

Peruvian Story

by Argus

Neither the heat, the dust, nor even the leers and occasional pawing of the ignorant Latin peasant men could break Nina Primm's good mood. After months of research and more months of begging, wheedling, and conniving, she was finally in Peru, on her way to the lost tombs of the Mayan King Koo Lan and his family.

The fact that nearly everybody dismissed her chances of finding anything did nothing to dissuade her. If anything, it made her even more determined to prove them wrong.

She knew her odds, but knew what she stood to gain, instant prestige. A doctorate in Ancient South American cultures meant nothing to the fuddy, creaking, gray haired old boys network that ran every museum and gallery, and every archaeological dig in the world.

Newly graduated doctors, no matter what their grades or intelligence, were little more than fodder for the wheel, used as servants and labourers, digging, cleaning, dusting, washing and note taking.

If she was lucky, she would be able to attach herself as a very junior assistant on one of the least important digs somewhere, and spend years and years gaining the confidence and recognition that would allow her greater projects.

It would take ten or twenty years before she stopped being instantly dismissed as a flighty, ignorant little girl. The old boys were as sexist as they came, and though they would never of course, admit it, most thought the archaeological world was no place for women, let alone young and pretty ones.

She had tried to disguise herself in order to be taken seriously.

She'd purchased glasses. She didn't need them of course, but they were carefully chosen so as to make her look both intelligent and sophisticated.

Her beautiful blonde hair was died brown, cut short and pulled back tightly against her head in a small bun. Her body itself was concealed, as best she could, in loose shirts, sweaters and pants that concealed the smooth roundness of her hips and buttocks, the slim flatness of her belly, and above all, the high, firm roundness of her

oversized breasts.

Even so, when she had approached Professor Schultz to join his expedition to explore the Incan ruins in Sar Elwin his eyes had not left her chest as he had smirked all through her proposal.

"I'm sorry," he'd said, in a voice oozing contempt. "You haven't the experience we need... at least not in most positions."

"Is there some other position I might take?" she asked in confusion.

"On your back with your legs spread."

His hands had risen to squeeze her breasts as he had leered down at her. "I usually get some native woman to mind my tent, do my laundry and, er, take care of my needs," he said, "but you could do the job almost as well."

She had been so shocked she had done nothing more than twist free and stalk out, accompanied by his laughter.

She wouldn't, she simply WOULD NOT be dismissed as a sex object without a brain! Not by anyone!

This dig would make headlines around the world and give her work for years to come, cataloguing, deciphering, then explaining and lecturing on her find. By then she'd be famous and could get her pick of digs anywhere in the world.

She strode arrogantly through the lobby of the hotel, the bell boys carting her things along behind, stopped at the counter and in a carefully cultivated voice of authority, proclaimed herself and her reservation.

The clerk hurriedly signed her in and gave her key to one of the bell boys, who hurried to the ramshackle old elevator with her bags. She stood, ramrod straight in the elevator, looking straight ahead as it slowly ascended to the top floor.

Then she moved quickly ahead, almost marching forward until she stopped before her door. The bell boys caught up, unlocked it and hurried through. She dismissed them firmly and then she was alone, and finally beginning her first real dig.

She allowed some of her excitement to appear on her face then, finally alone. She moved to the window and looked out on the city, such as it was, thinking of how things looked here a thousand years ago.

Tomorrow morning, she would leave it behind, and with her assistant and labourers, head into the jungle towards Munga mountain and make her name.

Of course there were a thousand details to take care of first, and of

course, her assistant hadn't shown up yet. She didn't even know who he was! All daddy, this was, Professor Primm, had promised was that he'd find someone competent.

Well, that was all she needed, just so long as they knew who was in charge.

The phone rang.

She moved over and picked it up.

"Nina Primm," she said.

"Miss Primm? There is a man here to see you. An American. His name is Blackthorne."

"Blackthorne," she whispered. "Jack Blackthorne?"

"Yes, Miss Primm. Shall I send him up?"

She stared at the wall, her eyes closed.

"Miss Primm?"

"Yes?"

"Shall I send him up?"

"... Yes. Yes. Send him up," she said, slowly putting down the phone.

Her mind was in turmoil. How could he? How could this have happened?

Of all the people her father could have hired, how could he have settled on that drunken, lazy sonofabitch?!

"Oh God!" she moaned, covering her face with her hands.

Not only was Jack Blackthorne a lazy miserable bastard, he was also a stinking pervert. The last time they'd met had been on a dig in central Asia. They were both working as assistants, she during her summer holidays.

He'd gotten her drunk, taunting her in order to make her prove that she could drink, that any woman could, and not lose control. Then what he'd done to her...

She blushed every time she thought of it, which was not often. It was one of the most humiliating events in her life and one she tried desperately to forget. Unfortunately it invaded her dreams regularly, and always in erotic tones that made her heart race and her loins yearn for a man's touch.

Nina had had only two men in her life. One, her first was in her freshman year. She'd allowed it merely to show herself that it meant nothing, and it hadn't. The boy was clumsy, fast and hurt her. Jack though, was entirely different.

She'd never felt like that before, and never wanted to again. It wasn't that it wasn't.... incredible. But she'd been totally under his control, almost his plaything. She never wanted to be used like that

again, no matter how pleasurable.

There was a knock at the door. She took several moments to fix her face firmly in place, then strode to the door. She opened it and stared arrogantly into Jack Blackthorne's chest. She cursed herself and raised her eyes, instantly recollecting the somewhat condescending smile as he looked back.

"Mister Blackthorne," she said, tonelessly.

"Hey there, Stace."

"Miss Primm, please. Come in." She held the door and stood aside, back, ramrod straight.

He shrugged, gave her that patient little smile and swaggered through the door and over to the bed, where he turned and dropped down, propping himself up on his hands as he continued to smile, or was it smirk, at her.

"Let me get things straight from the start, Mister Blackthorne," she said. "You were not my choice for this assignment, and in fact, had I been consulted, you would not now be here. But since you are here, I want there to be no misunderstandings about who is the boss here."

"You're payin' the bills, honey. You can be boss if you like," he said with a smile.

"The bills are being footed by the Belmont Research Institute."

"Your daddy's place, isn't it?"

"My father is a member of the board but... "

"Isn't he the chairman?"

"Will you shut up!" she snapped, stomping her foot.

"Anything you say, baby."

"I will thank you to address me as Ms. Primm!"

"Ms. Primm, huh? You were singing a different tune last year, Mizz Primm." He sniffed disdainfully. "Seems to me it was... OH FUCK ME HARDER JACK! FUCK ME HARDER!" he cried the words in a high pitched

excited tone as he smirked at her.

Nina turned a deep shade of red and her breath momentarily left her as she froze in humiliation. She started to talk, then stopped, unable to get the words out.

"Or was it something like... OHHHH! YOUR COCK! GIVE ME YOUR COCK!..."

"Shut up!" she screamed.

Her skin was fiery hot as she scowled furiously at him.

"Whatever may or may not have happened in the past, when I was

purposefully misled into consuming too much alcohol, is in the past! I will try to tolerate your presence, though I find you disgusting, perverted, ignorant and completely incompetent, only because I don't want to delay this trip any longer! But you will speak when spoken to and reply in a respectful tone with respectful words! Do I make myself perfectly clear?"

He smiled his tolerant smile again and shrugged.

"Whatever you say, honey. I mean, Mizz Primm."

"Good!"

"So where's the map of this place we're headin' to, anyways'?"

"I have the map and I shall keep the map, if it's all the same to you!"

"Suit yerself, Mizz Primm."

"I will! Now, here is the location of the labour hire hall where the men I have hired is located."

She handed him a small slip of paper.

"Go and pick them up and then go to the supply outlet listed on the other side and pick up our jeeps and supplies. Return here immediately. I'll expect you in not more than one hour."

"They ain't gonna be there, babe."

"What?"

"The hiring hall. The boys you hired won't be there."

"How do you know?"

"You hire em for today or tomorrow?"

"Today."

"They won't be there. They work from dawn to dusk. That's the work day here. They showed up at dawn. When you didn't, they went home or to the bars or something. They'll be back at dawn tomorrow."

"I wanted to leave tonight!" She snapped.

"Can't do it. You'll have to pay em' for today, too."

"I will not!"

"Yes, you will. Else the government won't let you leave the country when you're done. Trust me. We'll leave tomorrow at dawn."

"I decide when we leave, Mister Blackthorne."

He sighed and shook his head, the condescending smile still on his face.

"Look, sweetie..."

"Ms. Primm!" she snapped.

"Right. Look, Mizz Primm, you can't do anything these people don't wanna do. What's more, they won't take orders from you. You let me

handle em'. I've done it before."

"I am in charge of this expedition. They will take orders from me!"

"No. They won't. You're a woman. They won't take orders from a woman. They won't even work for a woman. You try and yell at em, they'll just ignore you."

"Then I will fire them and find others."

"None of em' will work for you, babe. And what are you gonna do if they tell you to fuck off when we're a hundred miles into the jungle, fire me then?"

She glared at him, furiously.

"Remember your Cultures 101?" he grinned.

"Very well. You may handle them. They're ignorant labourers so you have a great deal more in common with them than I do."

"Right you are."

"I want to leave at the crack of dawn."

"Sure, babe."

"Ms. Primm!"

"Right. Right."

She decided to take the opportunity to study the maps and notes some more, then have a bath. It would be her last bath for some time, at least in hot water. She cleaned the tub first, then filled it and stopped briefly at the mirror before getting in.

She had a wonderful body. She knew that, though it was little more than a curse to her in her business. It was the body that peered brainlessly up from a thousand magazine covers and centerfolds. It was the body of a stupid blonde bimbo.

She had perfect curves, a pair of perfectly formed, high rounded breasts that would have made her look stacked, had she not been so tall and physically fit. She had a good strong chest, her ribs prominent and well formed beneath her firm, rounded mammaries. Her waist was somewhat thin, the envy of her friends, and her hips were round and womanly, leading to long, perfect legs that were made for mini skirts, but had never seen one. She ran a hand through her died brown hair, noting reluctantly that it was starting to get long again and would soon have to be cut.

Her groin was lightly dusted with golden fur. She'd had no reason to even attempt to dye it since no man was going to see it anyway, and her sex was easily seen beneath the hair. She turned, running a hand across her left buttock. That too was a distraction to men she dealt

with. In fact, her body was probably her biggest difficulty in being taken seriously, Well, her second worst. Her worst was undoubtedly her face. She shoved a lock of brown hair from her eyes and shook her head as she saw herself.

"Doctor Nina Primm," she said, finding it hard, herself, to accept the title with the image.

She didn't look her twenty-six years. She couldn't even get into a bar without her ID.

She wouldn't look out of place on a high school campus, in fact. She wasn't sure whether it was her huge blue eyes, her pouty little mouth or her sweet little upturned nose. Maybe it was all of them combined. Together they made her look like a teenager, a cute little girl who was to be looked at but certainly not to be taken seriously.

"Shit," she said.

She turned from the mirror and went to the tub, then got in, easing herself into the hot water with a sigh of relief.

