

COLUMBIAN SEX SLAVES

2023 Edition

The third story in the Gorean Club Series

Jack Norman

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For Ely, always my slave and First Girl

Thanks to Danny K – hoping this does justice to your suggestions.
(Much of the content in Colombian Sex Slaves was developed from a specific story-line request made by Danny – a regular reader of A1 BDSM books)

Prologue

The Gorean Club, Mayfair, City of London

Cheryl let out a gasp as she knelt in front of the Chairman of the Gorean Club, with her knees widely spaced and back ramrod straight. Gaffa, the Head Slaver stood quietly to one side, loosely holding the leash that was attached to her collar.

"It seems that Sir Andrew, your Master, has been kidnapped," The Chairman said. "Don't look too shocked. It's an everyday occurrence in Columbia, and most of the victims are usually recovered alive."

"My God!" she blurted.

"Silence, girl!" Gafa rasped.

"You will be of assistance, Cheryl," the Chairman said carefully. "We have received a ransom demand from kidnappers, and a photograph too for verification. There's no doubt it's genuine. I have decided to meet their demands in full, without any attempt to negotiate. It's a high price to pay, but I see no alternative."

Cheryl smiled weakly. "I'm glad to hear it, Master."

"Gaffa will go to Buenaventura and deliver the ransom. However, the kidnappers are quite specific that it must be a lone woman who is ultimately sent to meet them. There's no getting away from that, I'm afraid." He paused for effect and glanced at Gaffa, Head Slaver of the Gorean Club. Then he opened a crocodile-skin attaché case on his desk, displaying neatly-packed green US dollar bills. He said, "Cheryl, you will go with Gaffa and deliver the ransom."

Beaunaventura, Republic of Columbia, South America

A bearded man sat in the rear seat of the car, and Cheryl slid to sit beside him with Gaffa on the opposite side of her. "She is prepared and ready?" the man asked Gaffa, who clutched the crocodile-skin attaché case on his lap.

"She is here."

The man produced a pair of dark glasses from his pocket. "You must wear these," he told Cheryl. "Close your eyes."

He fitted the sunglasses to her head with an elastic strap under the drape of her hair. They were a very efficient blindfold, with rough-textured pads that pressed snugly against her eye-lids, preventing her from opening her eyes.

It wasn't a long journey, perhaps twenty minutes or so. Unseeing, she could only listen to the sounds of the car engine and the traffic. Soon though, the wheels seem to be encountering uneven ground and the thrum of traffic faded. Eventually, the car stopped, and when she got out an arm was slipped inside hers for guidance. She counted 89 paces as she walked in the warm, humid morning air: perhaps fifty yards. Then she was made to pause briefly and a door opened on rusty hinges before she was pulled forward. The door creaked shut behind her and when the sunglasses were removed she looked round and found herself in a rickety shack. From the unglazed window she could see a run-down slum area outside and, directly across, separated by a narrow track of mud and oil-slicked puddles, three black men were playing dominoes on a dilapidated porch. A couple of urchins were playing in the litter-strewn filth nearby, and a skinny young black girl, perhaps thirteen or fourteen years old, clad in tiny blue shorts and a tight pink vest that clung to her budding breasts, glanced in the window as she stalked past on the boardwalk. The bare room was only a frontage of a larger building, Cheryl thought, because there was another door on the far wall.

"Strip the woman. Everything..."

"Certainly," Gaffa replied, giving Cheryl a small nod.

Cheryl hesitated briefly. Then she kicked off her shoes and unbuttoned her dress and shrugged it off, leaving herself entirely naked.

"In..." the bearded man said to her, gesturing towards the far door.

Cheryl glanced nervously at the Head Slaver but she straightened her shoulders and stepped forward. She found herself in a bleak stairway, lit by a single bare bulb, with stone steps leading down into the

gloom, and she shuddered as a cool draught of air made her skin prickle. She moved diffidently down the steps to a basement area which smelled of rats, must, decay and old hessian sacks. The place was almost in darkness, but at the far end there was an arched doorway and pale yellow light spilled from it. She crept up and dared to peek inside. "Oh my God!" she exclaimed.

There, at the back of the chamber, Sir Andrew, her owner and Master, sat bound to the chair, stark naked, his knees spread because each leg ankle was tied to a chair leg, and his cock and balls nestled on the seat. She looked round wildly, instinctively thinking to flee. However, there were three other men in the small cell-like room, and one of them had moved from the rear wall and was directly behind her. Cheryl gave a squeal of alarm when a hard masculine hand grasped her shoulder. Turned, she found herself looking into the disfigured face of a man with narrowed brown eyes. A vicious scar coursed the length of the man's left cheek, from the side of one eye to the corner of his mouth, giving the appearance of a permanent snarl. Like the other men in the room, he wore camouflage combat fatigues and a forage cap. He smiled and reached to heft her left breast.

Cheryl looked at Sir Andrew in utter despair. Lurid blue-purple bruises covered his ribs and there were livid marks round his nipples that looked like burns from a cigarette or a cigar. The strange twin-cylinder contraption was still strapped to his throat with duct tape, and she could see a couple wires leading from its small control unit. Scar-face squeezed hard on her breast and twisted the flesh, making her grimace.

"We have brought the ransom," she said. "You can let Sir Andrew go now."

Scar-face laughed. "You know that he has a bomb attached to his neck?"

"Please...that's not necessary," she said.

"Suck his cock."

She looked round wildly. There was no escape. She leaned forward to lick at the end of the exposed cock glans of Sir Andrew's limp penis and then sucked the flaccid member into her mouth. She heard Sir Andrew catch his breath and a low groan rumbled in his throat.

"No, not like that," Scar-face said. "Stand up, place your palms on the chair seat, and bend over to suck his cock."

Sir Andrew moved his bare thigh against her cheek. Cheryl nuzzled against it for a few seconds before climbing to her feet and obeying the perverse instruction... anything to get her Master away from that awful place. A hand grabbed her head and pushed her face forward until she felt her nose nuzzling in Sir Andrew's his pubic hair. She rolled Sir Andrew's soft cock on her tongue, and sucked hard, willing it to gain life. Scar-face laughed again, and he reached under her body to cup her pendent breasts and cruelly pinch her nipples. She felt his jacket as it draped open against her skin but his loins were naked against her arse.

"Suck off your ex-Master, like a good puta." His fingers prized her bottom cheeks apart and Scar-face's cold and wet glans rubbed between her buttocks and pressed against the tightly-puckered rose of her arse.

Afterwards, after she had knelt and used Sir Andrew's fresh cum in her mouth to clean her own filth from Scar-face's, she looked up balefully. "Now may I now go and as Gaffa to make the ransom exchange?"

"Yes, go ahead, and tell him General Morales has acted with his usual honour."

The other men laughed as Cheryl wearily climbed to her feet and pushed dishevelled hair from her face. She gave one last wistful glance to Sir Andrew and then made her way back across the basement. She climbed the stone steps two at a time. However, as she entered the shack she stopped and gave a gasp of shock. Cheryl found herself looking into the black gimlet eyes that had pierced her nightmares over the previous months: Juan Pablo! The Columbian mobster smiled with satisfaction when he saw her shock. "We meet yet again my puta," he said, his sleek black pony-tail swishing. "My friend General Morales fucked your arse, yes?"

"Where is Gaffa?"

"The Head Slayer had to leave," Juan Pablo held up the crocodile skin brief case, as if in explanation.

"He's left? We came here in good faith to deliver the ransom."

Juan Pablo laughed and opened the lid of the attaché case. To Cheryl's amazement, instead of the case being full of neatly-packed green banknotes as she had thought, it contained only a maroon-coloured

passport and a tiny key with a label fob. Juan Pablo took the passport and flipped it open. She blinked: it was her own passport.

The Columbian drug baron smiled and his black gimlet eyes sparkled in triumphant amusement. He said, "He has already delivered the ransom, puta. You *are* the ransom."

Clinica Harmony Cosmetic Surgery, Beaunaventura

Within half an hour, Cheryl was standing naked and dishevelled in front of a doctor in a place that bore the sign: 'Clinica Harmony'.

"She is very beautiful, senor," the man said, "but she needs a bath."

"Yes, Professor," Juan Pablo agreed. "You can give her a bath and also make her look even more beautiful. Her tits are too small."

The Professor raised his eyebrows. "She has fine, well-proportioned breasts, senor. Many women would give a lot to have breasts such as those."

"I want them bigger - much, much bigger."

The man sighed, reaching to tentatively squeeze Cheryl's left breast. "How much bigger?"

"Big," Juan Pablo said, cupping his hands in front of his own chest. "And no scars! And the nipples... I want large teats on her, Prof!" Juan Pablo held up his little finger and indicated the last joint. "This big, at least. I want them to take a piercing for a heavy ring."

Cheryl gasped and shot the Professor an agonised glance.

"Very well, I can enlarge her nipples as you request and add suitable piercings," the Professor said, sighing again. "When would you like it to be done?"

"Today," Juan Pablo said, turning to leave the clinic.

Chapter One

"Welcome to La Casa de Putas," Juan Pablo said to Cheryl, as his driver eased the Hummer H2 vehicle smoothly through the gates.

'The House of Whores!' Cheryl thought miserably as she stared out at the Spanish colonial mansion house set in spacious grounds surrounded by a high wall. Two gun-toting guards stood by the impressive iron gates which opened automatically to admit the vehicle. Cheryl saw that a number of cars were parked in the forecourt, and every window in the large house was ablaze with light.

"Now you'll get some stronger drugs to take away the pain and make you happy," Juan Pablo assured Cheryl as the vehicle stopped outside the impressive entrance door.

The sleek and cruel Columbian gangster obviously thought that Cheryl's morose silence was due to the pain she endured. Her back was indeed sore from the extensive tattoo work, and that was as nothing compared to the exquisite pain in her newly-pierced clitoris, which still throbbed and tingled despite the proprietary pain-killing pills she'd been given at the clinic. However, none of this mattered, compared to the helplessness of her condition as an abducted sex slave. Her new massive breasts swayed uncomfortably as she meekly allowed Juan Pablo's fat driver to pull her from the vehicle. Another hoodlum stood sentry beside the door, and he stepped back and nodded as Cheryl was led into the house.

It was a hive of activity inside and music blared loudly. A pretty young black haired woman, bare breasted and wearing just a skirt of white embroidered cotton, was coming down the wide, sweeping staircase, draped on the arm of an elderly, moustachioed patrician-type. Cheryl looked through the large ornate double doors to the side of the staircase, and she saw girls in various states of undress, cavorting with a number of men. Juan Pablo grasped Cheryl's forearm and pushed her ahead of him as a hugely obese black woman waddled towards them.

"Juanita, you are home! So this is the new girl I've been hearing about."

Juan Pablo smiled. "This is Mamma Inara. She's the Madam of La Casa de Putas, and you should fear her. You call her Mamma, like our other whores do." He hugged the fat woman affectionately and said in Spanish, "Her name is Cheryl."

The woman replied in excellent American-accented English: "A fancy Inglis, huh? Well, I've sure got plenty of work for her to do. She can start humping her ass tonight."

"No, she can't work for a month or so," Juan Pablo said. "Take her to the garden quarters. She'll be housed there for the time being." Then, in Spanish, he added: "Give her some extra strong happy pills."

Cheryl looked at Juan Pablo sharply. Sooner or later she would have to reveal that she understood some Spanish. She resolved not to take any drugs they might give her.

"Is the bitch special or something?" the black woman asked, the blubber on her cheeks filling as she grasped hold of Cheryl's forearm. Her eyes narrowed. "I hear she's come from London, Juanito? I suppose your pappy knows..."

"It's got nothing to do with my father," Juan Pablo said defensively. "She's not special at all. I've had her tits enlarged, and it'll take a month before they're healed. I'm using the time to have her back tattooed by a guy in Bogota."

Mamma Inara's eyes widened and she made a low, whistling sound through the large gap in her front teeth. "A month, you say? And a tattoo too! Hot damn! That seems special to me, boy. I sure hope you ain't doing nothin' to upset Don Rafael."

"Get her settled into her accommodation and then bring her to the house in a couple hours time, Mamma."

Cheryl's 'accommodation' turned out to be an underground shelter of some sort. There was a brick-built house fronted by a swimming pool in the gardens, but Mamma led Cheryl past that, to the end of the path and down some concrete steps in to a bleak and dank bunker. It had a short corridor, flanked by six heavy doors which seemed designed to withstand a blast. Inside, the walls were white-washed concrete, and it was illuminated by a dim bulb recessed into the ceiling barely a foot over Cheryl's head.

"It ain't much, but it's your home for a while," Mamma Inara told Cheryl as she pushed her into the cell. "We keep these places for new girls to break 'em. A few nights in here and they soon see sense. There's nothing in the way of fine facilities, just a bucket for your piss and shit. It gets mighty dark in here, too."

Cheryl grimaced. The concrete walls were whitewashed, the floor was covered with red quarry tiles, and the bed was merely a low stone platform with a straw palliasse thrown onto it. There was nothing else, not even a window.

“Get undressed, girl. Let me see what's so special about you.”

Cheryl obediently removed her dress and then took off the sports bra they had given her at the clinic. She stood naked to be examined again, and the long shadow cast by the bulb onto the whitewashed wall made her new breasts seem even larger. Mamma Inara reached out and gently fingered the protruding steel barbells in Cheryl's massive nipples, and then she tentatively squeezed the recently-enlarged tits. “Wow! You're going to be in big demand with these puppies - they're bigger than mine,” she said with a cackle that made her black flesh quiver. She turned Cheryl more towards the light and glanced down at her belly. “Pull your cunt lips apart, let me see the clit piercing.”

Cheryl inhaled, partly in indignation but more in the anticipation of pain, but she spread her labia with both hands, fully revealing the new beaded ring that was threaded directly behind her small clitoral bundle. The intimate jewellery kept the hood of her clit pushed back, and the small red bead nestled against the tender morsel of flesh. Cheryl was aware that her clitoris had been permanently erect since the piercing.

“Did that hurt, girl?”

“It still does.”

The woman smacked Cheryl hard with the flat of her hand full across her face.. “You call me Mamma, girl! When you speak to me, you will precede every sentence you utter with 'Mamma'. Is that clear?”

Cheryl stumbled with the force of the unexpected blow. “Yes, I understand, Mamma.”

The huge black woman hit her again. “You will *precede* every sentence... stupid cunt. Now, tell me again that you understand. ”

“Mamma, yes, I understand.”

Mamma Inara woman nodded, folding her arms under her massive bosom. “Spread your legs and flex your knees.” The Madam leaned forward to stare at the large rings that hung from the lips of Cheryl's pussy, and she reached to flick them together. Straightening, she turned Cheryl to look at the ink outlines on her back, shaking her head as she tried to make some sense of it. She then reached into the pocket of her dress and took out a small clear plastic tube containing small round purple balls, maybe 3/4 inch in diameter. She shook a couple of the balls into her hand . “Bend down, girl, reach back and hold your butt cheeks apart.”

Cheryl glanced back over her shoulder. “Mamma, what are you going to do?”

This time, the slap landed full on Cheryl's arse, and the cheek stung with the astonishing strength of the woman. “You never question me, girl. Now, do as you're told.”

Reluctantly, Cheryl bent forward at the waist and her big tits hung pendent, like the udders of a cow ready for milking. Obediently, she reached back with both hands and spread her buttocks. The fat madam took one of the capsules and pushed it against Cheryl's anus. Cheryl gasped in alarm. Pessaries! It was useless trying to resist. She stood compliantly as Mamma inserted first one capsule up her arse, and then another. The Madam's chubby forefinger forced past the tight muscle and pushed the baubles high up Cheryl's rectum, leaving a trail of cool tendrils where the capsules touched the sensitive sleeve of flesh. Mamma Inara smacked Cheryl's arse again, this time with less force. “There ya go, girl,” she said. “They are your happy pills, tucked up nice and snug in their bed.”

Cheryl miserably removed her hands from the cheeks of her bottom and straightened. She realised that the madam had administered the drug, whether she liked it or not.

“Mamma, are they addictive? I don't want to be made dependent on drugs. I'll do whatever you ask without that.”

Inara cackled and returned the tube of suppositories to her pocket. “Addictive? Hell, I don't know. The girls here sure can't get enough of them. They take away the pain, make you feel good, and make you horny as hell. That can't be bad. The girls here queue up to get a couple up of these babies up their ass each day, and they don't complain none. That stuff will start to work pretty damn quick... faster than swallowing it.”

In fact, the capsules were already at work. A network of warm tendrils was spreading across

Cheryl's belly and making its way inexorably upwards, soon seeming to make contact with every neuron receptor in her body. Her head was becoming light after only a few seconds, and the pain in her various wounds suddenly ceased, as if a switch had been thrown.

"Did he have your tongue pierced?"

"Mamma, no, he didn't."

"Pity! A tongue-stud always improves a cocksucker. I'll talk to him about that. Get some rest. You can bet Juanito will want to show you off tonight."

With that the grotesque madam thrust Cheryl onto the bunk and closed the cell door, immediately plunging her into pitch darkness without even the smallest glimmer of light.

Chapter Two

Cheryl lay back on the hard sleeping platform in the stygian blackness of her dank cell, her mind on the writhing tendrils that seeped from the capsules in her anus. Her new breasts seemed inordinately heavy as they tumbled softly to the side whenever she moved. She giggled. Her mind was suddenly racing in a welter of elation tinged with deep sadness. She found herself recalling the events of the past few days with a tumult of conflicting emotions. Much of this was because of the drugs that had been inserted into her body.

Things had happened so quickly since her arrival in Columbia. With a shudder she recalled the dank cellar when she had been seized and kidnapped. She remembered the events in the sordid basement all too well, and vivid images of her owner's tortured body were still vividly engraved on her mind. After that, it had all been like a surreal nightmare for her. Now locked in the brothel cell, somewhere in Columbia, Cheryl found herself giggling about it. She knew her weird mirth was the effect of the capsules the Madam had stuffed up her arse but she still couldn't contain her misplaced amusement.

She remembered being delivered to the cosmetic surgeon they called The Professor, and how he had firstly marked her bare torso with his surgical pen... Only a few hours, later that very same day, she had found herself lying on her back in a hospital bed in a small, private room with her tits feeling uncommonly heavy and rather numb. That was all there was to it, really. There was a little pain, just some discomfort in her breasts and some local soreness in the area of her belly button. It was nothing compared to some of the tit tortures she had endured over the past few months as sex slave, not to mention numerous tit whippings she had taken in that time. When Juan Pablo had arrived to collect his newly-modified new property two days later, he insisted on a close inspection of the goods. Cheryl had stood in the centre of the room as Juan Pablo silently moved to view her new huge tits from various angles, his long and slick black pony-tail swishing with every movement of his head. Unusually for Cheryl, she had worn a pair of utilitarian white cotton briefs, provided by the clinic, and her midriff was encircled by a bandage that held a thick pad over her navel. The Professor stood by with a nervous look on his face as he waited for Juan Pablo's verdict while the notorious gangster carefully appraised Cheryl's expensively enlarged tits. Cheryl burst into a fit of renewed, drug-fuelled giggles as she recalled the events.

"They are big," Juan Pablo finally conceded. "What size are her teats? And what about the gold rings I ordered?"

"Her nipples have been reconstructed and they are 20mm long and 15mm in diameter... three quarters of an inch and half inch round. I've plugged the piercings with light surgical steel barbels, and they will need to remain in place until the flesh has healed. You can then furnish her with heavier rings. I've given her larger areolae round her nipples too."

Lying on her bunk in the cold black cell, Cheryl chuckled as she remember how Juan Pablo had considered this for a few moments. Her fingers went to one of the thickly protuberant and rubbery teats and winced a little at the pain as she squeezed it. She thought that the giant thrusting nipples were almost obscene, larger than any she had ever seen, and she giggled to think what they would look like once the small steel inserts were replaced with large, barbaric gold rings. What was so funny about that? The powerful happy pills up her arse had taken over her mind. She sat upright for a minute or so, feeling the weight of her tits on her shoulders. Then she cupped the massive mammary orbs, one in each hand, laughing as she thought about how they got in her way when she did things, and even with the stout bra, how they moved and swayed fluidly when she walked. These were things she had never considered before. She was just learning the problems that girls have with big tits! However, Cheryl knew that she would have to get used to them. They were a part of her now, even if she had had no say in the matter. She recalled the broad smile on Juan Pablo's swarthy face with its cruelly handsome features. Unlike her, he was evidently very satisfied with her new tits. He cupped his hands, and held them poised beneath the reddened flesh of the rounded orbs. "I can touch?" he asked the Professor.

"She needs time to heal. There is no apparent incision, of course, because that is concealed in her belly button, but there is some inevitable trauma behind the breast tissue."

"Of course I can touch them, they belong to me," Juan Pablo said, hefting each of the tits in the palms of his hands, weighing them. "How much time for them to heal, Professor?"

"She can go about normal activities in a couple of days time, but her navel needs to be kept bandaged for a week or more. It will take a full month for the implants to settle down and the scars to heal enough, and even up to 9 months for them to fully bed themselves in."

"Nine months? She can't be idle for that long."

"Perhaps one month then, before she is required to do...real work?"

Juan Pablo considered this and then nodded. He said: "One month will give me time to get her suitably decorated. I'm planning some nice, tasteful art work on her back."

Now, a few days later, lying naked on the crude stone platform in the concrete bunker she found herself laughing about it all. The pills in her arse had made her giddy and light-headed, and for some reason she found herself highly-amused at the way that Juan Pablo, her new owner and Master, had delivered her to a tattooist. She tried to put the events from her mind and get some sleep but it was impossible.

Eduardo the tattooist and body-piercer operated from a reasonably smart studio in Bogota, 150 miles from seedy Buenaventura. Apparently, Juan Pablo did not trust the local tattooists, so he had taken Cheryl on a short flight to the capital. Cheryl had vehemently protested once she realised the crazed gangster's intentions to have her tattooed, and she had even been reduced to tearful begging. Her pleas were to no avail, of course. Whenever she resisted, Juan Pablo produced his mobile phone and showed her a recent picture of Sir Andrew, still naked and bound to the wooden chair, with the remote-controlled bomb strapped around his neck. Each picture showed a new edition of the local newspaper, so she knew that Sir Andrew was still being held in a dank cellar in Buenaventura, pending her cooperation. The notorious drug-runner and people trafficker was utterly ruthless, and she didn't doubt that he would have Sir Andrew killed, given the slightest reason. Even now, Cheryl knew that there had been no alternative but to go along with Juan Pablo's crazed plans. She giggled as she recalled the way she had docilely accompanied Juan Pablo on the plane, sitting quietly beside him as if she was his girl friend or, more likely, his kept woman or whore (given her slutty dress with its ultra-low neckline, chosen to well-reveal her startling and ample expanse of quivering new cleavage).

Eduardo the tattooist had a very good reputation as a highly-skilled operator.

"Ah Eduardo," she said aloud into the blackness, lying back on the bunk. "Lovely Eduardo!"

Eduardo was a very camp and effeminate young man who wore a skin tight short-sleeved tee-shirt that showed off his pecs and displayed the tattoos on his arms. He was a pleasant and courteous fellow and, from his wary attitude, he hadn't much liked Juan Pablo. That made Cheryl laugh again at the very thought of it.

Once at Eduardo's studio, Cheryl had sat acquiescently as Juan Pablo produced a large sheet of drawing paper from an artists' folio case. Eduardo spread it out on a desk and pored thoughtfully over the detailed sketch. The gangster also handed over three 6 x 4 photographs. Cheryl had craned her neck to see the design for the first time. "This is the work of a true professional," Eduardo said admiringly, looking at the drawing.

"It was done in New York. You can do it?"

"A full back tattoo, yes?"

"I already have the stencils. Everything is good to go."

Now, lying on the hard palliase, Cheryl clasped her sides to contain her mirth as she recalled her gasp at the sight of the design. It was a huge multi-coloured graphic of two strange mythical beasts, a dragon and a bird with graceful wings, a long lyre-like tail, the face and legs of a beautiful woman. The dragon breathed a fiery orange-red flame, and the bird-woman writhed helplessly beneath the scaled beast, impaled from the rear by its scaled, hugely-rampant cock.

"This design will dominate her entire back, of course. And the way it is designed, the feathered tail of the bird will curl round her right hip and probably end at the very apex of her pussy. It's not the kind of design a woman would usually choose." He paused and looked at Cheryl. "Are you sure this is what you want?" he asked her.

Cheryl had hesitated and she looked at Juan Pablo's impassive and unyielding features. "Yes," she had said quietly, suppressing a shudder. "It's what I want."

The tattooist and body-piercer considered this for a moment and then nodded. He gazed again at the detailed design and whistled slightly, showing his appreciation. "Very, very cool looking. This is really

nice work, if a little weird.”

“You can ink that exact picture on her?”

“Yes.”

“And the cunt rings? You can do that too?”

Lying on her bunk now, Cheryl reached between her legs and fingered the rings that now pierced her nether lips. She recalled how Eduardo had picked up the photos, and how she had caught a brief glimpse of the picture of a shaved pump pussy adorned with heavy hardware. That was how her pussy looked now!

Eduardo had looked up with pursed lips, noting Cheryl's response. “This is pretty drastic stuff and I have a legitimate, well-regarded business here. I don't want any trouble.”

“Then it wouldn't do for anything or anyone to harm your business,” Juan Pablo said, menace dripping from his voice. “You can do the piercings too?”

“Yes, probably,” Eduardo said carefully, holding up the picture. “It depends on her anatomy. I've never seen a design like this.”

“They are purpose-designed to be permanent cunt rings so that they can't be easily removed.”

“They'd need to be specially made. I'm not sure if it'll work.”

“It will work,” Juan Pablo said, reaching into his pocket and producing a small polythene bag containing a number of metal rings. “I had these made for her last year in London, in anticipation of this day.”

Once again Cheryl realised that Juan Pablo had been planning her abduction for months, probably from the very first time he had fucked her at the Gorean Club.

“So, you also want a small ring sitting up under the clitoral hood tissue in a horizontal placement?” He held up the polythene bag and looked at the contents. “It's 14 gauge, 3/8” or 7/16”, by the look of it.”

“You can do that?”

“With the bead resting directly against her clitoris?”

Juan Pablo smiled darkly. “Yes, right against her clit, just like the photo. I want to keep her on heat at all times. You can do all this work? I'm getting tired of asking, Eduardo. I'm not a patient man.”

Eduardo looked carefully at the sketch again and glanced at Cheryl. “I'll need to look at her,” he said.

“Of course,” Juans Pablo said. Turning to Cheryl, he snapped, “Strip, puta.”

Cheryl heard the tattooist's sharp intake of breath when Juan Pablo called her a puta. She smiled ruefully and stood, unbuttoning her floral dress and allowing it to hang open. She shrugged it from her shoulders, almost without thinking removing the sports bra too, allowing her full breasts to spring forward as if they had a life of their own. She stood naked except for her high-heeled shoes and a 3” square pad bandage taped over her navel.

“She's had recent surgery? Maybe we should wait a couple of weeks.”

“No!”

Eduardo gave a sharp look at Juan Pablo, and then glanced back at Cheryl's body, and his eyes rested on the large tattoo on her left thigh, just below her hip, a cursive red letter 'k' with the number 555 inked in black. He stepped forward and placed both of his hands on her shoulders, glancing down only briefly at her formidable breasts as he turned her to examine her back. Cheryl felt his fingers tracing over the skin of her back, assessing its contours and gauging the depth of flesh. Her body was highly-toned from regular enforced exercise, so the subcutaneous layer of fat was very thin.

“You have the stencils, you say?”

“Yes.” Juan Pablo handed Eduardo another couple of smaller, shaped sheets of paper, scribed with just the outline of the design. He said: “I saw a similar design transferred onto the body of a bitch about the same size as her. It fitted well.”

