

S.M. Knights

THE SUN AND  
THE STONES



## **S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones**

### **Chapter 1**

The fight at sea was a brief one. Pharaoh's officers captured the two vessels with very little struggle after the early dawn fight had begun. Ester, Queen Darla's daughter, along with several others were now captives of Kufu, absolute ruler of upper and lower Egypt at the time of the great pyramids.

"The matter of the captives, sire, from the island of Lyre!" cried out Besephus, Pharaoh's number one advisor.

"Bring them forward." Kufu said with a wave of his hand. The two fan boys behind him were working hard, but it was still hot enough to be uncomfortable. The royal garments and staff simply wondrous with splendor, were definitely not designed for comfort. Kufu mumbled to himself that he would have another set made, more comfortable for such hot days as these passing.

A commotion and struggle ushered in five captive women, who now stood before the throne in chains and tatters of their clothing hanging loosely about. Pharaoh was the first to speak, "When in the presence of Pharaoh, you kneel!" The guards forced the women to their knees.

Ester cleared her throat, "Oh mighty Pharaoh of Egypt, your men attacked my ship and small escort as we were returning from a festival of celebration with the Hemoratites of the east. Why have you done this; as you can see, we are only women and were ill equipped for a fight? I know that our island and your powerful nation have not always seen eye to eye, but if you would let us go, we will seek passage home and consider the matter of our ships at another time..."

Pharaoh's eyes narrowed on her as she spoke. These Lyre women had a knack for rubbing nerves raw. "Silence! Your ships were ordered to stand down for inspection. You know that war looms between Egypt and the Hemoratites and anyone shipping arms, support or alliances with them comes under suspicion. I understand that you were just attending a festival, but the need for verification is necessary by my officers and fleet whenever anyone comes and goes from a Hemoratite port. Why didn't you stop for a routine inspection?"

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

Pharaoh settled back in his elevated throne; waiting a reply from the Lyre woman.

Ester looked at her companions and then immediately back at Pharaoh, "My lord, your fail to understand that we... we were mostly naked; we were still quite drunk from the festival. Livita here still has a whiff of the ambrosia from the festivities..." Ester knew that Pharaoh didn't accept her lighthearted explanation. In all actuality, during the Festival of Horn, Lyre and Hemoratia did try to seek alliance. Lyre, composed mostly of women who defended themselves with pride, could use any and all the help they could get.

Pharaoh brushed the mealy mouth explanations with a wave of his hand. His eyes narrowed on Ester, "You!!! You who claim innocence and shyness of nudity put on a different air whenever my warriors arrive on your island. I have heard tell that as many as a thousand of your prettiest young women fall out to greet them just as naked as the day they were born. I hardly think that your ship would have truly decided to play coy after only a festival and a few naked bodies. My men would not have harmed you half as much had you not have tried to run. You have another motive, and I do wish to know what that is..." Pharaoh shifted about to comfort himself.

Caleena, the female commander of Ester's ship, grew more and more angry at the conversation. She shook her fist at Pharaoh and cried out, "Pharaoh of Egypt, you are a tyrant! You enslave us and force us to do you bidding. You oppress us until we can no longer pay without hurting our citizens or make them starve. Hear me, and take warning..."

"Ester! Quiet your pet, before I grow angry!" Pharaoh was not used to being lectured to.

Ester turned to her officer and in a loud clear voice commanded, "Caleena, silence! You are only making matters worse. Now set down and let me do the talking." Ester glared at Caleena who shifted her weight back and forth on her feet.

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

"Ester, this man is the cause of our misery, you know good and well..." Caleena began to ramble in such a way as to both irritate Pharaoh and pique his interest.

"Caleena, I said be quiet! Your mouth is getting ahead of your wits!" Ester now faced Caleena and with almost uncontrollable rage, acted as if she would lose control of herself, she did and slapped her in the face. Pharaoh scratched his jaw, somewhat amazed that Ester slapped her officer. The sound of the slap echoed in the throne room. The silence was broken as Pharaoh cleared his throat, "Ester, leave her be. In fact..." Pharaoh stood up and slowly climbed down from his throne as he spoke, "... let her speak. Let her tell me to my face what a tyrant I am. Oh, and how badly I treat the good citizenry of your island." Pharaoh focused his words on Caleena, Ester's youngest officer, "Let's see, Caleena is that your name?" Caleena looked down at the floor and nodded at Pharaoh's words as he walked over to her. He lifted her chin, "Why don't you begin with what you and Ester know, hum?"

Caleena was now obviously very nervous and her courage was falling away as Pharaoh approached her. His hand lifted her chin, she began to whimper, "Oh, sire, I am sorry I have insulted you and made a fool of my lady... I... I... Oh, no..." Pharaoh looked over at Ester. Anger once again appeared on his face. He walked over to Ester and looked her in the eyes, "It seems your young female officer isn't so anxious to let me in on your little secret, is she?" Pharaoh felt confident these women were indeed hiding something.

Ester looked him in the face and let her gaze drift over to her sobbing officer. She looked back at Pharaoh, "Again, sire, I ask only that you let us go. I ask humble forgiveness for causing disorder and the matter of my two ships is over. We are all that's left, please all I ask now is for you to let us return to Lyre and this matter will be behind us both..."

Pharaoh smiled at her. His face grew solemn, "I'll ask you this one time, in the name of peace between our lands. You obviously were attempting to run home with some news or special words from the Hemoratites for your queen. Yes there was a festival, but it only

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

served as a cover for your real activities. Now, I'll ask just this, what secrets have been exchanged between Lyre and Hemoratia?"

Ester lowered her eyes and remained silent. Pharaoh looked at her with narrow eyes, "Guards, lock them up. They will be staying with us for a while. I am not satisfied with Princess Ester's explanation and I'm sure more clarification is needed." He turned his back to them returning to the throne.

One of her other officers, a young woman of twenty, struggled and let out a cry, "No! You can't do this to us! We are diplomats..." With those words she broke free and made a lunge for Pharaoh.

Pharaoh turned quickly and with remarkable agility, he side stepped the girl, who then stumbled and fell, but grabbed an upright torch holder. She brandished it as a weapon. Two guards grabbed her from behind while a third one and Pharaoh himself disarmed her. They were amazed at her strength and fortitude.

Pharaoh, obviously shaken a bit at this outburst announced, "I'll not have brawling in my court, guards, get them out of here! Oh and see to it this one is lashed; so that she may contemplate the error of her ways..."

Ester spoke up in the girl's defense, "Sire, Malita is young, and she has orders to protect me as a body guard. Would you punish her for merely following orders?" Ester focused with firm words directed at Pharaoh. He relaxed a bit, hearing Ester's comments. Looking at the girl, and back at Ester, he decided that this woman would not have the last word in his court, "Very well then, guards have them both lashed then let them share of the rings; maybe young Malita can get a better feel of the body she is promised to guard!" There was a brief laughter at Pharaoh's play on words, then several guards herded the women out of the throne room. Pharaoh ascended his throne as he called for continuation, "Besephus, begin the next order of business..."

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## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

"I will not have any more excuses concerning the difficulties in construction of my final resting place, is that understood, Priests!?!"  
Pharaoh was agitated that the last hour of his day had been spent going over mistakes and excuses for delays on his pyramid, "Besephus, tell me there are no more bearers of bad news or excuse givers. I'm fed up with them. Priests, be gone with you and be glad I'm not sending the lot of you to work in the stone quarries and that I've let you off with your skins." The Priests bowed quickly and silently exited, leaving Besephus and Pharaoh to talk.

Pharaoh went over to a chair and sat burrowing his face in his hands, he looked up at Besephus and spoke sincerely, "My friend, pour us some wine and sit with me..." He did and quietly sat while Pharaoh rubbed his temples as if to fight off a headache, "You know, my friend, you are probably the only council to Pharaoh in my family's history that ever sat and chatted one on one with the living God of Egypt. I do so cherish your friendship and words of wisdom; am I asking too much of my people concerning this Pyramid?"

Besephus looked with frankness at his friend and absolute master and ruler, "Sire, you ask of them to do what they must for you and your position. I think they work for you more out of respect and tradition than for anything you have said." Pharaoh looked up suddenly at his friend, not sure if he liked what he said or not, Besephus continued, "They love and respect you, they will follow you to their end knowing that you will protect them in the world to come. It is far better to have Pharaoh's power working for them, than against them. In truth, you also employ a number of slaves to handle the work, thus leaving a larger number of our people to support you in ways they are accustomed to. It is wise that you not ask them to sacrifice what they can joyously do for you for the sake of a few years of keeping on schedule. You are wise." Pharaoh listened to him and nodded his understanding.

"I love these chats with you, they are like the ones we had when we were still young and under the care of our mothers. Sometimes I thought you were the Pharaoh and I was just a general ready to carry out your conquests." Pharaoh smiled at almost the same time as Besephus and put his hand on his friend's shoulder.

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

Besephus' voice took on a serious note, "Sire, I do need to discuss something with you, it is not about the Pyramid."

Pharaoh smiled quickly and got serious, "What is it?"

"It's concerning the Lyre women, Sire. Do you plan to release them or..." Besephus asked and paused without being interrupted by Pharaoh as he made a subtle attempt to get an answer from him.

"Let's visit them..." Pharaoh looked at Besephus who just nodded with a soft raise in his eyebrow.

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Entering the lower chambers of the Palace, the two men could smell the sulfurous gasses from the torches lining the corridor. Their footsteps made a soft echo behind the mutter of their voices. In the background could be heard the sifting sound of a whip lash followed by a woman's whimper; it was Pharaoh who spoke nervously to Besephus, "This must be the final results, Besephus, I won't stand for less, understand?" Nodding all the while, Besephus only listening to his master. He made one last nod of his head as the two men turned a corner entering one of several chambers near the treasure vaults. There voices fell silent as they saw a very naked Ester standing spread eagle with thin loops circling each of her thumbs and big toes. Standing to one side of her, naked but for a loincloth, stood a Berber guard holding a six-thong lash made of braided, thin strips of camel hide. Ester's nakedness was pretty much covered with welts from the nap of her neck to her ankles, and nothing else: her pretty cunt was devoid of any protective curls. This was compulsory attire for all female slaves, servants, captives and courtesans in Egypt, but Pharaoh had been told that many free women from Lyre also followed that elegant custom.

The Berber stopped whipping Ester as if to wait for a signal to continue; Pharaoh held up the palm of his hand indicating for him to stop the lashing. Besephus peered into the shadows trying to adjust his eyes to the dimly flickering light of the chamber, he saw Malita standing like Ester, nude with lash marks streaking her everywhere,

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

the only difference was she had been fitted with large rings into her nipples and clitoris which protrudes proudly between her plump hairless cunt lips.

Pharaoh whispered an aside to his friend, "Besephus see, these two would rather take a whipping than give up to my demands... I'll show you more proof..." Pharaoh moved toward Ester, whose head now rested on her shoulder, he approached her and held his hand out for a ladle of water, "Care for a drink, dear Ester, daughter of Darla?" Ester's eyes fluttered open a bit, she shifted herself, slightly which caused her breasts to judder visibly, and under her breath, she gave a muted sigh, "Ah..."

Holding the ladle, Pharaoh put it to her lips, she drank and looked at him, then spit it out on him, "You... I thought you would never come down here, except to play with your treasure..." It was a disrespectful remark, which earned her a couple of more strokes with the whip, which Pharaoh motioned for the Berber to lay on her. She jerked and shivered as the last lash uncoiled itself from her.

Pharaoh dipped the ladle himself once again, "Learning respect as a female slave can be painful; as your master I will offer you water just once more..." He held the ladle up to her face this time she looked at it and turned her face away. Her comment was only, "I will drink when I know I am free..."

Pharaoh tossed the ladle aside, "Very well then, you may share of each other's thirst together." He motioned to the Berber to fix the two of them together and he started moving toward Besephus as if to speak when his movement was halted by Ester's words, "My lord Pharaoh, I ask only that you accept me..."

"For what you are, Ester; a slave girl?" Pharaoh looked at her and raised his eyebrows.

"Yes, master, your slave girl... May we please be allowed to leave..." Her eyes accepted as well as pleaded with him.

## **S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones**

He smiled at her for a short moment, turning from her he focused on Besephus as he spoke, "Guard, accommodate these two and see to it she is brought to my chambers when the moon is up... tonight..." Besephus smiled and nodded at Pharaoh.

**Chapter 2**

A nude Kufu walked out onto the balcony of his chambers; kneeling equally naked before him was Ebony, his Nubian slave girl. She ministered to his sex as it was her duty; sucking him to his pleasure. Looking unfocused upon the grounds of his palace, his mind wandered back to his earlier visit to the dungeon. Closing his eyes, feeling the splendor of Ebony's mouth, Kufu's mind drew a picture of Ester standing with her thumbs and big toes holding her in place while the Berber lashed her back and breasts with braided camel hide. Each stroke, painting her nudity with thin red welts that didn't break the skin, but left her shuddering and heaving at their sting. He remembered her pitiful squeals of both delight and pain as her most sensitive parts were pierced and jointly ringed with Malita's; leaving the two girls to climax again and again unable to escape the constant stimulation of their enforced intimate contact. Malita had got to know the body she was assigned to guard very well that afternoon.

From the balcony position, Kufu looked down at the palace garden and pool; looking deep blue and inviting in the heat of the afternoon. Next to it rested a special obsidian stone, black and shiny with a pointed edge at the apex of its triangular shape. Closing his eyes, he thought back on how many times he'd been in his pool when it became necessary to punish one of his slave girls by putting her astride that stone, his cock began to swell large in the Nubian girl's mouth. It was uncomfortable for her to relieve him with her mouth, but then she was a female and females must obey their male masters and they should be whipped from time to time, so it is written.

Kufu felt his balls began to swell and throb with the girl's sucking and the thoughts running through his mind. If Ebony choked on him like she did before, this time he'd make her sit on the stone with her hands behind her head, unbound, while the crest blistered her clit. His cock began to swell larger and larger, Ebony sensed that he was about to come. Using her pinkie finger, like the Shaman of her tribe taught her, she slipped it gently into his ass hole, tickling his prostate gland. With an explosion that made him gasp, he stifled a groan as he held the girl's head and rammed his cock full into her mouth, coming by the buckets as he watched her close her eyes and

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

struggle to swallow him as fast as she could. Again, as he squirted into her mouth she tried to make a silent gasp for air, squealing as she squirmed. Ebony silently fought back a choke and swallowed him as fast as she could. She remembered the last time she gagged while sucking his cock. Pharaoh had her strung up by her ankles while Colossus paddled her ass and strapped her sex nearly raw, all the while he rammed his massive self into her mouth. Colossus was so big and powerful as a male that he could come many times before being satisfied. Her small butt turned cherry red before Colossus had come enough times to satisfy himself with her. She remembered she couldn't sit down for a full moon cycle because of that paddling he'd given her.