Things were definitely not going the way she'd expected. Still, she could cope with that baboon, Blackthorne. Letting him deal with the scruffy little Latin labourers was probably a good idea, too. It would save her the problem.

She remembered their last meeting, blushing again as she recalled his words earlier in the afternoon, and the gap in her memory that didn't let her recall whether or not she actually had said words like that.

She closed her eyes and rubbed her wet hand across her face as she eased further down into the water.

How she could ever have gotten involved with that big, ugly brute was something she'd never be able to understand. Oh, he had a certain charm, if you were looking for the dumb jock type, and he was unquestionably big, handsome, and muscular, but who cared? He had the sensitivity of a rhino.

And the horn of one, popped into her mind. That she did remember, that big cock of his. She had a vision of herself in much the same position as she was in now, on her back, legs spread, knees up. She remembered looking down between her legs and seeing that massively thick horn of his sliding in and out of her groin.

She shook her head in anguish. How had she allowed herself to become so drunk she had let him use her like that? Her hand slid down between her legs and cupped her crotch, remembering how it had looked with the big reddish cock pounding into her. The cock had looked too big for

her body, way oversized. It had fit though.

It hadn't been any great seduction. She remembered that much. It had bordered on rape. He'd simply started pawing her body and refused to take no for an answer until her body had refused to let her keep saying no.

She closed her eyes, working her two fingers up and down her slit, rubbing lightly as she recalled the look of that big prong going into her, and tried to remember the sensations of pleasure that had gone with it. She'd cum, more than once in fact. She'd cum several times, the first almost taking her head off.

She rubbed harder, her fingers churning the water as she ground them against her pussy and clitoris. She pulled her knees up and back, sliding further down in the water as she probed at her sex, sliding a finger down into her pussy as she groaned lightly.

She felt her clit throb, felt the heat in her body that did not come from the water. She felt her breasts harden and burn, watched the little nipples getting erect.

She began to pump the finger in her pussy, trying to think of something else erotic, her mind flashing over erotic movies, Hollywood superstars, people she knew in the past that were handsome and sexually appealing. In the end though, it was Blackthorne's face that filled her vision as she pumped her finger harder and harder into her sex.

"Ohh! Ohhh! Ohhh! Ohhh!" she moaned, pumping harder. She felt the water seeping into her cunt as she worked a second finger inside, prying her pubic lips apart to let the warm water gush into her. She slid her fingers back and forth as she seized her clitoris and began to rub furiously.

"Uug! Uug! Uug! Uug! Uuuhhh!" she groaned, pumping her fingers faster. She slid a hand onto her rounded breasts, bobbing just above the surface of the water and squeezed hard, sending a hot stream of sexual heat into her chest.

Then she came, arching her back and almost drowning herself as her head slid beneath the waters and her passion racked mind lost control of her body. Waves of heat blew through her. The water splashed out onto the floor as her body thrashed about in the tub.

She pulled her head out of the water and gasped, choking for air. She clung, shivering to the side of the tub as she regained her breath.

She felt even more uncertain the next day in dealing with Jack, and

tried to make up for it by acting bitchier and bitchier. His tolerant amusement only increased her anger until her insults finally made even him angry and he began to respond in sullen little barks.

They were at the cheap, almost deserted old warehouse where their things were being held. She had insisted on inspecting everything, despite his claim that he'd done it the previous evening. She walked around the piles of goods, checking things off on her list and checking their quality while Jack sullenly followed.

"I told you I checked everything." He glared at her.

"You're a second rate hack. If you were any good, you would be leading your own digs by now, Mister Blackthorne. How long have you been doing this now, ten years, twenty?"

"What you really need, Nina, is a good solid fuck," he growled.

"It's too bad there aren't any men around then, isn't it?" she snapped.

"I can think of one who could do the job," he leered.

"Why don't you go and find him for me then, asshole?" she snarled, letting her anger really take control.

"He's closer than you think."

"I sincerely doubt it!" She glared at him, a sneer on her lips.

"You're no man. You're an ape who wears clothes... badly."

"If you don't button your pretty mouth, baby, someone's gonna teach your respect," he said, glaring.

"Respect? For you?" She laughed in contempt, but the laugh was broken off suddenly as he grabbed her and flung her forward against a low crate.

"Wh... let me go! You filthy bastard! Let go of me!"

"I'll show you respect, baby," he promised.

A hand jerked her skirt up as he snickered at her useless resistance.

He grabbed both her flailing hands and pinned them up painfully high behind her neck, managing to hold both of them in one hand, the same hand that gripped her hair.

"This is one fine looking ass," he said.

"Don't you touch me, you animal!" she screamed.

His hand moved over her panty covered rear, and a hot, dark heat seemed to waft up from her groin. She gasped and kicked back at him, only to be rewarded with a hard slap that made her cry out in shocked pain. Her bottom stung, and a moment later the shock of that sting grew as the angry man ripped her panties off with a single motion. Aware of her position and nudity, she squirmed mentally, trying to

clamp her thighs as tightly together as possible, face red with heat at the knowledge his eyes were ravishing her.

"Don't touch me!" she demanded frantically.

But that heat was mounting despite her humiliation and fear, and when his fingers began to knead her bare buttocks she felt her pussy begin to throb and burn, felt a dark hunger begin to grow in her mind.

"Think you're so hot, huh, baby?" he demanded. "Think you're too good for anyone."

His fingers were between her thighs then, despite her best efforts, and new humiliation flooded her even as the heat blossomed. She had to fight the urge to spread her legs as his expert fingers stroked across her clitoris and massaged her mons. She felt the throbbing need grow unbearable within her, and mentally begged him to do it, to enter her, to rape her.

Instead he used his free hand to pull over one of the tie downs and wrap it tightly around her elbows. She cried out in pain as her shoulders were forced back and her elbows pinned together, but gripped by that dark hunger a part of her almost gloried in it. "Bastard," she panted.

He stepped back, and she made no effort to rise, waiting her rape with a mixture of despair and excitement.

Crack!

She cried out in pain as his belt cut into the soft flesh of her bottom, twisting and staring in shock at him as he raised the belt once again. It came down quickly, a blur in the poor light, and another crack of noise echoed around the small building as her bottom burned with pain.

"No! Stop it!"

"You need a little discipline, slut."

Crack!

Nina cried out and tried to rise, only to be shoved back again. The belt lashed her buttocks again, then again, and she cried out in pain, twisting, rising and staggering away from the crate.

Crack!

The belt struck her bottom regardless the skirt doing little to soften the blow, and she screamed and jumped, trying to get away. He pursued her easily, and as she twisted desperately around the belt slashed against her hip, then her groin, laying a trail of fire along her lower abdomen.

"Bastard!"

The belt whipped forward and caught her heavy breasts through the light shirt. They bounced and jerked inside her bra, burning in pain as she howled and stumbled away, tripping over a low box. Her bottom raised, the belt swung down again, then again as she sobbed and twisted away. She staggered to her feet. "Fucker!"

His open hand struck her face and threw her back against the wall, stunned.

He rushed forward suddenly, his arms engulfing her. Nina was slammed back against the wall as his lips crushed hers, silencing her cry of pain. Jack's right hand darted down between her legs, seizing her left thigh and forcing her leg up and back against the wall as he ground his crotch into her groin.

"Mmphhhh! Noooo!" she moaned.

His body pushed harder against her, crushing her breasts against his powerful chest. He jerked her skirt up. His left hand was at his pants, popping the clasp and jerking them downwards.

"You know you want it, slut. You need it."

"No!" she panted. "Get... off!"

His fingers were rough as they moved against her sex, but her clitoris was still swollen, and she felt that dark hunger return, flooding her belly and making her knees tremble.

Then his hard cock was rubbing against her mons, skimming along her soft flesh as he ground against her. She cursed weakly at him. He slapped her, knocking her head aside, then raised his right knee, propping up her leg and releasing his hand for a moment to grasp his erection and centre it against her sex.

He drove forward and she cried out as his cock clove the moist lips of her sex. His hand returned to her thigh, fingers like iron as they dug into her soft flesh, forcing her leg up and back as he pushed his prong into her.

"No!" she gasped.

His cock drove upwards into her, thrusting aside the soft, moist flesh of her pubic sheath as it was pushed deeper and deeper into her quivering belly.

Her mouth jerked open and her eyes bulged wide as his cock drove deep into her body. Pleasure and pain, excitement and outrage warring within her.

His face pushed against her throat, chewing, sucking fiercely on the soft, warm flesh. He ground himself into her, rutting his cock back and forth in her tight belly, twisting and churning it within her as

she shuddered and trembled. She writhed and pushed against him, struggling as he ground his pelvis into her body. His shoulders and his hands dropped to her buttocks, fingers digging into the warm flesh as he threw his hips forward.

She groaned and her head twisted slowly back and forth, her eyes closed tightly. Her left leg remained high of its own volition, and gradually curved around him as he began to slam his weight against her. His cock was pounding up inside her now as he kneaded and massaged her bottom with his fingers.

He slid his cock back down the length of her sheath, then slammed forward, hammering her into the wall and stabbing his cock, balls-deep within her.

"Oh God!" she moaned.

His heavy frame slammed into her again and again, throwing her back against the hard wood of the wall as his prick drove up and down in her pussy. Her left leg was high around his waist now and as his hands pulled on her buttocks, she lifted her right, encircling him as he lifted her in his powerful arms.

He ground himself into her, twisting his prick inside her lower belly, making her gasp and whimper as she felt her insides spasming and roiling. His hands jerked her up and down on his cock as she began to roll her hips and buck back frenziedly. She ground herself up and down in time to his short thrusts, whining and mewling against his ear as she felt his prong sliding back and forth inside her.

She rode him furiously, all her muscles straining as she humped up and down against him.

"Fuck! Fuckkkkk!" he groaned. He twisted around and staggered across to a large wide crate, then dropped her, falling forward on top of her. His weight came crushing down on Nina, knocking her legs loose as his cock thumped down into the base of her sex.

He grabbed her legs, his huge hands easily encircling the smooth limbs, and shoved them far back against her chest, pinning her ankles next to her head, pressing hard into her ears as she grunted with the strain imposed on her thigh muscles.

Jack rammed his cock into her like a jack-hammer, pounding down with a terrible force that set the entire crate bouncing and shuddering with each powerful thrust. Nina gasped and grunted like a stuck pig, her moans and warbling cries almost overwhelmed by the creaking and thumping of the crate.

Her mons was wide open for him and he was able to drive the entire

length of his shaft deep into her belly with each powerful stroke. Her head fell back, her eyes glazed, her mouth gaping open as her body pulsed and throbbed with a whirling sexual tornado that sprang from between her legs.

Her sex was a fiery hot volcano of seething sexual energy that sent terrible jolts of electrical wildfire searing through her system. She mewled weakly, her body in pain from his awesome, almost brutal strokes, his entire weight pounding against her, threatening to break her spine as he speared his angry red prong into her body.