The paper was cool against Cheryl's skin as Eduardo offered the stencils up to her back, adjusting the position until satisfied. She looked down as the tattooist curled the paper round her right hip. As he had forecast, the delicate swirl of the bird's tail feather would brush the apex of the baby-smooth lips of Cheryl's pussy.

“It's a fifteen hundred dollar piece...very time consuming! I will need 5 sittings, one for the outline and four to colour, about 5 hours each and two weeks apart. There's a lot of ouch for her here - it will be

painful.”

Juan Pablo growled. “I will pay two thousand dollars, but you have two weeks only. Don't worry about the ouch. Make it two sittings of ten hours each. She's not bothered about the pain. Do the outline and the cunt piercings today.”

Eduardo led Cheryl to his work room and her fearful eyes took in the scene there. Despite her fears, it was reassuringly functional and clean, brightly-lit, like the surgery of any proficient doctor or dentist, with lots of stainless steel, and a smell of antiseptic fluid. There was a substantial, adjustable chair and a long narrow medical table and a stainless steel trolley laden with implements, jugs and dishes.

“I will do the piercings first,” Eduardo said, “because you need to lie on your back for that and it might be a bit sore after I've inked the outline.”

Cheryl smiled wanly. The fey little tattooist couldn't know about her life as a Gorean lifestyle slave. Minor soreness from a tattooist's needles would be as nothing compared to the effects of a five blade whip. She lay back on the table and Eduardo separated and adjusted the lower end of the table to spread her legs and raise her knees. “Comfortable?” he asked, stooping to peer at her exposed pussy. He pushed back the skin of her clitoral hood and toyed a little with the nubbin until it became erect before grasping it between forefinger and thumb and pulling the whole clitoral bundle forward from her abdominal wall. “Yes, it should take that piercing okay,” Eduardo said, wiggling the clitoris from side to side.

“It damned well better,” Juan Pablo murmured, making Eduardo look up sharply again.

Cheryl tensed as she felt a clamp tighten around her bud. She crossed her forearm across her forehead and closed her eyes, willing herself to relax. Cold fluid seemed to numb the area somewhat, but she felt the receiving tube being placed to one side of her clit, and then the sharp point of the needle pressing on the tender flesh. Then, without further warning, a fierce jolt of unimaginable pain shot through her loins. She let out a long, protracted yell as the needle pushed through. “Holy fuck!” she screeched as the terrible pain ripped through her guts. She heard Juan Pablo laugh. Then, with more but somewhat lessened pain, she felt her new clit jewelry being inserted.

“It's done!” Eduardo said.

Cheryl blinked. Finished, already? It hurt like hell, but it had taken less than three minutes. “Holy fuck,” she said again, trying to catch her breath.

Juan Pablo stepped forward and peered down at her pussy. “Yeah, that's good. I like it.”

Eduardo reached for other tools, and he swabbed the outer lips of Cheryl's pussy with more antiseptic fluid. In a further five minutes, Cheryl wore two large cunt rings, one on either side at the mouth of her vagina. She was breathing heavily, more from anxiety than pain; the latter two piercings had not hurt so much, but there was still a persistent throb in her clitoris. Still, she was amazed that it could have all been done so quickly and efficiently. When Eduardo helped her from the table, the weight of the cunt rings seemed to distend the lips of her pussy, but that may have just been her imagination. However, it made her realise that, with the rings that would adorn her nipples, she was to henceforth wear a full set of barbaric body furniture. How had this all come about? She numbly allowed the effeminate and gentle little man to lead her to a stool, facing a table.

“Okay, lady,” Eduardo said, placing a pillow on the table top, “I'm now going to ink the outline of your full back piece. Sit here facing the table. Lean forward and rest your head on your crossed wrists to keep your elbows up and your back straight. Make yourself comfortable, it's going to take about three hours. And don't move, this is a very cool but extremely complicated design.”

Cheryl had sat on the stool, carefully leaning forward and taking the weight on her elbows to avoid pressure on her aching breasts. Eduardo swabbed her back from shoulder to waist. He carefully taped the paper stencil to her body before applying a solvent solution to transfer the inked outline to her skin. After a minute or so, he removed the stencil and checked the result before snapping on a clean pair of blue latex gloves and then picking up his ink gun. “Okay, pretty lady,” he said, turning on the gun and adjusting it to a whine, “this is your last chance to back down. After this, the mark is on your back forever. You still want me to go ahead.”

Cheryl recalled how Juan Pablo had toyed with his mobile phone in a meaningful way. “Yes,” she had told Eduardo. “I want you to do it!”

Now, only a few days later, her tits grotesquely enlarged, her back bizarrely tattooed, and her cunt flaps pierced, she lay in a drug-induced haze in a cold cell in a brothel, somewhere in Columbia. The

surreal nature of her plight made her giggle uncontrollably.

The cell was suddenly flooded with bright light as moments later the heavy door opened and Raul, the fat driver, stared at her as she lay laughing helplessly on the stone platform.

Chapter Three

"I see Mamma Inara has given you your dose of happy pills," Raul said with a sneer that made his loose lips wobble as he looked down at Cheryl's naked body and cupped his crotch. "I'll push something else up your arse soon."

Reality immediately kicked in, and Cheryl cowered back into the corner, clasping her arms about her body. "Juanito said I mustn't be touched until I'm healed," she said in Spanish, suddenly alert and wary.

"Juanito?" the driver growled, moving forward and lashing her face with the back of his hand. "He would kill you for calling him that. Come, I'll get you ready for your grand entrance tonight."

He pulled Cheryl from the door and took her across a patio to a small building by a swimming pool, flicking on a light-switch and roughly thrusting her inside. "Take a shower."

The white-tiled wet-room room was small and functional, presumably built to serve the pool area, with a couple of shower heads on old copper pipes stapled to the wall and a drain hole drilled into the tiled floor. Raul turned one of the faucets and stepped back quickly as cold water cascaded down. "There ain't no hot water but you'll get used to it."

After the first icy shock, the spray was quite refreshing, given the humid night heat of the Colombian city. After a minute or so, Raul beckoned her towards him. Her drug-induced mirth had entirely dissipated, and she stood meekly as the driver took a plastic bottle of cheap hair shampoo and lathered her hair, and then used the same liquid to soap her body. His chubby fingers poked into every sore crevice as he turned her this way and that, groping her flesh.

"I'll take you to Mamma and she will get you ready for the show," Raul said, tossing her a thin white cotton towel. "You will move when told, bend when told, do anything we want you to do. You will not try and defend any part of your body from any kind of action or punishment."

"I'm a good girl. La kajira," Cheryl said with a little giggle.

"Oh, another one with that Gor shit!" the fat driver said dismissively, leading Cheryl out to the garden and across to the servants quarters. He pushed her through a doorway and took wooden hair brush from the hall table, thrusting it into Cheryl's hand. "This is Mamma Inara's own place. She lives here, so you always respect it. If I ever catch you stealing from here, I'll cut your big tits right off, believe me."

"Maybe Juan Pablo would buy me some more new ones," Cheryl giggled as she brushed her towel-dried hair.

Mamma Inara waddled into the hall, smiling and saying, "I see the little bird is happy enough now."

"Your drugs make them crazy," Raul said gruffly, stepping back.

Mamma Inara pulled open a drawer in the hall cupboard unit, and took out a leather dog-collar, 3/4 inch wide with a big buckle and round metal tag hanging from a wide ring. Cheryl stood happily, even raising her hair up as the madam buckled the collar about her neck.

"I've got a system of penalty points for you whores," Mamma said, taking a leather leash from the same drawer. "For every misdemeanour, and every complaint from a customer, and every cat-fight with another whore, I give you points. And for every few points, you get your ass whipped in front of the punters. You'll find that I like to give a little show to encourage the johns to spend more money humping. Understand?"

"Mamma, yes, that's very clear," Cheryl giggled, and she raised her chin for the madam to clip the dog leash to the collar. Cheryl was no stranger to being collared and leashed, of course, so she felt neither shame nor humiliation in this, and the threat of a public whipping was nothing new, either.

"Put some lippy on. Make yourself look like a whore."

There were several tubes of lipstick on the table, but they were all the same intense red colour. Cheryl quickly applied the greasy and lurid lipgloss. She looked into the mirror at her glistening scarlet lips, and her teeth seemed very white as she smiled happily.

"You are my bitch now, girl. In fact, for the time being you is my little puppy. Get down on your hands and knees," she paused and waited until Cheryl had obeyed, and then yanked on the leash. "Good girl, good doggy. Juanito has a big thing about little puppy bitches. You are denied speaking privileges, until I say. Understand?"

"Mamma, yes, I understand."

Immediately, a searing pain lashed across Cheryl's buttocks, and she yelped, realising it had been

caused by a splatter from the back of the hairbrush.

“You don't speak until I say, you stupid cunt! When you want anything, you will bark twice and I'll decide whether you can speak or not. Understand?”

“Woof,” Cheryl yapped, giggling hugely, making her breasts swing beneath her.

Mamma Inara laughed and said, “Stupid drug-happy bitch! If you cooperate like that you'll be just fine. I am a fair woman. Come, little puppy, let's show you to your future stud sires.”

Chapter Four

Cheryl crawled along beside the waddling fat madam, back to the main house, where the sounds of laughter and revelry assailed her ears. Mamma Inara led her through the throng of whores and patrons, and Cheryl yelped when one of the girls reached to slap her bottom.

Mamma Inara scowled at the girl. "Get her a drink, puta," she snarled in Spanish to the laughing girl, who had a cascade of black glossy hair about her bare shoulders. "Whisky. Serve it in a big ashtray."

"Ah, Mamma Inara knows what I like," Juan Pablo said, smiling broadly as he stepped forward and took the leash. Then he declared loudly, "This is Cheryl, my new English whore with big titties. You can all enjoy her soon. Isn't that so, puta?"

"Woof," Cheryl barked with a giggle as he jerked the leash.

The Hispanic girl returned with a large dish-like ashtray, brimming with amber whisky, and she placed it carefully on the floor in front of Cheryl's kneeling form.

"Drink, puta," Juan Pablo said, and she crawled over to the bowl and lapped happily at the whisky, pausing only to blink at the fiery liquor, spluttering and giggling.

"She's got the happy pills up her ass," Mamma Inara said by way of explanation.

"Hey, Juanito, when can I fuck your little bitch?"

"Not for a month, Carlos. She can suck your cock, if you like, if you do it here, where the guys can watch."

"Pfft! You want me to star in your little exhibition?" the man replied, waving his hand dismissively. "You are such a cretin!"

This remark made Cheryl giggle even more as she slurped on the whisky. The collar jerked painfully on her throat as Juan Pablo angrily yanked the leash to stop her laughter, and she gave a small choking sound.

"She can suck my cock," a young, black-skinned man said, "if it's for free."

"Sure it's free, just for tonight," Mamma Inara said. "After that, you all pay to use her, whichever hole you use."

The black youth smiled and sat down on an easy chair, and he pointed to the floor in front of him as he spread his legs. Cheryl laughed and gave a small yap-yapping noise as she scampered forward. She hesitated. How could a puppy-dog unzip a man's pants? Then, though, without waiting, her hands tore at his clothing, and she could hardly contain her excitement. Somewhere in the recesses of her mind she realised that Mamma Inara had been right: the pessaries, whatever they contained, had made her very light-headed and uninhibited, and very horny too. She was hungry for his cock in her mouth. When it was revealed, she saw that young man's shaft was very long and almost the girth of her wrist. She ran her tongue along the underside of the shaft and then quickly took it into her mouth, feeling him harden.

The patrons and house girls gathered around the pair in a tight circle, urging her on as she worked hungrily, lapping with her tongue at the big plum-like glans, and nibbling with her lips down the entire length of the shaft, working down and up, back and forth, until it was fully rigid and erect. Then she finally took it fully into her mouth, relaxing her throat as she had been painfully taught in the slave training rooms at the Gorean Club, drawing her lips from the base of the shaft to the very tip, repeatedly, back and forth, fully up and then down, without sucking but with her tongue constantly swirling. The black man sighed. "She gives great head," he said contentedly, and the onlookers laughed and whooped.

The man grasped Cheryl's hair and held her head down on his cock for several seconds, its upper end nestling in her throat and blocking her airway. She struggled to remain still as he held her thus for what seemed like an eternity. When he released her hair, she gasped a lungful of air and then began to suck in earnest, hungrily pumping her head back and forth. He grabbed her hair again, as if it was necessary to force her head down repeatedly. Cheryl could feel his cock throbbing, and there was a spasm in her mouth as the head grazed her throat again. Recognising his growing urgency she started sucking even harder. Suddenly, his cock jerked repeatedly, and he grunted as cum seemed to explode in her mouth, with some escaping from her lips. She heard the man's growls and grunts of pleasure and the cheering from the onlookers. Cheryl didn't care. She was inordinately happy, in fact. She sucked the last drop of cum from his cock and licked at the glans.

Then, though, she felt a familiar tapping on the cheeks of her arse. She looked over her shoulder and

saw Juan Pablo standing with a long, slender cane in his hand. She dropped forward on her hands and knees again, offering her arse with a wiggle.

Cheryl heard the rush air before the cane hit her arse. She gave a yelp, and then wriggled her bottom again as the heat of the stripe suffused her buttocks. He gave her a few more light taps, and then another severe stroke, and more taps and then another blow. Each was accompanied by a cheer from the crowd around her.

“What did she do wrong, Juanito?”

“Nothing. It’s just her welcoming thrashing,” Juan Pablo said, striping her thighs and making her squeal. “A whore needs to know what lies in store if she misbehaves.”

“Bark little puppy,” Mamma Inara encouraged her.

Juan Pablo brought the cane down again and again, working his way down her upper legs, and then back up to her quivering buttocks. With each blow, Cheryl let out a high-pitched, yelping bark, like a distressed dog. Despite the pain-numbing and mind-puddling drugs, she was close to tears. Juan Pablo paused to stroke the back of her legs, but it was only a temporary respite and he then delivered more vicious blows of the cane, eliciting more yapping yelps.

“Good little puppy,” Mamma Inara said mockingly, pushing Cheryl’s head to the floor so that she had to raise her arse higher.

Juan Pablo brought the cane down again for a few more blows, and in the end she was screaming. Even in her stupor, and without even looking, she knew that her bottom would be a seething mass of livid flesh. It felt as though her entire arse was on fire. He tapped the cane there again and she struggled to brace herself as he brought the cane down hard in rapid succession, hitting her six more times. Cheryl screamed and barked like a dog as the crowd yelled and bayed in excitement at her agony.

Afterwards, Mamma Inara led Cheryl back to the cell in the gardens. She briefly examined the tortured buttocks as Cheryl lay on her belly on the palliasse. “Whew,” the madam whistled. “Juanita sure gave it you good. That beating was much harder than we usually give the new girls. It’s a good thing you have some time to recover.”

The Madam locked Cheryl in the cell, turning off the light and leaving her in pitch darkness. However, she returned a little later and applied salve to the crimson and blue buttocks, and she stuffed another purple capsule up Cheryl’s arse.

Chapter Five

Raul, the driver flung open her cell door. She had awoken in her pitch-black little cell the morning after her ordeal in the salon, but after a few minutes the electric light had suddenly come on, make her blink and screw her eyes. Raul tore off the single blanket that covered her and leered as she cringed on the palliasse. He didn't look at her face, but instead his gaze fell on her naked body. She whimpered in alarm when he thrust his hand between her legs, pushing the cunt rings apart and forcing his fingers inside her. She grimaced and writhed, but knew that she couldn't resist the grotesque driver.

The effects of the drugs had worn off, and there was a familiar soreness in the flesh of her arse. Yet the clit piercing suddenly seemed not to hurt to much, except when Raul pressed hard on the swollen button. The bud was very erect and sensitive, stimulated by the small bead on the clitoral jewellery but also, she thought, by the ring that passed directly behind her clitoral shaft. "Hah!" he said, as if in triumph. "You are wet! You like being debased, you English whore!"

"Please don't. Juan Pablo and Mamma said...."

Raul sneered. "They don't care what I do with you. I look after all the new girls in the bunker. Here, there is only me to look after you. You do what I like, or there's no food, and no blanket... you get nothing!"

Cheryl felt her guts tighten, as if gripped by a harsh hand. "I am to be left for a month to heal. Juan Pablo ordered that," she said, trying to sound confident. "He will be angry if you damage the work he has had done on me."

"You won't tell him, or I'll make life hell for you here," Raul said. "Now, shut up and open your legs."

Cheryl remained cringing on the sleeping platform, her thighs clenched together. Raul grunted and his fat lips separated in a ghoulish grin. "I can make life a nightmare for you, even worse than it is now. Open your legs, you English whore."

She sighed. Resistance was futile. There was nobody to help her here in the garden quarters, and she had no confidence that Juan Pablo would care anyway. She slowly parted her thighs. Raul's flaccid lips sagged in a broad smile as he drove a finger into her exposed quim. She shrieked, worried by such violence while the piercings in her cunt were still so fresh. He merely backhanded her across the face with his other hand, and then grasped her hair to drag her from the platform. She found herself spun around and forced to her knees facing the low platform.

"Now, spread your legs," Raul snarled, gripping her hips and spitting into the divide of her arse. He then lowered himself and began to lick greedily at the bud of her anus.

"No!" Cheryl yelled, realising his intent as he slobbered around her puckered rose. This, it seemed, was to be her only lubrication. When she looked back over her shoulder, she saw that he was tearing at his pants and releasing his already erect stubby cock. "Please, no... when I'm healed, I'll do anything you want."

Raul growled. "You do it now!" he said.

With that, the fat and grotesque driver plunged his cock into Cheryl's anus, making her shriek in pain. Her tortured and purple-welted buttocks were freshly agonised as he drove roughly into her. She began to wish that the drugs were still working their numbing magic on her senses. Raul fucked her anus relentlessly, not listening to her pleas. He seemed careful not to touch her breasts or exert any pressure there, and nor on her clitoris neither, but he was mercilessly taking his satisfaction from her arse. Fortunately, she was well-accustomed to anal sex and sufficiently loosened to take him without damage, but she could only imagine the horror for a tight-arsed newly-captured girl if Raul truly did have the job of breaking them all in. Snorting and gasping, he was bludgeoning his cock in and out of her. At least, his ardour was short-lived and she knew he was nearing a climax from his increasingly frenzied pounding and grunts, and his drooling saliva was dripped onto her shoulders as he crouched over her. At the final moment, he dragged his cock out of the clinging rectal sheath and spurted cum over her tattooed back. She remained with her knees on the bare floor and her elbows on the straw palliasse, head hung in defeat.

Raul grunted and rose to his feet, wiping his loose lips with the back of his hand and leaving the cell without a second glance at her. The door slammed shut and she heard a lock turn and the light went off. Left in utter darkness again, Cheryl climbed painfully and tentatively to her feet, pushing her dishevelled

hair back from her face. She reached out blindly and then sat gingerly on the hard sleeping platform, her bottom tender on the rough surface, and then she found herself weeping inconsolably, her head in her hands.

Cheryl remained alone in the bleak cell of a couple of hours or more. She tried to sleep without success. Eventually, she heard the lock click again and gave a frightened start. Was Raul returning for more? The door opened and the stooped figure of an old woman was silhouetted there against the bright sunlight. "I am Capucine. I do the laundry and cleaning round here," she said in Spanish as she walked in and fixed Cheryl with a stare.

"The driver..."

"That's Raul, he's my son and a very bad man," Capucine said with a toothless smile. "He breaks in all the new girls. It is nothing for a whore like you. Turn over and I'll put some pills in your ass."

"No, please..." Cheryl began as the woman delved into her apron and produced a couple of the gelatine-cased capsules.

"I'll fetch Raul, and he'll do it," Capucine said with a shrug.

Cheryl hesitated. She had no wish to invite more torment from the beast-like driver. She sighed and reluctantly slid from the sleeping platform and presented her bottom to the old woman, and remained there stoically as the soft baubles were stuffed into the hole so recently ravaged by the woman's own son.

"Time to wash you, and get you dressed," Capucine said, reaching between Cheryl's thighs and tutting as she fingered the dangling cunt rings. "I ought to shave you, but these damned rings would get in the way."

Cheryl could already feel warm tendrils leaching into her rectal tube from the suppositories. She hated herself for it, but relished the relief they would bring. She climbed to her feet and followed the old woman out to the shower room, glad of the icy spray to wash away Raul's filth from her body. To her dismay, the driver returned to stand leering at the open door as his mother bathed her, washed her hair, and helped her to dry off. He watched with interest when the old woman's gnarled fingers worked a soothing salve into the pierced flesh round her studs and rings.

Then Cheryl accompanied them both to the servants' quarters and stood quietly while Capucine fixed her dark hair into a kind of bun with unexpected expertise. Meanwhile, Raul took a black leather corset from a closet and held it at arms length. After some deliberation, he eventually decided to swap it for an identical red corset, and he then stooped to pick up a pair of matching red ankle boots with astonishingly high stiletto heels, joined together by a short hobble chain. Raul passed the corset to his mother and waited while she laced it around Cheryl's torso. The garment had a very low back but clever boning brought it up under her huge breasts at the front. Cheryl gasped as the garment was cinched around her, tightly constricting and shaping her waist and making her breasts seem even larger. The corset's artful engineering and boning lifted and presented the massive mammaries as if offering the long thick nipples to be sucked. Beneath her breasts, the leather garment sculpted her waist to a tiny span and then flared over her hips and arse and ended in pointed tails hung with thin leather suspender straps. The red leather framed her pussy, as if in emphasis of the barbaric bangles there. Similarly, at the back, the points fitted directly over her bruised buttocks, making her aware of each weal and tender ridge.

Capucine took a packet of black stockings from a drawer and stooped wearily to help Cheryl put them on, and she knelt up to fasten the suspenders. After fitting the ankle-boots, the old woman struggled to her feet, holding onto Cheryl's arm for support. Cheryl tottered a little, her balance unsure on the impractically high heels.

"She is ready?" Raul asked.

Capucine glared at her son, but otherwise ignored him as she reached to the table for one of the blood-red lipsticks that seemed obligatory in the whore-house. She carefully outlined Cheryl's full lips, and then also applied a smudge of dark shadow to her eyelids. The old woman then buckled the collar about her neck and leashed her, passing the chain to Raul. "Take her, I don't care," she said with a shrug.

Raul tugged Cheryl's leash impatiently, and she was nearly tripped by the short hobble chain that fastened her feet together. Only the shortest of steps were possible, and her calves quickly began to ache on the impossibly high heels as she made slow progress along the garden path. Unaccountably, she found herself giggling again. Moreover, a warm familiar heat was building in her belly, seemingly fed by the little baubles in her back passage. The warm breeze teased at her pierced nipples, until they were

massively erect and by the time she finally reached the house, the nubbins were throbbing with anticipation.

Chapter Six

La Casa de Putas was quiet at that time of day. Raul led her through the entrance hall and up the sweeping staircase, tugging at her leash to hurry her along. She steadied herself with one hand on the ornate wrought iron banister, and the steel tips of her stiletto-heels clipped on the marble stair treads. At the top of the stairs, Raul led her along a corridor her to the door at the end of the left wing of the house. He paused to knock, waiting for the call to enter, and then pushed the door open and tugged her into a large suite where Juan Pablo sat with an older man. As soon as she entered the room, Cheryl was aware of the tense atmosphere. The table had been laid for lunch with a white cloth and glittering cutlery and tasteful large unlit black candles in large glass balloon holders. There was only a single place setting at the head of the table, with a large carver chair that looked a bit like a throne,

“Ah, she’s here at last,” Juan Pablo said as Cheryl shuffled into the room with tiny steps.

“Leave us!” the older man said to Juan Pablo.

Juan Pablo nodded, grimly tight-lipped, and he abruptly turned and left the room. The older man eyed Cheryl for a few seconds and then beckoned her towards him. She recognised him, with his heavy gold bracelet and distinguished grey hair and tick moustache. He had visited the Gorean Club in London, of course, leading the Columbian mobsters in their negotiations. It was Don Rafael, Juan Pablo’s father and supreme head of the Columbian drug cartel. Cheryl approached him nervously, taking tiny steps, conscious that Raul still held her leash.

“What is your name, girl?”

“Cheryl, sir.”

“You remember me?” He paused and waited until she nodded. “Has Raul been treating you well?”

Cheryl hesitated. She shot a nervous glance at the brutish driver. “Yes,” she said quietly and wisely. “He’s been... looking after me.”

Don Rafael also glanced at the driver, and Cheryl saw the swarthy man blanch a little under the steady blue gaze. Then the gangster leader turned his attention back to her: “My son tells me that you came to Columbia willingly to be with him? That is correct?”

Cheryl could hardly believe her ears. Did he really believe that? It seemed that Don Rafael, the all-powerful boss of the entire drugs cartel, had no notion of the circumstances of her capture. Did he not know that his son had kidnapped and imprisoned Sir Andrew, her owner? Her mind raced over the options. If she told the older man everything, would he release them both? He was a ruthless criminal mobster, after all, and could just as easily decide to kill them both and destroy the evidence. She dare not take such risks with Sir Andrew’s life, or with her own safety. The suppositories up her arse were having an effect too, and befuddling her mind.

“Yes sir,” Cheryl eventually said, and she heard herself giggle slightly at the absurdity of it. “I flew to Columbia of my own free will.”

Don Rafael’s eyes swept over her bizarrely-clad form, taking in the large breasts, and looking at the rings that pierced her sex lips. He eventually shook his head, as if incredulous. “Women do some very strange things,” he said. Then he tugged at a nearby bell-cord and looked to the driver. “You may leave us too, Raul.”

Raul nodded and handed Cheryl’s leash to the older man. He then left, closing the door behind him. The old man smiled, flashing a gold canine tooth.

“I think we can dispense with the dog lead,” he said, and Cheryl instinctively raised her chin and leaned into his touch as he unclipped the chain. He dropped the leash to the floor and indicated that she should move around the other side of the table. There, beside the carver chair, was a low footstool, upholstered in red leather. Don Rafael sat in the chair and shook out a napkin, and Cheryl curled herself on the stool at his feet without waiting to be told.

The door opened and a black servant brought in a large tray. He must have been waiting very close nearby, summoned by the bell cord. Cheryl looked up, surprised. It was the youth whose cock she had been made to suck in the salon on the previous night. She had been made to give a blow job to a lowly houseboy! He hardly glanced at her as he busied himself serving the food, and Cheryl’s mouth watered at the aroma of cooked meat. She realised that she hadn’t eaten for a day or more. The black youth deferentially poured a glass of red wine before stepping back to stand quietly beside the wall as Don

Rafael began his meal. Cheryl licked her lips as the man spooned soup into his mouth. He paused every so often to wipe his moustache with the napkin. Then he took a bread roll and tore a small piece from it, dipped it into the soup bowl, and reached down to offer it to Cheryl. Without even thinking, she leaned forward and took the soup-soaked bread into her mouth, and she licked his fingers as he held them there for a few seconds after she had swallowed.

“You are hungry?”

“Yes, sir.”

Don Rafael nodded. As he continued supping his soup, he asked more questions.

“You chose to leave your Master, Sir Andrew?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Why?”

She hesitated, and then said: “It seemed the right thing to do at the time, sir.”

He took a sip of from his glass and then lowered it to her lips, waiting as she sipped the red wine. “Do you regret it now?” he asked, using his napkin to wipe red lipstick stain from the rim of the glass.

“It was... necessary.”

He glanced down at Cheryl’s huge, newly enlarged breasts. “Did you agree that my son could modify your body in that way? The surgery, piercings and tattoos... did you sign your consent?”

She hesitated again, confused. Don Rafael gestured to the black youth, who immediately stepped forward to remove the soup dish and replace it with a plate laden with tastefully presented meat and vegetables..

Taking advantage of the few moments respite while the boy served the intimidating old villain, Cheryl considered her answer. Her mind was a welter of contradictory thoughts. She was surprised that he was so solicitous about her welfare. Why would he care? He quite obviously wasn’t a charming Spanish-style grandee and gentleman, and much of his wealth had probably been made by trafficking women like her. Yet Don Rafael was asking these questions as if genuinely concerned.