Pharaoh looked down at the girl who still had her lips on his now somewhat limp cock. His cum was dribbling down the sides of her mouth. She looked up at him obediently. "Rise little one, for a moment I thought you might be gagging on me." She got a fearful look on her face and shook her head no. She didn't speak a word to him. "Good, you remember what happened the last time you gagged?" She nodded. "Colossus nearly beat your cute little ass off, didn't he?" She nodded again. "Yes, and that strap of his polished your bare slit to a shiny pink I recall as well; I think we need to go for a swim. Fetch some clothes and bring those lazy sluts Blossom and Honey out with you. Oh, while I am thinking of Colossus, have him join with us..." Pharaoh whispered softly into her ear, as she turned aside, she gave a slight, almost choking cough. She quickly looked back over her shoulder at him, she thought sure he didn't notice her cough.

Ebony hurried to obey his orders, all the while a shiver ran down her spine at the very thought of Colossus. She found Blossom and Honey; Blossom was forcing Honey to tongue her, with her wrists tied behind her back and her head buried in Blossom's crotch. She smiled at Ebony who smiled back, then left to find Colossus. Age was working against Honey, who was twelve years older than the two Nubians. It was obvious there was dislike for her, due mostly to her fair complexion; she'd become a slave of slaves. Still attractive and of a fine figure, but the telltale signs of intense sexual abuse put Honey to a slight disadvantage to her younger, and more agile sisters in slavery. Kufu had acquired his blonde slave girl after a battle on the island of

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

Cypress. He'd called her Honey as her skin would turn a golden brown in the sun, like the color of honey.

Kufu splashed about in the pool and fondled his three slave girls whenever he could. Colossus' massive six foot nine frame stood by the pool, wearing his loincloth, which by any standards was entirely too small for him. Kufu got out of the water, Honey scrambled out to assist him putting on his robe. He wiped some of the water off his face and went over to sit in his poolside chair. There was no talking as Honey ministered to his needs. It only took a moment for Kufu to change the atmosphere from frolic to serious, "Ebony, get out of the pool." She did and went over to him still dripping wet, kneeling before him, "I detected a small gag from you earlier while you ministered to me; is that not so?"

"Oh, my lord, no, I relish pleasing you. I am your devoted slave girl and bed companion, ready for your every whim." Ebony quickly replied. She realized to herself that her words were spoken too quickly.

Kufu acted casual enough, but he listened to her closely. Not focusing his eyes on her, but looking into the face of his blonde slave girl he smiled at her as he spoke his next words to Ebony, "Ebony, I want you to demonstrate your devotion to me, here and now. I want you to go over to the black stone and sit on it with you sex split over the crest. Unbound, you will put your wrists crossed behind your head and sit facing Ra. I want you to exhibit your devotion to me and to Ra, understand."

Ebony swallowed hard, she knew the stone was hot and it would likely scorch her tender sex. Sucking in her breath, she bowed low to her master and voiced her devotion, "Yes, my master." With amazing courage, even in the eyes of Honey, for whom no love was ever lost, Ebony walked over to the stone, and with Colossus' help, climbed up and spread the lips of her sex, settling down onto the hellishly hot crest. It was enough to make her whimper softly, but only enough for Colossus to hear. He whispered to her that she was doing a brave thing. In position, she put both wrists crossed behind her head as ordered and thrust her chest out to soaking up the burning rays of the sun as she felt her clit began to bake to a throb on the searing stone

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

crest. Blossom watched with awe as Ebony did this thing; she knew Ebony had guts.

Ebony moved slightly on the stone, her bare breasts with rock hard nipples pointing upwards to the overhead sun, exposed by the awkward positioning of her wrists behind her head, undulated softly. Her slender legs forcefully spread by the triangular shape of the stone; she wiggled her toes with her feet - unable to touch the grass only a few inches below them. Her body glistened with sweat as she sat exposed and suffering for the will of her master. Kufu decided to get back into the pool, he motioned for Honey to jump in, she did. The three of them frolicked and played with each other's bodies just as casually as if Ebony never existed. Kufu's thoughts though masked with the actions in the pool were never away from the girl on the stone. He surfaced after a brief grab play with Honey and as he came up in front of her, looking into her eyes, he spoke to the other Nubian, Blossom: "Nubian trollop number 2, come here." She swam over to him and answered, "Yes, my master?" He continued to look at Honey as he spoke, "Do you find it shameful that I expose your sister to such humiliation on the stone?"

Blossom knew that was a loaded question, "Master, you ask for devotion, she gives it as I do, my lord."

Kufu still looking at Honey, "Well spoken, trollop number 2, would you like to take her place; you know, to express your devotion for which you speak so highly of?"

Blossom's heart began to beat wildly, she wasn't ready to go onto the stone for anyone, "Master, are you ordering me to go or do you just want my feelings?" This was the wrong reply and she knew it. Honey closed her eyes at hearing those words, as Kufu quickly turned to Blossom with a very angry look on his face, he called out, "Colossus!"

About an hour later, a very drunk Pharaoh viewed Blossom, inverted between two wooden posts near the stone, her ass and sex beaten almost raw with a rhino hide, as she whimpered and sniveled while Colossus untied his loin cloth exposing his massive cock and

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

balls. Fully twelve inches long in its semi-erect condition; both of his balls were the size of Pharaoh's fist. Ebony shifted herself slightly on the crest, closing her eyes. Honey decidedly licked her lips with a subtle glimmer in her eye as Blossom's nipples grew hard in anticipation of his cock. Pharaoh still noticeably angered with her nodded to Colossus, "Give it to her in the cunt until it's full of your come, then fill her up the rest of the way in her ass. I want you to fuck her until it comes out of her mouth, understand, this bitch will learn not to be a smart mouth cunt or I'll have her rammed with a cog and displayed on the palace walls; now do her!" He dove back into the pool and motioned for Honey to follow him.

Colossus did as he was ordered, fully fucking the living daylights out of Blossom coming in her at least three or four times. Finished with her cunt, which was now dripped to overflow, he began on her ass, ramming it all the way in, not as gently as Blossom would have liked. He thrust and thrust until he spunked her long enough to make her choke and spit up white; it actually looked like she spit out his come.

Kufu still angry with her, "Colossus, hoist her up higher and make her suck you. I want you to come in her mouth so much she chokes on you, understand!?" Colossus nodded, but deeply he was beginning to feel the effects of this entire coming and quite frankly wished she wouldn't suck him. He did as his master ordered, and fully twenty minutes later, Blossom was choking and gagging on a heavy mouthful of his come. Yet, still, she didn't beg or plea for forgiveness, and this began to anger Kufu even more. He ordered Colossus to give her another mouth fucking and when Colossus indicated he needed some rest, he threw an absolute fit. Storming out of the pool, he went over to a nearby myrtle tree and cut a slender switch. Going over to Blossom, he began to beat her severely with it; everywhere but her head. This done, sweating and breathing heavily, he looked about beside himself with anger, and with a feat of remarkable strength, he jerked Ebony off the stone and dragged her kicking and screaming over to Blossom. Picking her up he slammed her cunt to cunt down onto Blossom's struggling form. The two girls were cleft to cleft, ne sitting astride the other's cunt. Taking up a rope, he bound Ebony's wrists in place above her head keeping her from slipping off Blossom,

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

"There now, you two Nubian cunts rub yourselves together, go on, rub... RUB!!!" The two women did as they were told and began cunt friction each other. It obviously hurt like fire as Ebony's cunt was in a sorry shape from the scorching it'd received on the stone. Meanwhile, Blossom was screaming from the nasty strapping she'd gotten earlier from Colossus' rhino hide.

Meanwhile, Honey witnessing all this, was so afraid he would find something to take out on her, she kept underwater as much as she could to keep him from noticing her. This was a bad idea as the longer she kept herself under the more she gagged and choked when she surfaced. It only took one time for him to notice this action by her to get him worked up at her, he dove into the pool and grabbed her, "So you don't like what I'm doing to these two tribal whumpets, do you? Come with me, my foolish fair skinned little bitch!" Not a thing in the world could compare to Pharaoh when he was angry and drunk.

In about fifteen minutes, Honey found herself riding a prong. It was well up inside of her and it made her stomach hurt. Standing on her tiptoes, it was all she could do to keep it from rupturing her insides. Her arms had been wrenched behind her back to a spreader, making her breasts thrust shamefully outward. Using a length of rope, he tied her hair to the bar making her head tilt back forcing her to stare up at blue sky; she had a plug gag in her mouth. She could feel the sun on her breasts and knew full well the vulnerability of their exposure. Right now, she could only hear what was going on. In the background she heard Colossus and Kufu talking but could not understand them, then she heard a heavy splash in the pool, it was obvious that Colossus jumped in or was pushed. She heard some more muttering and cursing near the Nubians and their screaming began again with the sounds of the switch mixed in. When it stopped the Nubians remained whimpering and squealing in obvious pain. Someone approached her and for a split second there was only silence. She jumped nearly out of her skin as she felt Pharaoh's fingers tweaking her nipples. In her strained position, she nearly lost her footing, which sent a sharp pain deep in her gut reminding her to keep her feet still. He dropped a hand down and began to twiddle her clit, which was not making contact with the prong. She began to feel aroused from his workings on her sex. She whimpered softly and cooed as he worked her clit even

## **S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones**

harder, but not hard enough to hurt. What did hurt was when he stopped and in about ten seconds, when she least expected it, he lashed her breasts with the switch. It was so unexpected that she again nearly lost her footing making her guts burn on the prong. Again, the switch bit into her breasts, this time directly across the nipples. All she could do was jerk and let out a muzzled scream that made spittle spray slightly from each side of the gag. This earned her another round with the switch that made her wish she'd never been born with breasts and nipples. Again he beat her breasts focusing his aim on the hard nipples; Honey was beginning to see stars. All the while he beat her, her eyes started to lose focus and the vast expanse of blue sky began to turn to darkness and silence.

**Chapter 3**

Pharaoh nodded to Blossom to open the door to the kennels that had been set up for the women from Lyre. Entering, he could hear various sounds coming from the dungeons and the kennels. Blossom huddled close to her master, "Are you afraid, little one?" he asked her.

"Master, am I to be whipped tonight?" Blossom asked with a real uncertainty in her voice.

"No, not, tonight, unless you wish to be, of course..." Pharaoh smiled not looking at her as the two descended the stair way to the catacombs below, sounds grew louder. Below, the distinct sound of a whip lash followed by a woman's outcry split the evening air.

"... eighteen."

'WHISHP.'

"AAA!"

"... nineteen."

'WHISHP.'

"AAA!"

"... twenty."

'WHISHP.'

"AAA!"

"...twenty-one."

"Completed; you may cut her down, Colossus, bring the next one up. This time, use it hard on her breasts. Right across the nipples, if you will. Good, tie her well. You may begin..."

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

'WHISHP.'

"HUGH."

"One."

'WHISHP.'

"HUGH."

"Two."

Blossom could smell the pungent order of the torche's burning pitch as they descended the stone steps leading to his treasure vaults and the catacombs below. She recalled this as being the place slaves were usually brought for punishment. This factor alone put butterflies in her stomach.

Blossom felt a chill as they reached the bottom of the steps, her nipples grew hard; it was near the area of the prison. Pharaoh looked in the view slot of one of the cells, looked around inside, leaving it ajar he walked on. Blossom peered in after him and she saw Caleena chained naked to the wall, with her back laced with welts. Pharaoh paused and looked back to see Blossom looking inside at Caleena, "Colossus is very skilled, isn't he?" Blossom nodded. Three cells down, Pharaoh opened, entered and closed a massive door behind him. The first thing Blossom saw was how Ester's breasts rested on two large smooth river stones. Her wrists were tied behind her back and her ankles had been raised and fastened to a length of wood that dangled down by a chain from the ceiling. She was naked. Pharaoh leaned down to talk to her noticing her whimpers of anguish, "It's unfortunate that such smooth stones can be made to hurt so much. The Indus peoples, to punish errant concubines conceived this form of torture. It also works quite well to discipline quarry girls..." Kufu spoke those words as if to sell Ester on the principles of breast torture; Blossom rubbed her breasts recalling Pharaoh's words.

Ester coughed a couple of times and caught her breath, "You, bastard, is this all you know to do, creative ways to torture women?"

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

"You are in no position to be disrespectful to me, yet you consistently develop disrespect. I am Pharaoh of all Egypt. The most powerful nation in the world and I will not tolerate insolence. Colossus, renew her respect for me, use your rod on that one really tender spot between her legs..." Colossus picked up his rod and swished it through the air. He saw his target peeking out, red and swollen from between Ester's nether lips. With a steady, firm stroke, he landed the flexible thing squarely on her blood red clit. It sounded like water being struck. A small smile appeared on his lips as he looked at Pharaoh and nodded.

Ester squirmed and gasped twice as she tried to choke down a scream, but it just hurt too much to hold back, "AAAIIEEE! Oh, by the gods... please not there..." She squirmed again, causing her breasts to grind even harder into the coarse stones. Her feet kicking the air causing the yoke shaped wood to creak and the chains to rattle. Pharaoh nodded for Colossus to apply another, which he did immediately and with unfailing accuracy. After she'd completed another series of broken squeals and kicking Pharaoh settled back to talk with her, "Now, my dear Ester, I suggest you focus your mind on answering my question and not on insulting me. Unless you want that quite sore girlish part of you beaten again by Colossus here..." Colossus raised his rod as if to strike Ester again on her sex. She kicked and wailed a pitiful, "NO! By the gods, please not again, haven't you tortured it enough?!"

Kufu scratched his chin and looked at her, then up at Colossus standing poised and ready, "No. Go on Colossus give her another one..." Ester screamed, "NO!!!" Colossus brought his rod down with a definite pelting stroke. He blinked his eyes twice after he'd struck her sex. It felt like he'd struck a small stone or pebble on the beach. It'd made a slicing sound in the air just before it struck, but when it hit her sex it sounded like he'd struck a water soaked cloth, like a dull wet thud 'WHISUP'.