The pressure screamed upwards and she came, her eyes blinded by twinkling lights as her system overloaded and her body spasmed and exploded. Her thinking processes ceased to exist, blotted out completely by her body's shrieking eruption of powerful sexual energy. "Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh!" she gasped, her eyes closed tightly as she bit her tongue, straining under incredible pressure as her entire body shuddered under wave after wave of powerful high tension sexual release.

Heat flared out of her sex, burning into his cock as he hammered his hips down into her taut buttocks, hammering at her again and again, the sound rising above her gasping moans, a dull thumping of bone on bone and a high slapping sound of flesh on flesh.

On and on he thrust, brawny arms supporting him, hands locked around her ankles, muscular frame smashing down into the soft yielding surface of her female flesh.

Battered and bruised, her orgasm only barely let up before another began, her body charged with sexual power, skin electrified and crackling with heat.

"Ungghh God!" she gasped.

"Oh Please!... Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ung Gaa! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!"

Her body shook spastically as she went into convulsions, her head thrashing maniacally against her ankles, her arms on fire pain as they were crushed beneath her. Her pussy sprayed hot sexual juices down around his cock as it pistoned deep within her, pulping her organs, churning her guts into liquid jelly.

His balls threatened to break open with the force of their repeated impact against her upraised bottom as his steel-hard cock pierced her body repeatedly, his round nosed cock head crushing into her cervix with bruising force. He felt her spastic pussy gripping and sucking on his cock, and fought to tear it free just to slam it back into her.

Nina lost all grasp of time and space, becoming little more than one

giant sensory organ, receiving immense sexual signals from her glistening pink sex opening and her bulging, swollen breasts. She gurgled like a demented lunatic, then screamed like a psychotic, her body convulsing repeatedly under the awesome attack of burning sexual firestorms. Orgasms paraded across her tumbling senses and the only constant was the hard, furious, steady pounding of the powerful male body atop her.

Jack rodded down into her, his hard purple-red cock leaking pre-cum as he rode her mercilessly. His lips were pulled back in a joyful grimace of pleasure as his tool impaled the shaking girl, sinking balls deep inside her gaping cunt tube.

He pulled back, raising his ass high, his cock head coming out of her with a low pitched sucking noise. Then he dropped his weight down, his cock head piercing her wet, glistening pubic lips and stabbing deep into her belly. She gave a high pitched gasp and cried out, then he pulled free once more.

He rubbed his gleaming cock head through her fluffy blonde pubic hair, then poised it at her entrance and once more, drove it hilt-deep inside her, again making her cry out, a high pitched sound of stunned amazement and shocked gratification.

He repeatedly tore his cock loose from her overheated body, only to thrust it down into her again, stabbing her like a deranged madman. Nina's pussy lips were pried and pierced repeatedly by his shining, glistening, purple veined cock. Each new penetration sent a bolt of wildfire sexual excitement sizzling along her spine and up into her brain.

Her silky, sodden sex was pounded and pumped and grinded down by his hairy, knobby staff. She cried out again, her body raised once more to awesome heights. He drove his dick into her and began his high pitched, jack-hammering once more, setting her off once more like a crackling string of fire-crackers.

Her gulps and grunts turned into a long terrible scream of pure dementia, her guts roiling and turning and shifting inside her as a sexual climax burned it's way into the deepest pit of her belly, consuming everything it touched.

Then Jack felt his load shifting at last, felt the long suppressed cum pressure build up beyond his limits to control it. He grit his teeth but it was no use and his body finally flared and exploded. His cock fire-hosed semen into her belly, sending the bubbling white stream gushing down into her as he groaned and came.

His cock burned and rippled with bliss, long waves of ecstasy shooting into his belly as he poured jism into the girl's blonde cunt. It backed up within her and sprayed out the sides of his still pistoning rod, coating her entire crotch with it's salty white stickiness.

"Oohhhh Fuck!" he groaned, finally letting himself slump down on her. He released her ankles, which were still crushed back by his chest, but they slowly slid apart until they fell onto the crate with a thump and she grunted with sudden pain as the pressure on her thigh muscles was released.

"You're still a good fuck, Stace, baby," he gasped.

TWO

If she hadn't been so disoriented and flustered, she'd have simply fired him then and there and waited however long it took for a replacement. Instead she'd staggered out from the back of the warehouse, he trailing along behind, and almost fell into the lead car of their little convoy.

The ten men she'd hired had been loading things as she'd approved them. Now they pulled the last cartons into the back of the fourth jeep. When Jack slapped her on the shoulder, she'd stomped on the gas and the jeep had lurched forward. She'd almost run into several cars before Jack had stopped and shoved her over, then taken the wheel himself.

For several hours she'd sat there staring at nothing, bleary and confused. Trying to figure what had happened and trying to avoid speaking, or even looking at Jack.

The scenery whizzed by as their jeeps moved along towards the mountains. The road got progressively worse as they moved away from the city. Soon, they were off the main road, such as it was, and bouncing along a rutted track through the trees.

There was little to be seen on either side until they entered the plains, then moved swiftly over and through the tall grasses. She gradually began stealing little looks at him, always careful that he wouldn't see. She still couldn't bring herself to talk, though.

They rode on in silence, the day passing as the jeeps bounced and lurched forward. It was almost noon when Jack finally pulled over and they all stopped for lunch. He began asking her questions, simple

little things which she answered in monosyllables.

He grinned at her, then shook his head and snickered. She glared furiously at him.

"What are you laughing at?" she hissed.

"You."

"And what's so funny about me?"

"You're all upset about a little fuck. I never knew why you girls get so upset over a little fucking."

"You... you... you..." she stuttered, furiously. "You practically raped me!"

"You sure seemed to like it."

"That has nothing to do with anything!" she yelled.

"If you liked it then why are you mad?"

"I did not like it!"

"Liar."

"You had no right to do that to me!"

"Oh, come on. You know, fucking is such a fun thing, if you gals would just spread your legs a little more we'd all have a nicer time of things."

"You are a disgusting, vile, lowlife! You are a slimy, dirty, perverted, stinking, scummy piece of filthy male meat."

"You liked my male meat back in town."

"Fuck you!" she cried.

They continued the meal in silence, then moved out, finding another rutted road and traveling along it for much of the afternoon. Late in the day their way was blocked by a downed tree and they stopped to clear it. Suddenly men jumped out of the bush, screaming and brandishing machine-guns.

They were quickly surrounded, and a tall, foul smelling man with a big belly came up to their jeep.

"What ju do here?" he demanded.

"I am Doctor Nina O'Co..."

"Shut up, beetch!" he snarled. He looked at Jack.

"We're going to look for an old Mayan tomb," he said, in Spanish.

"Ju teenk ju find treasure, huh?"

"No. Just old things. We are from a museum."

"Hah! Ju lie to me! Ju lookink for treasure! Ju want to steal my people's gold!"

"Who are you, anyway?"

The man looked offended, he stuck the barrel of his machine gun

against Jack's chest.

"I am Generalissimo Manual De le Seesimo, Commander of the People's Revolutionary Commandos!"

"Oh great."

"What?"

"I said, oh good, really wonderful."

"I will rule thees country as soon as dee steenking capitalist scum are driven out!"

"I'm sure you will."

"Who is this beetch weeth the big teats?"

"This is my wife."

Nina, unfortunately, knew some Spanish, and was getting tired of being ignored.

"I am not his wife and I will thank you to keep your foul mouth shut!" she snapped. Her accent was terrible but Manual got the gist of it.

"Ju no hees wife?" he said in English.

"I most certainly am not! I am a free woman!"

Manual's English wasn't much better than her Spanish but again he got the idea, except of course that her "free woman" was translated in his mind to "worthless woman."

"Ju no look free to me," he said, his eyes roaming her luscious curves.

"I am free. I am completely free!" she proclaimed.

"Maybe ju like a leetle fuck, hmmm. I see if you good for someteenk." The others laughed but Nina scowled.

She slapped his face. He jerked back in astonishment, then growled and gripped her hair, pulling her head up and back. One of the men stuck his gun in Jack's nose as Manual dragged Nina out of the of the jeep and pushed her against the side.

"No woman heets Manual De Le Seesimo!"

"You lowlife scum!" she howled. "You think you're brave? Only a coward would act like this! You can go and fuck yourself!"

Again Manual got the gist of her message. As far as he could tell she had said he had no manhood and was unworthy of her, being of low birth. She had also said something or other about him masturbating. He slapped her, then backhanded her so she fell to the ground. He grabbed her by the hair then and dragged her to her feet, throwing her into the arms of one of his men.

"We will see who has his manhood!" he hissed, turning to Jack. "You

can go. Since this woman is so worthless, we will take her with us and show her how she can be of value to the People's Revolutionary Army!" "Uh, I don't think you..." Manual stuck his gun barrel under Jack's nose.

"Whatever you say, Generalissimo," he said. The General's men hauled up on a rope and the tree lifted like a gate. He drove through, followed by the other three jeeps.

"Blackthorn!" she screamed. "You scummy filth! Get back here!"

"Ju cum weeth me, beetch!" Manual dragged her off the road and down a short trail through the jungle. Nina had her hands up on his wrist, trying to keep him from pulling her hair. He booted her ass several times as they walked.

"Steenking slut! I'll show you to heet Manual De Le Seesimo!"

"Let me go! I am an American citizen!" she yelled.

"Fuck you, beetch!"

He hurled her forward into a small clearing, and she fell forward onto her hands and knees.

"Strip her!" he ordered his men, beginning to undo his belt. Several men rushed her and began eagerly tearing at her pants and shirt. She screamed and clawed at them, receiving several more slaps and a punch in the belly that finally shut her up.

Her shirt and skirt were torn off her, followed quickly by her bra.

She had yet to replace the panties Jack had torn off. When she was naked, two of the guerrillas lifted her to her feet and held her, one on either side, their hands under her arms.

Seesimo strode up to her, naked from the waist down. He had a long, curving brown cock that stuck out from beneath his uniform shirt.

"Some body ju got zere, beetch," he said, admiringly. He cupped her breasts as if weighing them, then began to squeeze them tightly, his fingers working deep into the sensitive flesh, mashing and twisting her breasts from side to side as he leered at her.

Nina was mortified, utterly humiliated by her nudity before these men and their leering, smirking eyes. His words were simply too much and she felt she had to respond somehow.

She slammed her knee up but he jerked aside and she only caught him a glancing blow. He cursed angrily, then cuffed her on the side of the face, knocking her back. He followed with his own knee, which he slammed up into her crotch.

She gasped and gurgled in pain, waves of dizziness going through her frazzled brain. He punched her in the belly, his fist sinking almost

to her spine.

"Whoooore!" he spat, bringing his knee up into her throbbing sex once again.

The men forced her to her knees before him, twisting her arms up behind her back and pulling her hair to jerk her head back. Then she was looking into his crotch as he moved his dick towards her. Her jaw hung down as she panted for breath and Seesimo slid his cockhead between her lips and into her mouth.

His hand was on her head now, in her hair, pulling her head up and back as he slid his cock into her oral cavity.

"Ju suck me, beetch, or ju fuckeenk die!" he held a pistol in his other hand and put the barrel against her forehead. Nina gagged on the dirty cock in her mouth, but her eyes were wide as she stared at the barrel up against her head.