“Well?” he said, sipping from the newly-refreshed glass.

Eventually, Cheryl said, “Yes, sir, I agreed to the surgery and tattoos.”

He seemed satisfied with that and continued his meal. It was a relatively light lunch, but Don Rafael saved enough of the food to feed the young English woman at his feet. She fed from his hand, hungrily, savouring every morsel, her tongue flicking out eagerly over his palm. Perhaps it was the drugs, but somehow it seemed right for her to be sitting at the feet of this powerful, frightening drugs baron. She ate every last morsel. He then rose from the carver chair and ordered her to her feet with a single gesture as he stepped to the side.

“Lie on the table,” he said abruptly.

Without hesitation, Cheryl turned and eased her bottom onto the edge of the table and lay back amongst the remains of his meal. Don Rafael accepted a tiny coffee cup from the black servant and he stepped forward, sipping the coffee as he looked down at her naked pussy with its intimate ironmongery. Cheryl lay quite still, knowing her breathing had become ragged. Then he suddenly laid his hand on her inner thigh and her body jerked as if touched by an electric prod. Her legs parted naturally, but they were restricted by the hobble chain at her ankles, and she flexed her knees to grant him access. Then she willed herself to be still again as he examined her, running the tips of his fingers round the still-swollen flesh where the cunt rings were retained. Then Don Rafael looked at the servant, gesturing towards one of the table pieces. “Get me a candle,” he said.

The youth immediately reached and plucked one of the large fat black candles from a glass balloon. He offered it to the older man. Instead of taking the 2 inch diameter candle, Don Rafael gestured towards Cheryl’s pussy. The youth hesitated momentarily, but he moved to stand directly in front of her, gazing down at her prone body. Then, unexpectedly, he hoisted her hobbled feet up high and stooped to slip inside the short chain to stand between her legs. He placed the candle on end, directly in front of her pussy, so close to her quim that she could feel its waxy surface against her smooth sex lips. She inhaled deeply, but kept her booted feet high as he pressed on the inside of her knees, splaying them further as he pushed them down flush on the table top. Her pussy was opened widely as she lay like a frog on its back. She held her breath, wondering what the boy intended to do with the fat candle. Cheryl had experienced hot wax torment before, and she was daunted by the thought of molten drips on the tender inner flesh of

her pussy. However, the youth grasped the candle and slowly, oh so slowly, he pushed the tapered end into her quim. Cheryl shuddered as the slick thick shaft slipped easily into her. She closed her eyes against the fear and humiliation and yet experienced a familiar delicious frisson of excitement as the wax shaft filled and stretched her. She could feel the youth's warm breath on her inner thighs and knew that his head was close to her pussy as he pushed the candle deeply inside her. He slowly withdrew it, and then pushed it in fully again, making her gasp. She gave a start, her hips bucking, when he rasped her pierced and clit with his tongue, its tip flicking at the tiny, bead ring.. Don Rafael grunted in approval. The youth seemed encouraged by this, for he began to slide the candle back and forth with greater urgency, and Cheryl heard herself moan as his tongue slid around the stretched mouth of her pussy. She jerked again and her legs arched higher, almost doubling over to raise her arse when the tip of his tongue dabbed in the well of her anus. The youth was unexpectedly well-versed in oral stimulation.

Don Rafael moved alongside Cheryl's head as the youth continued to work on her pussy with candle and tongue. "It is good, huh?" Don Rafael asked her as he reached to stroke her hair. "This is the kind of humiliation you travelled across the world to get?" Cheryl's head was thrashing from side to side. "Answer, puta!"

"Yes, Master," she heard herself say.

Don Rafael chuckled throatily. He looked at the black youth and said, "Do what you want with her."

The boy seemed surprised. "But Juan Pablo said she is not to be fucked for a month."

"I am still in charge here," Don Rafael said with a growl. He reached for a bell-cord and pulled on it. "Fuck her now! She is ready."

The youth responded eagerly. He pulled the candle from Cheryl's cunt but continued to lap at the hungry hot flesh, nipping at her clitoris and at the soft flesh at the top of her inner thighs. She squirmed and twisted, vaguely wondering where he had learned such skills. Then, though, he was fumbling with his clothing, and suddenly his erect cock rammed into her. She grunted and raised her ankles up high behind his back, clasping her waist with her thighs. The youth rammed in and out of her, and Don Rafael watched coolly, standing by their side. Cheryl was utterly lost in the moment, and her cunt clasped about the invading cock, with only minimal pain from her pierced pussy lips. The youth ploughed on, mindless of any concerns other than his pleasure. Cheryl was only vaguely aware of the door opening and the sound of footsteps across the wooden floor, but then she saw the driver standing beside Don Rafael and also staring down at her as she was rutted by the servant.

"She is to be kept locked in the bunker," Don Rafael told Raul. "I don't want her in public view."

"Juan Pablo?"

"My son is headstrong and stupid. He risks starting a war with people who should be our friends. Keep her out of sight until I have dealt with the matter. I regret that I must take steps to silence her."

Cheryl looked up with as start at Don Rafael's words, even as the black youth fucked her with renewed vigour, his hips slamming against her so violently that it made the sturdy table shudder and the glassware tinkle. The old man intended to have her killed? What else could he mean by saying he intended to 'silence' her?

"She is to be kept hidden until I tell you otherwise. I will speak with Juan Pablo."

Just then the youth gave a might groan and withdrew his cock from Cheryl's cunt, and his cum spurted out in a vigorous milky-white arc over her crimson corset, and it splashed between her tits too.

Chapter Seven

The following days in the bunker at La Casa de Putas took on a regular and mind-numbing pattern for Cheryl. True to Don Rafael's orders, she didn't see Juan Pablo at all for the next week. In fact, other than for Capucine and Raul, she didn't see anyone else at all. Instead, for much of the time, she remained in darkness and silence. Cheryl had already been reconciled to slavery before arriving in Columbia, but she could well understand that a newly-snatched girl would be quickly broken after a few nights in the bunker with Raul's brutal attention. On the few occasions when the door of her cell opened to admit any light, it was always either Raul or his mother who came to her. She became glad to see the old woman, who invariably brought food and drink, or a bowl of warm water and soap. Capucine sponged and bathed her with a tenderness that was so directly in contrast with the brutal treatment meted out by the brutish Raul that it almost made Cheryl want to cry. Moreover, the old woman had a ready supply of the blue soporific suppositories, and she made sure that Cheryl's arse was kept regularly supplied.

Raul, though, took full advantage of her isolation and vulnerability. He kept her naked and chained in the tiny cell, and made sure that she was utterly degraded by his inhuman treatment. Depending on his whim, he sometimes gave her a blanket, sometimes not, and she lay huddled and miserably cold for much of the time. Sometimes, though, he fastened her wrists behind her, and on one occasion, when she had upset him with a minor infraction, he had tied her wrists to her ankles and left her hogtied for what seemed like a whole day. There was no way of gauging time, and the constant renewal of the drug pessaries was turning her mind to mush. Occasionally, for his own pleasure, Raul would bind her in thin coarse ropes, cinching them tightly round her torso and chest until the flesh bulged and turned blue, making her fear for the safety of her breast implants. He whipped or caned her each day, never tiring of that indulgence. Afterwards, he would always fuck her hard, often up her arse and with such brutish vigour that she sometimes thought that her rectal sleeve had been torn.

Cheryl became utterly transformed in that week. Her memories of the Gorean Club in London, and Sir Andrew, her Master, quickly receded as she fought to remain sane. That hopeless week drove her to the lowest pit of her emotions, and into a kind of perpetual trance-like state. It seemed that her body was adjusting to the drugs they forced into her, and she no longer reacted with fits of uncontrollable giggling. They gave her some peaceful, mellow and resigned tranquillity instead. Her mind was no longer a tumult of panic and disconnected thoughts. She even stopped wondering what would become of her.

On the seventh day, though, Raul came to the cell with Capucine, and together they escorted her to the shower room beside the pool. Her eyes blinked in the unaccustomed daylight as she walked naked across the garden. It was early, she thought, for there was a still a sharp nip in the air. The water from the faucet was icy cold, and she shivered after a very quick and peremptory shower as they led her across to the servants' quarters. After Cheryl had bent and spread her buttocks for the routine dosing of the capsules, Capucine dressed her in a long flared peasant skirt and a thin cotton blouse. Her hair was scraped to either side and tied in two loose braids, and this was topped with a kind of Homburg style felt hat.

"Where am I going?" Cheryl asked fearfully as crude and ugly blue plastic flat shoes were slipped onto her feet. She still well-remembered Don Rafael's declaration that he would silence her. Perhaps this was the end and they were taking her to her death?

"We are going to the airport," Raul said, producing a photo from his pocket and showing it to her. "You don't give me trouble."

Cheryl glanced at the photograph and saw Sir Andrew, still naked, bedraggled with an unkempt beard, sitting on the floor, his right wrist chained to an old hospital-style radiator. More confusion muddled her thinking. It seemed that Don Rafael was now controlling her destiny and, if that was so, contrary to her first impression, he knew about Sir Andrew being held captive by the Columbian kidnappers. "I won't give you any trouble," she said, her shoulders slumping.

Cheryl had to stifle a gasp when she caught sight of herself in the hall mirror. With her dark hair and colouring devoid of make-up, and wearing the simple unstylish garments and strange hat, she looked like a poor South American Indian peasant girl. "You want me to travel on a plane looking like this?" she asked, glancing down at the shirt that was so thin that she could clearly see her nipples and the large dark haloes.

Capucine thrust a multi-coloured heavy woollen blanket to her. "Wrap that round you," she said. "It's the Indian way."

"Nobody will be looking for a girl dressed like you," Raul said.

Cheryl clutched the blanket about her throughout the journey to Bogota, for the shirt was so thin and sheer that she might as well have been naked. Raul was right though: nobody gave her a second glance.

Eduardo the tattooist clicked his tongue. Cheryl retained just the long flared skirt Capucine had given her to wear but the shirt and blanket lay discarded on the table beneath her crossed wrists. The design of the full piece back tattoo reached below her waist, and the lyre-tail of the exotic girl-bird curled around her hip, so she had had to push her peasant skirt down over her thigh. Eduardo was shocked when he caught sight of her tortured arse. "Why do you let him do such things?" he asked, looking in shock at the welted flesh of her buttocks.

"You wouldn't understand, Eduardo," Cheryl said, biting on her wrist as the needles started to prick into her skin again. She steeled herself against the whirring needles over her hip bone, where the flesh is thin. It wasn't the pain of the needles that made her weep softly, though. It was the large $\frac{3}{4}$ inch diameter gold ring that now dangled from the septum of her nose. This was her final scheduled visit to Bogota. Raul had merely delivered her to the studio and then took himself off for the day. However, that was not before he had shocked Cheryl to the core by tossing the gold nose ring to Eduardo and casually ordering him to pierce her central nostril.

It had been a quick and relatively painless procedure compared to her clit piercing the previous week. However, the thought of the barbaric and very visible adornment hanging against her lower lip was almost too much to bear. They had her where they wanted her, though. Sir Andrew, her beloved owner, had not yet been released. Also, her younger sister Becky Boo was constantly under threat back in London. Cheryl had little alternative but to cooperate. Besides, things had already gone too far for her to start resisting now: her massively enlarged breasts and nipples were healing nicely, her clitoris and pussy lips had been pierced and ringed, and the full-piece tattoo was indelibly inked on her back. Now, on top of all that, there was the nose ring... ringed like a cow! She was way beyond the point of no return. What else could they do to her?

So she sat weeping softly while Eduardo worked on her back. The graphic image had gradually emerged as vibrant colours were added. She sat docilely on the stool, facing the table, resting her chin on her crossed wrists, staring into the large mirror that was positioned to show the image from another mirror stationed behind her. Cheryl, much to her surprise, given her initial horror and revulsion, reluctantly found herself admiring the strange and exotic image.

When Raul returned for her, she was already dressed and waiting, clutching the woollen shawl about her breasts. He reached for her nose ring and gave it an experimental tug, making her wince. "It is good," he said. "I will tie you down with that."

Eduardo merely clucked tongue again. "The full piece tattoo on her back is completed," he said. "My work with her is done."

To Cheryl's dismay, Raul didn't take her directly back to the airport as she had expected. Instead, he took her in a cab to another part of the city. "Where are you taking me?" she asked fearfully.

"To a place that will stop you asking fucking stupid questions or telling people any stories," the fat slob replied, licking his full lips. "Don Rafael has ordered that you visit the dentist."

"What?" she asked, looking desperately at the cab door handle and considering trying to escape. "I don't need a dentist."

However, Raul dragged her into an austere dental surgery in one of the better parts of Bogota. The dentist was about 40 years old, and wore thick, rimless spectacles. As he stooped to peer into her mouth, Cheryl suffered from his severe halitosis. Raul had strapped her to the dental chair, so she had no choice other than to remain quietly as the man poked at her teeth with a hooked steel probe, and then when he screwed a metal gate between her upper and lower front teeth to force her jaw widely and painfully open. "Three and a half inches in diameter, I think," he said after measuring her mouth with callipers, turning to Raul who was standing beside the dental chair. "That should do it all right."

“Is that big enough?” Raul asked dubiously. “Don Rafael was very precise in his instructions.”

“Yes, it’s big enough,” the dentist said, selecting a gleaming stainless steel ring from a tray and inserting it into Cheryl’s mouth behind the gate. He held it there with his forefinger as he reduced the tension on the awful gate and allowed her jaws to close on the ring. The dentist ignored her mumbled, incoherent questioning as he continued with his work. Mercifully, he injected anaesthetic into her gums, but she still screeched and writhed in startled pain and protest when began drilling her teeth. The straps held her firmly, and by the time the dentist had finished his work, he had fitted the stainless steel ring gag behind her upper and lower front teeth, permanently securing it with surgical wire through drilled and filled interstices of the upper and lower canine and premolar teeth at the 11, 1, 5 and 7 o’clock positions. When he finally removed the gate, Cheryl found that her jaw remained attenuated by the ring, and she was quite unable to close her still-numbed mouth.

“Speak,” the dentist commanded, wiping copious saliva from her lips with a tissue.

“Plllllssss...nnnnnn.” she mumbled, unable to articulate any coherent words.

“Quite! That’s done the trick, just as Don Rafael requested. Her mouth will soon heal,” He snapped off his latex gloves. “She will continually drool for a while, of course, but her body will soon adjust to that. After that, only her perpetual look of astonishment might lead anyone to guess that the ring gag is in place. Quite attractive, those cutely circled full lips, actually...”

“Her mouth will be permanently open for any intrusion?” Raul asked, leaning forward to peer into Cheryl’s gaping maw.

“She will only be able to eat mushed food that requires no chewing, of course. I will send my bill to Don Rafael.”

Thus it was that Don Rafael ensured that Cheryl would be unable to speak clearly in the future, removing the fear of her revealing any unwelcome truths to others. It was at least better than the alternative solutions, she supposed miserably.

Chapter Eight

During the return flight from Bogota, Cheryl wore a loosely wrapped scarf over a sanitary pad that was taped over her mouth to soak up the drool. The anaesthetic soon wore off and the permanent ring gag was uncomfortable, her drilled teeth ached, and her mouth was very sore: unspeakably so, quite literally. She found that she could only grunt or make embarrassing and incoherent noises, as though she had a cleft palate, so she remained silent and morose, craving for some happy pills to be stuffed up her arse to alleviate her pain and misery.

Cheryl was collared again and returned to the underground cell on her return to La Casa de Putas in Buenaventura. She was there for another week or more, or so she calculated, chained and huddled on the cold stone platform, naked and miserable in the pitch dark, with her wrists fastened to her collar. It was utterly silent except for the slight whirr of the air conditioning unit. Gradually, over those mindless few days, her body began to deal with the drool her mouth continually produced because of her permanent ring gag. This seemed like a small triumph for her. There were other things to occupy her thoughts too. Finding the waste bucket was always a challenge in the pitch darkness; with her hands clipped beneath her chin she could only tentatively reach out with her foot to locate it. When she had accidentally kicked it over, Raul had beaten her soundly and made her lick at it on her hands and knees before making her clean it up. So she took great care not to spill it again, and whenever the light came on, she always made a point of carefully noting where the waste bucket had been placed. Her world was reduced to small, important things like this. Her only respite during that time was when Capucine came to administer the happy pills, and she always turned gratefully to present her arse for their insertion. At other times, the old woman brought her food (always soup or pureed stuff now, of course, because of her inability to close her jaws). Or there were the times when Raul had come to brutally fuck her - he had taken to delightedly stuffing his erect cock into her helplessly receptive mouth. Those were the only times she saw any light, and claustrophobia kept closing in on her.

Yet, when the huge steel door next creaked open, she didn't look up as Raul entered. A full week in the bleak, black bunker had been enough to dull any spirit that was left in her, and she was utterly broken. Without unclipping her hands from the collar, Raul took her up the steps into the garden. However, instead of taking her to the shower room, he roughly hurled her into the swimming pool, and she landed with a mighty splash, spluttering and gasping at her sudden, unexpected immersion in the icy water. Deprived of the use of her hands, she floundered in the water, panicking, realising that the bottom was beneath the reach of her scrambling feet. She managed to calm herself and tread water, flapping her arms like the wings of a chicken.

Raul laughed cruelly at her plight. "Now, dumb bitch, I get you ready for Don Rafael," he said as he reached to grasp her hair and hauled her from the pool.

Juan Pablo and his father, Don Rafael, sat in the large drawing room, with Colonel Morales. They all looked up as Raul led Cheryl into the room, leashed and naked, with her hands cuffed in front of her. Her mouth was drooling again and she had no means of wiping it. Utterly cowed and defeated, she didn't look fully into their faces, but a quick glimpse was enough to tell her who was there. She had immediately recognised Colonel Morales with his livid scar that coursed the length of his left cheek. The last time she had seen him was when he had seized her in the basement room, when he had fucked her arse.

"She looks surprised to see me," Morales chuckled, referring to the enforced O shape of her mouth, and producing a white handkerchief to wipe her lips.. "You say she can't speak?"

"Tell him," Don Rafael ordered her.

"Mmmmmffff... Aea'in ith di''uult." Cheryl had tried to say: 'Speaking is difficult.' She had practiced forming discernible words when alone in the black bunker, but her speech was still scarcely intelligible. Despite everything - her hugely enlarged breasts, the piercing of her nipples and cunt lips, the ring in her nose, and the tattoo on her back - the permanent gagging with the steel ring fitted to her teeth seemed the biggest affront to her human dignity. To deprive an intelligent woman of a voice is a significant and shattering thing.

Morales rose to his feet and eyed Cheryl, reaching to heft her left breast. "Her tits are much bigger now," he said, his thumb pressing against the pierced nipple. "She will wear tit rings?"

"Yes, she is ready for them," Juan Pablo said morosely. "I have gone to great expense with her. Take a look at her back."

The Colonel turned Cheryl to inspect the tattoo on her back and he let out a low whistle. "She is like a fucking walking art gallery," he said, running his fingers over the inked lines.

Don Rafael chuckled good-naturedly. He said: "So what do you think, Morales? Do you want to buy this exotic slave from me?"

Cheryl looked up sharply. The men spoke together in Spanish, but Cheryl's ear was already attuned to it, and she picked up most of their words. Don Rafael was offering to sell her?

"Why would you want to sell her, after Juanito has gone to so much trouble?"

"Exactly," Juan Pablo said belligerently. "Advance internet bookings for her are coming in thick and fast. I could make her turn fifteen or sixteen tricks a day at 900 dollars a time. It is crazy to sell her."

"Enough!" Don Rafael said, slapping his hand on the table. He turned to Morales. "I find it expedient to move her on, Colonel. My son has foolishly risked upsetting some very sensitive alliances by taking her. Even though I have rendered her dumb, we can't afford to release her because that would lead people back here. Neither can I afford for her to be found in my domain. You may have her cheaply, if you keep her somewhere inaccessible."

"Why should I buy trouble?" Colonel Morales said dismissively. "Just kill the bitch."

Cheryl could only wait and tremble.

"It would be a shame to waste my son's investment," Don Rafael said.

"And Juan Pablo?" General Morales said, raising his eyebrows in query at the petulant younger man. "He will accept this?"

"No!"

Don Rafael sighed and wearily shook his head. "My son isn't a strategic thinker," he said. "His brains are in his cock. As a compromise, Colonel, you may have her for nothing, as a free loan, if my son has the right to visit her occasionally. You will agree to that, Juanito."

Juan Pablo seemed to both nod and shake his head at the same time, and his sleek black pony-tail swished. However, he eventually conceded, albeit with obvious reluctance. He growled: "Very well, it is as Don Rafael says. You can take her. It's the sensible thing to do, Colonel. As you well know, against my wishes my father instructed that you release her previous owner rather than kill him, but now the British fool is bringing a lot of pressure to recover his puta. Sir Andrew never saw me in that connection, and he knew only of yourself and your men during his captivity, but this will be one of the first places they start to look, so I cannot keep her here."

General Morales gave a grin that was rendered ghoulish by the scar that disfigured his face. "Very well, it's a deal, Don Rafael. I will accommodate Juanito's whore as a special favour to you. I will put her to work in one of my camps. The fighters will be pleased of her company. Have her crated and ready at the rendezvous when the other merchandise is delivered in a couple of days time."

"I will take some pleasure in her first," Juan Pablo said grimly. "Then you may keep her on my behalf. I'll give her something to remember me by before she goes, and something else for her former owner to fret about."

"You've already done quite enough to enrage Sir Andrew," Don Rafael said grimly. "Don't make any more stupid decisions, Juanito."

However, something in Juan Pablo's evil smile made Cheryl quake just as much as the thought of being handed over to the evil Colonel Morales. Her mouth began to drool again..

Chapter Nine

Juan Pablo led Cheryl down the stone steps and into the dank old warehouse. She shuddered. This was the place where she had first been seized and kidnapped and it held bitter memories for her. In the side room she could see a wooden chair, lying on its side, with stout steel cuffs still attached to it; this was where her owner and Master, Sir Andrew, had been held captive and she was reassured to hear that he was now safely home. That didn't mitigate her own plight, of course.

Several arc lights and some movie equipment had been set up in one corner of the otherwise deserted shed. The area in the corner had been covered in straw, and a few agricultural tools were leaned against the wall. That was the entire set. A few men were loitering around the array of equipment and they looked up as she walked across the warehouse.

"This is her?" one of them asked in surprise, looking up from the camera he was training on the shabby set.

"Yes, this is your film star," Juan Pablo answered, pushing Cheryl forward into the splash of bright light cast by the lamps. "Strip, puta," he said.

It was a familiar command. Cheryl had starred in pornographic movies before, for private screening in the Gorean Club, so this wouldn't be too different. One fuck was much like another, she reasoned. She removed the straps of her cheap sparkling dress and it slithered down her body to pool around her ankles. As she stepped from it, her hands went behind her back to unclip her bra, freeing her huge tits. The large gold rings that now adorned her nipples and nose glistened under the lights. The men eyed her appreciatively, and one of them whistled.

"Hey, I will fuck her, not Bruno," called one of the men, a little bandy-legged old peasant dressed in dungarees, and the others laughed.

"Oi, oi, oi... she is very pretty, and that's a great fucking tattoo on her back," the cameraman said with a low whistle, gazing at Cheryl's body. "Why is her mouth like that?"

"She's dumb," Juan Pablo said, without explaining further.

Cheryl, her mouth unavoidably formed in the perpetual look of astonishment, looked from one man to the other, wondering which of them was Bruno, her co-star. None of the men looked too promising in that respect though.

"I want the movie on the internet by this evening," Juan Pablo said.

The man nodded. "Fine. That is easy. Pedro, is Bruno ready?"

"Yes, senor. I will go and get him, but make sure you are also ready. He will go wild when he scents her and I can't stop him. He would savage us all to get at her."

"Holy fuck!" the cameraman said. "Okay, tie the girl down. Be ready to shoot."

As the old peasant wandered from the warehouse, one of the other men immediately stepped forward and pushed Cheryl down to her hands and knees in the straw. Two cuffs had been bolted to the floor, and he quickly fastened these around her wrists, keeping her imprisoned on her knees. Then the man scuffled his hand in the straw until he found two short slender chains that had also been anchored to the floor. His left hand pushed down between Cheryl's shoulder blades forcing her chest lower, and with his right hand he deftly clipped a slender chain to each of her nipple rings. When he stepped back she was crouched low on her hands and knees with her arse invitingly raised. She whimpered and pressed her head to the straw.

"Okay, we're rolling the cameras," the cameraman yelled. "Let Bruno loose!"

Cheryl strained to look over her shoulder to catch a sight of Bruno, and she nearly died of fright. She saw that the old peasant had returned with a strange, slaving brute, which walked stooped over on its knuckles, shambling beside him in a kind of manic rolling gait. At first Cheryl thought it to be a large ape, but as he came closer she realised that it was a naked man with quite the hairiest body she had ever seen on a human being. His chest and arms were covered in a black matt, thinning somewhat at the shoulders, and most of his head was bald. His face was agog as he pulled wildly at the chain about his neck, fighting to get at her. The peasant struggled to contain the crazed creature and Juan Pablo shrank back.

"Here he comes," the peasant cackled, releasing the man. "Go Bruno."

"Nnnnnnaaaaaaa!" Cheryl screamed, her jaw working hard against the unyielding steel ring gag as she fought wildly at her bonds and almost tore the rings from her nipples.

The massive shambling man leapt forward and buried his nose in between Cheryl's legs, and she screeched again when his tongue rasped at her quim, lapping greedily. The creature was almost crazed with excitement as he dashed from side to side, his tongue drooling over her cunt and anus. He then stood full upright, wanking his huge rampant cock.

The peasant stepped aside, going to stand beside Juan Pablo. "Bruno is my son," he said. "This is the only work he is capable of doing."

Juan Pablo shuddered as Bruno let out a mighty roar and beat his chest with his fists.

"Mmmmmmmfffff, leeeeeeathe... Nnnnaaaaaaaa!" Cheryl was beside herself as she screeched incomprehensible pleas and yelled for mercy, but she was unable to move from her vulnerable position.

"Jeez, that bastard must weigh more than 300 kilos," a cameraman said in awe. "Are we fucking safe here, Pedro?"

"Keep the cameras going," Juan Pablo said, almost beside himself with excitement, his gimlet eyes fixing on Bruno's massive cock.

"It's all right, Bruno," the peasant called paternally. "She is ready for you."

Bruno knelt and then straddled Cheryl like a rampant bull, and she screamed in panic as his grossly hirsute body mounted her. Her elbows took the full weight of the giant's chest and shoulders.

"Oh my God! Get it off me!" she tried to screech, although the words came out as unintelligible gurgles and grunts.

"There is no stopping him now," the peasant warned.

It was true. There was no denying Bruno. The huge imbecilic man clasped Cheryl's torso with his massive arms, and shuffled forward on his knees, his great back forming an arch over her cringing, kneeling form. Bruno's glistening red cock insistently slithered along the lips of her pussy as his mouth slavered against her. She slumped down somewhat, her struggles ceasing, and her thighs quivered with the effort of supporting the huge man's weight.

"Get up as close as you dare," the main cameraman yelled to the others who carried hand-held video units. "I want to see his great balls slapping against her arse. This is fucking crazy!"

Cheryl could only bury her face and sob into the mat of straw that littered the floor. She gave another start as Bruno's massive cock determinedly thrust at her pussy again but its glans snagged on her cunt rings and slithered down over the length of her lips, and the cock's own weight dragged the tip too low to delve into her pussy. Cheryl wept uncontrollably at the depravity forced upon her, and hated that it was being filmed for a global audience. She dared to tug at the chains that held her tits again, but the pain was excruciating and it forced her back.

"Get in there, Pedro, feed Bruno's cock into her cunt."