Ester bit her lips to the blood as she tried to compose herself and absorb the burning pain that was being inflicted on her tender clitoris. With her head shaking slightly from the pain she forced out her answer, "I... I... Oh, god it hurts for me to move. My chest is on

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

fire and my clit is throbbing... Please, please don't let him hit my sex again... Pleeeeaasee..!"

"Why, Ester? Does it bother you down there between your legs worse if Colossus whips your clit or when you kick and struggle bruising your breasts against those stones? Well, Ester; I expect an answer?" Kufu looked at Colossus and rolled his eyes indicating for him to get ready to give Ester another stroke. Ester struggled and seemed to regain her composure just a bit, shifting herself slightly. Colossus and Kufu both noticed how her breasts rolled about on the stones even more, the girl moaning all the while as this happened. Ester casually let her guard down on her spread legs bound up to the bar, giving way for Colossus to deliver her another stroke on her clit with his rod; she screamed and struggled until she was hoarse.

Kufu looked at her, "Shall I have him give you another or do you think you can tell me which hurts the worse, your clit or your tits? Or would you prefer to just tell me the true facts of your visit to Hemoratia? I'm waiting..."

"B-B-Both do, sire, oh please no more... no more..." Ester began sobbing almost uncontrollably. Kufu raised his hand to Colossus; it was time for another stroke. This time when it landed, Ester's eyes grew wide then clouded up in a faint; her body went slack and rolled about limp.

A bucket of cold water woke Ester up, only for her to find herself stretched between two posts in the main torture chamber; her breasts felt slightly better dangling free instead of crunched down on the stones. She shook her head to clear her mind, only to be reminded of Kufu's presence. She looked about noticing that Colossus was completely naked and Blossom was kneeling with her wrists bound and up-drawn and her breasts sandwiched between two pieces of wood.

"Hello again, my dear Ester. Have a nice nap, did you? Well, nap time over, time to get back to work, and Colossus and I do consider this work, don't we Colossus?" Kufu was in one of his nasty moods.

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

"Yes master, this is work for us both thanks to this one's stubbornness..." Colossus spoke like a true male.

Kufu didn't smile at him but only acknowledged his foolish words, "Yes, well, you see Ester, he's ready, and oh, my won't you look at just how ready he is..?" Kufu brought both verbal attention and gestured at Colossus' proud erection, fully fourteen inches long and at least three inches thick; simply massive by nature, "Colossus, why don't you wake her up with it!" Greasing Ester's behind, Colossus took her cunt wise from the rear with a full erection; sliding it into her, with little or no preparation. He simply took her, firmly and quickly, literally slamming himself up and into her. Her eyes bulged and all that could be heard was a wet sounding 'SQUIP' as it slid in, but only about three quarters as he felt it slam into the wall of her uterus. For several minutes he pumped the girl with deep fucking motions and just before he came, he slid out and using another hand full of oil, he greased her ass just enough to allow him to slide in. It took her breath away. Completely leaving her without any air in her lungs allowing her to scream. All the while her breasts quivered openly exposed as if in anticipation of something happening to them.

Kufu leaned in close to her face, he leered at her, "Colossus is ready to come, you know. When he does, it'll feel like he filled your ass with hot sea water; he likes to come in huge loads, don't you Colossus?" Colossus nodded and kept on fucking her, "Yes he does and when he finally comes, you will shit him for a month! Perhaps, I should let him sow you up so that you'll give up a brat to him. There isn't a girl alive that won't swell up after he's fucked her, unless maybe this little gum-ball here; her insides had been peeled with reeds by a shaman so that she can't have any brats, isn't that right Blossom?" She nodded and lowered her head, slightly embarrassed by Pharaoh's humiliating words. "Oh, look, I think he's going to come..." Kufu's eyes grew wide with anticipation as he knew his faithful bodyguard and devoted slave would flush Ester's tender guts with his hot passion.

Ester's eyes began to lose focus as Colossus emptied himself into her. She looked up into Kufu's face and she could hear Colossus' breathing grow harder and harder as he swelled up inside of her.

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

Rolling her eyes, all that she could feel were her insides trying to expel what was coming into them. It hurt, but it felt so good to hurt that she couldn't stand to have him inside of her, yet she wouldn't want him to leave her. She wanted to be taken; hard, swift and full, and that was exactly what Colossus had done to her, take her. The volume of his come was so much that it caused her insides to swell up just enough to tickle her bladder, causing her to spill her yellow urine onto the stone floor. That act in itself earned her a breast whipping.

Many things about Blossom Kufu found distasteful, among which was her actions behind his back and her filthy mouth when she needed to be silent. One thing he always complimented her on was her ability to whip another woman's breasts. She was very skilled at it, and always left the recipient of the whipping, nearly climaxing even if she beat her with a long whip. Colossus was always amazed at Blossom's skill at breast lashing. After untying and removing her from the breast clamps, a nude Blossom selected a fresh papyrus reed and took to beating Ester's breasts with it. In a matter of minutes she left them a pair of red mounds of hurt. Covered with a crossed thatch of welts and ridges, but not a single inch of broken skin anywhere that could be detected. Kufu and Colossus enjoyed a cup of wine each, while observing the pelting of Ester's sorry breasts. The odd part was when Kufu called a halt to Blossom's whipping, she glistened slightly in the torchlight, but she didn't look the least bit out of breath.

A brief rest period was granted to Ester. As she began to focus and comprehend what was being asked of her, Kufu continued as if he'd been talking to her for a while, yet she only heard a few seconds of his words, "...do you see this, my little one!?! It is called a thudder, which as you can see consists of a long strip of hide, with a river stone sewn into the end. I use this when I order gum sluts punished..."

It was then that Ester lost her composure and began laughing out loud, more likely the stress of everything manifesting itself in her, "Oh, my, please stop it... I find it very funny to say the least..." Her mind drifted to the common term for a gum slut which is a whore who tries to place something inside of her making her customer stick inside her, forcing him to pay a high price to get free. It is frowned upon and punished severely if a whore is caught doing it, but rarely does she get

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

caught as most males trapped would rather pay what she asks for than to try to explain the problem to someone else.

Kufu was angered at Ester's sudden outburst, "You find this amusing do you!?! Well, then, I'll show you what is amusing..." He motioned for Colossus to take up the whip and with his hand in the air for a signal, he began to talk to Ester, "All I have to do is lower my hand and Colossus here will lace you with the thudder..."

Ester sucked in her breath, making her breasts jiggle about as they dangled down, "Oh, please no more whipping, please..."

Kufu lowered his arm, Colossus coiled the thudder around Ester's exposed nudity leaving a welt in its wake. She didn't like it one little bit, in-fact it made her twist in her bondage and squeal a painful wail that echoed off the stone walls of her cell, "B-By the gods, that damn thing hurts!!!" Colossus took aim, this time landing it in such a way as to coil about her breasts with the tip smacking directly on her right nipple. She jerked and shuddered as it hit, enough to make the ropes creak and the chains grind into their bolts. One more was applied to her, circling her waist. It wrapped devilishly slow, almost slow enough to watch and comment on, but when it did finish its last few inches, it made a wet slapping sound that left a very vivid welt. Ester screamed, "AAA!!!" Kufu watched as it slowly unwound, watching the welt grow redder and larger, he rolled his eyes over at Colossus, "Got her where she grows her seeds I see; oh but that's a nice one!" A smile grew on his face, as Colossus looked insufferably proud of himself. Kufu was at his limits, and his change from a lighter tone of voice to a serious one prevailed, "Colossus I wonder if you could give her another one that would tickle that cute little bladder of hers and make her tinkle? Then I could have Blossom here..." Blossom smiled and flexed the reed looking with a single nod and a smile at Ester, "Have another go at her tits? Is that possible?"

Colossus nodded slowly and exchanged a glance at Blossom, "Yes master." Were his only words as he uncoiled the lash, delivering another one just slightly lower down on her belly, with the thudder doing its job in the area of the girl's bladder. Ester tinkled her yellow fluid again onto the stones, this time it was against her own will, but

## **S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones**

that was of no matter, she was going to receive another breast beating anyway whether she tinkled or not. Kufu looked at her pee, "It must have been something she drank at the celebration, with the Hemoratites wouldn't you say?" He gestured to Blossom who began again on Ester's breasts. The chamber echoed with her howling. "Ester, I swear to you, this whipping will go on and on beyond my leaving until you fully confess, or lose your breasts in the process. Wouldn't you rather just tell me what happened at the celebration between you and the Hemoratites?" Ester twisted about and worried herself even more over the whipping, not listening to or being aware of Kufu's ultimatum... It would be a test of will powers. Kufu looked at Blossom and nodded for her to continue and later meet with him in his chambers. She nodded and continued on Ester, after all it would be her pleasure this time as Ester was white enough.

**Chapter 4**

It was early afternoon, Honey was resting on Kufu's sofa, she seemed quite blissfully reposed in her fresh nudity. Her relaxation was short lived as Ebony woke her up by grabbing a fist full of Honey's golden blonde hair, "Wake up, sun-girl, time for your snakein'..." Honey's eyes flashed over to Blossom who uncoiled a wicked looking single braided whip made from cobra skins. Ebony looked over her shoulder at Blossom and smiled; looking back at Honey she smiled a full toothed smile as she let go of her hair and stood up.

In the main throne room, Kufu leaned down from his chair to look at a couple of women who were in dispute over possession of an ox. It involved the use of the ox for grinding grain. The women had been arrested and brought before Kufu as they had started a brawl over it. They were chattering a mile a minute as he called for order, "Silence, you women! Or I'll have you both whipped and sent to the fields to work off your hostilities! Now, you, tell me slowly what happened and only you may speak, understand?" The two women nodded.

The woman who was given permission to speak, cleared her throat and began talking slowly and with understandable words. She fidgeted about as she talked trying to repair her tattered clothing, "Oh, mighty Pharaoh, thank you for your wisdom, I loaned our only ox to Maitep here for one week, as she needed to complete the milling of her harvest. Her husband is at work on your pyramid, my Lord, as is my own. When I went to get our oxen back, he was nearly dead from lack of food and water. She'd beaten it nearly to death! I was furious and I wanted my healthy oxen returned and I demanded that she pay to have the oxen cared for and returned healthy as before. She claimed that he was sick and near death when I gave him to her. Sire, that is a lie! I want her to pay for my now useless ox as my harvest must finish the milling process as well."

Before Kufu could give an acknowledgement to any thing that was said, the other woman broke out into a rage, "The bitch lies, Sire! I asked her to lend me her ox, but he was so exhausted from overwork, he became ill and it was all that I could do to make the beast finish

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

milling my grain before it would spoil. If this field whore had an ounce of decency to her, she'd sell half her grain and get a fresh young ox that would help us both produce more grain. A fresh young oxen is what she needs to buy with her larger harvest than mine and even then could her fields produce more for everyone. Sephri is a whore and thinks only of herself!" The woman glared daggers at the other woman before turning back to Pharaoh.

Kufu leaned back all the while the woman rambled on, when he was sure she'd finished, he smiled at her and spoke, "Interesting story we have here, don't you think so, Besephus? These two women, fighting over a half dead oxen. Both claiming it was the other's fault ..." A man wearing a white robe entered the throne and stood silently in respect, Kufu motioned him in, "Yes, surgeon, what news do you have of the ox?"

The surgeon a man in his fifties with knowledgeable eyes and a gentle face replied clearly, "Sire, the animal is dead. It died of complications from a lack of food and water. I also detected a condition of drop hoof, a disease that takes its toll slowly and over a period of months. Usually it results from improper general care within its shelter and manger. That is my report, Sire and I will have it properly written by scribes for your reference."

Kufu smiled and nodded to the surgeon, "Thank you kind surgeon for your thorough report. Now, dear women, who raise such commotion in my court, I will start with you, Maitep is that your name?" Pharaoh looked at the woman who spoke second.

"Yes, sire, it is I am Maitep..." She acted as if she was about to say more, but she spoke no more.

Kufu's eyes narrowed on her, "At a loss for words are we? I have some words, the surgeon confirmed that the ox was sick, did you notice that the ox might be sick or have a limp?" The surgeon's eyes grew wide a moment.

Maitep hesitated a little, "No, sire, I don't recall it looking sick or limping, but it still must have been, or surely it wouldn't have died

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

so soon, and the surgeon did confirm that this whore gave me a sick ox!"

Pharaoh looked at Maitep as he asked the next question of Sephri, "What kind of stable and manger to you provide for your animals, Sephri, I believe that's your name?"

Sephri, rolled her eyes about somewhat nervously, "Sire, I have clean hay provided to my animals as often as they need it. I care for my animals, not like Maitep here!"

Kufu look Sephri in the eyes with his next question, "Did you notice your ox walking with a limp or acting slow and lax?"

Sephri looked back at Pharaoh with uncertain eyes, but closed them and shook her head 'no' that she didn't notice any limp.

Kufu admired Maitep's attractive figure; he then studied Sephri's youthful curves, he settled back in his chair and made judgement, "This matter of the now dead oxen of Sephri and her claim against the woman Maitep, is to be resolved as I decree. Maitep, for wrongful mistreatment of Sephri's ox, you will be given fifteen lashes and ride the donkey of shame, publicly naked for half a day. In addition, you will replace Sephri's ox with a new calf and pay a fine of ten silvers..." Before he could speak any further, Sephri interrupted him, which was not in her best interest to do. A wave of his hand silenced her, "Further, I now judge, that you Maitep will be yoked to Sephri's mill to finish milling her grain yourself, until her oxen has grown sufficiently enough to take your place. Sephri, for interrupting my judgement, and contempt in my court, you will ride the donkey behind Maitep for a half day and your breasts are to be beaten with a rod. So shall it be written, so shall it be done! Next case!"

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A very naked Honey stood spread-eagle between two stone columns on Pharaoh's balcony. Glistening with sweat, Blossom whipped Honey with side arm strokes of the cobra skin whip. It raised welts on her but left her uncut. Each stroke made her toss her blonde

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

hair back, gasp, and whimper. The whipping was severe enough to punish her, not kill her... at mid-day, Kufu went onto his balcony. Honey stood where he'd left her as he admired Ebony's handy work, observing Honey standing facing the sun with her arms and legs spread. They were held there by small lengths of chain coiled about each of her thumbs and big toes. The latter holding her legs spread slightly apart, with her toes outward, revealing her bare cleft quite nicely.