She began to work her lips and tongue on the filthy, foul smelling organ as it rapidly hardened. Soon it was too big for her mouth and Seesimo began to pump it in and out like he was fucking her pussy. His cockhead slapped and bounced against the back of her mouth as he jammed it into her.

She sucked as best she could, her body aching and her head pounding. She groaned around the thick man-meat as it pounded back and forth in her mouth, and tried to hold back the waves of sickness that were flowing up from her belly.

Then he jammed his now rock hard cock against the back wall of her mouth with new force. She felt it pushing hard against the entrance of her gullet and tried to close her throat against it. He pulled back. Her throat had held.

But then he threw his hips forward, his cock driving into her again. His cockhead punched against the entrance of her throat and then popped through, sliding its thick pulpy hardness down the thin tube of her throat as she gagged and struggled in horror.

His cock slid down deeper into her throat, making the thin tube ache and bulge outward. She felt his cock-knob going into her very chest as he giggled with delight far above her. She couldn't breathe, couldn't move, couldn't think of anything but that thick slab of meat in her aching throat.

It seemed to pulse and throb inside her as he held it there momentarily. Then he slid it back up the length of her gullet until the head popped out of her throat and back into her mouth. She gasped for breath, drawing shaking gasps of air into her chest as Manual

sniggered and boasted to his men in Spanish.

She didn't make out what he said, but heard cheering. Then the cockhead thrust forward, again smashing into her throat and sliding down the length of it to her chest.

This time when he withdrew he didn't let his cockhead pass out into her mouth. Instead he began to fuck her throat, sliding his cock up and down the soft, moist, tight tube as she struggled forlornly and went whiter and whiter with pain and lack of oxygen.

He put both his big hands on the sides of her head, forcing her head even further back as he began to ram his tool up and down her throat. His belly slammed into her face, cracking against her nose, bringing tears to her eyes as his cock pistoned back and forth between her puffy lips.

She grunted and moaned and whimpered around the pounding cock, but the men surrounding her only cheered Seesimo on as he brutally reamed out her throat with his long, thick cock. She was almost unconscious before he pulled his cock out again.

Then he let her breath, let her draw in great shaking breaths of air as he rubbed his spit soaked cock all around her face, wetting her forehead, her nose, her cheeks and then pressing it to her lips again. He slid his cock in, then drove it down her throat until her face was mashed tightly against his groin.

He laughed and tore his cock free, cursing something at the men. They shoved forward on her shoulders and head, pinning her face into the dirt as Seesimo moved around behind her. They raised her bottom and spread her legs, still holding her arms up behind her back.

She was gagging and coughing, gasping for breath, her chest heaving, and could only concentrate on how sweet each new breath was as she felt hands pawing at her buttocks and crotch. Then she felt her pubic lips pried open and a sudden hard object rammed into her sex.

She gasped, then grit her teeth as Seesimo forced his cock deep into her belly.

"Theenk I have no manhood, beetch? Here is my manhood!" he crowed, driving his prong, balls deep inside her. He twisted his thick meat around inside her pussy as he rode up over her, fists in the dirt next to her ears.

He ground himself into her, his cockhead rubbing against her cervix as his belly rode up her back and his cock pulled on her sex like a hook, trying to draw her forward. Then he moved back, balanced himself firmly and began to pump his cock inside her.

He shoved at the men holding her, pushing them aside, then gripped her hair, dragging her up onto her hands. She knelt on all fours as he rode her, his cock churning rapidly in her hot sucking pussy.

As her breathing steadied, her attention was drawn back to her situation, and she realized that she was on all fours, naked, and being fucked like a bitch dog while two dozen slovenly men sat and stood about watching.

She turned beet red once again, whimpering, then almost sobbing in frustration, fury, and humiliation. That she, a brilliant doctor was reduced to such status by a filthy, ignorant man was almost more than she could bear. It was worse than the danger she was in, worse than the pain she was feeling.

She felt his thick meat as it pumped inside her belly, felt his cockhead repeatedly striking her cervix, felt the entire bloated mass's movement as it pistoned inside her tight, velvety pussy. This was nothing at all like what Jack had done. There was no pleasure here, none at all, only pain and humiliation as the fat man used her for his pleasure.

Her pussy burned with pain as his hard cock rodded into her. Seesimo was punching it into her body with as much force as he could muster, skewering the tight tunnel to assert his manhood's force to her. He threw his hips forward with as much strength as he could, gratified at the grunt of pain from the woman as his prong punched into her belly. "Ju like eet, beetch?" he cackled, his hands sliding under her and locking around her hanging breasts.

Their bouncing and swaying stopped as his fingers squeezed into them, pinching and kneading the meat with a brutal, vice-like grip.

He shoved her down, his hands pushing hard on her back and head. He mashed her face into the dirt as he pounded his rod into her box.

"Steeck jour ass eem the air!" he cursed, jerking at her leg. "Steeck jour ass een the air, beetch!"

He ruttled viciously into her, his hands on her hips now and jerking her back to meet his furious forward thrusts. His cock stabbed painfully hard down into her body, crashing and smashing back and forth within her.

She felt her belly quiver and heave as his cock churned her guts up. His belly was slapping into her raised buttocks with a furious slapping sound as he shifted into overdrive and really began to pound it into her. His men watched with approval as he used her with ferocious brutality, spearing his tool into her relentlessly until his

cum gushed forth and filled the sluttish Yankee woman's belly. Then he pulled out of her and contemptuously kicked her belly, knocking her to her side, where she moaned and clutched her crotch. "Now ju see that my manhood is eentact, no?" he said, to guffaws from his men.

He drew on his pants, but then removed the belt from the loops, doubling it up to slap against his palm. "Ju learn manners, eh, beetch?" he said. "Ju goink to learn to be a good whore!"

With that the belt swung through the air and cracked down across her upraised bottom with the sound of a gunshot.

Nina screamed, then burst into tears, trying to twist and roll away. The men quickly pinned her in place again, however, two men on either side kneeling on her arms, hands in her hair and on her hips to hold her bottom high.

The belt hissed down again, and again, and again, and the men were silent, staring and growling, crotches bulging as the buxom young American woman's pale bottom began to glow red, long, dark lines beginning to appear on the ivory skin as the belt whipped down.

Stacey's screams and cries and sobs seemed to effect them not at all, as their pitiless eyes looked on, tongues sliding hungrily across lips.

"Ju learnink, beetch?" Seesimo demanded, grunting with effort as the belt swung down again and hit with a crack! which echoed around the small clearing.

The men holding her shoved her face into the dirt again and laughed as they fondled her breasts. Sand made her eyes tear up and the helpless woman sobbed anew, utterly helpless and alone as her bottom flared with more and more heat.

Seesimo stopped and she whimpered in despair, hoping it was permanent. She almost welcomed it when his number one man moved forward, dropped his pants, then pushed the men aside and flung her onto her back. Being raped again would surely be less painful than the belt!

The man snickered as he looked down at her, jerked his cock in his hand several times, making it stiff, then lowered himself on top of her trembling body.

His cock slid into her pussy to the hilt, then he began to hump into her, roughly kissing and licking at her face and neck as his hands slid under her and dug into her buttocks. He drew her lower body up to meet him as he stroked downward, his cock sliding evenly back and

forth in her pussy.

He bent and sucked her right nipple into his mouth, suckling and chewing as he jerked his cock into her with hard driving thrusts. He lifted her legs up and pushed them back. Her ankles were up on his shoulders as he stroked into her with greater speed and force.

Her groin was exposed and defenseless as he pounded his erection down into her sex. He rammed down into her with great gusto, gleefully leering at her as his cock stroked back and forth. He kissed her, jamming his tongue into her mouth and snaking it against her own tongue.

His hands mauled her big breasts, making her whine in pain. Then he began hammering his cock into her, shoving her legs back against her as he rodded furiously. She felt a hot gush of liquid deep inside her belly and knew he had dropped his load inside her.

He sighed with relief and pulled out, only to be replaced by another. Before he could stick his cock into her, however, Seesimo kicked him off and started cursing orders. The men got up and started moving off. One of them dragged her to her feet and shoved her after them.

They moved down the trail, Nina hopping from foot to foot as sharp stones and sticks dug into her soft bare feet. She winced and trembled with fear, wondering where they were going and how she would get away. She knew that they would not let her go. And further realized that every last one of these men would likely rape her as soon as they got to where they were going. The thought of being used as a sex slave by these unwashed savages for an endless time almost made her burst into tears.

Then there was an explosion far ahead. All the men started cursing and dove to the ground. The men behind her moved up and there was shooting coming from ahead. There was another explosion from up there and gunfire exploded from the men on both sides of her.

She didn't think they could even see what they were shooting at, but they shot anyway. She curled up in a ball on the ground, her hands over her ears and her eyes closed.

A hand grabbed her wrist and jerked her upward. She opened her eyes to see Jack's glaring face just above her. She stared at him, stupidly.

"Move your ass, girl! We gotta get the fuck out of here before ol' Manual figures out he's shooting at shadows!"

He jerked her to her feet then started dragging her back the way they'd come. She saw the three men that had been near her lying in

pools of blood, hideous gunshot wounds on their backs.

Her feet hurt but Jack wouldn't slow down, speeding up even more when the sound of gunfire finally stopped. He led her back through the little clearing, pausing only a moment to get her boots and shove them on. Then he ran forward, dragging her along.

Her flesh stung as branches and leaves slapped at her bare skin. Then they burst out onto the road and started running even faster. Her chest was heaving and her legs were ready to collapse under her, but Jack held tightly to her wrist and pulled her along.

A few hundred feet up the road they came to their jeep. He shoved her in and jumped in himself, jamming his foot down on the gas.

The car jumped forward and picked up speed, racing over the rutted track like it was an expressway. Nina bounced up and down on the seat, clinging to it for dear life. Her big breasts were bouncing up and down like jello, slapping up and down against her chest.

They drove for almost ten minutes before Jack finally began to slow down.

As her body settled more firmly onto the seat, she finally began to catch her breath and regain some control of her faculties. She turned and looked at him dazedly.

"Had to wait until I could mount a diversion," he said, casually.

"Couldn't do it in the clearing cause they were all around you. I knew they'd go up the trail so I planted a little bit of dynamite and a couple of charges. Stupid fucks walked right into it."

"I... I... I need some clothes," she finally said.

He grinned and shrugged. "You look fine to me," he said, his eyes moving up and down her body. She stared down at the seat as he finally brought the jeep to a halt.

"I think I got a jumpsuit in here somewhere," he sighed, turning and reaching over his shoulder. He finally pulled out a soiled looking jumpsuit and tossed it into her naked lap. She had to get out of the jeep to put it on.

She turned her back, embarrassed, then stepped into the legs and pulled it up around her. She whimpered softly as she ran a hand over her wounded bottom, feeling the heat rising from the still throbbing flesh. She shrugged into the arms, then drew up the zipper. It was way oversized for her. Jack appeared around the side of the jeep. He bent and rolled up the ankles, then the arms. The thing still sagged on her but not too badly.

"It'll do till we get to camp."

"Where is camp?" she asked, automatically.