The old peasant capered forward, cackling with glee, and he reached to grasp his crazed son's cock and guided it between the lips of Cheryl's pussy. She clenched her eyes shut as the huge cock pushed up inside her, and Bruno grunted and growled above her. Bruno humped her hard, his muscular arse generating the power to ram his organ up into the pussy. Hot, fetid breath assailed Cheryl's nostrils, and she mewled in fear as the beast-like man licked at her neck and trailed strings of saliva on her shoulders.

"Nnnnnnnno, nnnnonoo, nnnnnnaaaaaa." She thrashed her head from side to side and kept repeating her frenzied incoherent denial of what was happening as Bruno's cock rammed back and forth inside her pussy.

The cameramen crept closer as Bruno eagerly fucked his helpless prey. Camera lens focussed to capture pictures of the white foam that formed around the lips of her pussy as Bruno's cock pistoned in and out of her. Her finger nails scraped at the stone beneath the straw. She could only hear the heavy breathing and growls of the creature and her own convulsive sobs. The cock thrust forward and pummelled against the wall of her vagina. There was no alternative for her but to accept her rutting as Bruno pounded against her to satisfy his primeval animal urge. Even amidst her anguished sobs and wails, Cheryl knew that she had to strive to accommodate the punishing cock and somehow quickly bring the ordeal to an end. She tried to relax against the fierce humping into her cunt. At that moment though, Pedro the peasant reached to grasp the ape-like man's cock when it withdrew on a back stroke, and he quickly slid its dripping tip against the rim of Cheryl's anus as Bruno humped forward again.

"Noooooooo!" Cheryl screamed. However, her grotesquely garbled and grunted pleas faded into loud wailing sobs as the cock bludgeoned into her arsehole, stretching the sphincter. One hole was obviously

as good as the next to Bruno. With each thrust of the massive cock into her anal canal she could only clench and unclench her small fists, and she repeatedly tried to utter, "Not there... Not there... Not there..." However, it all came out as grunted and incoherent babble.

Bruno thrust fully home in her arse, and Cheryl felt the knot of his cock pound into her stretched hole. Then it felt as if the shaft was increasing to an even greater size inside her. She screeched anew as Bruno's jism spurted into her. She shuddered and braced herself for Bruno's renewed assault but he stopped but, quite abruptly, without warning, suddenly docile, utterly spent, his huge hairy body seemed to collapse on top of her cringing form. It seemed that Bruno expected to remain like that for some time, and he whimpered and licked at Cheryl's neck. Pedro stroked his son's great head affectionately and gently pulled him back. "Good boy," he said.

"That's a wrap!" the main cameraman yelled excitedly. "Holy fuck!"

"Excellent," Juan Pablo said. "It will be good viewing for her ex-Master tonight. Let us see if he still wants to rescue the dirty bitch now!"

Chapter Ten

Sir Andrew Lowndes was looking pale and thin after his recent ordeal as he sat in a training room at the Gorean Club in London. There were no windows, and one entire wall was comprised of mirrors, like a dancers' studio, and the polished wooden floor was bare except for a couple of rugs, a red chaise longue, and a couple of high-backed, throne-like chairs. Sir Andrew and his guest each sat on one of these chairs, while Sura, Sir Andrew's PA, stood quietly to the side. They were all watching a large screen, viewing the scene of an extravagantly tattooed young woman being fucked by a large rapacious ape-like man.

"You are quite certain that is Cheryl Hardisty?" the clean cut young man asked. "The girl in the video doesn't fit the descriptions I've got, and she looks nothing like previous photographs. From the noises she is making, that poor girl sounds almost like a deaf mute..."

"Aye, it's definitely her. Her breasts have been grotesquely enlarged, and she's obviously had her nipples and genitals pierced, not to mention the septum of her nose. Tattooed too, across her whole back. I just hope they've not cut out her tongue. But that's my Cheryl, alright, without a doubt."

"It seems a very strange thing for them to put such a video on the internet if they're trying to conceal her," Sura said,

"They sent a message to advise me of its existence," Sir Andrew said. "Whoever is holding her is taunting me by making the poor girl suffer in that way. I have to get her back. They have also threatened to kidnap Cheryl's sister Becky. More to the point, they posted pictures of Becky on the internet, and the photographs were obviously taken here. How could that be possible?"

Sir Andrew leaned to tap on the computer keyboard, and the screen changed to show several photographs of Becky serving nude in the Gorean Club, and one where she was kneeling and sucking a patron's cock.

"You obviously have a spy in your camp, sir," the young man said, leaning forward with interest to view the pictures. "You lead me to understand that Rebecca Hardisty is also kept here as a...slave?"

"As a kajira," Sura corrected. "She volunteered to be a slave, as did all of the girls here."

Sir Andrew grunted. "Be that as it may, the photos are obviously intended as evidence that they know she is here and that they can reach her. You have to get Cheryl back before it's too late."

The man from the Foreign Office sighed. "We are doing our best, Sir Andrew. I think our pressure has resulted in the internet posting. If they are prepared to risk that, then it's a fair bet they are confident that she is way beyond our reach, even if she's still alive."

"I'm concerned about this threat to her sister too."

The diplomat nodded. "I suggest that you take steps to keep Rebecca safe. You identified Colonel Paulo Morales as one of your captors, and we know that he leads one of the more ruthless Columbian rebel groups. They fund their armed gangs by kidnapping, and they have been known to strike in other parts of the world. The video with the imbecile and the woman isn't quite their style, though. They're usually only interested in financing their rebellion."

"It seems hopeless," Sir Andrew said. "I was lucky to escape from their clutches with my own life, after all."

The young man smiled thinly. He said: "Your release was entirely to be expected, Sir Andrew. The rebels need to maintain credibility that they will return their victims once a ransom is paid. Or else who will pay the next one? I am less confident in getting a whore back, but we'll continue to do our best."

Sura gave a sharp cough. "Cheryl is not a whore. She is a Gorean kajira."

"With respect, whatever she might have been before, she is a whore now."

In the depths of the underground cellars at the Gorean Club in Mayfair, Cheryl's younger sister, Becky, was undergoing strict training as a kajira. Slave Number Five-Seven-three, Becky woke for her new day and stretched as best she could. It seemed like early morning to her. There was no way to know it was mid-afternoon; in the Gorean Club kennels, they controlled her hours just as they controlled every other aspect of her life. She had been sent to bed a few hours earlier, like a naughty child, and that was

all there was to be said. Becky was naked, her wrists were locked to her collar, and another short chain kept her attached to the bed head. She had no idea how long she had slept, but her body yearned for a tender touch. A slave could find ways to frig herself off without the use of her hands, of course, but Becky was never sure when they might be observing her via the camera position in the topmost corner of the kennel.

She was awakened by Gaffa, the Head Slaver, dressed in his usual gold pantaloons and blue bolero jacket, blue and yellow slippers. Gaffa, as was his habit, swished his long, slender cane that was both a symbol of office and his chosen tool of punishment for aberrant slave girls. Already, Becky had become accustomed to the savage swipe across her bare arse and thighs. She raised herself up as best she could in the chain restraints. "Tal, Master," she murmured.

Becky peered at his grotesque form, with its gleaming oiled black flesh and the shaven pate. She knew that she wouldn't be required to suck or fuck, as was invariably the case when any of the other slavers awakened her. Gaffa was never known to fuck any of the slaves, or even have them suck his cock. On the other hand, she would have preferred to have been fucked, and not merely because of her own female needs. Lately, he had taken to photographing her, often in very compromising positions, but not on this day.

Gaffa unclipped the chain that held her to the steels bars of the bed head. "Up, Five- Seventy-Three! Harta!" he screeched in his curious sing-song voice.

Becky quickly scrambled to rise, feeling the sting of his cane across the front of her upper thighs. "Yes, Master. Right away..."

Gaffa stepped back and his beady black eyes flitted over Becky's naked body in a ritual of assessment. She had learned to steel herself against his inspection whenever he was close. Her wrists were still fastened to her collar, and she could only twist helplessly when the Head Slavers cane cut across her belly. "Pull in your stomach and stand well, slave," Gaffa piped.

Becky did as he instructed, sucking in her gut and thrusting out her bosom, thankful that the placement of her forearms shielded her soft breasts from the spiteful cane. The next stroke caught her arse, right in the crease between thigh and buttock, and she couldn't suppress an anguished squeal. The pain was exquisite even though the blow was expected: although Gaffa never indulged in conventional sexual pleasures with any of the girls, he never missed an opportunity to beat them with his cane. He gave her a stripe on her mid-thigh and then another across her calves that made her dance. Then he unlocked her wrists and allowed her to stretch her arms. He clipped a leash onto her collar and leading her from the kennel. Becky followed waddling slaver along the corridor, past the other kennels with their open barred frontages. Not all the cage-like rooms were occupied, but many of them contained a woman, a kajira, chained in place. They looked up balefully as the feared Head Slaver passed. He led Becky to the large area that housed the baths and lavatories.

Less than 20 minutes later, after submitting to a perfunctory enema and freshly showered, Becky was taken up a couple of flights of stairs to the training room. There, she was surprised to find Sir Andrew, sitting on a throne-like chair in the centre of the room, with Sura, his PA and First Girl, kneeling naked at his feet.

"Five-seven-three," Gaffa announced, "as you requested."

"Thank you, Gaffa," Sir Andrew said. "You may stay to hear this."

Becky sank to her knees in a graceful nadu, with her knees widely spaced, her back straight and her breast thrust forward. "May a girl speak?" she asked in a timid voice.

"Aye, lassy, go ahead." Sir Andrew's soft, Scottish burr was strangely reassuring to her.

"Please Master, is there any news yet of my sister, Five-fifty-five?" she asked anxiously.

"Silence!" Gaffa rasped. "Curiosity is unbecoming in a kajira and she could be beaten for it."

"That's enough, Gaffa," Sir Andrew said, narrowing his pale blue eyes at the bulky black slaver. "As a matter of act, that's why I summoned you to me, Five-seventy-three. I do indeed have news of your sister."

"Thank God for that!" Becky breathed.

Sir Andrew smiled thinly. "Unfortunately, the Priest Kings won't help on this occasion. Your sister is being held by Columbian rebels, it seems, and they are subjecting her to some very unpleasant experiences. The Foreign Office is trying to secure her release, but they aren't hopeful. These rebel

fighters are not pleasant people, as the Head Slaver and I can testify.”

Gaffa wheezed a sharp intake of air, and he gave Becky’s leash a jerk. “They nearly killed us both.”

Sir Andrew coughed slightly. He still looked weak and frail from his recent ordeal. Then he went on, directly addressing Becky: “Worse, though, we have news of a threat to yourself too, lassy. Apparently, they somehow know that you are a slave here, and would dearly like to get their hands on you too.”

“No!” Becky said, falling forward onto her hands and knees, her breasts swaying beneath her. “Could they do that?”

Sura crawled forward and pulled Becky upright, hugging her to her breasts. “You are safe here,” she said, stroking Becky’s hair in an uncharacteristic show of tenderness.

“Well, these people will stop at nothing and their tentacles reach everywhere. I intend to do everything I can to make you safe, though,” Sir Andrew said. Then, turning to Gaffa, he ordered, she is to be confined to her kennel, 24/7, until the threat is passed.”

Gaffa looked up sharply. “That won’t be necessary, sir. She’ll be safe in the Club.”

“I’m taking no chances. I’ve reason to believe we have a traitor in the Club. Keep her locked up and deep underground.”

Chapter Eleven

Meanwhile, 5000 miles away from London, a small group of people are gathered in a clearing in the Colombian jungle.

“Bracelets!” Juan Pablo commanded, pointing to the mossy ground at his feet.

Cheryl sank to her knees. ‘Bracelets’ was the incorrect order, because her hands were already fastened behind her in steel cuffs, but Cheryl knelt with her thighs widely spread. Such confinement was unnecessary, for Cheryl had been utterly cowed and thoroughly defeated since being fucked by Bruno the half-man. She was stark naked, but this seemed unremarkable to the small group of men who waited in the clearing, chatting sociably together. The air was hot on Cheryl’s skin and the surrounding trees were alive with the shrill sound of crickets, birds and the cries of wild animals.

Three Mercedes cars were parked to one side in the open clearing beside a truck with a green canvas canopy. A couple of the men carried automatic rifles, but there was no evident tension or stress and they all seemed totally at ease. This is FARC territory, and the shelter of the jungle, surrounding hills and a mountain range gives them security even from Government troops. However, Juan Pablo stood apart from the rest of the men, beside his own gleaming vehicle, which was parked under the cover of trees, perhaps for shade from the hot sun, but more likely because of his foul and sulking mood. He leaned against the Hummer’s door and smoked a cheroot as he watched a man unloading crates from the lorry with a battered old fork lift truck that spewed a haze of grey-blue diesel fumes into the insect-flecked air. Finally, the man took a sturdy wicker basket from the back of the truck. The oblong, hamper-style basket was less than thirty inches long and considerably less in depth and width, and it didn’t seem heavy, because the swarthy driver dismounted from his truck and carried it bodily to where Cheryl was kneeling. Without a word of direction, he flipped the basket lid open and hoisted out a stout steel cage. He unlocked a padlock on the top hinged section, tossed the key fob to Juan Pablo, and then sauntered over to join the rest of the motley gang.

Cheryl stared in mute trepidation at the squat cage. The cage itself was only about eighteen inches in height and width, and maybe two feet in length. It was stoutly constructed of welded steel bar, three quarters of an inch thick and spaced six inches apart at the sides; the top panel was hinged while the sections at either end have only a couple of vertical bars with a seven inch gap between them. The horizontal corner bars on each corner of the longer axis were thicker, and they overhung the ends by a foot or so, presumably to keep it centred inside the outer basket. There was a cloth tote bag on the base inside the cage.

Juan Pablo was watching her with a glowering sulk in his black gimlet eyes as he flicked the small padlock key up and down in his hand. “We can’t transport our captures in a basket attached to a tarm,” he said, sneeringly referring to Gorean terminology as he walked to the cage and pushed back its top section. “That is yet another compromise we have to make that would no doubt bring sneers of superiority from your precious former Master.” He stooped to take the tote bag from the cage and then stepped back. “Get in!”

She looked at him nonplussed. The cage was far too small for her. Nevertheless, not wishing to antagonise him again, she rose awkwardly to her feet and stepped over the side and stood on the base of the cage. Juan reached to clip the key fob to her collar.

“Kneel down.”

As Cheryl had expected, she found that the cage was far too small to accommodate her legs when she tried to lower to her knees. She contrived to wriggle back and push her feet through the bars at the back, and managed to kneel, but still the distance between the edge of her knees and the front bars was less than a couple of inches.

“Bend over and put your head through the gap in the bars at the front and kiss the ground.”

The six inch gap between the front bars wasn’t sufficient to admit her head. The only way to achieve his demand was to lower her shoulders inside the cage with her neck in between the bars and her head on the outside. With her mouth held ajar as it was, it was difficult to kiss anything in the conventional sense, but she pressed her lips to the earth, hunching herself down and pressing her rump hard against the bars behind her. As she did this, Juan Pablo put his foot on her hair, keeping her head lowered. He then leaned forward to remove her handcuffs, but only to refasten each wrist at either side of the cage behind

her, using leather straps taken from the bag, pulling her arms back straight and putting immense strain on her shoulders.

He then closed the top panel of the cage and clicked the padlock shut. Cheryl gasped as she felt the pressure of the stout steel grid on her back, keeping her pressed down. Although her head and feet were outside the confines of the metal, her body was tightly balled inside the tiny cage, and her massive new breasts were compressed hard against her thighs. She wriggled to try to gain some ease, but after mere minutes her muscles were beginning to protest. She had very little movement anywhere, other than her head. Juan Pablo went behind her on one knee to fasten her ankles to the rear bars with more short leather straps taken from the bag.

“Don't worry,” Juan said, tossing his cheroot to the ground. “We often transport putas in this way and they usually arrive alive. The last one was the wife of the leader of a rival drug cartel, and she is busily earning her keep as a whore now. You are just one more.” He delved inside the bag and produced a large stainless steel phallus-shaped object affixed by its base to a wide metal clamp bracket. He smiled darkly and squatted to push the phallus into her mouth, and it rattled against the O ring fixed behind her teeth. Juan Pablo worked it back and forth, and then withdrew it glistening with her copious saliva, moving behind the cage. Cheryl grunted when he poked the phallus through the bars behind her and pressed its rounded end against the rose of her anus. It was cold and unyielding, and regardless of her protests and pleas, he forced the steel shaft into her. Her head slumped as the metal dildo bedded deep inside the narrow passage. More degradation! Juan Pablo then clamped the bracket of the dildo to the rear bars of the cage, fastening it in place. Tightly cramped in the cage, there was no way Cheryl could rid herself of the alien object, and it served to hold her utterly immobile. Juan called over to the group, and the driver sauntered back to his lift truck and drove it across the clearing. He raised its twin forks and slid them under rope slings, and then hoisted the cage high in the air before jumping from the driving seat. Five-fifty-five found herself suspended six feet or so from the ground, swinging gently from side to side, her long dark hair trailing like a banner in the hot breeze. She remained like this for some time, uncomfortably shifting as best she may, feeling the searing sun on her exposed back.

After half an hour or so there was some animation amongst the men, and one of them called over to Juan Pablo, pointing skyward. Within seconds, the distant sound of an engine was heard over the sounds of the jungle, and a helicopter emerged over the mountain range in the mid-distance. Immediately, the men burst into action. They ran to the cars and flashed the headlamps repeatedly. Then, seemingly satisfied that they had been seen, they pulled the vehicles back from the centre of the clearing.

“Here is your tarn,” Juan Pablo told Cheryl as the fork truck lift truck driver lowered the blades.

Juan Pablo stepped back as the fork lift truck driver expertly manoeuvred the steel cage, slave captive and all, into the wicker basket. Cheryl heard the noise and felt the rush of air as the helicopter landed in the clearing. The fork lift truck pulled away, leaving her caged in the basket, with her head between the wicker and the steel bars. The basket lid was still open but she could see nothing through the tightly-woven sides. However, from the men's shouts and grunts it was evident that they were hurriedly unloading cargo. This seemed to be accomplished in less than ten minutes, and Cheryl heard the lorry engine fire into action and roar away. Then there was a shadow above her and she craned her neck to look up over her shoulder to see Juan Pablo standing there with a syringe in his hand. She was powerless to stop him as he stuck the needle into her right buttock before the lid of the wicker basket closed over her. Then the basket gave a sharp lurch and dragged along the ground before swaying wildly from side to side. Cheryl tried to yell in alarm but her incoherent cry was lost as the helicopter engine noise reached a crescendo. The down-draught penetrated through the woven wicker. Everything seemed to be in a whirl. She realised in wild panic that the wicker basket was suspended beneath the rising helicopter and spinning dizzily. Then, though, she slid into merciful unconsciousness.

Chapter Twelve

When Cheryl came to, she was again gripped with wild panic. It was as if the intervening time, however long that might have been, had not elapsed. The steel ring still widely distended her mouth of course, but it scarcely prevented her ability to scream. Yet the sound was eerie in her skull. She tried to calm herself, to somehow rationalise things in her drug-befuddled brain, fighting for some self-control amidst the rising terror, desperately trying to order her thoughts and review her situation.

There was still some discernible movement: a slow swaying movement whenever she tried to shift. She couldn't hear any sounds though, other than her own whimpers. The basket appeared to be slung in space. She remained there for what seemed like an eternity, weeping softly. Her every movement caused pain but she squirmed within the confines of the crate, and tried to tense one muscle after another. All of the time, with every slight movement, she felt the obdurate shaft that stretched her anus. Then, quite unexpectedly, her senses went into free fall, seeming to spiral down, and she tumbled into a massive, rolling orgasm. She vaguely heard her own guttural grunts as she writhed and pushed back onto the invading phallus, relishing the pain. The wicker basket and the steel cage disappeared for her. She was hardly aware of the pain neither in her cramped joints, nor even of the steel beneath her knees. It is as if she was floating in a formless void. Time seemed to stand still.

Some time later, she was still disorientated and groggy when she heard male voices. The basket swung giddily and then it lurched as it landed on the ground. The wicker lid of the basket was suddenly thrown back. Cheryl remained crouched, held by the phallus that penetrated her rear passage. She twisted her head and screwed her eyes against the light. There were two men, one at each end of the basket, glancing down at her crouched form. Way above them, swaying slightly from recent movement, she could see a heavy block and tackle, suspended from a stout wooden gibbet, with a couple of ropes sling trailing down. The appearance of the men wasn't reassuring. One was a hard-bitten veteran, judging by his craggy build, his pock-marked face and merciless stare beneath a camouflage forage cap. The other man was younger, more callow, perhaps not yet having seen so much in life. They both had unkempt black beards. The men attached the sling to the iron bars of the cage and then they both hauled on a rope attached to the pulley. Cheryl gave a mewl of alarm as she was hoisted up from the confines of the wicker basket, cage and all, and swung up into the air. She found herself hoisted up to eight or nine feet from the ground, and the rope was tied off to secure her there. Cheryl was then left swinging gently, still in the tight confines of the cage, her head and feet protruding at either end. Looking around she saw that she was in a large compound enclosed with a high steel barricade fence. A helicopter was stationary and unattended in the centre of the compound, and it was surrounded by an assortment of military trucks and some smart German cars too. There was a large, red brick colonial style building in a commanding position to the right, and many wooden buildings and rickety structures on all sides. Some of buildings had mud and slab walls with thatches of straw, while others were open to the elements on all sides and merely roofed with sheets of tarpaulin. Incongruously, in one of the nearby shacks, there was a large bank of what appeared to be domestic microwave ovens, stacked one atop the other, side by side. Oil drums, large blue plastic containers, stacks of jerry cans, and straw-covered glass carboys were scattered around the compound and in the open sheds, and there was a persistent odour of petrol and other solvents. A warm breeze wafted over Cheryl's skin and she could tell from its direction that the vaporous stench was coming from a large shallow vat surrounded by chemical drums under a corrugated metal canopy across the clearing, where three or four naked women were moving about. From her position aloft, Cheryl could just see over the security fence to the lush green forestry beyond and, through a gap in the trees, she saw a range of mountains in the near distance. However, there were no other buildings or signs of civilisation to be seen. None of it meant much to her. She knew that she should be terrified and, indeed, there *was* some sweet terror amongst the welter of euphoria she felt. She had somehow been temporarily thrust into that so-elusive, beautiful sub space again, and for the moment that was all that mattered. It took some time before she even began to return to top space as she dangled from the gibbet in the compound.

Cheryl got used to people walking past and glancing up at her caged, naked form, sometimes with a casual comment, but more often walking on in silence or just continuing their conversation. She hung there like a bizarre and erotic display item, cramped, the steel dildo visibly penetrating her arse, her head

protruding from the cage only a few feet above the passers-by, and yet it did not seem remarkable to them. Not all of the people were men, either: a couple of young women wearing rubber boots, black vests and military fatigue trousers strolled past with nary a peek at her, and another honey-skinned girl, naked, with pert breasts, accompanied a man to a nearby hut.

Cheryl's limbs and muscles began to ache intolerably again. It was still light and warm, but the sun was low in the sky. Indeed, dusk was beginning to fall when the two men eventually returned and lowered her cage to the ground. They undid the bracket that attached the dildo to the rear grid and unceremoniously dragged the shaft from her body, making her exclaim in pain. Unmoved, the men took the key from her collar and unlocked the lid. Then they roughly yanked her out of the cage, ignoring her moans of pain as she tried to straighten her limbs. She could not stand, much less walk, and they took an arm each and dragged her over to a painted steel stand pipe, some three inches in diameter and four feet high, topped with a wheel valve. Cheryl was thrust to her knees on the metal grate beneath the spout and the wheel was turned, releasing a powerful gush of icily-cold water that hammered down on her and took her breath away. She squealed and spluttered, and the men laughed, but the fierce outpouring continued to gush down on her for 5 minutes or more. Cheryl involuntarily urinated in the fierce, icy flow, and she huddled down and struggled for breath, trying to protect her breasts. When the gush eventually stopped, she knelt on all fours, panting heavily, her head hanging.

"So, how do you like our slave wash?"

Cheryl looked up and saw Colonel Morales looking down at her, flexing a leather-clad riding crop. The other two men stand back deferentially.

"Mmmmmmmmmmf?"

"I asked you about our slave wash. Did you enjoy it?"

"No." Cheryl shook her head vigorously.

"That's a great pity, for it's the only means of ablution for you here. We clean our slaves outside, like dogs, and you aren't special." Morales slashed her arse with his crop, striping a fiery line precisely in the crease of soft sensitive skin between buttock and thigh.

She squealed with the blow, but the icy water had numbed her flesh somewhat.

"You are now a guest of an ancillary wing of the Revolutionary Armed Forces of Columbia. Most know us as the FARC. We have extensive experience in handling and keeping kidnapped people, so don't think you will be rescued from here. This is the FARC-controlled safe haven, or "despeje". We have an arrangement with Don Rafael, as with many other drug cartels. We control local cocaine base markets and provide the laboratory operations, they take care of the distribution. There is one such laboratory here. You will be put to work there when you are not required to fuck."

"My God!"

He laughed at her garbled exclamation. "When your ex-Master has forgotten about you, perhaps I will return you to Juanito, or maybe sell you to some place in the world... or put you to work as a dumb exotic prostitute."

Morales spoke to the two men and they immediately stepped forward and hoisted Cheryl to her feet. She struggled to stand, stiff and unspeakably sore, but the men held her firmly by her arms, one on either side, and they half-dragged and half-marched her to a tall round wooden post of the gibbet that was set to one side of the yard. A short length of chain dangled from the post, culminating in steel cuffs. Cheryl numbly allowed the men to raise her arms and close the cuffs around her wrists. She looked fearfully over her shoulder and saw Colonel Morales approaching, shaking out a heavy flogger. As he strode to the pole, a dozen strands of leather cord danced with his every step. He seemed to take an age, but she dared not cast another glance behind her. She heard the sudden displacement of air, the whirl of the lashes, and then a pain exploded across her back and her body slammed hard against the post, thighs claspings at the wood. She shrieked and screamed as Morales laid on half a dozen more strikes. He methodically beat her shoulders, her lower back, her thighs, her calves, and her buttocks. All of the time, she thrashed wildly against the unyielding pole, dancing on the tips of her toes, as if scrambling to run from the pain, the ache in her joints forgotten. "Nooooooooo!" she heard herself screaming, intelligibly enough. Morales continued to ply her tortured flesh with the vicious leather talons, and she wished that she could pass out, but her mind tenaciously clung on to consciousness. Then, though, abruptly, the flogging stopped. She hung against the post, her breath coming in gasped sobs, convulsing her body.

“Take her to the hacienda and fuck her good,” Morales said.

The henchmen unfastened the cuffs and led her, stumbling between them, across the yard to the large, red brick building. They dragged her into the hall of the big house, up the stairs, and into one of the rooms where they thrust her face down on a bare cot. The older of the two men said something in a snarl, but she didn't understand his rough South American Spanish. The younger one stooped down and grasped her wrists, jerking her shoulders back, and he dragged her upright off the bed again, putting his knee in the small of her back, forcing her hips forward, and she had to spread her feet and splay her legs to keep her balance.

“Follamos,” Scar-face said, grasping her cunt and sinking his fingers into her, shaking her hips.