Kufu was a bit unhappy with Ebony, "I gave you orders to oil her and keep her well oiled. This sun gets awfully hot and she's already beginning to turn a reddish bronze, just look at the slopes of her breasts! Now go fetch the oil and bring my braided eel skin and be quick about it!" Ebony bobbed her head in submission and quickly went to fetch the items he'd ordered.

He looked at Honey, whose disheveled hair was wet on the ends from a combination of both oil and sweat. Her eyes were closed and she rested her head on her updrawn left arm as he fondled her nipples; Kufu noticed that they were very dark and slightly swollen. He pushed his finger into her skin, noticing that where he'd touched her, the skin turned white then a darker red color; she definitely was sunburned.

Ebony returned and laid the items down on table that sat near the strung up blonde. She cleared her throat, "Here are the items you ordered, master."

Kufu listened to her words and taking the blonde by her hair, he yanked it slightly back, "Ebony, oil her down, and do every place you can touch; before you start, hand me the eel-skin..." She did as she was told.

"All right, turn your back and put your wrists behind your neck and don't move..." With those words he uncoiled the whip and with firm strokes, he issued her ten lashes that coiled and snaked about the girl's nakedness. It left ten distinctly red welts criss-crossing her back, breasts, sex and butt. Ebony struggled and whimpered as the whip lashed her nudity. Pharaoh stopped and ordered her to face him; he then gave her six more, mostly across her breasts and smooth hairless

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

sex. He spoke to her as he coiled up the whip, "That is how I want you to whip this blonde girl, do you understand?" She nodded as he handed her the whip. "Get a good stance and I want you to whip her just as firmly as I did you just now; whip her good and whip her back, breasts, butt and thighs. In essence I whipped you to understand what I wanted you to do to her. Also, you allowed her to get a bit sunburned, don't yank the whip off her, let the oil soak in and the whip'll fall off by itself as you let it snake about her. You may take your position and begin." Ebony stood behind Honey and slightly to one side.

Honey looked back over her shoulder at Ebony as she took her place. Ebony saw the side curves of Honey's bare breasts quiver in anticipation as she uncoiled the whip and shook it loose. Her first lash circled Honey's nudity painting a path of red fire in its wake. It uncoiled itself falling lastly off Honey's breasts making them jiggle a bit. Again, the whip whistled in the air as it coiled about Honey's body, completing its travel, the whip gently fell away, leaving another red welt near the first one. Honey tossed her head back a bit at that one and gave a stifled moan, "Aaa!."

Kufu watched with fascination as a very naked Nubian whipped a very naked blonde. Her curves were accented by the oil and the simplicity of her bondage. Strung up, exposed, by her thumbs. The whip made a slapping, wet sound as it made contact with Honey's oiled skin; as the whipping continued, the whip drank in some of the oil giving it suppleness, but adding some weight to it. Pharaoh began to grow erect watching the whipping being given to his blonde slave girl, "Give her a few more, Ebony, try to make them land on her breasts..."

Ebony, sweating herself, nodded to her master and using a side arm stroke, she snaked the whip around Honey's side, catching both of her breasts on their nipples. The whip spent itself and slithered off making Honey's breasts bounce obscenely. Ebony repeated the same stroke several more times. Each time it hurt enough to make Honey's breasts bounce. The effects of the sunburn made her exposed nipples turn red almost as much as the whip had done. When the whip made an extra hard contact on her nipples, besides the bounce from the whip they would give an extra jiggle or two because she'd stamp her feet to

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

the limits the chain on her toes would allow. Another casual stroke delivered by Ebony, fell over Honey's right hip, slithering down and curling upward against her spread open cleft. It spent itself up the crack of her ass, against her bung hole. She emitted a painful out cry. Kufu saw Honey's well oiled body break out in a heavy sweat. He figured a couple of more strokes like that one, with the whip catching her clit and bung hole, she'd be ripe for a fucking...

Honey turned her head toward Ebony, with a look of anguish, her eyes pleaded for her to be a bit more gentle on her breasts. Ebony saluted her breasts again with another side arm stroke that obviously kissed Honey's hard nipples with the sting of braided eel skin leather. Honey danced a very obscene dance. It was apparent that even though the whip made her achieve unusual contortions, her lack of shame played into the picture...

Kufu held up his hand for Ebony to stop. It was just as she'd let Honey have another between her legs. Honey's gyrations excited Pharaoh almost beyond his own control. With a quick action, he readied himself and before Honey had realized it, Kufu lunged himself deep into Honey's bare sex. Kufu spread open Honey's lips and rubbing the end of his cock onto her clitoris, Honey became ultra sensitive. He took his fingers and clasped them onto her whip hardened nipples. To Pharaoh, Honey's position enhanced by her unusual bondage, made him climax all the harder. Her hips worked deeper toward his, as he came, she could feel the jet of his climax hot on her clit. This made her spread her legs wider to him. Even in her position, she wanted to make herself openly available to Pharaoh under all circumstances. She even begged him to whip her harder and longer. She wanted to surrender to his thrusts and his whip. She promised him she would be forever naked and ready for his whip...

Ebony stood back and watched as her master fucked his blonde slut. She hated Honey and would have liked to have whipped her some more. She closed her eyes and remembered back the first day her master had brought the blonde to his chambers. He was entranced by her creamy skin and golden hair. For several days he completely ignored both Blossom and herself. In fact, she recalled that he'd sent Blossom to Colossus for nipple torture because he'd caught her

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

slapping the blonde's tits. Now, she just stood and watched as her master fucked the blonde one. She wished he was fucking her instead...

After emptying his balls into the strung up blonde, Pharaoh withdrew himself and nodded for Ebony to resume her whipping and she did so with joyous intent. Ebony's first lash snaked itself lazily around the blonde whipping her across the breasts, and then just as quickly uncoiled itself. Honey tossed her head back, shaking her breasts shamelessly. "AAA!"

Honey's disheveled nudity glistened in the sun from a combination of oil, cum, and sweat. Ebony lashed the naked girl again, making her quiver and gasp, "AAA!" Honey had been in the sun now for at least two hours strung up by her thumbs. Her nipples had swollen hard to a dark reddish brown color. Mostly from her exposure to the sun and Ebony's whipping.

Ebony adjusted her stance to get a better swing. Her own breasts undulated softly as she delivered the blonde another lash with her whip. This stroke impacted squarely on both of Honey's breasts making a wet slapping noise like that of full wine bags being struck. Honey reared up on the balls of her feet slightly as much as the chain on her toes would allow. She gave a very provocative heave of her chest. It was quite erotic as the whip seem to cling this time to her breasts. Ebony gave a quick jerk of the whip which caused it to drag off Honey's tits leaving a nasty red welt across them in its wake.

Kufu nodded his approval, "You may continue my Ebony. Go ahead and raise a few more welts across those golden breasts of hers. She seems quite proud of them from the way she shakes them after your whip catches them..."

Ebony smiled at her master in a seductive look. Her eyes then narrowed on the blonde, catching a handful of the girl's golden mane, she yanked her head back, "Slut! I will teach you Nubian discipline. I will give you nipple torture and recommend that master send you to the harvest wheel or to the stone quarries. Only you, slut, will labor bare ass naked and be whipped with a rhino strap when you are lazy!"

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

Master has been gentle with you. He's pampered you and allowed you the privilege of being his bed slave. It is good that you are forced to stand openly exposed like you are, strung up and spread bare naked by your thumbs and toes. Your skin is learning the discipline of the Egyptian sun and this braided whip..." With those words, Ebony gave Honey another stroke of the whip. This one quickly coiled and uncoiled itself around her butt. She gave her another, this one made Honey gasp and swallow a squeal.

Honey turned her head around and crisped up her forehead as if to beg Ebony not to punish her. She shifted her weight from side to side in anticipation of the whip, which soon came. It slapped her as it wound around her hips sending it's bitter end inside the crack of her sex. Like an evil tongue, it sought out her sensitive clitoris and stung it with a lick of its tip. On its way out, it pulled against the lips of her cleft causing a brief moment when her red clit was fully exposed to the sun. This stroke was followed by another that seemed to hit her almost the same time the other stroke was going away. It, too, had stung her clitoris; Honey thought to herself it would be easier to come. She couldn't faint with these chains circling her thumbs and toes, after all it'd pull them out of their sockets.

With a motion of his hand, Pharaoh signaled Ebony to oil herself down, she did by putting the oil over every part of her body. She glistened from the top of her woolly head to the tip of her toenails. He nodded for her to put more oil on Honey, "When you're finished, fetch the wide strap... Oh, yes and tell Blossom to come here..." Ebony nodded to her master. "Well, blonde one, I think Ebony might be right, you could use a couple of months at the harvest mill or at the stone quarries..."

Honey cleared her throat and whimpered, "Oh, master, please, I can tell the overseers will single me out because of my white skin, and they'll make me work bare and use me... I'll be used and made to toil all day under the blistering sun... My skin will turn darker and become hard with calluses like a cow's hide..."

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

"Yes, and you'll be whipped publicly instead of privately in front of me..." Pharaoh fondled Honey's temptingly exposed breasts and sex. He slid his finger into the freshly fucked wetness of her sex.

Honey mewed and moaned in obvious ecstasy, "Oh, master, yes I am yours, I'm your toy. Your willing slave girl to subject however you wish..."

Ebony returned with Blossom, upon his order and she oiled Blossom. He studied his two Nubian prizes as they stood bathed in the brilliance of the Egyptian sun. Oiling each other. Blossom had slightly larger breasts than Ebony, but they were both nearly the same height, and so was Honey.

Pharaoh ordered with certainty, "Ebony, take Honey down." It was done reluctantly, but quickly. "Now, Honey, I want you to string Ebony and Blossom both up by their thumbs and toes facing each other. Close enough so that they can rub their nipples together. That's it, Blossom, rub your breasts against Ebony's, and feel that hot sun on your back... Ebony, I want you to push your sex up against Blossom's. You've done that before, oh, yes, work it good. Blossom, her actions are making your nipples quite hard, rub them against Ebony's..." As she did, Pharaoh noticed that both girls' nipples seemed to fight each other.

Honey fixed the two women quite snugly together. Pharaoh stood up and went over to the two Nubians strung up like sides of meat. He rubbed their very round asses and taking a very generous amount of oil in his hand he coated them until they fairly dripped with oil. He coated Honey's ass as well. Looking at Honey he commented, "All three of you have the roundest asses..."

Kufu felt the Nubians' nipples as they raked them together. He nodded for Honey to hand him a piece of pumice stone. It drank up some of the oil, but not enough to smooth it out. Kufu rubbed it firmly against the Nubians' bare nipples. As he did this he chatted with them, "Your dark nipples need a bit of discipline. I think when I'm finished with you all, I'll make each of you wear those awful 'naughty' girl stones. You know the ones the size of hen's eggs with those terrible fire clips on them..." His rubbing of the pumice stone made their

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

nipples very sore. They'd turned absolutely beet red and almost raw. He cocked his head to one side and studied their nipples. The two girls hurt so bad it was all they could do to keep from crying out.

He motioned to Honey to stand near and put her hands behind her head. He looked at her whipped and sunburned nipples, comparing them to the well chafed ones casually brushing back and forth on the two Nubians strung up before him. He touched Blossom's finger-like firm nipple and took it between his thumb and forefinger. He squeezed it, making her whimper softly. He did the same to Ebony. Then to Honey. He noticed that her nipples felt hot and seemed quite swollen, "I think the sun and the whip have hardened your nipples too much, blonde girl, come here..." Kufu took the pumice stone and rubbed it across Honey's nipples making tears run down her cheeks. They'd swollen up to more than three times their normal size and had turned just cherry red and hard as pebbles on the beach.

As Kufu had finished applying the stone to Honey's nipples, he let go of her, but she was unable to resist covering her nipples with her hands. This angered Pharaoh, "I didn't give you permission to cover your nipples. Come here..." Pharaoh tied Honey's wrists together and raised them above her head. He picked up a very thin switch and gave it a couple of slices in the air. Without any considerations at all, he sliced the wisp directly across both of Honey's throbbing nipples. She jerked at her tether, opening her mouth, but nothing came out. Again, he lashed into her nipples, making them indent inward as the thin rod scorched the tips of her blood red nipples. Honey shook her blonde hair and danced this way and that. Again, no sound came from her open mouth. Another slice found the mark of the last one. Her left nipple was so engorged, that it felt like Kufu had struck a ripe fig with it. Honey jerked and gave broken gasps that came out as. "AA... A... AUK! AAA! AAA!!! Oh, master, please you'll split 'em! I swear it, you will! Oh, no more, I won't touch them ever again unless you order me to, just don't hit them again..." Once more, Kufu sliced his wand across the tips of her ripe nipples. A vivid red line appeared directly across the summits of Honey's breasts. She jumped and jerked about on the tether. Straining and dripping with a combination of sweat and oil, she did everything possible to protect her sore nipples.

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

Blossom looked at the blonde dancing about as if the world would end. She looked at her master and said, "Master, please undo me that I may stand with my breasts presented to you for the wand you hold. I would like to show this blonde slut how a Nubian girl can take the punishment of the wand..."

Pharaoh looked at her and smiled, "All right, but this will be, I will allow you to stand with your legs spread, and your wrists crossed behind your neck. I will give you thirty with the wand only across your nipples and breasts. If you take them without having to be tied or moving your arms, I will allow you to give the blonde slut twenty with this rhino hide..." He holds up a five foot long whip with a polished horn carved in the shape of a man's cock, fitted with a five inch wide strap of thick well oiled rhinoceros hide. "If you don't take them and you so much as falter, then she will use this thing on you. Understand..." Ebony looked at Blossom and gave her a wince in her look... Blossom nodded and lowered her eyes...

Blossom stuck her chest out and put her arms behind her neck as prescribed. Kufu took his position, and casually fondled his slave girl's breasts. "Are you ready?" Blossom gave a quick nod.

Kufu raised the thin wand and brought it down firmly. It sliced the air and her nipples making a pitiful damp hollow-wet sound like two ripe melons being hit. Blossom shuddered a little making her breasts quiver slightly. She opened and closed her eyes as her only acknowledgment of the stroke.