"A ways ahead. I told Jeeda not to stop until they were at the Nienda river. We got a bit of driving to do yet, and it's gettin' dark, so we better hurry."

They got back into the jeep and it lurched forward, bouncing and swaying on the crumbling dirt road. The light dimmed further and he turned on his headlights. Nina sat quietly, wrapped in her own misery and wonderment, her bottom aching every time the jeep bounced on the road.

She couldn't understand her own terrible luck. First she had acquired this... this.... the insult she had been using since he'd showed up died when she realized that he had, after all, rescued her from a long and painful ordeal.

She'd been raped, but not fifty times like she probably would have been. She was fine except for a sore bottom. You're fine, she told herself. Fucking is no big deal, just like Jack said. Those grimy, filthy men were scum, and she'd never see them again anyway. And girls had been strapped for years. She'd even been strapped herself once, years earlier. To go all self-pitying for it was silly.

"Thank you," she said, quietly.

"Don't mention it."

"You could have been killed."

"Coulda been."

"And I haven't exactly been nice to you since yesterday."

"You were nice enough in the warehouse."

She blushed and looked away.

"Well, thank you anyway."

"We'll see how grateful you are in camp." He winked and leered at her.

She stared at him, dumbfounded.

"How can you even suggest... Don't you know what they did to me?"

"They fucked you from what I saw, and strapped your ass."

"You... saw them?"

"Course. Told you I did."

She was even more embarrassed now.

"If... if you know, then how, how can you come on to me like that?"

"What's one thing got to do with the other? You got a nice body there, girl. Every man who sees you wants to use it. Ain't nuthin' strange about that. So ol' Manual was a little rough. I'll be a lot more friendly."

"Men are pigs," she sighed, shaking her head.

"Ain't it the truth." He agreed.

THREE

Nina staggered into her tent while Jack went to check the layout of the camp the hired labourers had set up. She stripped out of the oversized man's jumpsuit and stood there naked for a long moment, her mind still somewhat dazed by the day's events.

Her body was coated with sweat and covered with grass stains and dirt. She felt slimy and dirty in her crotch and her mouth tasted like unwashed socks, or maybe unwashed cocks. She pulled a pair of loose, baggy pants from her bag and then topped it with a halter.

She grabbed a towel and some soap and then headed out of her tent. She saw only one of the labourers, who leered at her. She gave him a glare and then turned and headed for the river. She wasn't happy about the prospect of a dark, cold bath in river water, but it was better than the dirt.

She reached the water, then peered around in the darkness, looking and listening for any signs of peeping toms. She moved along the shore, heading further away from the light of the camp, then finally found a little clearing with sufficient cover and began to strip.

It didn't take long. She stood there for a moment in the darkness, only a partial moon providing light as she slowly eased into the water. It was not nearly as cold as she'd thought it would be. When she was up to her waist she dipped down to wet her upper body, then began to carefully clean the dirt from her ivory skin.

Once wasn't good enough. After she'd cleaned herself from head to toe she started over and cleaned herself a second time, then finally washed off the soap and rose from the water. She put her hands on her head, rubbing the water out of her hair.

She was aware of the raw sensuality of her body, outlined like this in the moonlight, naked and gleaming wet. Being outdoors nude had always turned her on, ever since she'd first skinny dipped as a young teenager at summer camp. At the time, she'd been so aroused by herself that she'd knelt and masturbated right there by the water.

She smiled and then sighed. She ran her hands down along her body, over the firm roundness of her breasts, over her sharp little nipples,

then down her chest and smooth, flat belly, around the curves of her hips and squeezing her buttocks.

She sighed again, sliding a hand down between her legs and rubbing two fingers up and down her slit, pressing hard against her clit as she felt the warm gentle night breezes play upon her moist body. She knelt and spread her legs more, her knees inches from the waterline.

Her head rolled slowly from side to side as she began to softly play with her clitoris. Her breasts were hard and swelling as she squeezed them between her two arms, plumping them out and making the nipples stand out even harder.

Dirty men, she thought. Bastards. Jack was right. They all wanted her. All wanted to ram their dirty male cocks into her soft female body. Vile, horrible, perverts. They all stared at her, all wanting to do what Seesimo did and use her to satisfy their lusts. It was because she was so beautiful, so much above them.

She groaned softly, the heat from her loins growing hotter and spreading upwards into her belly. She rocked from side to side as she sat on her heels, her finger sliding up gently into her pussy as she remembered Seesimo thrusting his dirty cock into her, as she remembered the other man, and then thought of Jack back in the previous camp. He had been watching her there, watching her being raped in her throat and pussy, probably gotten an erection too, filthy bastard. She moaned and winced softly, for her pussy was sore and bruised, but she let her fingers slide over her swollen clitoris and a wave of raw sensory pleasure rolled up her body.

She slid her left hand up and began to twist her left nipple, closing her eyes, remembering the men who had pawed her tender breasts, the fingers which had pinched and pulled at her nipples. Dirty men. All of them leering at her. All of them wanting her. How many times would they have used her? Again and again and again, raping her and mauling her? She twisted her nipple in slow circles, gasping for breath as it sparkled and burned, then abandoned it and seizing a handful of breast, squeezing that tightly instead, letting her fingers dig deep furrows in the firm, taut flesh.

She felt her body throb with heat and excitement. Her head dropped backwards as her back arched and she gazed upwards at the moon and stars bright above. The lapping of the waves sounded low against her excited mewls of pleasure as her cunt boiled with heat and her breasts pulsed and hardened under her kneading fingers.

She closed her eyes and groaned, feeling the onset of a small orgasm.

It rolled over her glistening body, making her thrash her head from side to side as she grunted in bliss.

She felt the water lapping higher, or was it her knees sinking into the dirt at the water's edge? The water splashed lightly against the back of her hand as she rubbed and squeezed her crotch. Her breathing was becoming even harder and more ragged as the orgasm relented. Her body, rather than achieving release, was instead tormented by greater and greater need as she frantically began to pump two, then three fingers up her little pussy hole.

Her breathing became louder and harsher. Her chest heaved and her body jerked and writhed, swaying from side to side and back and forth as the passion mounted within her.

Then an image crammed into her mind, a vision of Jack's large red cock plunging back and forth in her pussy. It was the sight that had so captivated her last year when he'd gotten her drunk and then fucked her to orgasmic bliss.

Instantly her body was thrown into a higher level of excitement, as if her sexual euphoria was given an instant kick start. Her body shuddered under the onslaught of a sensory assault as her breasts and cunt flared up and sent hot sizzling bolts of carnal energy lancing into her guts.

"Oh! OH! OH! OH! OH!" she groaned, her body lurching up and down as she sought to hump downward against her plunging fingers.

Both her hands were buried in her volcanic crotch as she grunted with delight, her orgasm exploding over her, growing greater and greater as she gasped and grunted in ecstasy.

She knew she had to be silent, but still her voice gave cry to her delight, growing louder and louder despite her mind's inner whimpering about being found out like this.

"Yes! Yes! Yes! Oh! Oh! Uh! Uh! Uh!" she gasped.

She bent forward, dropping herself onto her face in the water, her arms beneath her, her hands rubbing desperately at her pussy as her fingers plunged deep into her sex.

She felt a final, cataclysmic blast of orgasmic pleasure and opened her mouth for a wondrous scream of ecstasy. At the last second, she let her face fall forward into the water. She screamed and shrieked and wailed in delight as she ground herself down on her fingers, her howls bubbled up to the surface as quiet, watery gurgles.

Finally the ecstasy subsided and she managed to slowly roll herself back out of the water before she drowned. She lay spreadeagled, half

in, half out of the water, her chest rising and falling and her eyes closed. After she had rested for several minutes, she slowly got to her feet, rubbed herself fairly dry with the towel and then dressed and went back into the camp.

She woke up the next day strangely refreshed. Though she had had little difficulty in sleeping, her dreams had been filled with images of cocks and hard, dirty men. When she'd wakened, she'd found a wetness between her legs and a low humming in her crotch that urged her to masturbate.

She'd resisted, partially because the image that kept creeping into her mind was that of Jack and his big cock. Instead she dressed in her loose pants, tank top and light loose shirt and gone out to greet the day, which she sincerely hoped would be different than the one which had preceded it.

She glared haughtily at a pair of labourers, then wandered over to the fire and picked up the coffee sitting there. It smelled good at least. She poured herself some and tasted experimentally. It was pretty good.

"Mornin' Princess."

She turned and scowled at Jack. "Ms. Primm."

"Whatever you say, luv. We should reach the Gheroun plateau today, then tomorrow we'll have to abandon the jeeps and start hoofin' it."

"I'm not afraid of walking."

"Course not. It's gonna be sweaty work though."

"Nothing is ever found by the side of the road, Mister Blackthorne."

She sniffed.

"Be a helluva a lot more convenient if it were," he grinned.

"But then you wouldn't have a job."

"Oh, I'd find somethin' ta do. There's always fools want to go into the jungles or woods searching for something."

"Like me?"

"You think the old man's tomb is there, who am I to disagree."

"Exactly." She glared. "It's there and you'll find out in a few days."

"Just so we don't run afoul of the bloody Danki indians."

"Their grounds are further to the west from here. In fact, they never come near this area for some reason."

"There's always reasons for everything, girl."

"Huh?"

"If the damned Indians don't want to come here, why do you suppose that is?"

"How should I know." She glared again.

"Indians are a practical people, Nina. If they're stayin' away from a place it's usually because it's dangerous."

"There's nothing dangerous about the mountains. They're a geologically stable area."

"Yeah, well, I just hope you're right. I'd hate to get caught in a cave-in, or sunk in quicksand or eaten by herds of tigers or something."

"Just so we don't run across those scummy guerrillas again." She shuddered at the thought, yet an odd little quiver ran through her loins at the same time.

"I don't think that's too likely. They were on foot and aren't likely to be headed up this way just to get back at us. We'll detour around them on the way back."

"Good."

"How you feeling?"

"I feel fine." She frowned suspiciously.

"Just wondering, what with those guys, ah... balling you yesterday."

"I was not seriously hurt, Mister Blackthorne," she said, her voice dripping with sarcasm. "The fact that those animals chose to abuse my body is hardly of any concern to you."

"If you say so babe. I'm always hearin about how traumatized you broads are by getting porked without permission."

"You really are a pig, Blackthorne."

"I try to please."

"Please me by shutting up and getting my breakfast."

"I ain't your servant, honey. I'll have one of the gofers fetch for you."

They spent much of the day bouncing through the jungle and out on the plateau, heading deeper into the mountainous jungle country. Nina was sticky and uncomfortable, and was beginning to regret her entire profession.

She'd always joined digs that were heavily financed and already well along. That meant a fairly easy journey to a known destination and no shit along the way. Once there the tents and cabins, or whatever, had already been set up and there weren't any worries about Indians or anything else.

She was starting to get disgusted by the whole thing. After they made

camp that night she wandered off by herself, ignoring Jack and the others. She pushed through bushes, looking for the source of the vague, humming noise she could hear ahead.