She whimpered. Then, without further ado, he unfastened his trousers and thrust his stiff cock into her pussy. She was barely half-conscious from the flogging, her joints were still aching from the long confinement in the tiny cage, and her responses were wooden at best. That didn't seem to bother the two soldiers. It was the beginning of a long and arduous couple of hours for Cheryl. They took their time to fuck her in various ways, giving each other time to recover and renew the assault, and it all culminated in a cruel dual fucking that she would remember for a long time. Acting in unison, the two men lifted her by her breasts and her hips, making her feet leave the floor. The younger man kept a painful grip on her tits, and the older one, Pock-face, kept an iron-hold on her hips, his fingers digging into her soft belly flesh. She found herself stretched between them, face down, three feet above the floor, her arse still impaled by Pock-face's cock. One of her flailing hands found the edge of the cot, which gave some support, and she desperately hooked her other hand into the belt around the waist of the younger man. “Now,” Pock-face rasped. “You suck his cock deep. We know you can't bite! Lock your ankles behind my back. Understand?” Cheryl gasped as the man fed his rampant cock through the ring behind her teeth, pushing the shaft as deeply as it would go; then, floundering somewhat, almost as if swimming in non-existent water, she clasped her legs around Scar-face's hips and hooked her ankles together behind him. Her body formed a living bridge of flesh between the two men, suspended by hips and breasts, anchored by a rampant cock up her arse and another in her mouth. As she sucked on the cock, she heard them laugh together, as if in self-congratulation at their own inventiveness. She was taken by surprise when the younger man thrust deeply into her throat, and she hadn't the air to last for long, but he withdrew for some seconds, jerking her body to adjust his position, and then rammed his cock into her throat again, filling the channel. There was no synchronisation in their fucking. Their cocks maintained different rhythms at either end, and for what seemed like an age, the two men treated her body like a lifeless rag doll, stretching and pulling her this way and that. She floundered and desperately clasped her legs around Pock-face's hips. Her breast flesh was stretched under her arms by her weight, and she is only able to relieve the stress by grasping the edge of the cot with her right hand. For the rest, though, all she could do was suck and fuck, her body bucking and tossing wildly between them, like an unstable suspension bridge in a storm. Fortunately, the very lack of stability meant that the cock in her mouth only stayed embedded in her throat for brief seconds at a time, albeit painfully. After some time Pock-face began to pummel her arse more frantically and Cheryl, even in her semi-conscious state, could sense that he was about to cum. He grunted to his younger comrade: “Uno, dos, tres...” On the last count they both withdrew their cocks from her orifices, and released their hands from her tits and hips. She floundered, face-down, for a second, supported by her legs locked around Scar-face, and by the tenuous hold on the cot. Scar-face reached to roughly pull her legs away, and she fell to the floor, jarring her bones on the bare wooden boards. As she lay on the ground between them, panting, she was aware that they were wanking their cocks directly above her, and within seconds hot, thick wads of creamy-viscous cum spattered on her prone body.

They left her thus, her body soiled and covered in cum. She remained there on the floor, half-comatose, her body racked with the occasional sob, until a raven-haired young woman came into the room accompanied by a scruffily uniformed youth who held a rope leash that was attached to the collar about her neck. The woman was otherwise naked, with a lush thick growth of black pubic hair. “Welcome to the stockade,” she said in good English. “I am Carolina. They tell me you are a special hostage like me, and we will share a hut. This boy is our escort but, don't be misled, he has a spiteful cane.”

Cheryl glanced warily at the youth as he clipped another leash to her collar.

“Many of the rebels speak English, though, so be careful what you say. Those two who raped you... they are really mean sons of bitches, but then we have to submit to many such bastards here. Come, I will get you washed.”

Cheryl smiled sadly and gestured to her gaping mouth, indicating the ring gag by circling her thumb and first finger. She rose unsteadily to her feet and followed the woman's trim arse out into the yard, conscious of the cane-wielding youth who followed close behind holding both of their leashes. Her throat ached from the hard poling, and she swallowed repeatedly. It had all been so casual. That first flogging and fucking at the camp had impressed upon her that she was utterly helpless, and the violent fucking had demonstrated that these men could use her at any time, and in any way, dependent on their whims. No doubt that was their intention.

Carolina turned the wheel-valve to release a fierce flow of water from the slave wash stand pipe. “I've been here for four months. They bought me in a basket, slung under a helicopter, like you,” she said, kneeling under the water gush and tossing her head as she rinsed the sweat of the jungle from her flesh. “It means we are special. I am waiting for my husband to rescue me.”

The youth stood watching, tapping the cane against the palm of his hand as he held Carolina's long leash.

“Wha...?” Cheryl called above the noise of the gushing water, conscious that the youth also held the leash attached to her own collar.

“My husband... He is a very powerful man, leader of a cartel.” The youth gave a tug on the Columbian woman's collar and she crawled from beneath the stand pipe and pushed wet black hair from her face. “In the meantime, they make me into a leashed whore and a slave. Get under the water. It will make you feel better.”

Cheryl glanced at the young soldier and then squatted down under the slave wash as he played out her leash. For the second time that day, she was subjected to the gush of the humiliating slave wash, but this time she welcomed its cleansing, icy flow, glad to sluice the grime and slime from her sore and aching body, and it also served to clear her senses somewhat. The youth then led both of the leashed women to a hut made from concrete blocks with a crude thatched roof. The whipping post was directly in front of the hut and the very sight of it filled Cheryl with dread as she meekly followed the youngster.

“This is your home,” the Columbian woman said as the youth unclipped their leashes and pushed them inside the hut. “I am glad to have someone else here. They keep us apart from the camp whores.”

“Whaaa?”

“That's a terrible thing they've done to your mouth,” Carolina said with a shudder, sitting on one of the bunks. “There's always half a dozen or more women slaves here. They come and go all the time. The soldiers make them work in the drugs sheds and also use them as whores. It's the same for us. They just keep us separately, locked in this hut for extra security when we aren't needed for working or fucking, but we're no different from the other whores.”

Cheryl looked around her. The hut contained four steel bunks with thin mattresses, three plastic chairs, and a wooden table littered with a plate of half-eaten food, a plastic tumbler, some cosmetics and a battered paperback book. There was also a couple of white enamel metal pales with lids in one corner. The single window had no glass, but a semi-transparent gauze covered its thick metal bars. She sat gingerly on one of the vacant bunks and then stretched back and immediately dropped off the edge of consciousness into a deep, unnatural sleep.

Chapter Thirteen

“Putas! Wake up!”

Cheryl was jerked awake from her deep slumber by a sharp dig in her belly. She looked wildly about her and saw a black soldier standing over her. “Wake up!” he yelled, poking her belly with his cane.

The youth then leapt to the side of Carolina’s bed and slashed his cane down on her bare breasts too, making her scream loudly. “Get up, you lazy whore!”

“I’m awake, I’m awake, you bastard,” Carolina screeched, leaping to her feet and dancing on her toes as the cane lashed across her arse and thighs.

Cheryl shook her head to clear her befuddled senses. It was dark. Her head was aching, and her back was unspeakably sore. She was temporarily disorientated. In her dreams, she had been a Gorean kajira again, Slave Five-fifty-five, speaking freely, in the safety of the Gorean Club kennels, but the memories came flooding back to dispel that illusion and recall of recent events slowly crept into her consciousness. She looked round and found herself on an iron bunk in a small hut with a barred window covered by gauze wire netting, and pale moonlight filtered through. Standing behind the weeping Carolina, Colonel Morales quietly watched as the black youth swung the cane over his head and struck the once-proud wife of a gang boss across her breasts. Carolina screeched in pain, “Eeeeyoow!” She twisted round to shield her breasts and was treated to another sharp cut across her thighs.

“Ah, if only Maximo could see his precious woman now, huh?” Morales taunted.

Hugging her arms about her tortured breasts, Carolina’s tear-stained face contorted into a mask of hatred. “My Maximo will cut off your tiny cock, you bastard!” she snarled.

The Colonel merely laughed and said to the youth: “Take her to the whipping post and thrash her for abusing me. Then fuck her arse and pass her to your platoon comrades with my compliments.”

The young black soldier beamed widely and grasped Carolina by the hair, dragging her squealing from the hut.

“She is stupid,” Morales said simply. “Her husband will never rescue her. I send him regular pictures of her fucking with the men.”

Cheryl struggled to swallow. Her throat was still sore from the thudding cock and she longed to close her mouth. What now for her? Even half-awake, she was realistic enough to know that rescue was highly unlikely, given her hidden location, even though Sir Andrew had been safely released and was presumably back at his home. She could hear the unfamiliar night noises of the jungle alongside the persistent thrum of diesel power generators. The low hum of insects was constant, and a strange animal cry rent the night air. Seconds later, Carolina’s scream echoed as if in harmony with the animal cry, and an alarmed chatter of monkeys rose in response.

“She will learn to speak civilly to me,” Morale said. “Or I might have her jaw wired shut, like you.”

He was a towering silhouette looming over her. Cheryl rose up slightly from the thin mattress to gingerly feel the raw skin on her bottom and on the back of her thighs. This, though, put pressure onto her sore shoulders, which had received most attention from the colonel’s flogger, and she let out an involuntary whimper. Carolina screamed again from the whipping post just outside the hut.

“You are feeling the pain of your flogging?” Cheryl couldn’t answer, of course, but she nodded slightly. He smiled in the half-light, and put a cigarette into his mouth. The flare of a match illuminated the room briefly, and she saw that the rough, unplastered walls were made from crude concrete blocks. He drew on the cigarette and said, “You will get used to much worse than that here.”

There was another crack of a whip, louder this time, and Carolina screamed and wailed piteously. Morales took a deep drag on the cigarette and stooped to exhale the cloud of acrid tobacco smoke into her helplessly open mouth. She spluttered and coughed, cringing back, but the bunk was right next to the rough wall and there was nowhere to go. The pungent cigarette smoke mingled with the sweeter scent of the Colonel’s eau-de-cologne. There was a lump on her arm and another under the leather of her collar, and they itched: mosquito bites, she thought, and she was suddenly grateful for the shots she had had in London, realising that malaria must be rife here. Carolina’s screams were becoming more like continuous sobs now as the whip cracked again.

“You will live here,” Morales said matter-of-factly “Women get used to it. My fighters get used to it. They live in the jungle. Or they die... Women get whipped.” He drew on the cigarette again and the

tip glowed bright in the dimly-lit room. He turned and put his hand on her thigh, the thumb idly grazing up and down the slit of her pussy against the steel cunt rings. "I have to leave here in a short while. I have other camps and have many things to do. Don't worry, I will come occasionally to fuck you, as will my men. You won't be short of fucking here."

"Hmmmfffff," she uttered, just as another anguished scream from the well-whipped woman reverberated through the night air.

His scar-induced smile softened into a kind of smile, and he inserted his thumb into her pussy. "This hungry cunt will get plenty of exercise. My peasant guerillas will make good use of you."

To Cheryl's surprise, she found herself squirming on his thumb, raising her hips to press her nubbin against it. Morales showed no surprise and twisted his hand under the delta of her sex, his forefinger stretching back to press against her anus. She groaned and gave a small mewling noise when his finger pushed past her sore sphincter. Colonel Morales laughed and the sound echoed in the bare room. Keeping hold of her sex, he delicately clenched the cigarette between his teeth to free his other hand, and then flipped open his pants as he turned to kneel on the bunk. Cheryl instinctively raised her hips high, offering her cunt up to him. It was the reaction of a conditioned slave. Why would she willingly yield to be ravaged again, after the events of the previous day? She didn't know, and didn't even attempt to rationalise it. It was as if she was in some parallel reality outside time. The ongoing sound of Carolina's whipping only served to illustrate that.

"I fuck you before I leave, puta!" Morales said, and hot cigarette ash dropped onto her bare belly.

"Mmmmfffff!"

He laughed again as he thrust his erect cock into her without further ado. She moaned when the shaft sank inside her to the hilt. Colonel Morales fucked her hard, quickly, not caring for any niceties, but she humped and grunted. Her orgasm came like a quick hot wave and it left her limp. When he withdrew his cock from her pussy, the cigarette was still clenched in his teeth. Outside, the sudden firing of a helicopter engine rent the air, and another piercing animal screech of alarm came from the nearby forest. Morales glanced up at the sound, fastening his pants. "I am leaving now. My guerrillas will take good care of you. You'd better do as they say, without question or hesitation, or your tits and belly will get very familiar with that whipping post."

Chapter Fourteen

It was nearing noon and strong sunlight was streaming through the bars and mosquito gauze of the window when a guard finally delivered Carolina back to the hut. The Columbian woman was dripping from the slave wash and definitely the worse for wear, with large bruises on her breasts and thighs, and fiery red stripes on her arse and back. The soldier unclipped her leash and she collapsed wearily on her bunk.

Cheryl looked up enquiringly as the door was locked, her hands spread with upturned palms in mute query.

Carolina sighed wearily and pushed a stray tress of lank wet hair behind her ear. Her voice was bitter: "No, I am not alright, if that is what you're trying to ask. Not after being whipped and repeatedly fucked in every orifice by a platoon of rough rebel jungle rats."

"Sorry..." Cheryl tried to say simply, garbling and lisping the word but making herself understood.

"Ach, it will be the same for you. We might be special hostages, but they don't treat us any better than the rest of their putas."

With that, Carolina went to sleep and she didn't wake up for many hours. Cheryl sat at the table and tried to read the paperback, hoping to improve her grasp of Spanish. However, she was unable to concentrate for long and, after using the wastes pail, she lay on her own bunk and dozed for a while. When Cheryl awoke, Carolina was still sleeping, so she got up and stood looking out into the compound through a tear in the mosquito screen. Two naked women were unloading boxes from a heavy lorry, so it was evident that there was some reasonably good road access to the jungle camp. A group of soldiers were sitting smoking and drinking outside a hut that seemed to be designated as a Mess area or canteen, and an old Indian woman trudged back and forth with plates of food for the scruffy soldiers. There were half a dozen women there too, sitting and laughing with men, one more or less wore a military fatigue blouse open to her waist, three others were bare breasted, and two of them stark naked. However, these women had a markedly different demeanour to the two girls who toiled to unload the lorry.

"That is the camp cantina," Carolina said suddenly, laying her hand on Cheryl's back and making her start with fright. She had approached unheard. "Those are the bastards who used me last night... just the latest band of fighters to come out of the jungle."

"The women...?"

"Your voice is strange and hard to understand," Carolina said, lightly running her fingers over the raised welts on Cheryl's back. "You have a very exotic tattoo, and rings in your flesh too."

"Huh?" Cheryl pointed to the cantina and made a sign with her palms, indicating breasts.

"The rebel FARC women? Many of them choose to go naked, or nearly so, for the most part. It is so damned hot and humid here that any clothing can be unpleasant. Anyway, the female fighters are little better than field whores when they are out on their patrols for weeks on end. Be careful of those women because some of them form attachments to a man and treat him like a husband. One killed a camp girl in a jealous rage a few weeks ago." Carolina paused and then reached round to caress Cheryl's extra-large nipple and gently fingered the gold ring that pierced it. "What kind of man does these things to a woman?"

Cheryl gave out an angry groan and then tapped her forefinger against her temple. She really did consider Juan Pablo to be insane, and his father was obviously little better.

"These huge titties will make you very popular here, I'm sure." Carolina hefted one of the large orbs in her hand and she gave a low whistle as the soft white flesh spilled over from her small, olive-skinned hand. Then her other hand reached round Cheryl's torso, trailing over her belly to stroke the depilated, pierced pussy lips. "So smooth. And this jewellery too. Your hair will soon grown down there though. These barbarians like thick bushes."

"You?" Cheryl turned slightly to point at Carolina and raise her eyebrows enquiringly.

"Me? I was kidnapped and caged, just like you. That bastard Morales keeps me here as a hostage to make my Maximo sell medicines to them cheaply."

"Whaa...?"

"Drugs," Carolina answered airily. "My Maximo also deals in many other things. My husband is a good man. And you? I wonder how an English girl comes to be lost in the Columbian jungle?" Cheryl

could feel warm breath on her neck as Carolina laid her head on her shoulder. "We are both hidden away here." Carolina continued to fondle Cheryl's breast, reaching round to heft the soft flesh, and the other olive-skinned hand was working artfully at the flesh surrounding Cheryl's pierced and sensitive clit. The woman's voice was husky as she whispered: "We might as well be nice to each other."

A warm feeling was already beginning to grow in Cheryl's belly and she leaned back against the woman, relishing the feel of pert breasts against her bare back. For Cheryl, sex was really a cock thing, but she had never been averse to a woman's touch. The stark contrast between Carolina's gentle strokes and the recent harsh handling by men was so stark that it made Cheryl want to cry. She wriggled her hips slightly as a finger slipped into her quim. Then though, there was a sudden commotion outside, with shouts and the sound of engines. Cheryl opened her eyes and looked through the window.

"Damn!" Carolina said, pulling her finger back. "Farmers with their crops... more work for us to do."

Half a dozen small, battered tractors had pulled into the compound, hauling trailers laden with bulging polythene sacks. The vehicles were driven by dark skinned men and others were riding atop the loads on the trailers or walking alongside them.

"Farmers?"

The men were a varied and oddly assorted bunch. Some of them were old and gnarled peasants, with wizened skin. Others, younger, looked nothing like farmers: they were mostly young, dark skinned, dressed in shorts, tee shirts and trainers, and many of them wore sun glasses, as if they'd come straight from a beach or holiday tour.

"The guards will make us unload the damned trailers," Carolina said. "It is always the same."

"No!"

"We are slaves," Carolina said with a bitter shrug. "Those sacks on the trailers are full of coca leaves to be processed here."

Even while Carolina was speaking, Cheryl watched through the barred window as soldiers chivvied half a dozen naked girls from other huts towards the trailers.

"Ach, they always use every woman who is available," Carolina said. "Look, here comes a fighter to collect us now."

Cheryl saw a young black rebel striding towards the hut, carrying a thin length of freshly-cut bamboo. The door was unlocked and flung open, admitting bright sunlight. With a heavy sigh, Carolina turned and head outside without waiting to be told.

"You, out!" the fighter yelled to Cheryl. "You have work."

Cheryl hurried to obey but she still received a sharp cut across her arse from the swishy bamboo switch as she passed the man. It made her scurry forward, almost running towards the trailers, where the other girls had already started to unload the sacks. One of the farmers, an old peasant, clambered atop the trailer, ready to slide the sacks down. Cheryl stood behind Carolina, and she saw the nude Columbian woman turn towards her with her back to the trailer to receive the sack. Carolina grunted and bent forward under the weight as the plastic sack landed across her shoulders, and she then hurried towards a nearby shed, running in a stoop to get the load from her shoulders as quickly as possible. The shed, like many others alongside it, had a thatched roof and low bamboo walls up to waist height, but it was otherwise open to the elements.

"You!" the young soldier snapped, tapping Cheryl's thigh with his cane. She stepped forward apprehensively and turned to face away from the trailer as she had seen Carolina do. The polythene sack landed on her shoulders and she gasped, totally unprepared for its weight. Again the cane rapped against her arse, and she found herself moving in a crab-like scurry towards the open-sided shed, her arms desperately trying to keep the polythene sack balanced across her shoulders. When she arrived in the shed, Carolina was tipping the green leaves onto the concrete floor and spreading them out with her bare foot. "You have to empty each sack," Carolina said, pushing black hair from her sweat-streaked face. "Then hurry straight back for another bag or they whip your arse, and the peasants like to see that. When all the bags are unloaded these filthy farmers will get to fuck us."

Cheryl struggled to upturn her bag and empty its contents. "Huh?"

"It's part of their payment," Carolina said, venomously kicking the leaves across the floor before turning and running back to the trailer with the empty plastic sack.

Looking round, Cheryl saw that the other naked women were also trotting back and forth to similar

sheds with low side-walls, depositing sackfuls of green coca leaf. There were at least four men to a tractor, and only two girls unloaded each trailer. The cart she was unloading with Carolina had five farmers surrounding it, including the gummy old peasant who scampered atop the load. The soldier again struck Cheryl with the cane across the back of her thighs. She yelped and leapt forward, running back towards the loaded trailer. One of the men sat on the tractor with his feet up on the engine faring, while the others leaned against the trailer, smoking acrid-smelling cigarettes and eying Cheryl's huge, bouncing tits as she ran back towards them. A grinning youngster in a tee shirt and shorts stepped forward to take the empty sack from her, and he made a crude comment, barely comprehensible in his harsh accent, and the men laughed together as another sack landed on her shoulders and she stumbled back towards the shed, spurred on by the cane-wielding soldier. The old man on the top of the load shouted something after her, and they all laughed again.

"Fifty or more sacks to go," Carolina said when Cheryl gasped as she dumped the bag on the floor of the shed. "You'll get used to it. Then they fuck us. Don't worry, they are just peasants. It will be quick. They will just fuck us hard and straight and then go. Mind you, grandad is going to fuck your tits first."

"What?" Cheryl asked, aghast, standing ankle-deep in the fresh cool leaves.

"That's what he just shouted out. You didn't hear?"

"Good God!" Cheryl said, darting away from the threat of the young guard's spiteful cane and gazing up in disgust at the old man who gave her a wide, gummy grin from atop the wagon as she ran back for the next heavy sack.

After an hour of this work, Cheryl's hair was slick, her naked body was filmed with glistening perspiration, and her breasts were heaving. All the time, both Carolina and Cheryl had been harried and chivvied by the soldier's ever-ready swishy cane as he followed them back and forth. Cheryl had thought herself fit but she had never been worked to such a limit, even under the demanding instructors of the Gorean Club. Carolina, the drug baron's wife, seemed more hardened to the harsh exercise, but she too was sweating profusely and clearly exhausted by the time they had unloaded the trailer. When the last sack had been emptied onto the floor of the open-sided shed, Cheryl stooped over with her hands on her knees, head hanging as she fought for breath. She heard a sound behind her and looked round to see the old peasant standing there with his erect cock in his hand, grinning widely. The four other farmers stood behind him with leers on their swarthy features.

"Don't try to resist," Carolina warned, stepping straight into the arms of one of the younger men and yielding to his rough caress.

The old man's grin was ghoulish as he gestured Cheryl to her knees. She sank down on the fresh leaves, her eyes on the peasant's unexpectedly large cock as he pushed it into the cleft of her huge breasts. He uttered a staccato command and soundly cuffed Cheryl's ear when she didn't respond. Carolina was already leaning over against the low side rail of the shed with the farmer fucking her from behind, but she called, "He says you must wrap your titties round his cock."

Cheryl groaned but obediently used both of her hands to press the soft mammary flesh round the gnarled shaft. The old man cackled as he hooked his forefingers into her large nipple rings and began to vigorously wank his cock back and forth in the deep cleft of her tits. His organ might have been large but it was completely enclosed and squeezed between her soft, clammy breast-flesh, and he fucked her tits with brutal force. Cheryl was yanked to and fro, forcing her to add to his pleasure as his cock slid smoothly fucked her tits on a slick slime of pre-cum. After what seemed an age, the old man groaned and spurted a wad of creamy cum onto her chest and breasts, and then slumped back, evidently satisfied. Immediately, one of the younger men stepped forward, a cigarette clenched between his lips. Without any preliminaries, he grabbed hanks of her hair in both hands and stuffed his cock into her gaping mouth, making her gag and splutter as the bulbous end of the erect shaft hit the back of her throat. Even as this happened, one of the other farmers moved behind and stooped to wrap his arms around her belly, hoisting her knees from the floor. She floundered and struggled to find her feet, her head held firmly onto the cock that gagged her, finding herself bent forward at the hips as the other man rammed his cock into her pussy. Resigned to her role, she applied herself to the task of sucking the cock as she was roundly fucked from the rear. After a few minutes, the pair exchanged positions, and Cheryl tasted her own juices on the cock that was introduced between her lips. The man behind her stuffed his shaft into her pussy. Carolina was faring little differently a few feet away in the shed, rolling on the floor in the fresh green coca leaves,

squirming between the attentions of the two lusty young peasants. The grunting and groaning from the other two sheds nearby told its own story.

As Carolina had predicted, the farmers took their pleasure simply and quickly, and it was soon over. Presently, Cheryl and Carolina were allowed to walk wearily to the slave wash with the other six camp whores, and they waited their turn to crawl under the powerful gush to sluice the slime from their aching bodies.

Chapter Fifteen

Three months on, Cheryl stood quietly outside the hut that served as the rebels' camp canteen, her hand casually resting on the shoulder of a young black guerrilla as he sat chatting and drinking with his comrades, men and women jungle fighters, while the slaves served them food and drink. She didn't know the man's name (she hardly ever knew their names) but he had fucked her relentlessly and inventively throughout the previous night, as was his right. Now his hand idly fondled Cheryl's inner thigh as he drank and relaxed, and his thumb continually grazed over her pussy lips and toyed with her cunt rings as she smiled down at him.

Across the compound, Cheryl saw Colonel Morales chatting with a couple of his officers as two thuggish bodyguards looked on. Morales had arrived only shortly before, and his appearance in the camp was relatively rare. She had tried to avoid him, unashamedly clinging more than usual to the black soldier who had used her, but the colonel had paid her little attention other than to smile patronisingly as she abjectly whored herself. Cheryl saw him look across at her again and she squeezed the shoulder of the black soldier who was stroking her pussy. He rewarded her by looking up with a broad white smile and offering his bottle beer for a swig, which she accepted, insolently holding Morales' gaze as she pushed the neck of the bottle through the O ring, taking it deeply into her mouth, as she had to do to drink without slobbering. She was well aware that it presented a lascivious sight. Drinking that way, on the back of her tongue, the beer seemed almost tasteless, but at least it was cool from the chill-box. The soldier made a coarse remark and took the bottle back from her, and he carefully inserted the neck into her pussy. Cheryl saw Colonel Morales laugh too, and realised he had witnessed her humiliation. She looked away in shame. She shuddered involuntarily and heard the tinkle of metal on glass as her cunt rings rattled against the bottle as its neck slid further up inside her, but clasped her flesh about it and remained still as the men sitting in the group laughed together at the joke. These men were still rough and raw from the jungle and just settling to the pleasures of the camp.

During her short time there this was the fourth rebel band that had emerged from the jungle, weary and yet rapacious for sex. The other groups had come and gone after a short furlough, leaving with renewed strength and new supplies of food and ammunition. Cheryl had come to realise that the camp, besides being a nefarious drug processing plant, was also a vital refueling base for the rebels. The gangs of marauding fighters came there to rest and relax, and to recharge their bodies after wearisome weeks on patrol.

Cheryl stood meekly as she stood with the soldier's black hand holding the bottle up her cunt as a naked camp whore pushed past and put a large platter of food on the tree stump that was serving as a table. Another, this one little more than a girl with pretty and pert tits, brought more bottles of chilled beer and distributed them around the group before settling cheerfully onto the lap of one of the men. Cheryl knew neither of the women. There were always seven or eight of these slave whores in the camp, but like the soldiers they served, they continually came and went. The two high-profile captives were the only people who remained constantly at the camp. Despite their special status, they were treated just the same as, or worse than, the slave whores. At that very moment, in fact, Carolina was kneeling between the splayed legs of a soldier, sucking his cock as he chatted, and the woman fighter sitting alongside him was stroking Carolina's black hair. For the rebels it was a brief respite and holiday, for the girls it was short stint whoring and labouring in a different place before being moved on somewhere else, and for the visitors who brought supplies and took away the processed coca paste it was merely a brief stopover... For Cheryl and Carolina though, it was relentless degradation and drudgery with no foreseeable end in sight. That was why they had both come to accept their lot and somehow make the best of it.

Colonel Morales was right, of course. During Cheryl's first few weeks at the jungle camp, she became very familiar with the crude wooden davit that served as whipping post in the yard. Now though, she tried to avoid inviting the splashes of bright pain over her back, bottom and thighs. She knew that her body would be used and abused anyway, so it cost nothing more to be unashamedly slutish and it prevented the whippings, for the most part. Cheryl was still owned by Juan Pablo, of course, although in the keeping of Colonel Morales. Occasionally, some of the drug-cartel gangsters from the city would visit the jungle stockade, and they usually took the opportunity to fuck Juanito's tattooed whore. However, she hadn't seen Juan Pablo himself since he crated her up for the helicopter transit. Cheryl had

hardly worn a single thread of clothing since then. Like the other girls, she was kept naked in the camp, and this was practical in the searing heat. It was stuffy and humid, even at night.