Pharaoh raised it again, striking the nipples across their ends. Her twin buds indented and sprung back into shape rapidly. That wet, hollow like sound came again. Blossom rocked slightly up on her toes and back down so rapidly that the only way one could tell she'd done that was to look at her breasts bounce gently.

Pharaoh looked proudly at his Nubian slave-girl, "You know, Honey, you might just lose this one. I saw Blossom here take a lot more and a lot harder than these with a bigger rod and still pick up her work where she left off. In fact once, Colossus worked her over with his sjambok squarely on those breasts of hers. Why, I'd have sworn he

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

beat them smaller by an inch, but no, she just came back and agreed to being hauled up by her ankles like Ester the other day, with both of her well whopped breasts resting on those river stones. I could hardly believe it..." He gave her six in very rapid succession. Each one made her wince, but she held her place. "Honey, did you know that young Nubian women are ritualistically lashed across their breasts twice a week just to give them extra stamina for making love? That's a fact..." He gave her another six, bringing the total to fourteen. Blossom groaned...

Drawn up by her wrists almost on tip toe, Honey looked back over her shoulder. Her legs were spread wide and secured to ringbolts in the stone. Both women had been well oiled and waited for Pharaoh's signal to begin. He gave it.

Honey took the twenty with the rhino's hide, that Blossom had lashed her with. A couple of them made Honey think her nipples had been torn off.

The girls had now traded places. Blossom looked back over her shoulder looking at Honey poised with the hide strap. At Pharaoh's command, Honey whopped Blossom's nakedness with the supple strap.

**Chapter 5**

The stone quarries were a busy place. Honey worked as fast as her fingers would let her. At the same time, her back felt the intense sun burning down on her. She felt very uncomfortable as she was the only white female, and a naked one at that. She tried to focus on her work and to look as if she knew what she was doing, but her awkwardness got in the way.

An attractive black woman, about thirty years old, came over to her. She bent down and picked up several of the chipped stones and put them into her basket. When it was about half full, she lifted it up and poured it into the waiting cart. Honey struggled with a full basket, it was heavy and she'd spill several of the stones out as she struggled to empty the basket. A few of them would spill down her front scraping her breasts as they fell, leaving her with a earthy covering of dirt. The black woman spoke to her.

"You're a white woman from the way your body darkens in the sun. I must admit, you have attractive hair..." Honey looked at the woman, she was almost afraid to speak to her. "They're keeping you bare, I see? Most of the new gals are kept nekked at first..." The woman spoke with a strange mix to her words.

Honey tried to wipe her hands on her hips, leaving dirt streaks down the sides of her flanks. She used the back of her hand to wipe the sweat on her brow, "I'm sorry, I didn't speak to you. I really do appreciate you being friendly to me. Some of the others just stare at me..."

"It's okay girl. Half of them are jealous because you have a real nice body. The guards are going to treat you nice at night. They will want you somethin' awful..." Honey looked at her and started to speak, but the woman interrupted her, "Oh, my name is Oluna. It means silver flower in my tribe." The woman offers her hand in greeting.

Honey accepts the woman's hand, "My long name is Heidicle, but I was nicknamed Heidi. Pharoah however, calles me Honey. I know my parents had a long boat that bore the head of a dragon.

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

However, pirates captured our ship, and all were killed except myself and five others. I do not know where they are now. My people have light hair that is called blonde. We are all fair of skin in those north areas. The winters are cold and we live in long houses..." There is a sudden snap of leather against Honey's bare back, making her cry out.

The overseer coiled his whip, "Get back to work you two, or I'll hang you up by your ankles and give you ten on that soft spot between those bronze ass cheeks of yours, blonde slut!"

Honey quickly obeyed and resumed her work in silence. Oluna worked hard beside her and helped her to fill her basket quickly. When it was a little more than half full, she motioned for her to empty it. Honey did, just as the guard looked over at her. He smiled and nodded, "There, that's more like it. Keep it going, we this is not the time for socializing." Honey nodded and bent back down to her task.

Oluna spoke quietly to Honey, "See, it's how many times you empty the basket and not how full you fill it. Keep that in mind. My first day here I was one of a few women assigned to actually carve the large stones. I did it bare as you are. I didn't do it fast enough for them so I got a dose of the rhino hide every evening. My breasts ached from the strapping I'd gotten' every afternoon. One day, a woman that I'd never seen before came over to me. She took my chisel and spike and sharpened them. Then she took me back to the stone and instead of shaping it every two inches, she shaped it every three inches. The stones were carving quicker and my skin suffered less from the rhino hide. It didn't take long for me to go from the stones to the mud pits, where the bricks are made. The mud is hard work. Yes, no one is exempt from the mud pits, and everyone works them naked. Oh, you can go in with clothing on, but I guarantee that you'll not come out with clothing on. I recall one girl I bunked with, a brown haired Egyptian girl by the name of Kiefri. She had a body to die for... A lot like yours, curves in all the right places... Well, she went to the pits at the same time I did. Being an Egyptian girl, she had this modesty thing. Here were several of us working in the mud, just as naked as the day we were born and along comes Kiefri. She thought she deserved special treatment or something, any way, she blamed her shortfall of work on the rest of us. The first time she blamed it on a friend of mine,

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

named Shaleem. She was a Berber girl. The overseers yanked Shaleem out of the mud and strung her up by her ankles, spread wide open and very obscene. They gave her twenty five hard ones between the legs with a bull's ligament. The next time, it was Misalena. A Nubian girl, now I don't have much time for Nubians, but this girl didn't deserve what happened to her..." Oluna watched out for the guard a few moments.

"What was that, Oluna? What did they do to her?" Honey asked as she kept working.

"Strung her up by her thumbs all the way off the ground. Then lashed her titties with a fresh pyprus reed. I ministered to her all night. The poor girl could hardly stand it. I never saw such brused nipples in my life."

"Did anyone ever figure out the motive of that Egyptian girl, Kiefri?" Honey asked.

"Not at first. But she got her come-uppance later on, you betcha..." Oluna had a broad toothy smile on her face.

"Oluna, go on. Tell me more... You have me very excited..." Honey breathed.

Oluna stopped for just a moment, "Wait a second. This punishment thing excites you, doesn't it?"

Honey stopped for a second, "Yes. I crave it. By the gods, I love to be punished. I actually enjoy being strung up and whipped. Believe it or not Oluna..."

Oluna resumed her work, "Well, I'll be. I've heard tell that Pharaoh sends his love slaves to work here. You're one of them, aren't you?"

Honey lifted a half full basket, her nudity covered pretty much by the dust. Sweat begins to run in rivulets down her body making

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

streaks in the dust coating her. She took a deep breath, "Yeah, I'm one of them."

Oluna stopped her work momentarily shaking her head again, "Well, I'll just be. You are an exciting one aren't you?"

Honey, moping her forehead with the back of her hand, "I sure am..."

A few more exchanges of wows and gee's then Oluna asked a very pointed question, "Is it true that he keeps a number of yours ready at all times? You know, ready for him? Naked and openly available? Ready?"

Honey lifted another basket into a waiting cart, "He sure does. Oluna, I haven't worn a stitch of clothing for over five years. Believe it or not. He's fucked me every way possible for a body to be placed in. Oh, and he loves the whip, fortunately, so do I. I can take a full raw hide whipping better than many of these bitches here and now. You want me to prove it to you?"

Oluna looked around, "Sure, why not, are you up to it?"

Honey smiled at her, "Hey, overseer, your balls are tiny raisins and you couldn't sire a shrimp!"

Honey dangled by her thumbs. The overseer delivering Honey a black snake whipping pretty much everywhere her nudity would permit.

WHAP.

"Sixteen."

WHAP.

"Seventeen."

WHAP.

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

"Eighteen."

"AAA!" Honey gasped as the whip slithered off of her nipples.

WHAP.

"Nineteen."

WHAP.

"Twenty. Punishment completed. Let her down, and put her back to work."

Honey sat silently, recovering a bit from her whipping. She slowly got up and resumed her work.

"You really took a lashing. I've seen girls take bare skin whippings before, but you really took a doozy just then. You really squealed when he flicked your nipples..."

"They're tender that's all. Pharaoh knows how to do that harder than he does..."

"Oh, yeah, right. That overseer used a bull whip on you girl!!!"

"You don't know a breast stroke, until Pharaoh gives you one with his thin rod squarely across your sunburned nipples. I once saw a Nubian girl get worked over with that rod for twenty-two strokes before she tried to protect herself. She was unbound, and fresh from a nipple stoneing, too. Trying to show off her abilities at being able to take a nipple whipping better than a white girl, meaning me of course..." Honey smiled at her abilities...

"Wait a minute, nipple stoneing? What's that?"

"Pharaoh had just delivered the two Nubians a fresh rubbing of a pumice stone across both of their nipples. They were tied face to face, and strung up by their thumbs. He'd commented on how well

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

they'd taken the punishment. On the other hand, I'd been earlier strung up by my thumbs and whipped by one of the Nubians..." Honey resumed her chatting.

Inside their kennels for the night, "As I mentioned earlier, I'd been strung up by one of the Nubians and literally drubbed over my nipples by a braided rhino whip. It'd turned them beet red, at least as much as the sun had done. Oh, Pharaoh ordered me covered from head to toe with oil, I still took the whipping..."

Oluna listened on into the night the stories told to her by this young white sex slave of Pharaoh himself. The two of them spent the night together, in naked embrace. Oluna had aged a bit, but her body was still quite agile and ready to make girl girl... It would be the next day that a few other fair skinned girls would be introduced to the task labor of the mud and stone pits...

**Chapter 6**

Pharaoh entered the quarry areas in his litter. Honey was by his side, bare and beautiful as ever. Blossom and Ebony walked outside the litter, also quite bare. Their nipples clipped with Nubian torture stones. The two hated them as the other Nubian girls saw them as shameful and humiliating.

The litter halted and Kufu stepped down. Honey followed him, her caramel colored nudity glistening in the sun. She glanced at Blossom who stood at attention, with her breasts clipped and sagging just a bit from the weight of the torture stones. Ebony looking a bit forlorn, halted just fast enough to make her breasts sway with the stones clipped to her hard nipples.

Kufu drank in the sights of the quarry. As usual a lot of activity was going on, there were a number of workers of mixed sexes. Most of the women were wearing either a skirt and loosely tied blouse or tie top. Some wore loin cloths with tops, blouses or vests. A few wore only a loin cloth or skirt, and were bare breasted. Even a smaller number yet worked completely naked. As for the men, the majority wore wrap cloths or loin cloths. Some wore leather pouches which covered their cocks and balls, but left the ass bare except for a very narrow leather strap that passed directly up the crack of the ass. Occasionally the eye would find a naked man or two. Being slaves their body hair had been removed long ago.

The lead overseer greeted Pharaoh, "Good Morrow sire, may I be your escort today?"

"Yes, you may. Did the female prisoners I sent up her a couple of days ago, arrive in good shape?"

"Yes, sire, I have two of them working in the mud pit. Two of them working on the outer block stones, and the rest are picking up broken bits. I recall seven of them in all. Lyre Island women, aren't they sire?" The overseer answered with positive conviction.

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

"Lyre Island women they are, and you are very observant..." Pharaoh credited the overseer's observations. He saw the overseer looking at Honey and the two Nubians.

"Remember this one..." Pharaoh snapped his fingers to recall the overseer's name.

"A thousand pardons, sire, I am Koronos, the head overseer." He crossed his hands over his chest and bowed quickly in respect.

"Yes, Koronos, how could I forget. I was asking if you remember this one..?" Kufu put his hand on Honey's shoulder.

"A, yes, I do recall the blonde one. She is a very good worker, sire..."

"Yes, well, I got her back from here with a well developed set of muscles and her skin had become a bit callused from numerous rawhidings that she'd received. You made her work naked the entire ten weeks I understand..." Pharaoh's question was tinted a bit with uneasiness.

Koronos stood firm with Pharaoh, giving the prescribed respect, and yet not a bit of weakness, "Yes sire. She spent the entire time, nude. I made no exceptions for her. She did require some discipline as she was quite smart mouthed when she first arrived."

"Really, how so?" Kufu asked as he looked at her. Honey lowered her eyes.

"She got into a fight on her first day, with Zambina. She's the one you see over by the well now, sire. She's wearing the blue skirt and red breast thong. There, see her, she has long, curly brown hair. Attractive a bit, isn't she?" Koronos pointed to a tall negress with coffee colored skin and well muscled arms. As she turned to speak to another girl next to her, her white teeth sparkled. Her lips were thin like a Nubian, but she had the longer neckline of a Wassimbi girl. Her square jawbone added to her beauty.

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

"Yes, I see her. You say she got into a fight with this one?" Pharaoh was a bit astonished at Koronos' story. This girl looked far more formidable than Honey.

"Well, sire, it is a bit of a story..." Koronos' tone of voice took on a bit of evasive.

"I have plenty of time, Koronos. This girl, Zambina looks to be quite strong. Tell me, how did the fight get started?" Pharaoh asked as he turned and looked at his blonde slut. He cocked his head to one side in a bit of amazement.

Koronos looked out across the expanse of work and took in a deep breath, "Well, sire, it began on a day not unlike this one. Not a cloud in the sky and I'd just got this blonde one properly motivated for picking up the stone fragments. My assistants, Clovis and Neptum, were working with Zambina and three other girls at the grinding wheel. That's the wheel over there..." Koronos pointed to a four spoke contraption upon which three heavy stones rolled over a large flat one, crushing small pebbles to dust which was then taken and added to the mud pits to give strength to the mortar used to make the outer bricks of the buildings. Pharaoh noticed it was being operated by three nude women and one nude young man. From their appearance, they were from one of the outer nomadic tribes. Two of the women seemed a bit shy at their forced nudity. The third one couldn't take her eyes off the male who sported a nice firm erection. Pharaoh smiled at what he saw.

"Yes, I see it. The slaves operating it are nude. Is that a rule they operate it naked?" Kufu asked in all casualness.

"It is sire. I'll continue, that wheel was being operated by Zambina and three other girls, all of them naked, when the blonde one brought over her basket and emptied it too fast onto the flat surface of the rollers. It caused the wheel to jerk to a stop, which shocked the four women a little. As you can see, we don't chain the slaves to the wheel, but they have to maintain momentum to keep it turning. Once it's stopped, it takes a lot of effort to get it started again, and many of the slaves are whipped then to make them lean harder and get it started. Zambina began to yell at the blonde girl. Complaining that she

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

was stupid and caused the wheel to stop. She should help get it started again. The blonde one, looked at her and told her to go to hell in so many words and that she had to get back to work. Some shoving was exchanged and in a moment or two of foul word exchanging, the next thing I knew the two of them were coming to grips on the wooden platform and scuffling on the grinding wheel floor. I recall hearing vindictive words coming from Zambina and a lot of nasty things were said about her blonde hair and white skin. When I got them separated, neither of them blamed the other for what had happened. So I punished them both..."