As she came closer to it, the noise got louder and louder until it was a rumbling that she could almost feel through the ground. She recognized it then and became excited. It had to be a waterfall and she could really use a quick dip now.

She hurried forward, going towards the sound of the waterfall. Then as she pushed through a thick pair of bushes she screamed and fell downward, arms windmilling as she slid down a steep slope and then tumbled head first into a deep lake.

She splashed to the surface, spitting out water and looking around wildly. The lake wasn't very big, only a couple of hundred feet wide and half that long. There was a thin waterfall, perhaps a hundred feet high that plunged down into the far end of the lake.

It was a pretty little lake, she decided. She swam across towards the waterfall, thinking of taking a shower. There were some rocks at its base but she needed to reach a dry spot first so she could strip off her clothes, especially her shoes, which were weighing her down. She climbed up on some rocks a couple of dozen yards from the waterfall and quickly stripped out of her clothes, then carefully climbed naked across the rocks to stand beneath the water. The weight of it falling was far heavier than she'd thought and she curled her arms protectively over her breasts as the water pelted down around her.

She bowed her head and let the water scour the dirt and sweat off her, sighing in pleasure, despite its coldness. She raised her hands then, arching her back and stretching her hands high above her, welcoming the water hurtling into her.

She backed up a little, and then yelped as she tripped across a rock. She braced for impact but missed the side of the hill, instead falling flat. That surprised her for she didn't think there was room to lie down behind the waterfall.

She looked around, though she could see little because of the darkness. Some light penetrated the water and she could see that she was in the entrance of a cave. She couldn't tell how deep it was, though it went back further than she could see.

She picked herself up, barely bruised from the fall, and crept a little ways into the cave. The sound was enormously loud, a roaring coming from the waterfall at the mouth of the cave. She couldn't hear

anything else and could see very little.

Then, as her eyes adjusted, she realized that there was light here.

It wasn't bright, but once her eyes adjusted, she could see a fair ways. The cave had some kind of glowing, phosphorescent material on it's walls. It looked a little eerie, but she could see to walk.

She thought briefly about going back for her clothes, but since the cave was fairly warm and her clothes were soaking, she decided not to. She moved slowly into the cave, blinking her eyes as they continued to adjust from the outside sunlight.

The cave turned, then turned again. She wasn't worried about being lost since there didn't seem to be any turnoffs. She was, in fact, having a good time. For the first time in several days she was exploring and enjoying herself doing it.

She walked on for twenty minutes or so, finally coming to a cross tunnel. She figured she couldn't get lost if she took the left turn, which angled downward. She moved along it in the low light given by the glowing material on the walls.

She glanced all around her, looking for some signs that natives had once come this way. As he eyes fully adjusted to the dim light, she noted little cuts and carvings in the walls, and ran her hands over them with delight. She wondered if they had been charted yet.

They weren't very familiar, nothing like the Mayans or local Indians that she knew about. She found another cross cave and again turned left. She moved along it, tracing the growing number of carvings in the walls and trying to identify their origin.

Then the cave turned sharply and she came face to face with one of the origins.

She gaped at him and he gaped at her. He looked almost like a stone age native. He wore a loin clothe and had designs painted on his body. His hair was cut short and round, like a bowl.

His eyes dropped in astonishment to her naked body and she instantly remembered her own nudity, covering herself as best she could and baking away. He shouted at her then in some strange language. She shook her head, trying to show him she didn't understand.

He kept moving towards her as she backed away and just as she turned to run, he grabbed her arm and held tightly. She yelped and slapped at him, but though he wasn't tall, he was very strong. He twirled her about and began shoving her back towards the direction he had come from.

There was nothing she could do but walk. Every time she tried to slow

down he shoved her forward hard. She tried to talk to him, but neither of them seemed to know each other's language.

She walked and walked, for what seemed like hours, twisting and turning through so many caverns and tunnels she completely lost her way. They gradually moved upwards though, until she saw the bright light of the sun in the distance.

She ran forward, ignoring the native's shout. The light grew brighter and brighter as she neared the tunnel mouth, and her eyes started to tear from the light. Then she ran out into the sun and screamed in shock, for there were another dozen natives directly in front of her. They all stared at her in shock, while the one behind her ran up behind her and grabbed her again. They all started to jabber at each other in their strange language, then led Nina forward down a wide trail that led to a village a few hundred yards away.

She kept trying to cover her breasts and crotch with her hands but because they kept pushing at her, she kept losing her balance and had to keep jerking her hands out to keep herself upright. She was frantically running through the local native groups trying to match one with this strange, primitive group. Nothing even came close though. Nor did the strange style of the village match anything she knew of.

The village was made up of round, flat roofed thatched mud shacks gathered in neat rows. The place was laid out like a modern subdivision. At the center of the village was an old pyramid temple like the Mayans and Egyptians used. It was about a hundred feet high and looked well repaired.

As she was pushed into the village, more and more people gathered around, men, women, and children. All of them chattered excitedly, pointing and shouting at her. Many tried to touch her, grabbing at her skin and hair. She was even more mortified about her nudity, even though the adults wore only loin clothes and the children were naked. She could hardly think straight with all the shouting in her ears as she was pushed towards a large hut in the center of the village. A man stood out in front of the hut and he stared at her as she was pushed up to stand in front of him.

The crowds of people went silent, gathering in a half circle around her as the man stared her up and down. He was old, with bright white hair. He wore a loin clothe like the others, but his face and chest were painted brightly. Again, she didn't recognize the designs. He moved around her in slow circles, eyes carefully studying her.

Then he stopped and turned to the crowd. He raised his hands and shouted something. The crowd went wild, shouting and applauding and laughing with glee. Then two big men grabbed her and dragged her towards the temple.

She had no idea what was going on. She kept shouting at them, hoping one of them, at least, could understand English, or her poor Spanish. They led her up the long, wide stairway to the top of the temple. It was a long climb.

Once on top, she was pushed into a stone room and left alone while the two men stood outside the entrance. When she tried to leave, they pushed her back. The room was filled with strange objects, all of them stonework and all carved and painted with elaborate patterns. She wandered around looking at things, trying to figure out what they were for.

One large, square thing seemed to be the altar, then there were several tables, and a number of bowls, cups, and chalices. There were little statuettes of animals and bizarre looking creatures, none of which she could catalog.

A noise caused her to turn and she saw a dozen women coming into the low roofed room. They were all smiling and carrying baskets. She tried again to talk to them but they ignored her, obviously not understanding anything she was saying.

They quickly moved around her, giggling and pawing at her. She didn't know what to do. They pulled and pushed her into the middle of the room, forcing to stand on a small, upraised dais. Their hands were coated in some kind of harsh, soapy substance and they began to methodically rub down her body.

She yelped as they took out harsh brushes and scraped at her body. She was covered in soapy bubbles as they cleaned her thoroughly. Then they poured pot after pot of ice cold water over her head until the soap was washed off.

They surrounded her again, again rubbing at her flesh, this time their hands were coated with an oily substance and they began to rub it all over her body, ignoring her renewed protests.

She yelped and squirmed and tried to break away but was surrounded by the circle of women. Their hands touched and squeezed and rubbed across her everywhere, coating her body with a glistening sheen of oil.

The women stood aside then as a large, fat woman moved through them. She had a strange looking device in her hand. It resembled turkey

baster, only made of stone. She brought it towards Nina, moving the tip against her groin.

"Oh no," she gasped, jerking away. Many hands grabbed her, pushing her down on her belly, spreading her legs apart. The fat woman bent behind her as Nina struggled haplessly. She felt the hard stone object pushing against her slick pussy lips, then it probed within her, pushing deep into her belly.

She groaned, her arms and legs jerking against the hands holding her. She felt some kind of liquid slowly dribbling down into her. It was thick and gooey, thicker even than the oil coating her body. It felt very warm, almost uncomfortably so.

They held her in place, patting her head, stroking her hair and cooing to her as more of the liquid slid into her pussy and bubbled down into her belly. Then they rubbed at her mound and let her up. She jerked angrily away from them, her arms in front of her again, vainly trying to cover her nudity. They just giggled, then they turned and filed out of the door. She pawed at her skin, her hands covered with oil. She looked around for some place to clean herself off on, but there was nothing.

She padded around the room, angry and frustrated. These people didn't seem to from any sort of catalogued aborigine group. Ordinarily that would be a great coup, to find a new group, but all she could think of was how to get out of her and away from them.

She scratched at her groin, which was itching mightily. Her flesh felt warm, hot even and she cursed at the oil covering her, wondering if it were to blame. Obviously if her skin couldn't breath, couldn't get air, she would be overheating. The stuff was too thick to rub off without soap or towels though and her body got hotter and hotter. The worst heat was between her legs, from her pussy, in fact and she wondered why that would be. Her sex was hot and itchy and felt terribly uncomfortable. She kept squeezing it and even slapped at herself a few times. It eased the irritating pressure momentarily. She tried to push past the two men but they again forced her back into the room. She cursed at them, then stomped around the room, glaring at the figures carved there. She had to get out of here, she thought. She kicked at one of the walls, then yelped in pain, holding her foot.

Movement behind her alerted her and she turned to find two men coming towards her. They too wore loin clothes, but also elaborate masks and capes. Their masks covered their heads and were carved from wood into

the shape of strange and ugly mythological creatures.

Both men were tall and well-muscled. They seized her upper arms and led her out of the room. She didn't fight them, glad to get out of there at last.

She blinked in the strong sunlight and automatically tried to raise her hand to her eyes to block it. The men held her arms firmly, leading her across the top of the pyramid towards the far edge. She could hear noises from below and looked around to see that the villagers were surrounding the pyramid, gazing up expectantly. The two men led her to the side and held her there as the villagers cheered. Nina hardly cared anymore about her nudity. Instead it was the heat that was getting to her. The strong bright sun made her body heat up even hotter and faster, and she felt herself getting weak.

The two men led her over to the second side and held her arms up above her head to either side. Again the people cheered. She was led across to the third side, her head now throbbing with heat and her body burning. The two held her arms up and the crowd cheered.

They brought her to the fourth side and held her arms up. Now only their strong grip on each arm kept her from collapsing. The people cheered and they half carried her back to the middle of the pyramid.

There were four upright stone posts there, each about waist high.

They pushed her down onto her back, spreading her arms and legs until she was spreadeagled between the posts. Thick vines were tied around her wrists and ankles, binding them firmly.

Then the vines were fastened to the tops of the posts. Four men, all wearing the strange and fearsome masks stepped forward. They each seized one of the vines and pulled, lifting Nina off the ground, pulling her wrists and hands upward to the tops of the posts.

She groaned in pain as the vines dug into her flesh. Her body was held in mid-air, arms and legs spread wide as the men tied her firmly between the posts. The vines were so tight that her body didn't bend at all, her body was absolutely rigid as it was stretched tightly between the four posts.

Only her head hung back, hung down. She was looking at the world upside down and she became even more bleary and confused. She tried to pull her head up but it seemed to weigh a ton. She finally managed to lift her head back up and look down the length of her body.

One of the men there, the man in the masks, had dropped his loincloth. His penis was huge and thick and hard. He chanted in a high, loud voice as he moved himself against her open crotch. Nina

moaned in pain, her body throbbing and overheating.