The bottle moved in her pussy and her face took on an even more pronounced look of surprise than usual. She wiped drool from her mouth with her wrist and then laid her hand on the soldier's shoulder again to surreptitiously wipe the saliva on his shirt. Cheryl had quickly learned to be fairly sanguine about these young FARC men and women. Almost without exception, they were brought up in poverty, in misery, and violence. When a boy who has nothing is offered the opportunity to be in a position of power, to hold a gun, to be a freedom fighter, of course he takes it. For the girls, it's either that or become a fully-fledged prostitute. These people are very different from the educated but ruthless men who lead them...men like Colonel Morales. Also, they are a breed apart from the hardened criminal gangsters of the drugs cartels. Cheryl knew that they were simple peasants in the main, fighting for a better life. That didn't make them any the less threatening and dangerous, though. These rough soldiers forced Cheryl to acknowledge that she was no longer in control of her body, or her mind, or of anything else. Cheryl and the other camp girls were routinely used as whores by the bands of young guerrilla soldiers, who saw them as a welcome change from the female rebel fighters. In truth, the rebel girl soldiers were themselves treated little better than common field whores, and they too usually went naked when in the camp, whether by choice or command, she wasn't sure.

She gave a small start when the man pressed the bottle further into her cunt, its tip uncomfortably touching her cervix, and he left it embedded there, freeing both hands to shovel food into his mouth. She smiled and squeezed his shoulder as if affectionately, before taking the beer bottle from her cunt, as elegantly as she could manage in the circumstances.

At that moment, she wasn't particularly unhappy, strangely enough. When Cheryl had accepted her slavery, when she had abandoned all hope of rescue and let go of her resentment and anger, her life had become heedlessly easy. There were no decisions for her to make. She merely did as she was told, promptly and without question. After all, they had her completely in their thrall, so what was the point of struggling against it? Resistance only resulted in repeated whippings and they still got their own way in the end. And there was no excused time from humping the rebel fighters or working in the sheds, just because a woman's back was afire with welts. So she bowed and scraped, and scurried to do their bidding, fucking and sucking at the slightest crook of a finger, anticipating their demands. The days had drifted by, and weeks become months. Cheryl, much sought after because of her huge tits, the barbaric bangles that pierced her flesh, and the exotic tattoos on her back and thigh, was fucked day in and day out, several times a day, without a respite even when she was menstruating. Still serving in that way was preferable to the back-breaking manual work they otherwise made her do.

For Cheryl had become a true slave, pure and simple, in the fullest sense of the word, used not only for sex but also forced to do hard labour for the profit of her new Masters. This work was mainly in the cocaine laboratory, which is merely a collection of ramshackle huts and shelters, quite unlike any laboratory she had ever previously seen or imagined. At other times, though, she was teamed with two or three other naked whores and made to haul a drum-laden cart along the rough jungle track down to the murky green-brown river where they disposed of the noxious chemical waste.

A helicopter clattered over the horizon and made for the camp. It was not unusual, of course, and the rebels scarcely looked up from their meal. Only Morales and the two officers showed much interest. As the helicopter approached, Cheryl could see that something was swinging beneath it on a length of cable. When the chopper hovered overhead she saw that the trailing object was a wicker hamper, and her heart began to pound. She laid a hand on her chest and unthinkingly took a quick swig from the bottle she was holding, smelling her own juices on the glass. The beer was cold but thin and the unaccustomed taste made her grimace. She watched Morales' two bodyguards move to guide the basket to the ground beneath the whipping post before unhooking it from the hawser and waving the pilot away. Then the wicker lid was thrown open and the rope from the block and tackle atop the post was attached. Cheryl was suddenly bashfully aware that the arrival of the helicopter and its strange cargo had released a strong flow of juices inside her. It all so reminded her of her own arrival at the camp. One of the henchmen was holding the basket while the other hauled on the rope from the pulley. The familiar stout iron cage gradually rose from the confines of the wicker outer, and it revealed a huddled and tightly-packed, wild-eyed and terrified young woman. Now the rebel jungle fighters showed some interest, and they rose as

one to wander over to the post and look up at the hapless captive as she hung suspended from the post in her cruel cage. The blonde head protruded through the bars at the front and, at the other end, Cheryl could see the cruel steel dildo that penetrated the girl's arse. The young woman would have screamed, had it not been for the ball gag that was stuffed into her mouth.

Colonel Morales smiled and gazed up at the cage. He turned to the accompanying officers and said, "This is Ana del Gardo, daughter of the Columbian Minister of the Interior. She is our latest guest."

"You kidnapped del Gardo's daughter for ransom?"

"No, she is far too valuable for that. It's to keep her father quiet. He has been making awkward noises about me for too long."

The other officer looked startled. "Did the General authorise this abduction? You know his policy not to excite Government attention by taking such prisoners."

"The General?" Morales spat contemptuously. "Let's take a look at her."

The arrogant Colonel signalled to one of the brutish guards for the cage to be lowered to the ground. The captive girl gave a stifled squeal when the dildo was unceremoniously dragged from her arse. The other officers watched grimly as she was hauled to her feet. "The General must hear of this," one of them warned Morales as he gazed frankly at the naked young woman. "It's my duty to tell him."

The girl stood unsteadily, her hands still confined behind her back, and the two bodyguards grasped her upper arms to support her. Cheryl saw that she was a beautiful and trim young woman, probably in her early twenties, with slightly pendulous, tear-drop shaped tits. Colonel Morales took out his iPhone and positioned it at eye-level to take a photograph.

"Tell him what you like. It is my business," the colonel said, taking a couple of snaps of the newly-arrived girl. "She will be kept here and put to work with the other sluts. I will send regular photographs to Minister del Gardo to show him how his beloved brat of a daughter has become a naked whore. Remove her gag."

One of the henchmen reached to unbuckle the strap of the gag and pull the ball from the girl's mouth, permitting her to immediately release a stream of invective and tearful pleading protest. "This is an outrage. How dare you?" she screeched, close to hysteria. "My father will see you all hung or shot." Then, softer and more conciliatory, she pleaded, "Please, give me my clothes and take me home. There will be a reward..."

Morales stepped forward and lashed the back of his hand across her face to silence her. "Ana del Gardo, you are now my prisoner deep in the jungle. There is no hope of escape or rescue from here, believe me." He paused to grasp Cheryl by the arm and drag her forward as he told the young woman: "You will serve as a slave whore here, just like this puta bitch, fucking my soldiers."

"You are insane," Ana sobbed.

The other two officers stepped back and turned to leave. "I think she might be right, Colonel," one of them murmured. "You are insane! The General will be furious."

Morales merely laughed as the officers stalked away. He nodded to the henchmen, who immediately unlocked the cuffs on Ana's wrists.

"You can't make me do anything," Ana wept defiantly, gazing in horror at Cheryl's naked and pierced body. "I won't!"

Cheryl knew what must follow. She stepped back as the men strung the woman's arms from the rope hanging from the davit and hauled it until she was on the tips of her toes. A multi-lashed flogger was produced and placed into Morales' hand. The first blow made Ana gasp in astonishment at the pain. Cheryl could see that it was the fist whip lash that the girl had ever received in her entire life. The next one swiftly followed though, as did more than a dozen others, until Ana's back and arse was glowing red and she was screaming and sobbing piteously. Cheryl well-knew that a woman's first whipping has a terrible affect on her.

Morales smiled thinly and tossed the whip aside. "You will do as I say, without question," he said, taking another photograph before nodding to the men to take her down. "Now, you will start to earn your keep for the first time in your pampered young life." He paused to look round at the assembled group of rebel guerrillas. "Here is your chance to get your own back on the ruling class that oppresses you. You will all fuck her now... every single one of you. That is an order!"

The men hesitated, and one of the women rebels giggled. Then the men moved forward and

surrounded the sobbing and cringing Ana, lifting her aloft, stretched supine yet squirming ineffectually, and they carried her triumphantly to the canteen hut. Carolina moved to stand beside Cheryl as they watched the screeching girl being carted away for her gang-raping. "Another one to share our shack," Carolina said simply, wiping semen from her full lips as she turned towards the slave wash.

Chapter Sixteen

Cheryl was sweating profusely in the humid mid-day heat of the jungle. She was naked as usual, and the perspiration filmed her flesh. It was 40 degrees, and she was working with Ana and Carolina in the shed where dried and shredded coca leaves were spread in a large, plastic-lined shallow pit and mixed with lethal concoction of ammonia, lime and petrol. It is hardly credible that such a process can yield pure cocaine, yet it does. Cheryl had almost become accustomed to the smell of solvents and petrol in that shed, but it still made her light headed. The only good thing was that the mosquitoes had the sense to keep out of there. The three high-profile captive women were always made to work hard. On this occasion they were supervised by a young guerrilla soldier who had temporarily forsaken his AK47 rifle in favour of a freshly-cut slender bamboo cane. He was typical of the rebel fighters who come and go from the FARC jungle camps, and they all must do their bit producing the coca paste that funds their armed struggle.

Across the way that day, half a dozen farmers had brought in a load of fresh coca leaf in old polythene fertiliser sacks piled on trailers pulled by small, battered tractors. Cheryl paused in her work and wiped a lank strand of hair from her face as she looked across the compound. Four nude camp whores were unloading the sacks and carrying them to a large drying shed, where they emptied the green leaves onto a bare concrete floor. The farmers sat or leaned on their tractors, or leaned against the trailers, smoking acrid-smelling cigarettes watching the toiling and sweating nude women. Cheryl had often had to unload the trailers herself since that first day in the camp, so she well-knew that a stint with a camp whore was the usual part payment for the coca leaves. Soon, when the bags of leaves were unloaded and stacked, those whores would be put to work of a more basic nature!

Suddenly, Cheryl was jerked from her thoughts by a painful slash of the whippy switch across her calves. "Work!" the young guard snarled. She immediately stooped to upturn the sack and empty the dry leaves onto the blue plastic lining, but the guerrilla inflicted another gratuitous swipe across her bottom as she bent over, making her flesh sting. It was no use complaining. She rubbed her bottom and then spread the leaves, hearing them crackle and rustle beneath her bare feet. When the pit was full enough, she went to the chemical drums and added a noxious solution of ammonia and lime to the pit. The toxic, pungent fumes made her eyes sting, as usual at these times, and she avoided breathing for as long as possible. When she did need to inhale, she began to cough and splutter, and had to stagger out of the open-sided shed for a few minutes while Ana and Carolina struggled to manhandle a large greasy drum of smelly diesel oil and pour it into the mix.

The guard left Cheryl to recover her breathing and she again watched the girls unloading and emptying the sacks of fresh leaf. She could hear a helicopter engine from somewhere over the jungle canopy in the distance. It was nothing new, nothing to raise her hopes. Often a military helicopter hovered directly overhead for a couple of minutes before banking away over the jungle... just another reconnaissance mission by Government troops searching the jungle for guerrillas. They never seem to do anything about them, though. Perhaps they just want to know where they are?

The new delivery of coca leaves only meant more work. It was never ending. After the leaves had spent a few days drying on the bare concrete, the naked girls would have to spend days putting small quantities into the banks of microwave ovens to remove the last drops of moisture. Then the dried and shredded leaf would be transferred to the solvent pit for processing.

Ana had quickly settled too, despite her original protestations when first brought to the camp, swinging dizzily in the wicker basket beneath a helicopter. The once-haughty daughter of a high-ranking Government minister was put to work like the rest, and like everyone else she soon adapted to the harsh life of being a jungle whore and a manual slave. Just like Carolina, in fact. These two captives, while soon adapting to the harsh life of whores and slaves, still harboured high hopes of rescue. Cheryl, though, assumed that the reason to hide her had long since disappeared but yet they continued to keep her at the remote jungle stockade. She saw girls come and go. Sometimes, women simply disappeared in the night, mysteriously, with no explanation. At other times, a selection of whores would be taken out onto the yard and lined up, and men would inspect and select them; Cheryl would quietly stand in the yard and watch as the chosen ones were loaded into trucks, or, on one occasion, into one of the large military-style helicopters. Another time, one of these helicopters was simply loaded with women to replace the cargo of

drugs it had brought in, taking them off to who-knows-where. No matter how many women left, others always arrived to take their place. There was always at least six of them in the camp, and sometimes as many as a dozen. These girls were usually South American Hispanic or Indian types. There seemed to be an endless supply of them. Cheryl watched with some interest as many of the new arrivals would fight and resist their new masters, and get their backs whipped raw for the sake of it. Not that Cheryl was immune from rebellion. Occasionally, in an unguarded moment, she would find herself resisting, instinctively, unthinking, before she had chance to analyse the situation. Then she would be whipped or caned, like everyone else.

Chapter Seventeen

"You dress good tonight," a soldier said, and he threw three white cotton frocks into the hut. Cheryl looked askance. They usually kept them naked, or near enough. "Good God!" she murmured, reaching for one of the dresses and holding it against her body. It was a peasant dress, made from cheap white cotton with a widely flared long skirt.

"You realise what this means?" Carolina said incredulously, snatching up a dress. "We have been ransomed! They are setting us free. You'd think they'd give us better clothes to wear though."

Ana took the remaining white frock and smiled. She had begun her time at the camp expecting imminent ransom and release, but no ransom had been paid, and she had then progressively sunk into a dull slough of despair. "I don't care what I wear if I am to be released," she said.

It was a change to see Ana smiling. The three women went to the slave wash in the compound, taking turns to kneel under the numbing gush of water. The frequent icy-cold sluices had become a welcome relief to Cheryl rather than degradation it had been when first dumped in that place. On this occasion, a definite sense of eager anticipation lit the senses of the three slaves as they bathed, and even the two Columbian women laughed and giggled together. Cheryl smiled wryly. Even though she entertained few hopes that they would be released, it was a welcome change. There is little to distinguish one day from the next in the jungle stockade but occasionally they were called to entertain some high-powered visitors in the big brick house.

Cheryl looked doubtfully at the two, suddenly happy hostages. They seemed so certain of their imminent rescue. Who could say, for sure? None of the whores ever knew what was happening, for the men never told them anything. There was no explanation as to why they must dress for the occasion. It was unusual, to say the least. They were usually kept naked, after all. Even the female FARC rebel fighters went carelessly naked when in the camp. Nobody cared. It is always hot there. It had some advantages. Cheryl had acquired a great all-over bronze tan, and her body was lithe and lean with the hard physical work they made her do.

"If we are not to be released, then why would they choose only us?" Ana said, looking round at the near empty compound as the water dried on her dark olive skin. "Nobody else is getting ready."

"Perhaps they want some intelligent conversation," Carolina remarked.

Cheryl smiled mutely at the comment, but she took no offence. Unlike the once-haughty daughter of the drug-runner, Cheryl didn't think herself any better than the other camp whores. She had come to know the women in the Stockade, and they no longer scared her. Most of them were peasant girls, plucked from villages and farms, although some were from slum shanties of cities. Many are from Bolivia or Peru. All of the women there are usually kept naked, and they all endure one long round of fucking and slaving after another, working in the cocaine laboratory, or unloading sacks and chemical drums, or hauling and emptying toxic waste into the river. Cheryl and the two other high-profile captives were treated no different from the rest of the whores, other than being kept together in one hut, usually under lock and key at night.

"I think we have been ransomed," Ana declared defiantly.

Cheryl knew that she herself would not be ransomed, and she didn't even dare to imagine that she might be rescued. She hadn't noticed any new, important people arrive at the stockade, but then she hadn't been looking for any. Helicopters landed and took off on a regular basis, delivering arms and supplies, and sometimes passengers, and they usually left with a cargo of processed coca paste. The choppers' frequent presence was unremarkable. It was unlikely that visitors would arrive by foot or by river either. Armed guerilla bands frequently emerged from the jungle, sweating and swaggering, eager for some tender relief from the camp whores. One such band had arrived earlier that day, but it was unlikely that the girls would be given even cheap peasant dresses to wear for the soldiers' pleasure. Those brutes were usually so impatient that they simply tore away any inconvenient garments. Cheryl was honest enough to admit that she needed the raw sex that the fighters inflicted on her, especially in their first days back at the stockade, when the soldiers were usually rampant. She secretly thought that most of the other women felt the same way, even the snooty Government Minister's daughter, for she had heard Ana's impassioned orgasmic screams often enough.

Chapter Eighteen

A sergeant and two black guards arrived at the hut to take the three women to the big house. The women were barefoot but wore the thin white dresses with widely flared skirts that swung around their calves as they walked. The bodices of the dresses were tight but cut demurely enough, yet the fabric was so thin that the shadowy areolas of their nipples were clearly visible. They were ushered into the finest room in the house, where a long rectangular refectory table with half a dozen or so place settings along one side was arranged, fronted by long wooden benches on either side. There was another, specially-prepared narrow bench seat, set a few feet back on the opposite side of the table, and Cheryl immediately knew that it was reserved for her and the other two women. She blinked and looked to Carolina and Ana, who were similarly wide-eyed with shock and dashed dreams as they gazed at the bench, where three large studded black dildos protruded through the wooden seat, spaced some two feet apart and pointing upwards like miniature space rockets. A thin black rubberised mat surrounded each of the shafts, presumably indicating a seat. The sergeant grasped Cheryl and pushed her towards the bench.

“You, Dog Drool,” he said, grasping her head and pushing it down towards the first dildo. “Suck the cock. It’s what you’re good at.”

Cheryl groaned inwardly as her helpless mouth was thrust down on the thick black rubber shaft with its gleaming chrome studs. Dog Drool had become the sergeant’s nickname for her, and it was true that she had not entirely conquered the tendency to slobber saliva around the steel ring gag permanently fixed in her mouth. She took the dildo deeply, relaxing her throat, her tongue licking the smooth metal protrusions around the shaft. After she had sucked back and forth for a few strokes the sergeant yanked her head from the first black and chrome shaft and pushed her to the next one the bench. He did not allow her to stop sucking and slobbering until all three studded shafts were glistening with her saliva. Cheryl was then allowed to straighten and she stood back, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand.

“You first,” the sergeant said to Ana. “Straddle the bench with your legs and settle on the first cock.” Ana glared petulantly at him and was about to protest, but he swiftly rewarded her with a sharp slash of his switch to her arse. Swallowing hard, the politician’s previously privileged daughter hoisted the skirt of her dress and raised one leg to step over the bench. The pretty Columbian girl bit her lip as she gingerly lowered herself onto the large dildo, using her hand to guide it into her cunt. “All the way down!” the sergeant snapped. Ana grunted slightly but pushed down until it was fully embedded inside her. The guard nodded and produced a round wooden stave, about two feet long. “Raise your knees above the seat,” he ordered.

When Ana did this, only the tips of her bare toes remained on the floor, resting virtually all of her weight on the large dildo. She remained still as the man pushed the stave between the crook of both of her knees and the seat, effectively keeping her seated as if riding a horse. A pair of linked ankle cuffs completed the tie, with its chain passing under the seat. Cheryl gasped as she watched. Restrained in this way, it would be virtually impossible for Ana to raise her body more than 3 or 4 inches from the surface of the seat: certainly not enough to lift herself clear of the monstrous dildo. The guard nodded and rearranged the full white skirt about Ana’s thighs, spreading it decorously. “Now you,” the sergeant said, motioning to Carolina.

“No!” Caroline said defiantly. “I won’t do it.”

The guards laughed and two of them grasped Carolina by the arms and pulled her forward, hoisting her from the ground, while the sergeant grabbed her flailing legs and spread them apart as she was lowered down over the bench. “You want it up your arse, puta?” snarled the sergeant. “I can do that.”

“Please, no more,” Carolina wept. “For pity’s sake.”

A couple of slashes from the switch on the front of her exposed thighs settled the matter. Sobbing, she lowered herself on the dildo as the guard guided its large head into the mouth of her cunt. The guards weren’t gentle with her, and they pushed down hard on her shoulders until she was fully seated. Then a wooden stave was similarly passed under her raised knees leaving her arched bare feet barely touching the floor, and her ankles were chained together. The sergeant reached to flick a switch on a small console, placed near the head of the table. Carolina’s body gave a sharp jerk. “Oh” she exclaimed, her body giving a sudden jolt, and the men all laughed.

“You feel the vibro, huh?” the sergeant said with a broad grin as he stooped to arrange Carolina’s

skirt. Then, he straightened and reached to flick another switch on the control, saying to Ana, "We don't want to leave you out of the fun, lady."

Ana closed her eyes and bit her lip, but her body seemed to tremble. Cheryl blinked again. From the decorous arrangement of the women's long flared skirts, nothing untoward could be guessed from outward appearances, although it was strange to see the two women sitting straddled on the bench, one behind the other. However, Cheryl realised that the deeply-embedded dildos were vibrating inside the Carolina and Ana, even though the faint whirring noise was submerged in the throb of the generator and the constant murmur of the cheap air conditioning units.

"You next, Dog Drool!" the sergeant snapped to Cheryl, waving his switch.

Cheryl sighed deeply in resignation. Before she lowered herself onto the shaft, she again stooped to take it into her ever-gaping mouth, adding more wet saliva. Then she obediently gathered the hem of the flared skirt and hoisted it up around her hips as she stepped over the bench seat. She lowered herself down until the lubricated head of the dildo touched her pussy lips, and then she wriggled her hips slightly and eased down, feeling the shaft fill and stretch her. Without waiting to be told, she raised her knees as a wooden rod was passed under them. Although she arched her bare foot, only her toes remained on the floor, giving minimal leverage as she experimented easing herself on her straightened arms. The fat shaft stretched her pussy widely, and she could only raise up three inches or so on its length before easing down again. The seat pad was soft under her bottom as the sergeant chained her ankles together under the lower strut of the bench. The sergeant carefully spread the long skirt around her thighs, concealing the dildo from sight, and he then reached to tweak her large nipples which were thrusting strongly against the thin white cotton fabric. Securely tied to the bench, she could only watch with bated breath as the dark man flicked a switch on the console, and the dildo immediately sprang to life, sending a continuous tingling tremor through her belly.

"Now, ladies," the sergeant said, picking up the console. "Allow me to demonstrate some refinements to our little gadget. The pad you are sat on also provides some control of the vibrator. It has a pressure switch that you can use to minimise your suffering." As he spoke, his dark finger prodded another button, and immediately all three women screeched. Cheryl yelled and instinctively used her arms to push up on the dildo as a series of electric shocks shuddered through her body. However, her scope of movement was limited and it was impossible to expel it from her cunt. She sank back with a thud and the shocks momentarily stopped when her arse touched the pad. However, they immediately started again. She rose up and down on the dildo again, with the same result. "The only way to avoid the electric shocks is to land with some force on the pad every couple of seconds," the sergeant said grinning happily as the guards laughed with glee at the women's discomfort.

The fiendish mechanics of the gadgets soon became obvious to the three hostages. In less than a minute, they were all rising and falling in a steady rhythm, grunting with each downward thrust, and squealing as the occasional jolt punished any tardiness. Cheryl discovered that to gain the necessary pressure on the switch to stop the current, she had to rise up almost 4 inches, to the extremity of the restraint, before thrusting back down again until her arse hit the pad; then it was necessary to immediately lift up again and repeat the downward thrust. To prevent getting repeatedly shocked, she had to literally fuck herself on the dildo. Soon, like the other two women, she was riding the vibrating device with manic intensity, her hands clasp the edges of the bench, pushing up and down on straight arms, desperate to avoid to devilish shocks. Worse, Cheryl knew that she was near to orgasm. Then though, mercifully, the shaft in her pussy suddenly became still and passive. The vibrations had ceased, as had the electric shocks. Breathing heavily, her huge tits rising and falling, hair over her face, she sank down fully on the false cock, leaning forward on straight forearms.

"That was a just a small demonstration, ladies," the sergeant said with a big smile as he placed the control console back on the table.

The three men then left the room, leaving their victims helplessly seated and impaled on the fiendish bench. Cheryl looked at the two women seated in front of her. She could see their shoulders rising and falling from the recent exertion, and a patch of damp sweat permeated the cotton on Carolina's back. Each of the women shifted uncomfortably, rising slightly to ease the pressure in their cunts. "About to be released!" Ana said bitterly. Carolina, though, was crying softly and she made no reply. They were still miserably seated thus when the door behind them opened. Cheryl stiffened and her cunt flesh

involuntarily clenched and unclenched on the dildo as she immediately recognised the voices of Colonel Morales and Juan Pablo behind her. When the men came into view, she saw that Raul, Juan Pablo's brutal fat driver, was also there. Raul smirked and licked his lips as he sauntered in behind the other two, accompanied by the sergeant and the two guards. Behind them there were six other soldiers carrying AK 47 rifles. Juan Pablo and Morales paused to look at the three women who were slumped forward on stiff arms, their arses slightly raised from the bench seat.

"Three charming maids in a row," Morales said, his permanent disfigured smile widening. Raul laughed. Turning to Juan Pablo and placing his hand on Ana's shoulder, Colonel Morales said: "The whore at the front is the daughter of the Interior Minister, who was so keen to curb our activities. He is less vocal now, of course, and we send him regular pictures of his girl's enthusiastic work, just to keep him in line."

Juan Pablo leaned to grasp Carolina's chin and he roughly jerked her head up to look into her sullen face. "This one is the wife of Maximo, who leads a rival drug cartel in opposition to us. Don Rafael arranged her abduction. I hope you are treating her well."

Morales laughed and tapped his cane on Cheryl's head. "I believe you know this one too," he said.

Juan Pablo's black gimlet eyes seemed to sparkle as he looked down at Cheryl. "So, my puta, we meet yet again. Haven't you got even a small, rounded smile for your Master?"

Cheryl glowered up at him. Although she was a cowed and abject slave now, she hated this man. Had she have been able to speak, she would have spat 'Fuck off, Juanito!' As it was, she could only glare, but undisguised and undiluted hatred gleamed in her eyes.

"You fucking bastard, my husband will put his hand down your throat and rip out your balls," Carolina suddenly snarled. "Your pig of a father too."

Colonel Morales sighed. "Such language," he said, going to the head of the table. "That will never do in front of the honoured guests who are to join us shortly." He nonchalantly flicked the console buttons, and immediately Cheryl yelped as she felt another fierce jolt of electricity in her cunt, and she instinctively thrust herself up and down on the shaft as before. Ana and Carolina writhed up and down too. It lasted for less than 20 seconds, but it seemed much longer. "You must behave, ladies," Morales said, watching them breathlessly settle and fidget uncomfortably. "Now, sit with your backs straight and your heads up high, and push your tits out. My diesel generators provide an unlimited supply of electricity..."

Reluctantly, the women complied.

"How is this done?" Juan Pablo asked in wonderment.

"My sappers rigged it," Morales explained, moving to stand beside Ana and flipping her skirt aside leaning to rub her pussy lips grasping the shaft embedded in her cunt. "Just than an extension of the crude technology we use to detonate explosives, or to torture captives."

Morales returned to sit at the head of the table, gesturing to a chair alongside him. One of the guards rearranged Ana's skirt as Juan Pablo went to take his seat.

"Why have you agreed to this meeting, Colonel?" Juan Pablo asked. "It seems dangerous to me."

"It is expedient. Powerful people are making some heavy waves. The General demanded to see me. He wants these women released."

Cheryl's heart leapt as she heard this, and she heard Ana give a little grunt of delight.

"I will not release my puta," Juan Pablo warned.

"Sometimes we have to do what is necessary, Juanito, even when we don't like it. Your father has mandated me to negotiate on your behalf."

"No! She is mine."

At that moment, there was a tap on the door and it immediately pushed open. Six men filed into the room, led by a large black man who wore an impressive military uniform. One of the other visitors wore the clerical collar of a priest, and another sported an immaculate light fawn suit and a thin black necktie. The remaining three wore military fatigues, but they seemed to be well-disciplined soldiers and a distinct cut above the usual rebel fighters seen in the camp.

Chapter Nineteen

“Take a seat, General,” Colonel Morales said, indicating the bench beside the table. “And you too, gentlemen, please be seated.”