"How did you punish them, Koronos?" Pharaoh seemed interested in his story.

"I had Zambina black snake whipped. She's a big, strong girl and I knew she could take it. Then I had her put back on the grinding wheel, only chained this time. In addition I gave her a month of nudity and continued duty at the grinding wheel. As for the blonde, since she was brand new and required to be naked for a month, I had her oiled and flogged with a six thong. Oh, I did have her stretched on the sun scorcher for the balance of the afternoon. She was kept well oiled and I made sure she had plenty of water. I didn't want a new girl dying on me so soon..." Koronos finished his story.

Kufu surveyed the area. He was looking for something, "Where's this sun scorcher, you spoke of? Can I see it from here?"

"Yes, lord. It's over there, half way between the well and mud pit. In fact a Nubian girl is spread on it right now. Neptum is administering a switching to her breasts. That punishment is usually given when a girl fondles herself in a shameful way. As I look more closely, sire, the one on the scorcher I believe is Oluna..." Honey's eyes opened wide at his words. Her friend Oluna, she casually tried to spot her... "Yes, it is Oluna. She's one of our older slaves. In her thirties I believe, but still quite strong." Pharaoh nodded as Honey tried to look for Oluna.

Pharaoh's attention wandered to the entire scene before him as he scratched his jaw and listened to Koronos' words. His gaze again

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

fell on Zambina. This time she was carrying a large jug of water on her shoulder. It had caused her thin top to draw tighter against her. He could detect the outline of a large ring that was apparently in her nipple and another one adorned her other nipple as well. Just as he started to speak, she angled herself so that the sun was behind her. It revealed to Pharaoh just how thin the material of her skirt actually was. He could distantly see the shape of another ring, slightly larger than the ones in her nipples, passing directly through what appeared to be her clitoris, "I say, Koronos, does Zambina have on slave rings?"

Koronos was chatting about something else, "... And I think we might be ready for some refreshments... Rings? I don't think..." Then he turned around and stared at the negress. "Oh, yes, sire, she does indeed..." Koronos and Kufu smiled at each other.

The canopy was a relief from the intense Egyptian sun. Hammer and chisels fell out a rhythm as they chipped away shaping the stones for Egypt's grand buildings. A dull rumble could be heard in the background as the grinding stones slowly broke up the small stone chips. Chains rattled and whips slapped on sweaty bare backs, occasionally a male or female voice would utter some miserable plea for mercy. Pharaoh held up his cup as Zambina, now bare naked except for her rings, poured him wine. Honey glared up from Pharaoh's feet as Zambina pouring out the wine. She paid absolutely no attention to the blonde slut at Kufu's feet.

Kufu looked out at the work and back at Koronos. The warm breeze blowing gently, "Koronos the only thing that disappoints me a bit at you is that you know the rules concerning slave rings. They are never to be covered. You should not have allowed Zambina to be dressed as long as she is wearing her rings. Here, Zambina, let me see, these are permanent aren't they?" Koronos seemed a bit irritated at Pharaoh's accusations, and narrowed his eyes at Zambina. He obviously hadn't know about her rings...

Zambina stood still as Pharaoh fiddled about with her rings. She stared out across the desert as he worked his fingers on them. Pharaoh noticed they were removable.

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

"Well, Koronos, I stand corrected, these are not permanent rings. Zambina, did master Koronos know of these rings before I saw them earlier this morning? I expect a truthful answer." Pharaoh asked gently of Zambina. Honey mumbled under her breath that the black bitch was a deceitful one and in need of punishment for her actions. Pharaoh thought he heard Honey mumbling, "Did you say something, blonde one?" Pharaoh asked nudging Honey with his foot.

"No, my lord and master, I am silent." Honey clearly spoke. Zambina looked quickly down at her and resumed her focus on the nothingness of the desert.

"Well, Zambina, answer my question. Did your master know of these rings, yes or no?" Zambina knew Pharaoh wouldn't ask again, "No, sire."

Koronos breathed a sigh of relief. Pharaoh looked at Koronos as he spoke about Zambina. He had the index finger of his right hand through Zambina's left nipple ring, "I didn't think so, Zambina. Koronos, look, these are detachable." Pharaoh lifted his finger and gave a quick yank causing her left breast to quiver slightly, "See. She's been playing games with you. I don't blame you anymore, Koronos, you have a lot on your mind with overseeing this operation. However, you should start watching for signs of this kind of disrespect going on. I am familiar with her motive for these rings. You see it gives her status with the others to know that she can fool you." Koronos looked with anger at Zambina.

Pharaoh jerked off the other ring and did the same to the one through Zambina's clit. It made her gasp a bit at his actions. He stood up as he tossed the rings down onto the table. He reached around behind her and grabbed a fist full of her brown hair. She whimpered again as he spoke, "There now, fully naked are you not?" There was a brief silence. "You're half Nubian aren't you?" Zambina nodded slowly, swallowing hard.

"Do you see those two over there?" Pharaoh pointed to Blossom and Ebony standing with woeful looks on their lovely faces. Displaying their breasts still adorned with the colorful stones.

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

He pulled a bit harder on Zambina's hair, she gasped, "Yes, my lord, they are wearing Nubian torture stones..."

Pharaoh nodded and continued to pull on her hair, "What do they mean to you, Zambina?"

"Master, they are used to punish naughty young girls, who play obscene games with each other and have been caught at it. Mature women don't wear them as they are an insult." Zambina whimpered but clearly defined the purpose of the torture stones. She'd understood that Pharaoh was making his two Nubian slave girls wear them in humiliation.

"Yes, you are right, Zambina. You are too old to wear them, aren't you? Oh, you probably wore them when you were young once in your tribe, I'm sure a well built girl like yourself. You likely hated them then didn't you?!" Zambina nodded slowly and again, swallowed hard. "I take it you do understand the purpose of slave rings, do you not, and the rules governing them?" Zambina closed her eyes and nodded slowly. "Tell us of your understanding and your intentions wearing these detachable ones..."

"Oh, sire, master, I was only trying to get respect and support from my cell mates. They recognize me only if I can do something dangerous in their eyes. Like make a defiance of you, master Koronos without your knowing it. The slave rings seemed like the easiest way. I could wear them under my garments, and go undetected about my duties. The other girls in my cell would know I am wearing them, yet unless discovered, then I was defying your rules governing slave rings. I ask forgiveness and that you punish me, master Koronos for my actions..." Zambina fell to her knees before Koronos.

Koronos looked at her and over at Pharaoh, who still bore anger in his eyes. He lifted her chin and spoke with an all too deceiving gentleness in his voice, "I'm afraid I didn't discover them on you, Pharaoh did... He'll tell you what will happen to slave girls who defy and disrespect their masters..."

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

"Zambina hear me now for your defiance, you are to be taken, naked as you are, to a place near that grindstone. There you will be whipped with a braided rhino hide by my blonde slave girl, Honey, no less than fifty strokes. Upon completion of the whipping, you will be taken to the sun scorcher where you will spend the rest of the day. When the sun goes down, before you are released, permanent slave rings will be placed in your nipples and clitoris. In keeping with the rules, permanent rings mean you will remain naked as long as you wear them. There will be no exceptions. In addition to mandatory nakedness imposed upon you by the rings, you will wear Nubian torture stones for a period of no less than one month. At no time will you ever be without your rings and for one month the stones. You will labor silently and without pleas for pity and relief. Do you understand?" Zambina nodded and began to sob silently, "So shall it be written, so shall it be done. Koronos, have your men take her over to those two posts, where the other slaves can see her. Have them spread her, wide, facing the sun. Honey, remove your sandals, jewelry, and hairpieces, get the braided rhino hide from Neptum and deliver Zambina fifty lashes. I want them well laid on. If you fail at this task I am assigning you, you will take her place and received fifty of your own from Neptum and spend the afternoon on that other sun scorcher having your nipples switched by Blossom and Ebony over there. Understand my pretty one?" Honey nodded and relished the chance to whip Zambina. There was obviously no love lost between the two of them and Pharaoh knew it.

Pharaoh watched as all was prepared as ordered. He sat down again and shook his head slightly glancing at his two Nubians, who were tittering and mumbling to themselves. His face grew serious and he narrowed his eyes at them, "You two had better stop fooling around. Or you might find yourselves swinging by your smart-ass thumbs while Honey whips Zambina. Now get over here and take care of our needs!" Pharaoh commanded.

Koronos watched as Zambina was strung up and spread wide between the posts. He should have been more watchful, he thought to himself. He saw Neptum hand the braided rhino hide to a very naked blonde slave girl. In fact, he wished it was her being spread for a whipping, and not Zambina. If he'd have had his way, Zambina would

## **S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones**

be whipping Honey. His daydream bubble broke when Pharaoh spoke up, "Koronos, I realize this deal with the rings is not directly your fault. But, you must realize the importance of regular examinations of your slaves. I want all the women checked and the men, too. Make sure they are following all the rules. I don't want to find any more loose slave rings, do I make myself clear?"

Koronos nodded as he replied, "Yes, sire, perfectly clear..."

**Chapter 7**

Zambina rested on her cot in her cell. Two other women ministered over her. Like herself, they too were black slave girls. She stood up, the stones making her bare breasts sway about. Stretching her lovely body, Zambina walked over to the window. The light of a full moon bathed her with silver. Her body marked with long welts that stood ridged in the subdued light.

One of the girls in her cell, naked herself, came over to her, "Zambina, you really must rest, that was quite a hard whipping you got earlier. The metal worker was not very gentle as he sealed the rings on your nipples and sex..."

"Shut up! I don't want to be reminded..." Zambina seemed very uneasy toward her friends.

"Okay, you don't have to take my head off. I am still your friend..." The girl started to turn away.

"Nonna, wait. I, I'm sorry. It's not your fault." Zambina caught her friend's shoulder.

Nonna stopped and smiled at Zambina putting her hand onto hers, "I understand..."

"I mean it's just that I hate white women. Look at me, Nonna. I'm standing here, wearing slave rings. Bare ass naked and I have to wear these awful stones. Look how they make my breasts sag and my nipples bend over. The rings themselves are heavy enough, but wearing stones the size of hen's eggs, my nipples are folded over like a couple of dead leaves. Oh, I blame that white bitch..!" Zambina began to ramble.

"It's not her fault, Zambina. You tried to renew our faith and hope for freedom. You showed us how to be defiant in silence. How to protest and not riot. Your tactic worked against the overseers, but not against Pharaoh. He has eyes like the hawk. Now, you must pay, but we will always admire you and consider you our leader..."

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

"Even when I have to wear these..?" Zambina held up her breasts with the torture stones dangling obscenely down.

"Yes, even when you are wearing those..." Nonna smiled, as she toyed with Zambina's stones. Down deep Nonna felt sorry for Zambina. Her nipples and breasts would become very sore before she would be allowed to remove them. She remembered having to wear them when she was a slave girl on the pirates' galley. She told Zambina her story, "You know, I remember the first time I ever experienced those stones. The master had me strung up by my thumbs. He had my breasts whipped with a rhino strap. I actually felt them blister up between the strap and the hot sun beating down on them. He then cut me down and fitted me with a set of torture stones. He told me they looked cute dangling on my nearly raw nipples. I was then taken below and made to slave at the oars. One of the girls pulling beside me, protested at my having to wear the torture stones. I tried to tell her not to be vocal about them, but she insisted something be done. It was, as master decided to make an example of her. The overseer stood her up to the main mast. Using a couple of ship spikes, her nipples were nailed to the mast. Afterwards, he used a rawhide whip across her back and left her in the hot sun for the rest of the afternoon. So, I can't blame all the whites."

"Why!?! It was a white that put them on you to begin with! You felt the whip and got a dose of the stones..."

"You don't understand one thing?"

"What's that?"

"The girl who had her nipples nailed to the mast was a white girl." Nonna smiled.

Ester was led into Pharaoh's chambers, wearing nothing but a heavy whipping yoke. She still had some of the dust clinging to her skin from the quarry. Her hair was quite disheveled and the sun had turned her skin a deep reddish brown that blended in with the dust to give a very earthy look to her. Already the hard work of the quarry had begun to take its toll on her. She wasn't as young as the others and it

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

was quite obvious she was suffering from fatigue and the strain of physical labor. The yoke forced her to keep her body in a somewhat grotesque pose. It also forced her to expose her breasts in a shameful display. As she entered, Ester saw a naked Nubian girl slide a curtain closed in one of the dark corners of Pharaoh's chambers. She was glistening with sweat.

"My dear Ester, how nice of you to join me for dessert. I trust my overseers are feeding you well?" Kufu settled back in his sofa. He took a sip of wine that Honey had just handed to him.

"Kufu, what do you want of me? Why do you treat us so badly? What have I done to you to deserve this kind of treatment?" Ester asked, taking in a breath of air after each syllable.

Kufu looked at the woman a long while, in silence. After taking a sip of wine, he leaned back, "Ester, did anyone ever tell you that you are quite attractive? For a woman of your growth and stature..." He meant age and position.

Ester straightened up a bit, and began to realize the yoke was revealing a good deal of her body for Royal Egypt's viewing pleasure. She became a bit embarrassed at the unseemly exposure of her breasts, and she gave a fruitless effort to try and free herself. She then made a mock effort at some modesty. When she knew she couldn't free herself, she gave up the fight and looked Kufu back in the eye. She gave a small obscene shimmy of her breasts while responding, "I guess I do. After all, you have me at a slight disadvantage or hadn't you noticed?"

Pharaoh motioned for Honey to stand up, "Stand up and show yourself off to the dear woman, my little blonde slut. She's a prize isn't she? Oh, yes, you see a genuine blonde from the northern unexplored areas. Her 'parents' so she claims arrived here in long boats that were shaped like dragons, I think she called them. Dragons, how charming..."

"Don't poo poo it too much, Kufu, she just might be right..." Ester mumbled under her breath. "I've heard of these dragon ships too,

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

my lord. They might be real..." She said with a coy smile on her lips. "Have you ever wondered if they might come looking for this one? Sire..."

