from the cover, a carbine in hand. She recognised the tall warrior as Ngao, the man who had recently purchased Julia from Brock. The slavers' men fell back in panic, surrounding their leader.

"Everyone back into the jungle," Brock yelled, still shaking the useless pistol in his hand. "Get the girl."

As Ebo reached to grab Paige, another shot rang out and dirt spattered at his feet. Ngao looked stony-faced at the slaver. "The next shot will smash your head," he said.

"He knows how to use that weapon?" Brock said.

"So it seems, Maas," Ebo said, releasing his hold on the girl.

"The girl belongs to me," Brock called. "I have just purchased her from the man of the You-say tribe."

Ngao fired another shot, and this time the bullet whistled over Brock's head. As the slaver and his men backed off in fear, he marched forward to place his hand on Paige's upper arm.

Rachel had no need to translate, for Brock was already retreating behind a phalanx of his men. She smiled to the black tribesman man. "It seems you have a new slave," she said

A white woman emerged from the bushes at the edge of the clearing and sashayed towards where Paige and her rescuer stood. Paige looked at the young woman in astonishment. She too was stark naked, but gold bangles adorned her wrists and upper arms, and golden rings pierced her nipples.

The woman spoke to the warrior who nodded, and then she turned to Paige and said, "Hi there, I'm Julia from Utah. Welcome to the madhouse. It's not much, but it's all we have."

"Thank God, another American woman..." Paige said, stooping to gather her clothes from the ground.

"Stop!" Julia cried.

Paige she looked up in surprise, clutching her clothes to her chest. "Who is he?" she asked, nonplussed.

"He is called Ngao, tribesman," Julia said. "He's been tracking you."

"But why?"

Julia shrugged. "I guess it's what these guys do."

"You speak his lingo?" Paige glanced at the tall warrior, who was naked but for a flap of animal hide at his loins. "Well, please tell him I'm grateful for his help."

Paige was about to put on her shirt, sans bra, when the man spoke again, this time more commanding than before. He then stepped forward and reached to handle and examine one of the tags that now dangled from her hooked nipples. The man repeated his sentence as he yanked her clothing away with his other hand.

"What is he saying?" she said, glancing in dismay as the black warrior examined her intimate garments. "Tell him to give me my clothes."

"Your breasts have been tagged," Julia said as Ngao stepped back.

Paige looked down at her sore teats and said, "They hurt terribly, and the barbs on the hooks will have to be snipped off before they can be removed."

When Paige reached for her garments again, the warrior spoke sharply and his free hand went to the whip at his belt. Julia listened to the man as he spoke at length, and he pointed to the tags depending from Paige's pert breasts.

At last, with a solemn expression on her elfin face, Julia said. "This is an issue, I'm afraid. By any code on this world, became a slave the moment your tits were tagged. There is no means of manumission in this world. Ngao says he will keep you."

"The hell you say," Paige said. "I am a free American, and we don't acknowledge slavery as a legal institution. Tell Ngao that."

Julia shrugged. "Rachel and me were both free Americans once, studying the cultures of this world. Now we are both slaves. I was sold to Ngao in exchange for a few bags of monkey shit. How'd you like that?"

Several tribesmen and women emerged from the undergrowth. Ngao spoke to them and raised his hand as they approached, and he showed them his pistol. They stayed a few yards away, forming a morose, suspicious circle with spears at the ready. Paige noticed that Julia moved closer to Ngao, perhaps for protection. One of the tribal warriors - a statuesque black woman - spoke in anger, and Ngao answered her in similar manner. They were arguing, Paige could tell that much, and their heated exchange lasted for some minutes. Then the tall warrior took a long, coiled piece of braided

cord from his belt, formed it into a slip knot, and passed it over Paige's head. When he arranged her long hair and pulled the leash snug against her throat, she railed in a panic and tugged at it with her hands. He uttered a sharp command, and this time accompanied his words with a slash of his strap across her thighs.

"Naked, abused, and leashed like a dog!" Paige said. "Tell him to let me go this minute if he knows what's good for him."

"There's no chance of that, I'm afraid," Julia said. "No black man would allow a young white woman to go free. He is declaring his ownership over you. The others might not like it, but they must respect it."

"That's outrageous."

"There are far worse fates on this world, honey."

The warrior woman called out again, anger burning in her voice. Ngao pointed the handgun at her. She sneered and spoke again. The weapon leapt in Ngao's hand and a loud gunshot sent birds flying from the trees. Everyone recoiled at the sharp report, and then the woman and her entire band turned and fled in disarray into the jungle.

Paige smelled cordite in the air. Ngao had fired above the heads of the tribal hunters, but it had been effective in sending them running.

"Come, we go now," he said, tugging on Paige's leash. "You have much fucking to do, little white chicken."

"What did he say?" Paige asked, stumbling along after the long-striding black tribesman.

"You wouldn't want to know," Julia said, bringing up the rear.

"What the fuck do you mean, you lost her?" George demanded, slamming his fist on the polished conference table.

"Hell, man, I don't know," Roy whined, aware of all the angry eyes upon him. "I was lucky to get out alive myself."

The inquest at Camp Air Force One was difficult for the young black man. When George and the hunting party returned, carrying a couple of deer and a sack of vegetables looted from the fields, Roy had already spilled his version of the story to Willard Johnson and the women. He had portrayed himself as something of a hero, fighting a valiant but hopeless defence of Paige Washbourne. Then he described how the slaver had stripped her and tagged her breasts. After that, he had hightailed it back.

"You lost the pistol too?"

"It only had two fuckn bullets in it."

Marine Sergeant George sighed in exasperation. "That's just great. Now we've lost the Senator, his wife and his daughter, not to mention five marines and all the other white people on-board... Christ knows how we explain this when the rescuers arrive."

"You crazy?" Roy said. "You know them rescuers ain't coming. We're stuck here for the rest of our lives, so we might as well get used to it."

"How could anyone explain it, George?" Willard said.

"Well, one thing is for sure, this thing isn't finished yet," George said.

THE END