The large leader stepped over the bench seat and sat down. He removed his braided cap and placed it on the table, sitting with his large hands clasped on the table top as he stared evenly at the three women opposite. The clergyman and the man in the suit sat on either side of the General, each with their hands clasped on the table. The three soldiers stood behind with their guns across their chests and feet spread. There was a palpable air of tension in the room. Juan Pablo eyed the men steadily and took a large cigar from his inside pocket. His sulphur match flared as he lit it. A ceiling fan slowly turned, wafting the pungent cigar smoke. Cheryl, seated sideways-on to the three visitors, looked from the corner of her eye. She did not recognise any of them. This was an odd turn of events: their leader, quite obviously, was the distinguished-looking black man with a shaven head and a splendid dress-uniform with stars on his epaulettes, and then there was the one who wore the collar of a priest, and the last seemed to be a bureaucrat of some sort. These were strange visitors to a jungle rebel camp.

Colonel Morales gestured towards the three women. “You see, here they all are, unharmed and healthy. We look after them well, no?”

The black General eyed the strangely seated women. “You are all healthy and well cared for?” he asked.

Morales casually reached for the console on the table and gave the buttons flick. A fleeting fierce jolt arced into Cheryl’s pussy. In fact all of the three women jerked momentarily. “Yes, sir,” Ana and Carolina blurted in unison, and Cheryl nodded vigorously.

“Which one of you is Carolina Martinez?” the priest asked.

“I am Carolina,” Carolina said, crossing her arms over her breasts where her dark nipples were well-delineated through the white cotton.

“Cheryl Hardisty?”

Cheryl grunted, her propped mouth pouting. The dildo seemed to be in her cunt, but no electric shock came. The priest glanced at the black military officer and raised his eyebrows. “She is overcome with surprise,” Morales explained with an oily, disfigured smile.

The man in the fawn suit pointed to Ana and said, “I recognise this lady. She is indeed Ana del Gardo, daughter of the Interior Minister.”

The black officer nodded. He turned to Colonel Morales and simply said, “You will release them all immediately.”

“I’m not part of your command, General,” Colonel Morales pointed out. He gestured to the six rifle-toting guerillas, adding: “Neither are the fighters at this camp. You have no jurisdiction here.”

“I have the authority of the FARC. The detention of these three women is attracting a lot of pressure. For example, you took the Interior Minister’s daughter, for God’s sake... Sheer madness! The Government was bound to react. We don’t want a battle over her.”

“She was taken to silence her husband,” Morales said equably. “That was my political objective.”

“Then you are a fool, Colonel.”

The priest coughed and interjected: “It was also a mistake to take Carolina Martinez. Her husband will never meet your demands, but he is determined to obtain her release. I agreed to intercede on his behalf to avoid a bloodbath. If you release her to me, that will be the end of it. Otherwise...” The priest’s gently-spoken words trailed off with an ominous, unspoken threat.

“Ack, Maximo Martinez is an enemy no matter what we do,” Juan Pablo said with a hollow laugh as looked round at the six black guards, who were plainly nervous. “And what of the English puta? She belongs to me.”

“There is discrete but persistent international pressure to return Cheryl Hardisty,” the General said. “It is costing us valuable support.”

“I bought and paid for her.”

“You cannot buy and sell women,” the priest said quietly.

“That is what you think, padre,” Juan Pablo sneered.

“What are you prepared to offer in exchange for the release of these women?” Morales asked.

"I am offering you your lives," the General said.

Juan Pablo spluttered and exhaled a great cloud of cigar smoke. Colonel Morales calmly wafted his hand through the blue haze in front of his face, and then gestured to the sergeant and whispered in his ear. The sergeant stepped back and nodded to the other two guards, and the three of them each went to stand behind one of the seated women.. Morales snapped his fingers, and his six guerrilla fighters cocked their AK 47 rifles. The three soldiers standing behind the visitors straightened and their hands tightened around their own weapons.

"General, your threats are neither welcome nor effective here," Colonel Morales said. "The ladies will not welcome your interference, I promise you."

Morales nodded to the sergeant. Cheryl gave a start as one of the guards ripped the thin cotton dress from her body, leaving her stark naked, and revealing her impalement on the dildo. The other two guards similarly stripped Ana and Carolina in one swift movement. Almost immediately an electric shock ripped into Cheryl pussy, followed by another. She screeched and rose up before thrusting her arse down hard on the pressure pad. The tempo of the shocks increased, and so did her frigging rhythm. Soon all she could think about was avoiding the terrible electric jolts, and she frantically slid vigorously up and down on the dildo, oblivious to the horrified guests. At the same time, Ana and Carolina were also performing desperately, their bodies jerking like manic rag dolls as they squealed and humped the studded shafts that impaled them.

"This is an outrage!" the priest blurted.

The General drew a hand gun from the holster at his waist. He pointed the weapon directly at Colonel Morales. "Enough! Release the women, or I will kill you."

Colonel Morales laughed. "There is something you should know, General," he said, waving the small electronic control box. "The electric probes in their dildos are set only at a medium level. If my hand leaves this button on the console, your 'ladies' will immediately receive a lethal and fatal dose of electricity in their cunts. Besides, you are outnumbered. If you kill me, you will be dead yourself before these whores have started frying."

Cheryl and the two other hostages were still frantically frigging themselves on the dildos, desperate to make their arses hit the pressure pad with sufficient force to keep the electric shocks at bay.

"You will pay for this," the General said with anger evident in his voice as he rose to his feet and stepped over the bench seat.

The other two men followed suit, and they stalked from the room with the wary soldiers backing out after them, guarding their rears. Still the women bounced frenetically on the dildos.

Juan Pablo, clearly shaken, looked at Colonel Morales as the FARC General and his entourage left the room. "What do you intend to do?"

"Do? I will make the ladies cum, and then we will fuck them," Morales said with a laugh. "I was hoping our distinguished guests would stay until the putas orgasmed. It would have been an impressive riposte, yes?"

"They will kill you, you bastard, and I'll spit on your body!" Carolina managed to screech as bounced up and down on the dildo.

Morales turned and backhanded Carolina around her head, his perpetual snarl even more stark than usual. "You will never speak out of turn again, you bitch. You think this is hell? I will send you to a brothel where you'll discover what hell really means! They can tell that to your husband."

"Jesus Christ!" Juan Pablo said, fear cracking his voice. "I must speak to my father."

"You have two minutes to cum for me, putas," Morales announced, looking at his wrist-watch. "Those of you who don't cum will get the lethal dose."

Cheryl had no doubt that the Colonel meant what he said. In his own way, he was even crazier than Juan Pablo. She desperately bounced up and down with her big tits shaking and jiggling. She fully intended to fake an orgasm if need be, but knew that that necessity would be unlikely because a hot tide was already building to bursting point inside her belly. It was perverse, she knew, but her body reacted strongly helplessly to danger and intense humiliation. She mistimed a downward thrust and another jolt of volts savaged her pussy, triggering a mighty climax, as if ignited by the electricity. "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" Cheryl's garbled screeches emerged through her ring gag, and she was only vaguely aware of the soldiers and guards laughing as she rode out the orgasm.

Chapter Twenty

During the next half hour the three captive women endured sheer torment, even by the debauched standards of that horrendous place in the jungle. In that short time, Carolina was raped and sodomized by Morales and his guards until she lost consciousness for a few moments. When she came to, she began coughing and fighting for air as her brown cow-like eyes bulged and gazed at her own blood and shit on Colonel Morales' penis. However, one of the guards immediately leapt atop her breasts, and his ands entangled in her midnight brown hair to pull her mouth onto his cock, heedless of her gasping state.

Raul, the grossly fat driver, nude now, his paunch belly hanging obscenely, was fucking Ana from behind. He was assisted by two of the brute guards, who effortlessly held Ana at waist height, face down, while Raul buried his cock deep in her slit. A fourth guard whipped the thrashing girl's exposed bottom with his belt as the driver fucked her.

Cheryl fared no better. Juan Pablo made the most of his rare opportunity to abuse his slave, and he had kept her impaled on the dildo, hands tied behind her back, as he forced her to deep throat his cock.

"The General and his party are leaving, Colonel," a soldier arrived to report, just as Morales thrust the guard from atop of Carolina and leapt to take his place there. "They refused to stay. What are your orders?"

Cheryl, trying to stop gagging as Juan Pablo's shaft thrust into her throat, heard the sudden roar of a helicopter engine.

"Let them go," the colonel said with a laugh, pistoning his penis into Carolina's cunt. "Let them go back and tell of the power of Morales."

"Suck, puta," Juan Pablo demanded, grabbing Cheryl's hair and pulling her onto his cock.

Cheryl heard the helicopter take off just as the vibrator seemed to leap and vibrate inside her body, as if in sympathy with the whirring engine. Juan Pablo's cock still moved back and forth in her defenceless and gaping mouth.

Then, however, all hell seemed to break loose outside. There was a hail of gunshots and series of rapid, loud explosions. The jungle night air was rent with the huge cacophony of more helicopter engines, evidently arriving rather than leaving. Men were shouting urgently, and there was a loud scream of pain.

Chapter Twenty-One

“Christ, what’s happening?” Juan Pablo yelled, terrified, yanking his cock from Cheryl’s throat.

“It is an attack!” Colonel Morales growled, looking back from over his shoulder as he lay between Caroline’s widely-splayed thighs. “Bar the door!”

The soldiers in the room, all of them in various stages of undress, scrambled for their rifles. One dashed for the door but it burst open before he could get there. A gang of men piled into the room, and one kicked the nearest soldier between his legs before smashing a rifle butt onto his head. Another wielded a machete, and blood spurted like a fountain from the gurgling throat of a rebel, splattering the wall with scarlet. Gunshots roared and bullets ricocheted. The invading men, wearing civilian clothes and bearing all kinds of weapons, were ruthless and efficient. Within the space of one violent minute, most of the rebel fighters in the room were killed or badly wounded. Raul, the driver, was sprawled against Cheryl’s foot, his guts spilling out onto the floor. Colonel Morales, though, was still atop Carolina, his cock buried to the hilt in her cunt, while Juan Pablo was cowering under the table. There was still the sound of gun fire outside, but it was diminishing. A man in a dark suit entered the room and he calmly stared around at the carnage.

“Maximo!” Colonel Morales said with a sneer. “So you were in collaboration with the General, huh? Good, you have come in time to see me fucking your whore wife!”

The new arrival looked down at Morales and Caroline with cold, piercing eyes. He sucked one of the arms of a pair of dark sunglasses, and the spectacles dangled loosely from his teeth.

“Max, you came for me,” Carolina blurted. “Thank God!”

The man did not reply but, instead, he drew a pistol from his pocket and calmly shot Morales in the head, splattering bloody brains all over Carolina’s face.

A man in jeans and sweatshirt walked into the room, an automatic rifle in his hands. He glanced round and then said to Maximo: “The place is secured. We’ve killed some of the fighters and captured a dozen of them. Others have escaped into the jungle.”

“Let them go. The General’s men will pick them off, even if he’ll deny any part in assisting us.”

“There are about 10 whores in the camp.”

Carolina crawled from beneath Morales’ corpse. She presented a fearsome sight, with her face bloodied and pieces of flesh entangled in her hair. “What will you do with the women, Maxie? They have nowhere to go.”

“I can’t afford to have anyone free to tell this tale, Carolina,” the Maximo replied evenly.

“You will kill them?” Carolina asked, aghast.

“The General and the Government might have unofficially combined to resolve this seething sore, but they will never admit that. They merely loaned me the helicopters and left the dirty part of the job to me.”

“So I kill them, boss?” the man in the jeans and tee shirt asked.

“Kill the rebel fighters, yes. As for the whores, load them into helicopters and ship them out. I will sell them to my Arab partners. Take these three too.”

“We three?” Carolina blurted. “Are you crazy too, Maxie?”

“I need to be rid of you, Carolina. I will sell you to the Arabs, along with the others.”

“Me? You’d sell me?” Carolina scrambled towards him, aghast. “You can’t do that. I am your wife.”

“I have seen the pictures that Morales repeatedly sent to me, you whore. Why would I want you back, after what has been done to you?” Maximo turned to the man in the sweatshirt and said, “Load *all* of the whores into the choppers, and ship them out.”

Chapter Twenty-Two

Saliva began to form in Cheryl's mouth, and she instinctively wiped her lips with the back of her hand as she approached the tall, burly black slaver who stood at the head of the wooden steps that led down to the exposition area. The man wore a white turban and a blue robe and he turned to glance at her, assessing her svelte nude body, before clamping his huge black hand firmly around her arm. Cheryl glanced down at the area below, expecting to feel heat radiating up from the room but, instead, an icy draught wafted over her naked body and prickled her skin. Her belly churned and her heart pounded, and more saliva drooled from her mouth. Once again, the perverse dragon of dark desire that resided in her innermost, darkest cave stirred; it was ever-ready to take over her soul. Dark, sultry red was the theme of her mood, and it matched the ambience of the massive room, with its blood red carpet, crimson drapes, and the maroon table cloths. The red-toned lighting in the huge room was seductive and warm, yet once again cold air fanned Cheryl's naked body and made her shiver a little. The exposition area was artfully designed, with lots of flickering candles and several glistening crystal candelabras adding to the seductive ambience. Amidst the soft red lighting, however, several arc lamps cast bright white splashes, deepening the shadows elsewhere. There were TV cameras too, professional-looking pieces of kit, half a dozen of them, and one of them followed a moving pool of bright light where Ana, the daughter of a Columbian government minister, paraded naked, never quite reaching its edge, like a beautiful moth trapped in a lamp shade. It was primarily a film set, of course... Cheryl could see that.

Cheryl stood quietly as the slaver checked the tag on her collar and she didn't move when he reached to cup her right breast. "Numero Nueve" he said, and he used a broad greasy wax crayon to scribe the number 9 neatly in a large glyph on the soft flesh above her turgid, ringed nipple. He then turned her and similarly marked her right buttock. The crayon was slick against her skin and it made her belly flutter even more.

"Teibar!" she murmured to herself, but the word was distorted by her ring gagged maw. She doubted if she would ever be able to form words again, even if the ring gag was ever removed. It had been months since she had been able to speak, and now she rarely bothered to try. "What you say?" the slaver demanded, but she merely smiled and shook her head in mute reply.

Another number! This time, like the '555' tattooed on her thigh with the kef sign, the number 9 is neatly scribed in grease crayon on her skin. She glanced down at the black number on her tanned breast and reflected that her identity had been subsumed into a series of numbers. It is just as well, for she doubted that her old self, the modern and liberated woman, could cope with the degradations her *alter ego* endured so stoically. So now it was someone else, a grossly modified, be-ringed, marked and muted girl, simply 'Numero 9', who was to be sold, and Cheryl could handle that.

She waited patiently, watching Carolina and Ana parade for the cameras, sashaying along in their pools of bright light, stars for brief minutes in the tragic drama of their own lives. It was all carefully stage-managed. The nude women were being well-displayed, marched this way and that for the cameras. She knew that Carolina and Ana would hate every moment of it, but the once-proud women were by that time too cowed and broken to rebel. For Cheryl, as she waited, there was neither stage-fright nor even apprehension, merely excitement and sexual tension that made her lips salivate and her pussy wet.

She had no idea where she was in the world. It no longer seemed important to her. She had arrived at that place, wherever it was, crated like a dog. She recalled how Maximo's men had made all the girls, including his ex-wife, step into the rough wooden crates. Ana, the once-haughty daughter of the Interior Minister was boxed and transported too, as were the other whores seized in the raid on the jungle camp, and a couple of the more desirable female fighters too. Cheryl suppressed a shudder as she recalled the cramped squat she had had to endure in the crate for a day or so. She recalled the monotonous thrum of aircraft engines followed by the jolting of a long road journey as they transported her to only God knew where. On their arrival at that place (which turned out to be an international slave house, as far as Cheryl could tell) the women had been unpacked from their crates, hosed clean, examined and deloused. Then they had all been separately imprisoned in basement cells, where they had stayed for many long and dull weeks. Nobody had even bothered to fuck her or whip her. It was all designed to drive a woman deeply inside herself and break her to her slavery. Cheryl knew that well enough, of course. She had experienced it all before. She had heard many of the other women whimpering and crying out in their cells, but after

her time in the awful brothel bunker, this was as nothing to Cheryl. She had already been well-broken. Besides, this time there was some light, warmth too, and she was able to pee in a drain rather than a bucket. She had submitted to the daily enemas without visible protest, fully accepting that she was no longer entitled to even that fundamental control over her own body.

"Get ready. You next," the slaver hissed, squeezing her arm as she stood atop the steps.

Carolina and Ana, and a couple of other women too, were still sashaying prettily in the exposition stage-set below. 'It is said that only a fool would buy a woman clothed...' There were a number of theatrically-robed slavers at stations around the room, four or five of them, all large and black skinned. They were exotically dressed for the internet cams, wearing white turbans and colourful flowing robes as they superintended their nude charges.

At tables set back in the shadows at the edge of the large room, people sat and sipped drinks and eyed the parading nude women, as if assessing livestock. They *were* assessing livestock, of course. These were presumably specially-selected guests, (or maybe just actors to 'dress' the set?), and some of them sat well back from the intrusive cameras. At the far end of the room four girls, having completed their display in the exposition area, were congregated by a crimson draped opening, waiting to be auctioned individually on the dais beyond those curtains. When another girl walk to join the small group, her parade completed, the slaver pushed Cheryl and hissed: "Number 9. Go! Walk well."

Cheryl obediently stepped down into the room and walked forward. She was momentarily startled when a pool of light immediately swooped to envelope her. A man with a counter-balanced portable camera walked beside her, just a few feet away. She recovered quickly and instinctively drew back her shoulders and walked as her first slave-trainer, Sura, had taught her all those months before. For Cheryl, when paraded naked, it was now easy and natural to walk elegantly, like an exotic show girl. That wasn't the case with many of the other women on show there: and some moved awkwardly and stiffly, obviously deeply embarrassed. On the other hand, many of the girls being sold came from the Columbian jungle camp, and being unclothed was commonplace to them, if not of their own choosing. Cheryl walked well. She hadn't practised the 'beauty pageant' sashay for months, of course, but it all came back to her. Her strides were longer than her usual gait, and she kept her footfall in a single line, as if walking a beam, with most of her weight on the ball of her foot, swaying her hips, moving like a dancer on the tips of her toes. She swivelled and paused with her weight on her right leg, her left foot slightly to the fore. She raised her chin, and she flexed her left knee slightly and turned her hip, placing her right hand on her hip and looks seductively towards the camera over her left shoulder, displaying the perfectly formed O of her lips. Ana walked directly in front, and Cheryl saw the stark black figure 8 scribed on her arse. When Ana stopped and turned, her eyes were wide and she seemed terrified. Cheryl offered her a slight smile of encouragement. Momentarily, their pools of light merged, and the hard tip of Ana's pert breast brushed against Cheryl's arm as she passed. Cheryl silently repeated her own private mantra: 'This simply is not happening! It isn't me who Cheryl Hardisty who is parading here, but a numbered, nameless and shameless slave. Numero Nueve.' The portable camera came closer and she raised her hands to lift her long hair aside as the lens played on the extravagant tattoo that fully adorned her back.

"Move!" one of the robed and turbaned slavers ordered.

She set off again, walking an imaginary catwalk, pirouetting and posing, displaying herself to the best effect. She took care to move in such a way that her huge breasts swayed provocatively and fluidly with each step, emphasised by the glint on the polished gold rings set in her thickly elongated nipples. Even as she did this, she recognised the paradox. Would it be better for a girl to appear awkward and unaccomplished on the block? After all, a higher sale price doesn't necessarily guarantee better treatment, and she knew from bitter experience that some of the wealthier owners are the most unkind and uncaring. She wondered why she cooperated so abjectly in her own degradation. What she could not deny, though, was the heat that flooded her belly and the frisson of excitement that accompanied her every step. So much so, she sensed that the indefinable ethereal gateway to her sub-space wasn't too far away. So for the next few minutes, as if in a trance, she paraded elegantly and seductively around the room, posing for the benefit of the cameras that telecast her image to would-be buyers in unknown locations round the world.

"Enough! Now the tables," a slaver snapped, taking her by the upper arm.

The pool of light around Cheryl suddenly extinguished as the slaver led her towards the edge of the

room. The man with the camera has left her too. Perhaps these guests are not actors, after all? At the first table, there are four men and two women sitting there. Cheryl adopted a sultry smile and posed with a nicely turned hip. They eyed her appraisingly, coolly, but made no comment, and eventually one of the men waved his hand in dismissal.

“Move on!” the slaver ordered.

She walked towards the next table where Carolina was submitting resentfully as inspecting hands wandered over her body. Cheryl watched and waited, careful to pose prettily, as a stout and swarthy Hispanic-type cupped the Columbian woman’s tits, alternately hefting each orb, as if balancing the weight of one against the other. The number 7 was daubed in grease crayon on Carolina’s full left breast. Carolina stood gritting her teeth as the man examined her but she was submissive enough, even when made to bend forward to allow the man’s fingers to slide into her newly-depilated cunt and anus. Cheryl was in no way surprised or shocked by this intimate inspection; life as a slave and her time in the jungle camp had inured her to such indignity, and she simply recognised that she too must perforce submit to such handling. When allowed to straighten, Carolina angrily tossed her head to swish her mane of black hair aside from her face, and then she was gone, her apple-like, honey-hued, black-numbered bottom swaying provocatively as a slaver ushered her towards another table.

Cheryl inhaled deeply and stepped forward to stand in front of the table. She felt the cold air waft across her skin again, and it made her shiver slightly. Rather than the swarthy corpulent man, it was a middle-aged matron who rose to examine her, and she could smell the woman’s fragrant Gardenia perfume. The woman’s hands were cool as they ran expertly and assuredly over Cheryl’s body, down both sides at once, from shoulders to ankles, pressing the flesh to test its tone. Then she turned her, and her fingertips traced the various lines of the detailed design of the tattoo as if in wonderment before descending over her thighs, squeezing her calves, and raising each foot to run a flat hand over the soles of her feet. Returning to stand in front of Cheryl, the woman stroked the kef tattoo. .

“Make a note, Mauricio... Number 9,” the woman said, pushing a finger into Cheryl’s helpless mouth and feeling around. “She has some device fitted behind her teeth... interesting. Grotesquely tattooed too.” She again turned Cheryl and pushed her into a bending position, and then reached to assess the droop of the massively pendent breasts and fingered the pierced nipples. Cheryl was accustomed to being used and abused by men, but this was somewhat unnerving. She steeled herself when her buttocks were pulled widely apart, and when the woman’s talon-like fingers closed on the peach of her sex, tugging at the cunt rings there and palpating the fleshy lips. “Lots of body jewelry,” the woman announced, “and a trim, muscular body too.” The woman slid three fingers into Cheryl’s cunt. “Have you ever been used as a pony?” she asked.

“Nnnnaah.”

“Hmmm, a pity. I might train you up as a fancy. You think you can prance prettily?” The woman held out an outstretched arm, palm down, above the height of Cheryl’s waist. “Take a few high steps, touching your knees to my hand,” she ordered.

Cheryl could only grunt again, partly in alarm at the very thought of being used as a pony-girl, but she was too well-trained to demur. Instead, she obediently pranced on the spot for a full minute, raising her knees high, making her tits sway and bounce.

“Yes, Mauricio, Number 9 is definitely of interest. She’d make a fine show pony for our stable.”

Then Cheryl, Numero Nueve, breathing heavily, was abruptly sent on her way with a sharp, stinging slap on her bottom. For the next twenty minutes or more, she endured further intimate inspections at numerous other tables. Her breath was ragged and her body flushed and mottled when she was eventually sent to the drapes where Carolina, Ana and five other girls were waiting to be auctioned. Cheryl realised that her enlarged nipples had become hard thumb-like protrusions and her sex was sodden and fragrant. Indeed, such was her excitement that she thought for a moment that she might orgasm right there and then.

Chapter Twenty-Three

Cheryl recognised the familiar signs of approaching sub-space. Fear and sheer degradation gave her heart a jolt of joyful anticipation. Adrenaline was coursing through her body, making her light-headed and causing butterflies to flutter in her belly. She stood at the scarlet-draped entrance to the auction dais, watching as Ana was sold. The stage was twelve feet in depth, fashioned as a semi-circle, surrounded by three remote static cameras to the sides and front. Except for a large, turbaned black slaver who stands off camera, the room is empty except for the naked girls, but a glass pane separates a small control room, where the camera operator and couple of other technicians are seated. A large plasma VDU is fixed to the far wall opposite the stage, showing the output. As she waited in the drapes for her own turn, Cheryl studied Ana's image on the screen, and she thought that the girl looked uncertain and coy with her hands shielding her pussy. The cameras turn silently on their tripods Ana was made to turn this way and that, responding to the orders of the turbaned slaver. The camera operator was skilled, and the screen switched to different shots. Cheryl, Numero Nueve, realised that she and the other girls who stand in the curtains are a living backdrop to the scene.

She placed a hand lightly on her hip and turned her body slightly, checking her own image on the screen. She wondered who else might be watching, and where they were in the world. It is the modern-day slave block, broadcast on the world-wide web, extending and facilitating the age-old trade rather than hampering it. The auctioneer, a woman, was presumably in the control room too, for her disembodied voice emerged from unseen speakers: "Eight thousand dollars. Thank you. Another bid from the telephones and one more from the internet. Eight thousand, five hundred now....We prefer to deal in US dollars but will accept payment in any currency."

Excitement moved like a kundilini snake inside Cheryl, and her slave-consciousness moved to another level. She realised that she might be sold and despatched to any location in the world, of course, for modern slavers recognise no borders and their networks encompass the globe. That thought was both terrifying and unaccountably exhilarating to her. It was a paradox, for she knew that her sale and shipment would surely erase all tracks and remove any faint remaining hope of rescue, and yet that very knowledge was part of the charge that sent such a frisson of excitement through her.

"Going once," the auctioneer's voice echoed around the room. "Going twice... Do I hear more, ladies and gentlemen? Surely, for this beautiful lot... The bid stands at nine thousand dollars to the client on the internet."

Cheryl blinked. Nine thousand dollars? She had somehow expected much higher prices, and was shocked that so little a price could buy a beautiful, educated young woman such as Ana. However, she also realised that the costs to the sex traffickers are minimal.

"Are you all done? Lot Number 8, sold for \$9000!"

Ana's shoulders slumped as she stepped from the dais. She did not glance back at the other women as the black slaver thrust her through a door at the side of the room.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, Masters and Mistresses, something a little bit different... Lot number 9 is a trained Gorean red silk kajira, no less, and a genuine passion slave, for those buyers interested in such an exotic commodity. As you will see, her left thigh bears the distinctive tattoo which, to those who know these things, shows her provenance as an authentic Gorean lifestyle kajira."

Cheryl glanced down to her thigh. 'Of course, the kef tattoo brand,' she thought to herself. It had become so much a part of her and so mundane compared to the other modifications of her body that she hardly noticed it now. She hadn't expected to be presented for sale as a kajira, though, and was amazed that they even knew of the Gorean lifestyle culture in a slaving house which seemed to trade in whores and pets. Cheryl was so surprised to hear the auctioneer's words that she momentarily forgot to step forward.

"Number 9 in a natural slave. She embraces her bondage, the harsher the better. A volunteer is worth a thousand conscripts, they say."

A volunteer? Cheryl realised that that was true in a way. Her own initial willing surrender had indirectly brought her to this place.

"Go!" the black slaver rasped, his hand pushing between her shoulder blades.

She inhaled deeply and stepped forward a couple of paces and then paused to pose prettily.

“There is no reserve on this very special lot, ladies and gentleman, and she comes with an absolute guarantee of satisfaction. Her body has been extensively modified, as you will see for yourselves. Her magnificent breasts are 42G, and her nipples have been pierced and ringed with thick gold hoops. She has a pierced clitoris too, and also wears cunt rings. On her entire back, there is a masterpiece of colourful artwork...”

The auctioneer paused as Cheryl turned to dutifully display her back.

“Can I have an opening bid for Number 9, ladies and gentlemen?” the auctioneer enquired. “Five thousand US dollars in the room.... Thank you. I have an advance bid in my book... six. And seven, thank you, Madam.”