"You're pushing yourself with me, Ester. I'll warn you now, that you are in no position to be a smart mouth. Do you see Ebony over there?" Ebony was taking down a single tail eel skin whip from a special hook near the curtain. Ester looked at her and gave a slight swallow, "I guarantee that she knows how to use that eel skin on yoke clad bitches such as yourself. I advise you to keep your respects for me in place, or as I am Pharaoh of upper and lower Egypt, she will have you in tears. Understand, girl?"

Ester nodded, "Yes, my lord Pharaoh." as she lowered her eyes.

"Ester, haven't you noticed that it is a bit strange that I haven't asked you about the Hemoratites? Doesn't that make you wonder just a little bit. At all my small talk conversation?" Kufu took a long swig of wine and handed it to Honey for a refill. He added, "I would have thought you a bit more curious that I didn't get to any torture of you right off the bat."

"I - I was curious, lord..." Ester sensed that Kufu was up to some of his usual tricks.

"You know, my dear Ester, earlier today, I really thought I'd met my match with you. On trying to make you talk and all. Your comrades are just as stubborn as you are. You have them very well trained I see. But let me be frank with you right now, I have obtained the information I've been looking for. Yes, I have. There's been an alliance with Lyre and the Hemoratites, hasn't there? Oh, you don't need to answer, some one else already has. Blossom, open the curtains..." Blossom opened the curtains that she'd closed earlier from Ester's view. As they parted, Ester beheld a quite attractive woman, fully naked, setting astride a bizarre looking shiny steel network of bars the size and stature of Ester's thumb. The girl on it, was a Hemoratite.

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

. She had brown hair, green eyes and light coffee colored skin. She was panting and looked as if she'd suffered quite a lot. Her breasts heaved to take in air and her body loomed brazenly in the dim torch light in Pharaoh's dark corner. She licked her lips and swallowed hard. As she shivered slightly, Ester noticed the dangling Nubian torture stones tied onto her nipples.

Ester sat up, "Kufu, you haven't..."

He interrupted her, "Oh, but I have!"

"Kufu, I swear it, this girl was a dancing girl at our festival with the Hemoratites. The music was too loud for her to really hear us even say anything, which we didn't! You must let her go, she really doesn't know anything. I'm telling you the truth, so help me..." Ester started her conversation with urgency and finished with a small tear.

"Ester, we'll leave you and the young dancing girl alone for a bit, you know, to chat and get to know one another a little better. Exchange some ideas and thoughts... Talk things over and get acquainted again, that sort of thing. Blossom, Ebony, Honey, get ready and follow me out..." Kufu stood up and with his wine cup in one can, his slaves following him, he left Ester alone with the girl.

Ester stood up and made her way, awkwardly in the yoke, toward the girl on the device. When she'd gotten to her, she immediately tried to kiss and soothe her, "Oh, you poor thing, this must hurt..."

The girl on the device nodded slowly, "Yes... You can't see it, but there's this thing up inside of me... Oh, AAA, oh... Its kind of hard and awful - like... I can't describe it, it... AAA! Oh, by the gods... Look on the bar my cleft is split upon..."

"Oh, dear, I can't really see anything, it just looks like you're sitting astride this bar... Wait a minute, I can see something small and shiny peeking out between your lips... Oh, dear me, it's attached to your clit..."

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

"AAA! Oh, NO! GOD, NO! DON'T TOUCH IT!!!" The girl nearly went into a panic.

"I won't oh, no, I won't, oh dear me. You're split on this thing and that, that shiny nasty looking set of jaw-like metal has your clitoris gripped at the most sensitive part... Who put you..."

The girl shook her head, "Don't be concerned about who put me on this. Obviously, Pharaoh did, or at the very least, that black slut of his that he calls Blossom. By the gods, I hate her..."

"Umm... I see that. I don't know your name..." Ester was very concerned.

"Druinda. My name is Druinda. I'm a dancer, a Hemoratite dancer. He saw me performing in the bazaar, and had me brought to him. I knew the moment I saw him, he wanted something I wasn't sure I could give... Oh, mistress, I'm sorry. I did overhear you and the Colitite planning an alliance. Oh, by the gods it hurts, and I couldn't resist. I had a difficult time resisting that black slut of his. Do you know what she did to me..?"

"No, dear, what did she do to you?" Ester nodded as best the yoke would permit.

"She - she used a Nubian raspe on me. Do you know what that is?"

"I think so..." Ester wasn't really sure what it was, but she'd heard of it.

"I was left exposed to the sun for about three hours, totally bare, on this thing they called simply a studder. The slut called Blossom came and had me taken down leading me to a stone that was dome shaped. She had me put on it. This exposed me even more. Using a nasty device the Nubians called a raspe, which is nothing more than a stick with a pumice stone glued to the end of it, she raked my nipples and sex with it until I thought I'd just die..." She looked with solemn eyes at Ester. Licking her lips again, and taking a deep breath, she

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

continued, "It hurt, oh, dear, it hurt... I couldn't help it. She continued to use that raspe on me until my clit ached, and I thought my nipples would burst. Then they brought this thing out and lifted me up and put me on it. I felt her fingers working my sore clit, and then I felt something on it that at first felt like a dull sting. Like I had a bee sting on my clit. Just a subtle little gnaw, not a big hurt, you know, don't you..?"

Ester nodded and choked back a tear, "Yes, I know..." She really didn't.

"At her direction, a couple of males tied these egg shaped stones to my nipples. What do these things mean? Evidently they are very humiliating to Nubians, is that so?"

Ester shrugged, "I think it has something to do with a punishment for naughty girls just out of puberty. Or some such thing..."

"Oh, well they hurt like the very devil itself. Look how my breasts sag with these things on!" Druinda commented.

Ester nodded and asked another question, "Just what did you tell Pharaoh, dear girl?"

Druinda begin to sweat, "I - I told them, mistress I told them everything. Oh, I tried, mistress, I really did try. I didn't tell you that bitch used a Sampa switch on my nipples before they hung these stones on me. I really didn't want to tell, but I had to or they'd have taken my nipples off..."

Ester began to understand that the girl on the bar had given in to Pharaoh's persuasion. It didn't take long for her to realize that she had endured almost unspeakable levels of female torture. Druinda whimpered as Ester spoke to her, "I will try to ease your pain, here I think I can help you with the clip..."

Kufu re-entered his chambers, Blossom , Honey, Ebony followed him and a black girl with a heavy beam bound across her

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

shoulders holding her arms up. Her breasts and sex sported heavy looking gold rings and like the girl on the bar, a similar set of stones had been attached to her nipple rings. Ester recognized that the black girl was being escorted by two of the quarry overseers. Pharaoh motioned for them to stop, his attention focused on what Ester was doing with the girl on the bar, "I can assure you, that you will only hurt her if you try and remove the small thing attached to her clitoris. Ester, have you figured out that it must be hurting her too much or have you decided she is just lying to you and looking for sympathy?"

"Kufu, you must take her off this thing. I understand that she has talked to you about the agreement that was made by my people and the Hemoratites. You win, yes an agreement was made. But, you really don't know why, do you? Well, oh what's the use, it's because you are such a tyrant. Yes, I said it, a tyrant. You oppress and enslave until none of us can stand it. That's why we seek solace from others... Now, you know. Oh, you'll take reprisals out on us all. I don't blame you. But, at least I will have had the satisfaction of calling you a tyrant to your face." Unseen by any of the others, Honey's mouth formed a slight pleased smile.

Pharaoh didn't say anything. He just went over and sat down on his sedan. He put his head in his hands while everyone looked at him. No one spoke. Ester shifted herself trying to ease her back from its odd position generated by the whipping yoke around her neck and holding her arms out to the side. The black girl Pharaoh brought in with him was Zambina. The heavy beam on her shoulders was far too large for a woman to be bound to. It caused her to slump under its weight. As she moved slowly about, her breasts would sway uncontrollably due to the torture stones attached to her nipple rings. Her breasts were In fact, a bit too large for continued torture with the punishment stones... The girl on the bar shook her head and tried to shift her weight to take away the pain of the nasty set of jaws gripping the most tender place on her body.

After a short while, Kufu looked up and over at the girl on the bar. He then focused his attention on Ester. Before he spoke, he motioned to Blossom to go over and remove the clip from Druinda's clit. He then turned to Ester, "You know, I really wasn't sure the

## **S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones**

gamble would work. In fact, it wasn't my idea at all, it was that one's idea..." He pointed his finger directly at Honey. "She told me you would give in to circumstances. She was very right..."

Ester got a puzzled look on her face. She looked at Pharaoh and over at Honey, who still had a broad smile on her face, then she caught some activity out of the corner of her eye. It was Blossom. She was taking the girl, Druinda, down off the bar. "You are a real bastard, Kufu..." She only then suddenly realized that those were not the right words to use toward Royal Egypt.

**Chapter 8**

Regardless of what kind of person his subjects think he is, Kufu is still Royal Egypt. Ester learned after her folly that it is best to keep her thoughts to herself. Pharaoh sat in his sedan chair with his head back enjoying the ministrations his lovely, and wise, blonde slave girl was giving to him. In the form of a wonderful application of her mouth to his cock. In the background, could be heard Neptum's whip slicing through the air, impacting on skin, and the squealing whimpers of a woman being lashed.

Pharaoh's fingers worked through Honey's blonde hair, "Oh, you have a mouth of liquid velvet. Yes..."

Ester stood facing Pharaoh some ten feet away. Her whipping yoke had been attached to two chains that dangled down from the ceiling. Her ankles had been secured to the floor in a slight spread to ring-bolts holding them in place. Neptum's whip was a thin single tail leather lash, that made a rapid circlet around her, raising a thin red welt in its wake. Pharaoh looked at Ester taking a whipping and it made his cock swell even more.

The whip made a 'WHISK-HUP' sound as it coiled itself around Ester's nudity.

Ester would toss her head back as far as the yoke would let her, voicing a throaty, gasping outcry, "HAAA!"

Again the whip found her flesh, 'WHISK-HUP'.

Ester tossed her head back, "HAAA!"

'WHISK-HUP.'

"HAAA!" Ester struggled in vain to protect her very exposed breasts.

Pharaoh would watch as the whip coiled about her breasts making them shudder and quiver. Leaving a visible red line circling

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

their bouncing nakedness. Occasionally in his application of the lash, Neptum would score a hit directly across one or both of her hard nipples. Sometimes he would give her an up-slice that seemed to bisect her sex and slither inside the folds of her lips to sting her sensitive clit. Other times it would just skim the surface of her bare cleft making a thin red line across the tufted lips of her womanhood. Her belly began sporting a criss-cross of red welts that soon joined the ones forming on her chest. Her ass was streaked with many parallel lines that seemed to go all the way up her back, which along with her breasts seem to be taking the most of them. Her shoulders bore lines as vivid reminders of a rash outspoken tongue.

By the time Pharaoh held up his hand for Neptum to stop, Ester was pretty much covered from the nape of her neck to her knees with welts. He stood up and walked over to her, himself nearly naked and sporting quite an erection, "Had enough? You must learn to keep your tongue still."

"Yes, Oh, by the gods themselves, please milord, no more. I can't take it. Please don't whip me any more..." Ester was taking in her breath by gasps.

"I realize that your nakedness is the reason the lash hurts more, but you must admit, that along with a quite noticeable sunburn on you, this yoke puts a whole new meaning to the term 'whipping yoke' doesn't it?"

Ester nodded and licked her lips in a obvious indication of her thirst. Kufu, looked at her and snapped his fingers for Ebony to fetch some water. She returned and Ester drank all of it. Growing uneasy, Ester shivered a bit, "Pharaoh, I, I feel quite ashamed... I feel very naked and vulnerable... Oh, please don't whip me any more? My nipples ache and my sex feels violated... It's awful..." She began to sob causing her breasts to quiver and bounce.

Zambina shook her lovely brown hair, muttering to herself, "The white bitch. What does she know of humiliation. I have to wear these stones on my slave rings, while bound like this... She thinks that yoke is heavy, she ought to heft this log..."

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

Neptum nudged the other overseer, in a very low whisper, "Pharaoh is kind to this one, if it were me, I'd have had her nipples and domed for an afternoon under the blistering sun..."

The other overseer just smiled and nodded slightly. Narrowing his eyes on the woman in the yoke, he whispered back, "Excellent idea, but I'd follow it up with a stout switching on her well scorched nipples... Say about two times all of my fingers directly on their tips..."

Neptum gave a single nod with a smile. "With a rod..." His fingers separated by about a third of an inch, "that wide..."

The other one glanced at Neptum, softly whispering, "The perfect size..." Neptum's gaze fell on Zambina. He'd hoped that Pharaoh would allow him to fuck this one.

"Ester, you drink as if you've been on the desert for a month. I'd heard tell of an Egyptian woman who'd spent forty years living in the desert, naked. Take Blossom here, she could live for forty years in the desert naked, couldn't you Blossom?" Pharaoh looked at Blossom with a smile on his face...

Blossom stirred just a bit uneasily. Not sure where her master was going with this comment, "Yes, my lord. I have already spent nearly all my life without clothing. I am of age twenty-three, sire. Save for the few garments that you allow me, I go about entirely naked. As I am before you now..."

"Blossom, you are a treasure. You and Honey go and bring that Hemoratite dancer to me. Neptum, the two of you my let Ester here down from her awkward position." Pharaoh ordered.

Ester squirmed uneasy as Neptum and the other overseer unhooked her from the chains dangling down from the ceiling that were fastened to her yoke. She could breathe a bit easier now...

"When you've finished, Neptum the two of you put that negress on the bar. Oh, and leave that heavy beam across her shoulders. Watch

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

that ring between her legs. I don't want it to get bent on the bar. It's made of pure gold..." Pharaoh smiled as he watched Ester's reaction to his comment about the gold ring.

Pharaoh nudged closer to Ester and leaned to her as if to confide a secret, "Maybe I should fit you with slave rings. A woman of your distinction, wearing those things on her nipples and clitoris. I might even allow you to reside here in my palace. Of course, you must remain naked as long as the rings are in place..."

Ester looked at Pharaoh for a few moments. She started to speak out bluntly, but quickly changed her tone of voice, "You... My, lord, you really seem to enjoy naked women..."