Then the man moved his cock against her pussy entrance. He didn't hold onto it but merely directed it with his hips. His hands were up in the air as he chanted loudly. His cockhead, uncircumcised of course, probed at her entrance.

Her pussy was spread wide and coated with oil. His dick pushed several times, then caught at her tunnel entrance and he slowly pushed forward, driving his cock deep into her overheated sex as the crowd watched solemnly.

FOUR

Nina's cry of shocked pleasure echoed through the village and could be heard by all the assembled natives below. At once they let up a great roar.

The terrible pressure on her wrists and ankles, the popping of her tautly stretched spine, the overheated throbbing exhaustion of her oil coated body, were all forgotten as Nina's entire universe narrowed to the fiery hot furnace between her legs.

She screamed as the man buried his cock within her, screamed again as he slowly withdrew. Every movement inside her pussy sent an agony of pleasure screaming through her body. The nerve endings in her sheath were raw and exposed, somehow heightened and magnified a thousand fold.

As the man slowly began to work his big cock back and forth within her belly, Nina went mad with pleasure. She came at once, her body frantically jerking and writhing against her bonds as she sought to engulf him, sought to draw him in deeper and deeper.

The man's cock slid back and forth inside her, sending burning sexual energy ripping through her belly. His hands slid down onto her breasts, squeezing them like boiling sacks of water, mashing and twisting and kneading the soft, oily, glistening flesh.

His breathing was hoarse beneath his mask as he pounded his cock into her hot, silky sex. His hands roved across her flanks, easily sliding on the thick layer of oil coating her body. He gripped her shoulders, then climbed up onto her body.

His weight came down hard on her wrists and ankles, making the vines cut even deeper than they already were. He lay down completely atop

her, his cock locked within the tight confines of her bubbling oily sex. Then he began to smoothly stroke down into her again.

His body rubbed up and down against her hot flesh as his cock pumped inside her belly. He kissed her, his mouth covering hers and locking tightly. His hands squeezed her breasts and cupped her buttocks as he fucked his cock into the deepest recesses of her pussy.

She gasped and groaned and moaned in pleasure, her body throbbing and burning and shaking with greater and greater sexual fever. Her attention locked tightly on the cock pistoning within her belly. She felt every ridge, every vein, every bump on his massive organ as it moved inside her.

She screamed again, another orgasm tearing through her body. He bit deep into the side of her throat, jamming his cock deep into the pit of her pussy sheath and spraying his seed down into her body. He hissed into her ear, some kind of curse.

Then he grunted and slowly climbed off her. He stood up before the crowd, displaying his flaccid cock. They cheered, then cheered again as another man in another mask walked forward. This man showed his hard erection, then walked towards Nina and drove it deep into her with a single thrust.

She gave a long quivering groan of pleasure and then began to jerk spastically against her bonds. Her pussy squeezed and sucked at his prong as it slid back and forth inside her. He stood there without moving his hands or head, methodically humping his crotch into her, driving his penis up and down the long length of her tube.

She came and came again, came for him, then came for the next man, and the next and the next and the next. Her orgasms grew greater and more powerful, lasted longer and left her weaker and hotter in their wake. The times between her orgasms shortened until it seemed that her orgasm never stopped, becoming a long, tortuous grinding of tormented agonized nerve endings sizzling, snapping and burning.

Her guts heaved and twisted, her belly boiling and roiling and turning over. Her breath locked within her as the orgasm mounted in size and power. Her body shuddered and trembled, racked by convulsions.

Only the firm bonds around her limbs kept her from twisting and writhing in madness as her body screamed through ecstatic releases of orgasmic force. Her head bounced up and down and shook and thrashed and whipped from side to side.

She screamed and howled and wailed in delight, pleasure and bliss,

her body exploding again and again, climbing to higher and higher levels of climactic release.

The feel of the cocks churning inside her was like nothing she had ever felt before in her life. Never had anything felt like that against her flesh, especially against her hypersensitive pussy. It felt wondrous and impossible, and enthralling.

She screamed again and again, her vocal cords straining as she came continuously, came with a power and strength that was unknown to her, incapable of being resisted and impossible to be survived.

The men continued to fuck the screaming girl, their big sticks pumping slowly and solemnly back and forth inside her belly. Each man fucked her slowly and carefully, rasping their cocks against the burning female flesh encasing them.

Her body was overheating rapidly now, overheating to a dangerous extent. Her skin was still unable to breathe, unable to sweat. Her orgasmic eruptions were raising her pulse, blood pressure and body temperature with each passing second, and her brain began to slowly boil within her skull.

She came still, her body twitching and quivering, unable to move much as it was held between the posts. Her gleaming body lay scorched beneath the burning sun, her chest heaving, and her breasts quivering and shaking.

Her screams weakened, giving way to low groans, murmurs and sobs of agonized pleasure. Her pussy lips were swollen and distended around the fat cock plunging back and forth between them. The masked man between her legs started to fuck her with greater intensity, pounding his cock in and out of her shaking body.

A raging ocean of orgasmic pressure boiled within her. Her eyes were blinded by jagged bolts of light that flashed before her. Every inch of her flesh crackled with powerful electrical discharges. Her eyes bulged and her mouth gaped.

Her temperature rose higher and higher, boiling her within her own flesh. Again and again she shook with massive orgasmic explosions, mewling and whining in delirious pleasure and agony.

As the man's cock pumped inside her burning belly, her body began to pulse, her heart sending blood racing through her veins as her body screamed upwards towards a final orgasmic eruption that would drain the last of her body's energy.

Another of the men in masks moved over her, holding high a long fat, sharply pointed stone, carved to resemble a giant cock. Its tip was

razor sharp and pointed at her chest as he held it above her, waiting for her final, ultimate orgasm to plunge the sharp stone knife deep into her chest.

She gasped and groaned and whimpered and sobbed, her body shaking and quivering and bouncing up and down in her bonds. Her eyes rolled back in her head and the air puffed through her slack-jawed mouth, then, just as the final tremendous climax broke over her, the man plunged the stone dildo knife down towards her chest.

There was a powerful crack of energy and he was hurled backwards, the knife falling from his lifeless hands as his head exploded and he was flung over the edge of the temple, tumbling and rolling down the stairs to the base.

The crowd stilled in shocked silence, watching the man falling down the stairs, unable to comprehend what had happened. There was another loud crack of noise and the man fucking Nina's madly quivering body was also flung backwards, falling downwards to his death.

The villagers panicked at this obvious sign of their God's disapproval, they shrieked and wailed in terror, running off in all directions, hurrying away from the scene before the God's displeasure was vented on them. In less than a minute the square and temple were deserted.

Another minute passed, then a figure appeared from behind a bush and raced up the stairs. At the top, Jack pulled the strap of his high powered rifle across his shoulders and then reached out and cut the bonds holding the still quivering moaning girl to the posts.

He freed her, then hauled her across his shoulder and began to trot back down the stairs with her. He was panting as he hurried through the village and down towards the cave entrance at the far side. He had no idea where the villagers were at the moment and didn't want to. He fervently hoped that they were too far away to see him, though.

He managed to reach the cave, gasping for breath with the girl's weight on his shoulder. There was still no signs of pursuit. The villagers were still hiding from whatever it was they thought had killed their two priests.

He hurried into the caves, slowing down so he could follow the chalk arrows he'd left behind. Getting lost in here was not part of his game plan. It had taken him long enough to get here without spending even more time circling and wandering on his way back.

The girl bounced on his shoulder, moaning now and then. She hadn't said a word since he'd freed her and he began to wonder if maybe she

hadn't simply lost it completely back there. He didn't have time to check just then.

Minutes later there was the sound of bare feet slapping on stone behind them. Many feet from the sound. He cursed and moved faster, trying to unsling his rifle and then giving it up as impossible with the girl on top of it. Instead, he pulled his forty-five out of it's holster and held it carefully as he loped down the cave.

The sounds of pursuit became louder and closer and shadowy movement appeared behind him. The natives caught sight of him and shrieked in rage, racing to catch him. He turned and pointed the forty-five, then squeezed the trigger. The face of the nearest native disappeared as the loud bang of the exploding bullet echoed in the tunnel.

The screams behind him signaled their terror as they stopped their pursuit and fell back. He sighed in relief, knowing he wouldn't be able to run much further with the girl across his shoulder. He grinned up at her ass and patted it as he eased back to a walk.

He relaxed too soon. Ten minutes later the natives came boiling up behind them. He started to run again, turning to blow off the head of another villager. Again their were screams of fear, but the natives kept running. He shot another, then another. Each shot echoed loudly in the tunnels but didn't stop his pursuers.

He couldn't tell how many there were but it sounded like half the village, and they were gaining on him. He turned a corner, realizing as he did that he was now completely lost. He knew the cave behind the waterfall was around here somewhere, but had not time to search. Then he heard rushing water. He turned right and raced towards it, pursued by the howling mob of natives. He rushed into a dead end cavern then, only to find no way out. There was a deep underground river passing through the middle of the cavern, but he had no idea where it led.

The native rushed into the cavern and the held his breath and jumped into the river, diving downwards. The river carried the two of them along, under the wall of the cavern and down along the narrow, rounded tunnel. He held a hand over Nina's mouth and nose and held his own breath, praying they'd come out into another cavern before they both drowned.

Suddenly, bright light flared in his face and he was falling through the air. He barely had time to brace himself before he and Nina crashed into a deep pool of water. He dragged her up and swam out away from the falling water.

As soon as he looked around he realized that they were in the damned lake where they'd started. He'd managed to find the underground river that ended in the waterfall here. He swam ashore, keeping his eyes on the waterfall, but none of the little Indians came tumbling through.

They probably didn't know how to swim.

He carried the naked girl ashore and then let her down as he gasped for breath and collapsed exhaustedly beside her. He rested for longer than he thought was smart, but he needed to catch his breath if he was going to cart her home.

Nina stirred somewhat and mumbled, but didn't waken near enough to walk. He hauled her across his shoulder again and slowly set out for camp, cursing her and the natives both, as well as her father and his own damned luck and stupidity in getting signed on with this stupid expedition of hers.

It took him an hour to get her back to camp. Once there, he dropped her on her folding cot inside her tent, then fetched some soap and rags and began to clean the sticky oily stuff off her body. She moaned a lot, and he couldn't help noticing her swollen breasts and hard, pointed nipples.

If he'd been a man of only slightly less ethics, he would have plugged her right there while she slept. As it was he hurriedly finished cleaning her, threw on a light sheet and left her alone there, where she slept for hours.

Nina woke in darkness. Her body still felt hot, especially between the legs. She groaned as she opened her eyes and looked blearily around. Her hand slid down her body, noting the absence of the oozing oil, then down between her legs.

It felt itchy still there, not as bad as before but still very hot and uncomfortable. She wanted to pee, or scratch, or fuck. She began rubbing at her pussy, moaning softly. A light flared nearby and she stopped. One of the labourers came over to her, holding a lantern high.