The slaver at the side of the stage hissed an instruction to her: “Head back! Hands behind head! Bend backwards! Farther! Farther!” Cheryl instinctively obeyed his commands, glad to be relieved of control of her actions. He held her in this pose for long, sweet moments - long enough to well-display her charms. “Nadu!” the slaver snapped, and she immediately folded to widely-spread knees and straightened her shoulders, kneeling back on her heels. She laid her hands on her thighs, palms uppermost. It is the classic position of the Gorean pleasure slave, inviting ravishment, and the totally unexpected demand stoked the fires of excitement raging in her body. “Sula, kajira!” the slaver snaps

Only then did Cheryl fully apprehend that the slaver planned to put her through the formal assessment paces of an exhibited Gorean slave. He was speaking with commanding authority, and obviously understood the concept well. In that moment, Cheryl became Slave Five-fifty-five again, a Gorean kajira, and she slid smoothly onto her back with her legs spread and her hands at her sides, palms up.

“Eight thousand,” the auctioneer intoned. “And eight and a half from my book...”

“Bara!”

She rolled over and pressed her trim belly and huge breasts to the prickly red carpet, crossing her ankles and placing her wrists behind her, as if ready to be bound.

“Nine thousand now! And nine and a half for this lovely slave. As you can see, she is perfectly trained and relishes her own slavery...”

She only half-heard the auctioneer’s words. She was in her own private world now. It was not quite the sub-space she craved, but certainly another calm and peaceful private place where only she and the slaver and the auctioneer’s disembodied voice existed. Perhaps the slaver recognised her near trance-like state, for he began to give his commands in slow, clear and measured terms: “Nadu... Lesha... Nadu... Bara... Sula... Nadu.” Slavers such as this understand slave women.

Cheryl performed smoothly, briefly maintaining each position to reveal her body fully to the cameras before moving to the next pose, with each move flowing easily from the preceding position. She was well-schooled in this slave choreography of course, but still found herself gasping for breath when eventually returned to the nadu position and allowed to rest. Despite the cool air conditioning, she was sweating under the hot lights, and her long dark hair was loose and lank around her shoulders. Her pierced pussy lips were sodden and glistening, and her belly heaved.

“And sixteen on the internet... Eighteen thousand dollars on the telephone. Nineteen... thank you, madam. Twenty on the internet site, and twenty-two... I see that Number 9 is in great demand.”

Cheryl blinked, and the O of her lips widened further. Twenty-two thousand dollars? Yet the bids are still coming, and this wasn’t lost on the slaver. “Stand!” he called. She rose gracefully to her feet. “Smile. Walk...” She obeyed, parading as best she could on the tiny stage, turning and displaying herself in various attitudes and from different angles.

However, only one more bid followed, and then it was over: “Sold for twenty-three thousand dollars. Thank you.”

Cheryl was taken from the block to the basement floor, an underground car parking area, brightly lit with fluorescent strip lights but bleak with bare concrete floors and numerous square pillars. A white Mercedes panel-sided van was parked there, its roof almost touching the concrete ceiling, and there is a small pedestrian pallet truck beside it with a large wooden crate lying across its tines. ‘Yet another crate,

another journey!' she thought. The guard pulled her past the van to an area enclosed in wire mesh in the corner of the basement. There are some cardboard cartons, tea chests and sacks stacked inside, and three other girls too, including Ana, the black haired Columbian minister's daughter. The guard unlocked the cage door and thrust Cheryl into the cage. She glances at the other girls.

"I have been sold!" Ana said incredulously, and clearly in shock. "Who has purchased me? How will my father find me now?"

Cheryl could only spread her hands and shrug helplessly, and she sat on a plump hessian sack. Ana, distraught, paced back and forth like a penned animal, but the other two girls sat morosely on tea chests. Cheryl hugged her knees to her body. After some minutes, another girl was added to the small, dejected group. This time, though, before locking the door again, the men pulled Ana from the cage, and the others watch as if mesmerised when she is led over to the rough wooden crate. One of the men pulled the crate lid aside and Ana, seeing their intent, pulled back in terror: "No, por favor, que voy a hacer todo lo que diga."

"Entrar!" one of the men snarled, grasping the nipple of her right breast and twisting viciously.

The Columbian girl whimpered in pain and fear but she raised her leg high over the side of the box, putting both hands on the edge and raising herself up, lithely lifting her other leg into the crate.

"En cuclillas," the man snapped, placing his large hand on top of the Ana's head and pressing her down. The girl squatted in the crate and she squealed when the lid was placed on it. "Silencio!" the guard growled, kicking the side of the crate, but Ana could still be heard pleading for release as the crate lid was screwed down. The men loaded the crate into the van and slammed its doors shut. One of them jumped into the van and drove it away. The girls in the cage look at each other in dismay, but nothing was said. 'So it's come to this!' Cheryl thought to herself. 'Like any other purchased consignment: sold and awaiting shipment.' She could only wonder what might become of Ana, and realised that she would probably never see the girl again. The Government Minister's daughter would probably become a private sex slave to some wealthy personage, or perhaps a whore in a fancy brothel somewhere... Who knows? The girls shrank back from the cage door when one of the men brought yet another trembling and weeping woman to join them. The number on this woman's left tit was 13. The auction was obviously still going on.

The white van returned to the basement after an hour or so, and the driver walked away, whistling. The captive and sold women waited. They sank within themselves, each deep in thought. Cheryl encountered the familiar but dreaded 'sub drop' from her previous near-euphoric state, and she began to weep softly, huddled on the rough hessian sack. She was still hunched in a foetal position when footsteps approach, and a voice says: "Ah, so there you are, Five-fifty-five! Lazy girl...."

Cheryl gave a start. The voice had spoken in English but the lovely lilting Indian accent was familiar. She looked up and gasped, , scarcely able to believe her eyes. There, on the other side of the wire, stood Karim, the apprentice slaver from the Gorean Club in London, clad in an immaculate suit of the palest grey. He was looking at her through the wire mesh, a crocodile skin attaché case in one hand and a crop in the other.

"You look so astonished," Karim said with a smile as the guard unlocked the cage door, and she realised that he was referring to her open lips, shaped by the ring gag. She instinctively scrambled to kneel with her thighs widely spaced, her back ram-rod straight, and her tear-stained face held high, looking directly in front of her. It was the most perfect nadu she had ever presented in her life, and the tendons on her inner thighs were utterly taut! When he approached to within a foot of her body, the point of a polished shoe touching her sex, she could smell his familiar fragrance, and it was almost as if the preceding months had never intervened. "I am instructed to take you back to the Chairman in London." Karim says.

'The Chairman?' she thought, looking up sharply. What had happened to her own Master, Sir Andrew, then? She raised her eyes in a mute question.

"Curiosity is unbecoming in a kajira," Karim said, slashing the crop down across the upper slopes of her breasts.

She shrieked in pain, but was somehow curiously reassured by the pain.. She slumped to the floor and curled at his feet, planting wet, drooling kisses on his highly-polished shoes. Karim remained stiffly upright as she clutched his legs as if never to let him go.

Within the hour, her hair nicely coiffed, make-up meticulously applied, dressed in a beautiful, cool jersey dress and strappy high-heeled sandals, she was at the airport, arm in arm with Karim, just as if he was her lover. Mercifully, the barbaric nose ring had been removed from Cheryl's septum, and only her perpetual look of astonishment and her inability to speak clearly marked her out as someone slightly different from the other women on the airport concourse.

Chapter Twenty-Four

Cheryl's first night back in the London kennels of the Gorean Club was as surreal as her recent misadventures in Columbia and beyond. When she arrived there after an uneventful flight from Bogota, Karim took her straight to the changing room and ordered her to strip. It was as if she had never been away. Her photograph was still attached to locker No 555, for God's sake, and Karim reached to slide the indicator sign to 'IN'! He made her take a shower and then took her to her same old, familiar kennel. It was just as she had left it. Karim chained her to her bunk and she slept like a new-born baby.

The next morning, she was roused by another apprentice slaver. She has never seen him before, but he was coal-black with strong white teeth, and dressed in the familiar livery of voluminous white pants and yellow bolero. He carried a cane too. She didn't even know if he was aware of her story but he certainly gave no indication as he lowered his pants and threaded his erect cock into her parted, drooling lips. This, of course, was the slaver's right in the Club, a perk of the job, and she eagerly and efficiently sucked him to completion, deliriously happy to be back in her old slave routine. He then led her to the communal ablutions area and supervised her toilet. Five-fifty-five endured the enema with good grace and then showered with the other girls who were there. They all bore the same distinctive kef tattoo on their thighs, and that was strangely reassuring to Five-fifty-five. Some of these women were new, or at least she didn't recognise them. Others were familiar, though. Once again, it seemed, all was well with her slave world. Although she was aware of curious eyes on her modified and tattooed body, nobody as much as commented about her return, or even spoke directly to her, but she exchanged warm smiles with one or two of the girls. The apprentice slaver then leashed her and led her to the changing room.

"The Head Slaver has chosen a business suit with a winter coat," he told her, sweeping his hand over the garment that were already laid out on the wooden bench seat.

She dressed happily. It was months since she had worn stockings, and Five-fifty-five relished the sensuous feel as she rolled them onto her legs. Presently, when turned out to the young slaver's meticulous approval, he took her to the foyer of the Club. The fussy little receptionist was there, as usual, and he scarcely spared her a glance as she was ushered to the street.

"Straight to your Master's office," the young slaver warned.

She tripped off towards the Green Park Underground station, elated to be trusted out alone, happily getting used to walking on heels again. The bustling journey to the office was reassuringly normal, but she still felt at odds with the world, almost fearing that she would awake and find herself back in the jungle, ready for another day slaving in the cocaine laboratory. She walked through St Paul's Churchyard and heads down towards the Thames, enjoying the icy winter breeze that made others huddle into their coats. At the company HQ, when she entered the huge grey-marbled foyer, the Chairman's chauffeur was leaning on the reception desk talking to the pretty girl there. He wore a beautifully-tailored grey uniform with a white roll-neck sweater, just as he always did.

"Well, good morning, Five-fifty-five" Carl said with a wide smile, taking a single red rose bud from the vase on the receptionist's desk..

Cheryl smiled mutely, shaking her head and pointing to her mouth and dabbing her lips with the lace handkerchief she carried. Carl leaned forward conspiratorially, the palm of his hand on the swell of her chest as he threaded the rose stem into the buttonhole of her coat lapel. "Yeah, I heard about your permanent ring gag. Not so fast with the put-down answers now, are we? We share the same Master too. That should give me plenty of opportunities. I hope you still like sucking cock, Five-fifty-five, because I'll give you lots of practice, and there's not a lot you can do to stop me now."

She raised her eyebrows, uncertain of her ground. Who was senior on this chain? Anyway, after all she had encountered in the jungle with peasant guerillas and drug gangsters, a simple requirement to regularly suck Carl's rather impressive cock didn't seem too much of an imposition. She merely smiled and dabbed drool from her mouth again with the handkerchief.

In the lift, as she rode up to the Chairman's suite on the top floor, Cheryl checked her appearance in the mirrored walls. Despite everything that had happened, she still looked pretty much the same, except for her huge tits, the warm bronze tan, and her unavoidable look of wide-mouthed astonishment. Well, perhaps she did look rather different then, but she looked healthy and happy, which is what she meant. When the lift car stopped, as the door hissed and draw aside, she inhaled deeply and pulled back her

shoulders, ready to meet her new Master.

“Cheryl! Welcome back,!” Katrina leapt to her feet and rushed from behind her desk to hug her.

Sura was also sitting in the office annexe, and she looked up and even smiled - a rare gift for her to bestow on a mere kajira. “Good morning, Cheryl. Welcome back. Our Master is waiting for you.”

“Huh?” she grunted in surprise. *Our* Master, Sura had said? The Chairman now owned Sura?

“I’m his kajira, too,” Katrina said happily, anticipating the unspoken question.

Cheryl’s heart sank. Both Katrina and Sura had been owned by Sir Andrew, just like her. Now they were all owned by the Chairman, it seemed. Cheryl had never particularly liked the Chairman, but that wasn’t relevant. A slave, by definition, has no choice in who owns her, and she was content with that. . Anyway, any Master was preferable to Juan Pablo, or being kept as slave in the Columbian jungle.

“It doesn’t do to keep the Chairman waiting,” Sura said. “He still as quick with his sharp punishments.”

Cheryl nodded, dabbed her mouth, and removed her coat, hanging it on the stand beside the door. She walked into the office and astonished to see her sister Becky perched naked on the large desk, with one leg stretched out prettily and the other foot flat on the polished desktop, flexing her knee high. A vivid red kef tattoo was emblazoned on her thigh, with the number 573 beneath it. A radiant smile lit Becky’s face as she saw Cheryl, and she fluttered her fingers in silent greeting, her eyes glancing eloquently towards the large executive swivel chair behind the desk. The chair was turned to face the window, and its occupant was concealed by its high back as he looked out at the pleasure craft and barges that were pushing through the choppy murky brown water of the River Thames.

‘Oh no!’ Cheryl thought, even as she smiled warmly and waved to her sister, ‘the Chairman owns Becky Boo too.’ She waited quietly, standing diffidently in front of the desk, and the silence was so heavy that she fancied that she could hear Becky’s breathing. After some time, the chair slowly turned and faced the desk. Cheryl gasped in surprise.

“Wha...?” she grunted.

“Aye, it’s me, right enough,” Sir Andrew said, fixing her with amused blue eyes. “How are you, bonny lass? I told you that you could trust me, and I vowed to get you back. So here you are.” She smiled and gestured to her mouth, indicating her inability to speak. Sir Andrew nodded and smiled to show that he understood, but he didn’t make a comment about the ring gag. Instead, he went on: “There have been a few changes while you were away. It was a bad business. Sir Robert was removed from his post as Chairman for...irregularities. He damned near got me killed when I visited Columbia to investigate my suspicions. Then he was instrumental in delivering you to the drugs cartel for his own illicit gain, of course. When his scurrilous activities were eventually uncovered, he couldn’t take the ignominy and took his own life. A coward, y’see. I took over his role in the Company, and I’ve taken over his Gorean Club household chain too. I think his slaves are content with that.”

Becky smiled brightly and nodded. “Oh yes, Master, Carl is very pleased to wear your collar - he often says so.”

“Probably while you’re sucking his cock,” Sir Andrew said as he glowered at Becky. “I’ll punish you later for speaking uninvited, girl.”

“Yes, Master,” Becky said, grinning happily.

Turning back to Cheryl, Sir Andrew sighed and said, “Your sister is still a poor and wilful slave, I fear. She is a bigger slut than you, and always lusting after unauthorised cocks, particularly Carl’s, no matter how often I whip her for it.”

Cheryl blinked at her younger sister, a wide-eyed look supplementing the usual perpetual look of astonishment on her face, and it made Becky giggle. Becky Boo had certainly blossomed in her slavery while she had been away! “Mmmmmmmfff,” was all that Cheryl could mange, but it was eloquent enough, and Becky giggled again,.

Sir Andrew spread his hands, as if in defeat. “What am I do with the pair of you? As for you, Cheryl, you cost me twenty-three thousand US dollars.”

Cheryl looked down at the floor. She was aware that that had been her sale price, of course, but it didn’t seem excessive. “Thorry,” she mumbled.

“That means I made a two thousand dollar profit on the deal,” Sir Andrew said with a triumphant laugh. “Gaffa was paid twenty-five thousand US dollars when he delivered you to Buenaventura. That

was his own little swindle, for keeping silent about Sir Robert's murky deals. When everything came to light, Gaffa admitted everything and I recovered the money from him. It's fitting that it should fund your purchase and secure your return. The question now is, what shall I do with you now? I obviously can't keep you."

"Huh?" Cheryl grunted, and she heard Becky gasp loudly.

"When Sir Robert gave you to the Columbian drug baron, he effectively repudiated your contract. Compensation is due to you in full, and there's no need to complete the remainder of your contracted time."

"No!" Despite the ring gag, the word came out surprisingly clearly. She said it again: "No!"

"You are a relatively wealthy young woman. You can go and do whatever you wish."

Cheryl hiked her skirt up around her thighs, displaying her kef tattoo and number. "NO!" she said defiantly again, sinking to her knees in a nadu position, and then raising her wrists high, crossed, as if for binding.

Sir Andrew eyed her with a steady, unwavering gaze for more than half a minute, and then he smiled and lifted the telephone handset, saying into the mouthpiece: "Sura, ask Karim to come to my office, please." Then, to Cheryl, he said quietly, "Take off your clothes, Five-fifty-five."

Cheryl leapt to her feet, kicking off her shoes, and she hurriedly, gratefully, stripped naked. Sir Andrew's eyes wandered appraisingly over her tanned and toned body, her huge jugs, piercings, tattoo and all, and his gaze felt like a caress. She was just folding back to her knees again when Karim entered. He had obviously been waiting nearby. Karim was wearing the pale grey business suit again, but he now carried a steel collar and an ivory handled cane and was well-prepared for the job in hand.

"I have a slave for you to process, Head Slaver. Her number is Five-fifty-five."

Karim smiled and locked the collar about Cheryl's throat, and it closed with a satisfyingly final metallic click. He then slashed his cane on her flank. She let out a yelp of pain but relished the reassuring rap of the rod.

"Good man. Take her back to the Club and put her in the Naughty Room, Karim," Sir Andrew said with a small smile. "She has caused me nothing but trouble. And take her sister too... the shameless minx is due for some punishment she won't quickly forget."

"Thank you, Master," Becky said with a small chuckle.

Chapter Twenty-Five

Five-fifty-five, aka Cheryl Hardisty, saw Karim glance around the Naughty Room before he left, shutting the heavy door firmly behind him. There was a dim light, for a lamp is always left on in that room so that a recalcitrant slave can see the torments inflicted on others there. Besides Cheryl and Becky Boo (or Slave Five-Seventy-Three, as Karim insisted on calling her), there was one other girl in the room at that moment. All three of them hung naked in web harnesses attached to a stout beam that traversed the room at the height of the high vaulted ceiling. They were each tied differently, but they twisted slowly in their webbing, as if in synchrony, like exotic fruit moving in a non-existent breeze. Five-fifty-five was suspended horizontally, face down, with her limbs widely spread, star-fashion. It was a strange feeling, one of weightlessness on the one hand, as if soaring like a bird, and yet her flesh was forced tightly through against the webbing. The harness was made of synthetic woven webbing material rather than leather, with straps of varying widths depending on position and purpose: broad where the straps passed around her chest, hips and lower thighs, and narrow where they encircled the base of each hugely pendent breast. It is a fiendish contraption when wedded to the frame from which she dangled, looking down at the floor. She felt as if she was constantly falling to the ground, but not actually getting anywhere.

Now fully Five-fifty-five again, slipping effortlessly into the role, she had been abjectly compliant, standing like a meek doe as the new Head Slaver buckled the harness onto her naked body, cinching it tight so that her huge yet firm breasts stood out strongly from the narrow straps. He had then strapped her to the frame with her legs and arms spread-eagled, pulling her hard against the wooden struts until she could hardly move a muscle. She had murmured in fright when Karim used an electric winch to hoist her into the air, frame and all, and when he tilted her until she was facing downwards a good few feet above his head. The other two suspended slaves had little ease either. Becky Boo had been tied in such a way that she hung with her torso upright and her legs widely spread and outstretched, her ankles affixed to her wrists, displaying the full delta of her sexual parts, which were festooned with weights and clips clamped to her cunt lips and clitoris. The other girl had been under punishment in the room for some time already, it seemed, for the leather thongs wound tightly round the base of her breasts had turned the balloon-like orbs an ethereally dark purple colour in the dim light, and her nipples were drawn through cruel metal clamps that stretched and grossly distended them. Five-fifty-five was not immune from torment, of course. Before Karim had hoisted the frame aloft, he had anointed her pierced nipples and clitoris with an astringent balm, and then he had also slipped his fingertip into her bottom to smear it there too, around and inside the mouth of her anus. The ointment both irritated and frustrated her, burning a persistent heat that was alternately deliciously inflaming and mildly painful. It was obvious that there were to be no concessions because of her ordeal, and she was strangely glad about that. But it was a long, surreal night and she surprised herself by sleeping fitfully, suspended in that strange position, but each time she awoke, sometimes stirred by her own erotic dreams engendered by the fiendishly persistent ointment on her nether parts, other times by the low moans of one of the other girls in private torment, she momentarily writhed helplessly in a fearful terror before she gathered her senses and realised where she was. Nevertheless, she was in a dreamy sleep when Sir Andrew's voice aroused her, and then she realised that the frame had been lowered to the floor and tilted upright. Furthermore, Sura was standing beside Sir Andrew, wearing her red velvet robe and carrying a thin cane, and her eyes seem to sweep over Five-fifty-five's naked splayed body. Karim, the young Asian Head Slaver, was standing back, chest out and hands behind him, his body bearing a huge wooden tray that was slung from a strap around his neck and anchored to a belt at his waist. Five-fifty-five didn't want to look too closely at the array of implements on that tray.

"So much for causing me trouble," Sir Andrew said, drawing his finger across her achingly protuberant nipple and then flicking the gold ring that pierced it. "What do you say to that?" She couldn't say anything, of course. Instead, she closed her eyes against his teasing touch. Her belly stirred as he laid his cupped palms over each of her massive mammaries as if in awe of them, squeezing their firmness as they protruded through the tightly restricting straps of the harness. His hands were very cool, almost cold on her flesh. "I shall punish you, Five-fifty-five. I cannot allow you even a fraction of a moment of rebellion. You do understand that?"

Punish her? She opened her eyes and nodded, glancing fearfully at the tray borne by the young, silent, Indian slaver.

Sir Andrew laid his fingers on her belly, below the broad strap, and she sighs a little when he cupped his cool hand on her burning sex, making her vainly strive to close her widely splayed thighs. "You must remember, kajira" - he paused to insert a finger into her vagina - "that this cunt belongs to me, to use or to loan out, as I see fit. You know that."

"HMMMMMMMM," she murmured, her eyes still lightly closed.

"This too," he said, inserting another finger into her anus and making her squirm against it, not in revulsion but in a kind of forbidden embrace. "And this as well..." She was surprised when he pressed his lips against her open mouth, but she melted into his kiss. "I own every orifice, your whole being, every living fibre, even your very thoughts. Isn't that so?"

"HMMMMMMMM."

He smiled and turned to select an item from the array on the tray, his hand hovering for some moments as if in indecision, and then he finally selected a tapered leather strap that was no more than 9 inches in length, and about half an inch wide, thin and supple at one end but expanding to 2 inches and nearly half an inch in thickness at the other. Sir Andrew reached to pull aside Sura's robe and expose her right leg to the hip, and she flexed her knee to allow him to bring the small strap down sharply on the meat of her thigh. Sura flinched at the blow but she remained with a slight smile on her lips, holding back the robe to display her thigh as the creamy flesh turned pink where the strap had struck her. Five-fifty-five watched wide-eyed. She was both excited and slightly afraid when her Master stroked the cool leather down the inside of her own upper thigh, and it sent shivers tingling across the thin, tender skin there. The girl with the terribly tormented breasts and nipples uttered a sudden moan and squirmed in her harness. The sudden sound surprised and unnerved Five-fifty-five. She looked up and found herself staring at Becky's cruelly distended pussy lips. She had quite forgotten that Becky Boo and the other girl were even there in the room with her.

"Untie Five-fifty-five," Sir Andrew said, and he waited as Sura unbuckled the webbing straps and released Five-fifty-five from the frame. Then he said, "Bring me a chair."

Sura smiled and licked her lips in a kittenish way, going to fetch the chair from the other side of the Naughty Room. Five-fifty-five could still feel the imprint of the removed straps as she waited as Sura positioned the chair beside Sir Andrew. He sat down and patted his thighs, glancing up at Five-fifty-five expectantly. Heart pounding and smiling happily, she leapt to sit on his lap. However, he pushed her away abruptly and she sprawled on the floor. He patted his thigh again. He didn't need to give her another order. Shamefacedly, she clambered to her feet and stretched face-down over his lap, bare bottom high, like a naughty child. She felt the leather strap press into the divide of her bottom and it remained there, trapped between her clenched buttocks while he pushed his hand between her thighs, his thumb coursing along the pierced and heavily-ringed lips of her cunt.

"Keep your bottom tight and raise it up and don't drop the strap," he warned. "Now spread your legs wide and turn your ankles inward to expose your inner thighs."

Sir Andrew was patient and he waited while Five-fifty-five tried to obey, keeping the cheeks of her bottom very taut while widening her legs... it was an uncomfortable and humiliating position. She felt the leather tawse being manoeuvred so that its length was snug within the tightened crack of her arse, its thick tongue pressing edge-on between her sex lips. She grunted when the first blow, delivered with the flat of his hand, landed on those clenched buttocks, and then the second blow made her yelp, and the third too... He spanked her methodically, his hand flying in a steady rhythm, slapping down hard on the tensed flesh until she squirmed and salty tears run down her cheeks.

"This is what happens to naughty girls," he said, laying his hand on her heated bottom and then delving between her buttocks and pulling the strap free. "Cane her bottom, Sura!"

Immediately, a searing stripe was laid over the dull, aching heat laid on her by Sir Andrew's hand. Five-fifty-five tried to rise, but her Master's hand was firm on her back, holding her down. She loved that! He demanded that she spread her thighs and, even as she moved to obey, another hot stripe on her arse made her squeal. Then, before she really knew what was happening, the thin leather strap slapped down on her left inner thigh, and then the right, then the left again... her Master's blows with the thick leather strap at first moved in counterpoint with the viciously-stinging blows of Sura's cane, and then

independently, slapping down in a mad flurry on the tender flesh. She heard herself screeching through the ring gag, and then it suddenly stopped.

“Separate her buttocks and keep your hands back, Sura.”

Sura moved to Sir Andrew’s side and placed her knees either side of Five-fifty-five’s head, clamping it between them, and she then leaned forward to place her cool feminine hands on the burning bottom to hold the slave’s reddened cheeks prized widely apart. Five-fifty-five yelped when the small, dampened strap slapped down in a hard and fast staccato on the hitherto unpunished inward-facing surfaces of her buttocks, each stinging stroke grazing the swollen purse of her sex or the brown pucker of her anus. Presently, the whole of her bottom seemed to be aflame, and below too, on her engorged sex lips, even though the leather has not bitten there, and there is deep, deep pleasure amidst the pain.

“Stand up, Five-fifty-five, but keep your legs widely apart.! Kiss Sura and apologise for causing her grief.”

She stood and planted long, slow kiss on Sura lips with the fullness of her mouth, gazing into her eyes eloquently. Sura smiled and turned Five-fifty-five around so that her back was facing her Master. Five-fifty-five vaguely wondered if that could be right, but Sir Andrew’s his hand was slapping between her thighs, demanding that she widen her stance. Sura licked her own lips and then ran the tip of her tongue over Five-fifty-five’s shoulders, and lifted each arm and kissed her softly on the soft saltiness there, before licking up to kiss her fully on the lips again, this time pushing her tongue through the ring gag and deeply into her mouth for Five-fifty-five to suck upon. All the time, Sir Andrew’s cool fingers probed the divide of her bottom, pressing against the tight ring of muscle there, then pushing in and waiting until her body sucked against the finger before wriggling it to make her squirm.

“I just wanted you to know that your slavery is no less abject than before,” Sir Andrew said huskily, leaning forward so that she could feel his warm breath against her ear. “You fully accept that again?”

Five-fifty-five, aka Cheryl Hardisty, happily murmured her assent, closing her eyes and leaning her head back on his shoulder as her pussy melted onto Sura’s caressing hand and her Master’s forefinger moved in her arsehole.

“In that case, welcome home,” Sir Andrew said, dragging his finger free and landing a resounding smack on her bare arse, “I’ll arrange for a dentist to remove your hideous ring gag tomorrow. You’re not much good to me at the office in your current state.”

THE END