"Ju wake lady?" he asked, his dull eyes questioning. "Senor Blackthorne, he tell me, keep watch for you."

"Water," she croaked.

"Ju wanna water? Sure. No problem, lady." He moved away momentarily, then returned with a canteen, which he held to her lips. She swallowed large gulps of cool liquid, groaning in happiness as the water slid down her parched throat and into her belly.

"Ahhh, ju best cover dees, Lady," he said, embarrassed. In her eagerness to get her hands on the canteen she'd dislodged the sheet from her chest, revealing her shining round orbs. He tugged it back up under her arms, his skin flushing slightly.

She pulled her lips away from the canteen, looking down at her chest, then up at him as he bent forward above her.

"Fuck me," she groaned.

"Huh?"

"Fuck my cuuuuuuuunt!" she groaned, throwing off the sheet and spreading her legs wide. The man gaped as she squeezed her breasts and rubbed at her crotch.

"I teenk you no well, lady," the man said, his voice quivering.

"Fuck meeeee!" she whined, reaching up for his crotch and squeezing her fingers around his rapidly hardening cock.

"Lady!" he moaned. "I don' teenk' Senor Blackthorne weel like dees!"

"I need your coooock!" she moaned, pulling her legs wide. She practically tore open his loose pants and pulled his hard erection out into the light. She sighed with pleasure as she looked up at it. Then she pulled it downwards towards her pussy.

The man eagerly followed, dropping to his knees between her legs, then falling forward onto her body as she pulled his prong against her sex and shoved it in.

Both of them groaned with pleasure as his organ slid into her.

"OHhhhhh Yeeesssss!" Nina gasped, shoving her loins up against it, impaling herself on his hard prong. The terrible itch in her loins began to subside as the man started to fuck desperately. His prick rasped in and out of her sex, twisting and banging away inside her, slamming at the walls of her pussy as he lurched from side to side and grunted in delight.

His head jammed down between her wobbling breasts and he licked and kissed her chest. Then his mouth moved over her breasts, sucking hard at her nipples as his rough hands fondled and squeezed her excited mammarys. His hard body covered hers and rasped up and down against her soft white flesh as he energetically stuffed his long fat cock into her hot wet fuck tube.

"Oh! Oh! Fuck! Fuck!" she groaned, humping back up at him, jamming her cunt up against his belly as she felt his cock sliding back and forth inside her. Her insides sizzled and burned with passion as her cum poured down around his pistoning tool.

Her skin seemed to shimmer with electricity as she grunted and rutted

up at him. Her fleecy pink pussy sucked ferociously on his pumping cock, threatening to tear it off at the root. He gasped and groaned, thrusting wildly into her, his cock burning from her terrible heat. He sucked her left nipple into his mouth and bit hard, making her moan with pain. He sucked fiercely, his hands constantly mashing and twisting her two large fat melons as he humped his hips up and down between her spread legs.

She was too much for him, her pussy too hot and spastic. He grunted and arched his back, jamming his tool deep into her box as his cum spewed into her.

She whimpered and bucked up against him, her legs sliding around him and drawing him into her as her body absorbed his spitting seed.

Still she needed more, her pussy too raw and greedy to be satisfied.

It took possession of her dazed mind, it's passion demanding more and more sexual fulfilment.

The delirious girl refused to let go of him, and he had to forcibly remove her arms and legs to pull himself away.

"Noooo!" she moaned. "Fuck me!" Fuck meeeee!" She began to rub furiously at her gaping pussy opening, rasping her fingers across her clitoris as she mewled and groaned with carnal desire.

He stared at her in shock, swallowing nervously and looking around.

He tried to put the sheet back over her but she simply threw it off.

He jumped out of the entrance and looked around, then waved furiously at a pair of his friends sitting by the fire.

They came over and he pulled them into the tent, where their eyes bulged at the sight of the woman on the bed desperately masturbating.

"Fuck me!" she gasped, staring desperately at them. "Fuck my cunt!"

They hurried over, the bolder man, a tall, middle aged man named Julio, quickly dropped his pants and climbed atop her. She whimpered in anticipation, then let out a long groan of satisfaction as his hard erection slid into her pussy.

He was hardly the subtle kind. His hands gripped her soft buttocks and jerked her up against him as he repeatedly drove his cock into her hole. He kissed her roughly, his tongue sliding over her face and throat, then down across her rounded breast meat.

Her sex was incredibly tight as it squeezed his rod. He ploughed energetically into her, using the cot to bounce himself up and down on top of her. His hips smashed down into her thighs repeatedly as his boner slid up and down in her sopping pussy hole.

The other man moved to the head of the cot and tore her pillow out

from under her head, tossing it on the floor. He grabbed her by the head, sliding her further up the cot until her head came over the edge and fell backwards.

Then his own erection was at her lips. She ignored it, seemingly not even seeing it at first. Then she opened her lips and he pushed it inside. She sucked automatically, mumbling around the width of it as the man fucked his cock down into her oral cavity.

The other man continued to rut down into her, grunting with each downward stroke. Her insides sucked and squeezed his cock like a fist, though with incredibly soft, pulpy, silken pussy walls providing their own heat and delightful sensations of pleasure.

He cursed her in Spanish, rodding his prick into her with increasing force as his cum approached. His hands twisted her breasts savagely, pulling and mashing the soft breast meat as he chewed and sucked on her flesh.

Nina was not nearly as confused and dazed as she had been at the temple. And in a far of corner of her mind, she howled and raged in fury and despair over her own actions. But she could not help herself. The terrible need in her pussy had to be met. The awful, desperate desire for heat and hardness must be fulfilled. She had to be satisfied. Nothing else mattered.

Her hands grabbed the man's bottom and hauled him tighter against her groin as she sucked furiously on the cock between her lips. The man there pumped into her harder and harder, and she made no effort to resist as his cockhead popped into her throat and he began to fuck its long length up and down her throat tube.

She had become a carnal animal, a crazed lust filled nymphomaniac that had to have cock. Unlike at the temple, her orgasm was not quick in coming. She had yet to have one. Instead there was only the desperate desire for satisfaction that didn't seem to be met no matter what was done her.

She ground herself up against him furiously, grinding her clitoris against his cock as it pistoned back and forth inside her. She took the long length of the other man's cock down her throat tube, her tongue and lips working energetically on it as it slid past them.

Her cum approached agonizingly slowly. Her body sparkled as if with static electricity. Her hair spread out around her and her body tingled. She groaned and whined and grunted and whimpered, and still her orgasm eluded her.

Then the man fucking her groaned and began to pound his cock with

even more speed and force. Nina's chest heaved as she locked her pubic muscles around his rod, and sucked the cum right out of his balls. She felt it gurgling down inside her, being sucked down into her womb. The man sighed and pulled his cock out. Nina threw her legs back against her chest, pulling her own ankles up by her ears as if in invitation. The man fucking her face, jerked his cock out of her mouth and pulled down on her ankles, raising her ass upwards into the air. He knelt above her, his knees pressing against the side of her shoulders as his hands gripped her rounded bottom and hauled her up higher. He slid his cock into her gaping sex and began to bounce her up and down as he giggled and gasped and groaned in pleasure. His cock slid back and forth inside her with harsh, uneven jerks and stabs. He crushed her body beneath his, half sitting on her thighs, squashing her in two as he rutted into her. Nina looked up at his balls swinging back and forth, and watched his long shaft pumping in and out of her glistening opening.

Still she could not cum. She whimpered with need, unable to hump upwards in her awkward position. The man jammed his prong into her and sighed with relief as his balls drained. She felt his sperm jetting down into her tunnel and seeping into her guts and moaned anxiously. He pulled out and her body fell apart, her bottom and legs falling back to the bed. She rubbed at her pussy and looked despairing at the backs of the three men as they hurried away. She crawled out of bed, her body weak but throbbing with desire.

She kept one hand in her pussy, rubbing furiously as she staggered out of the tent and out into the deserted camp. She wobbled and swayed from side to side as she made her way over to the next tent and pushed inside.

The sound of snoring came to her in the darkness. She moved towards the sound and her feet encountered the sleeping body of one of the labourers. He grunted and came awake quickly as she fell across him. He shouted in surprise and shock, then gasped as he felt her naked body pressing against him, her large, rounded breasts pushing into his face.

A light flared and the other two men in the little tent stared in astonishment at the sight of Nina mashing her breasts against the man's face while she grabbed at his cock and tried to insert it into her sex.

The cock hardened quickly and she sighed as she slid it into her box and sank down onto it. She humped up and down madly, her bottom

bouncing and churning as she repeatedly impaled herself on his organ. His hands fondled and squeezed her hanging breasts as she mewled and whined.

The other two crawled over and stared in shock. Nina's eyes bulged and she grabbed one of them, her hand closing around his erection.

"Fuck meee! Fuck meeee!" she moaned. "Fuck my asshole!"

Nina had never been sodomised before, but had heard of it, dismissing it as disgusting and degrading. Now her body needed cock and she wanted it any way she could get it.

The man climbed behind her, pushing down on her back as he took his knobby cockhead and pushed it against the round little hole next to the pumping staff of his tentmate. There was only a tiny distance between the girl's two openings, and it stretched tautly as he slowly worked his erection into her anus.

She groaned and yelped, whining and growling furiously as his cock drove forward into her rectum. She humped down and back, taking both cocks deep into her belly as her body shimmered and twitched and shook with need. She felt the two cocks working back and forth inside her guts with thrilled delight.

She was stuffed with cock, packed with cock, then a hand grabbed her head, twisting it up and to the side and she saw another cock before her lips. She opened them with a glad cry and took the third man's organ into her mouth.

She sucked and bobbed her face as the man pumped. Now she had three cocks inside her body. She grunted around the one in her mouth even as she rutted back and down against the two cocks rutting against her loins. Six hands moved over her body, squeezing, fondling, pinching, rubbing and twisting.

Three cocks pumped inside her as she jerked and humped back, her eyes wide and crazed as she began to approach her orgasm. She tore herself back and forth, ignoring the restraining squeezes and grips of the six hands as they roamed her body.

Then it came. Her eyes bulged and her body stiffened into stone for a brief instant. Then she was racked by convulsions, her body shaking and shuddering madly as she was overcome by a towering wall of orgasmic energy that seared through her frame.

To the men fucking her it seemed as though the woman went mad, flinging her body from side to side, making strange delirious noises, writhing and thrashing her limbs and head. Still, they kept fucking her, their cocks pounding into her convulsing body.

One by one they dropped their loads inside her, spitting their seed into her throat, her pussy and her anus. Nina's contortions slowly eased and her moaning and cries stopped. She sank nearly lifeless onto the body of the man beneath her, spent.

The three men whispered anxiously, then two of them carried her back outside and over to her own tent, dropping her in her cot and then hurrying back to their own tent.

Nina hardly moved. She was gripped by a powerful sense of relaxation and satisfaction. Her body's cravings had finally been fulfilled and she was able to rest. Within her pussy, the oily substance coating her pink flesh began to heat up once more. For the more sperm it came in contact with, the more it grew in strength, seeping into her nerves, her flesh, her organs. She slept on, as her body became more and more a thing of carnal lust.