"I sensed you were about to mouth off at me, but the wisdom of my lessons prevailed, true enough?" Pharaoh gazed at her, focusing for a moment on her whip streaked breasts.

"Yes, my lord..." She turned a bit fast to face him. The action made her breasts sway from side to side. She was still very exposed while bound to the whipping yoke.

Zambina sat painfully still, with soft tears running down her cheeks. Her sullen nudity loomed brazenly in the dim torch lit corner of Pharaoh's bed-chambers. The added weight of the heavy log draped over her shoulders made the bar even more cruel. Kufu went over to her and studied her bondage. Making sure the slave ring through her clit had been properly placed on top of the bar. Thereby causing it to hold her clitoris upward so the tenderest part of it could rest squarely on the bar itself.

Zambina sniffled in a sob. It was no time for her to show weakness. One such sob was enough to make her bounce down harder on the bar. "Do I detect a weakness in your sturdy frame, Zambina?" Pharaoh asked in a mocking tone of voice.

"N - no! Sire... I - I was just settling in..." Zambina replied with a notable quiver to her voice.

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

Kufu leaned toward Zambina and spoke to her in a voice loud enough for all to hear, "Hurts, doesn't it?" Zambina struggled a bit to straighten up. She jerked and winced slightly, but didn't break down as he continued his words to her, "Yes, it can hurt awful... You know, Zambina, the first time I'd ever seen a girl on one of these was on my second conquest of the distant eastern region. I entered a city, which surrendered to me without so much as a scuffle. Its leader was a woman of age, but still retained fine beauty. She had several slave girls from a far eastern culture. Their eyes were long and narrow by their nature. They were actually quite attractive, tall slender Mongol girls, I think she called them. She showed me her pleasure chamber, which I found interestingly had been filled with women. Oh, maybe a male or two here and there, but the most part her harem was like that of a man's harem. As I entered most of her slaves bowed and sought to please both of us. I did, however, notice one of those Mongol girls setting naked and astride a device like this one. Like you, she had long black hair, but creamy almond skin. Other than her head, there wasn't a strand of hair to be found on her. I took particular notice of how the bare cleft of her sex had been so neat and cleanly fitted over the thing's uppermost bar. Her wrists had been stretched wide and taut. Tied to rings dangling down from chains in the ceiling. Her ankles had been drawn apart and fastened similar to her arms. From her position, it was clear her weight rested on the bar, splitting the cleft of her sex. Though unseen, from the suffering she was exhibiting, as well as a magnificent view of her nakedness, her weight obviously rested on that most tender spot of her sex... I think you know the spot I'm talking about don't you, Zambrina..?"

Zambrina stirred a bit and with a slight shake of her head, she nodded, "Yes, lord, I - I, oh, aa... do..."

"Yes, you do. Now, where was I, oh yes, her position... I asked the queen about her and she told me the girl was being punished for having started a fight. The one she'd been fighting with had been sent off to work at the harvest. This one, however, looked very erotic bound to the bar. She was being punished on her sex for simply starting a fight, or so it seemed. This girl suffered in silence. I even fingered her nipples and squeezed them in my fingers. All she did was whimper slightly. I wanted one of these Mongol girls. The queen

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

delighted in my request and not only gave me one, but her favorite's sister and threw in her bar, which is the one you are setting on now, to boot. I called her Chenna after introducing her to Egypt's sun, which she took to marvelously. Her skin turned to a deep reddish brown which darkened to a few shades lighter than your own. Her nipples darkened as well as her sex to about three shades more than her skin. This girl's nipples weren't as long as yours, but they were very round and large, like the tips of my thumbs. They stayed hard almost all the time. She only crossed me once that I can remember, for that I had her hang by her ankles with her legs spread from the top of my garden wall. The wall over there. To be sure it left her quite open and exposed to the sun. She hung naked of course, not only because I was punishing her, but because I never allowed her any clothing at all, any time. Oh, and of course, Colossus gave her a whipping directly upon her open sex. She hated that. Afterwards, I had her brought back to me and she sat right where you are, only without the heavy limb. Yes, well, I almost forgot I made her suffer her sunburned cleft directly on this bar while wearing the heavy ankle weights she wore while dangling from the wall. She sweated a lot that day, but fucked like a tigress that night. All she wanted to do was put something inside of herself to soothe the painful sunburn she got from being held so openly exposed. Tell me, have you ever really, I mean really had your clitty sunburned? Enough that it made you want to fuck all the time? Or does the sun bother members of your tribe? I was thinking more of how it might affect your Nubian half as I know these two seem to get quite aroused after a stint in the sun... Well, be that all... It ended most unfortunately, the Mongol girl died last year of the pox. I was so saddened by her loss that I purchased the blonde one. Oh, yes, you do hate her, don't you, Zambina..?"

Zambina looked at Pharaoh a long moment. She then looked at Honey, "If she were mine, master, I'd have her hanging from the wall as you did your Mongol girl. She's white, and from what I can see, a good sunning on her open slit might do her some good. If her slit didn't want to open up to the sun, I'd make it bloom with a good beating with a papyrus reed..."

## **S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones**

"Oh, you are creative aren't you. Maybe I should do the same thing to you..." Pharaoh said as he looked her straight in the eye. Zambina cringed and slumped a bit under her weight.

**Chapter 9**

Pharaoh was seated on his balcony watching the mid morning activities in his garden. Blossom sat in his lap, his firm cock buried to the hilt, deep inside the girl's moist sex. Ebony stood at Blossom's back, her arms around her with her hands fingering her nipples hard enough to make them sore, "Ebony, the way you finger her nipples obviously you are trying to make them sore and even callused. Am I right?"

"Master, you always enjoy Blossom more when her nipples are hurting. I could put those naughty girl clips on her and fit her with the punishment stones..?" Ebony smiled mischievously. "Besides, dear master, the two of us are nearly twenty summers old, and in truth, beyond the few simple things you've had us put on, we've been bare breast naked since the day we were born. Both of us have had our breasts and nipples beaten, lashed, switched, pulled, yanked, baked, blistered, drug, twisted, thonged, raked, tied, squeezed and stretched... Well, shall I continue..?"

"Yes, you may continue, for I intend to fuck her as I watch Zambina being spread against the wall... Colossus will use his floret between her legs. I am glad that she will learn the true meaning of sun discipline."

Two guards after carefully attaching a spreader bar on Zambina's ankles, positioned a couple of chains about her thighs and a couple of more here and there along her legs. Her wrists had been tied behind her back and a collar with a chain fixed about her neck. She was then carefully lowered down along the wall, facing outward with her legs spread apart. This exposed her sex open and shamefully toward the sun. In addition, a couple of weights had been attached to the ankle cuffs on the bar to keep her from bobbling about and trying to turn over or protect her sex from the intense sun.

The very sight of this position made Pharaoh's cock swell firm, deep inside Blossom's wet sheath. She began to undulate her hips and roll her eyes in excitement. Her breath quickened as Ebony's

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

ministrations of her nipples added to her stimulation, "Oh, oh, oh, master, you... AAA! Oh, you're so big... I, I, y-y-yesss..."

"You find this much better than the bar? True my little one?" Pharaoh's breath quickened.

Blossom nodded and began to breathe heavily, "Oh, yes, dear master, oh my, lord, please give it to me... AAA! Ebony, pinch my nipples... A-AAA! Harder..."

Pharaoh smiled and gave a quick order to Ebony, "Go and get the strap with the coarse buffalo hide strip on it. Hurry, and bring it back and raked it over her nipples... Until I tell you to stop..."

Ebony nodded and did as she was told, quickly. She returned and taking back her position, she brought the coarse hide, that was like heavy sand paper. Bringing it around and across Blossom's breasts began to rake it back and forth. Blossom began to quiver and moan...

"Use it on her, good, Ebony. Rub it hard and squarely on her nipples. Make them turn red on their tips..." Ebony continued to slowly rake it's heavy coarseness across Blossom's hard bare nipples. Pharaoh looked to see Colossus take position and using his single thin whip with a small river stone sewn into a soft pouch on the end, he began to whip Zambina precisely on her split open cleft. Bearing the pouch stone full impact on her hard, spread bare, ringed and exposed clit. Zambina wailed a soulful howl at the first impact. Blossom began to come as Zambina wailed, Pharaoh came also, spewing his come deep inside Blossom's hot sex.

The three of them watched now as Colossus finished the last of his lazy strokes delivered to the inside of Zambina's bare cleft. Blossom and Ebony both noticed that as Colossus left, Zambina sobbed and other than a pitiful attempt to solace herself, all she could do was shudder and pee. Looking closer, Ebony noticed that besides the pee, from deep inside her womanhood, came forth a load of her white girl cream. She'd seen that only once before at the quarry. It was when a stripped bare Anebi girl had been perched on a prong and held there by her ankles, with her back against a strut she'd been nipple-

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

switched with a freshly cut and polished tampa switch that was as big around as her little finger. Her nipples had been so punished that they'd turned beet-red. The girl just sat silently on the prong, left to spend the rest of the day in the sun. While the rest of the slaves worked, Ebony remembered looking over to see that girl climaxing with a combination of pee and come. She shook herself out of the daydream in time to hear her master asking her a question, "...ever had yours punished like that, Ebony?" Pharaoh nodded toward Zambina hanging obscenely spread open to the sun.

Ebony winced inside herself. She could imagine how Zambina must be suffering. As she watched what was happening to Zambina, she sucked in her breath and responded to her master's question with as best she could, "No master, I have not, but I saw a girl punished similar once in my tribe when I was young. She was a captive slave girl from a raid on a Astonwa village. Evidently, she'd been sold or traded to their chief by the desert people, as her skin was light by nature, but will bronzed by from her exposure. She'd tried on several occasions to kill a couple of our warriors and escape. I remember one time that she'd been stripped bare, strung upside down and spread wide in the sun. The warriors whom she'd tried to kill, had their women bare themselves and, using braided whips made of buffalo hide, snake whip the girl spread in the sun. She was left hanging there until it went down. Oh, those women were skilled with their whips. They only left welts on the girl. But I do recall her having an enormous climax while the women whipped her. If you remember, I do also come under your whip, my lord..." Ebony knelt before her master.

**Chapter 10**

Pharaoh's visit by a loyal ally, desert Chief Alasan, interrupted his usual matters of state. Good then that proper entertainment be at hand. Pharaoh stepped down off his throne to greet his friend. After a long hand shake, he smiled and offered his palace for Alasan's hospitality, "My friend it has been a long time since you have visited our city? What brings you to the City of the Living?"

"Yes, dear Kufu... I am afraid I have bad news for you. The Hemoratites to the East are planning an attack on your empire. I learned this from a Hemoratite dancing girl that, less than the passage of one moon ago, heard of the plans. Needless to say, I brought her here to tell you herself..." Alasan clapped his hands and two of his body guards bowed quickly, "Go and bring the Hemoratite girl here, rapidly. I must admit I had to persuade her a bit to tell me, but when she considered things, she told me all of it."

"Hum, you are a good friend, indeed. My captains captured seven Lyre women. One of them is Ester herself. In fact, what a coincidence! I got her to confess by tricking her into thinking I had a Hemoratite dancing girl as captive. I had my Blossom, here, put a willing Hemoratite slave on that bar overthere. She sobbed and whimpered how awful it was to sit on the bar, and Ester just caved in to get her off. She did tell me of some plans, but not in detail..."

A knock was heard at the door, Pharaoh's body guards let in Alasan's men. Being led in by a chain attached to a collar, a naked girl with a heavy punishment log across her shoulders stumbled in. Laced with welts and glistened with sweat, her breasts swayed obscenely bare as she staggered under the weight of the log which held her arms outstretched. Her chest heaving as she struggled with her burden and tried to keep up with the demands of her guards.

Pharaoh walked slowly toward her, "When in the presence of Pharaoh one kneels." One of his guards lashed her to her knees with his wrist whip.

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

Alasan went over to her and took a fist full of her disheveled brown hair. He yanked it back, "Your name, girl, tell Pharaoh your name!"

The girl winced in pain as Alasan yanked her head back, she swallowed hard and rolled her eyes about, "Neifa, I am Neifa the dancing girl..."

Alasan nodded, "Good Neifa. Now tell Pharaoh what you told me and leave nothing out..."

Neifa swallowed hard again as Alasan released her hair, she breathed heavily a couple of times, "Lords, I am just a dancing girl, I know not that much, but I did overhear a woman and a man talking at the festival of Astorath. Something about joining forces against you, my lord Pharaoh... That's about all I remember..."

Alasan's face grew angry, "Lying bitch, you told me more. Babar, lash her..!"

Pharaoh held up his hand, "Wait! I have something else that might work better..." He turned to and snapped his fingers, "Blossom, bring the clips."

Blossom went to a cabinet near Pharaoh's bed. Inside were a selection of clips of various sizes and shapes. She took out an interesting looking pair. Bringing them over to her master.

Pharaoh smiled, "Good choice, Blossom, you know what to do with them. Let our little dancing girl, Neifa, get acquainted with them..."

As Pharaoh went over and took a seat, so did Alasan. Blossom, bare naked, went over to Neifa and knelt down onto one knee. She looked at the dancing girl and gave her a sly smile, she dangled the clips in front of her face, "These are for you, Neifa..."

Neifa spat at Blossom, "You Nubian slut! It was your people who had my sister snaked and blistered for an escape attempt..."

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

Ebony perked up at those words. Blossom wiped her face and with a vengeance, she gripped Neifa's quite sunburned nipples between her index finger and thumb, crushing them hard enough to make Neifa whimper, "I will make you suffer in ways you've never heard of... white dancing whore!"

Pharaoh clapped his hands, "That will be quite enough, girls. Blossom continue... Later on I will arrange for you two to settle your differences, but for now, I want only words from you dear Neifa..."

Blossom put the nipple clips on Neifa. The girl winced and tried to maintain her composure. Letting on that they didn't hurt. She remained on her knees, sticking her chest out, proudly making the clips that gripped her nipples with a fiery fury sway this way and that with their weight.

Blossom returned to her master, "She'll weaken, those clips bite like the snake that won't let go. Give them a little time. Besides, my lord, master Alasan has given this girl severe nipple discipline already. They are red and swollen from the whip and sunburn. I could feel them in my fingers... She hurts, sire..."

Pharaoh nodded to his Nubian slave, "Bring us some wine, dear Ebony, oh, and pour for all of us, however, fill Neifa's cup in front of her, but don't let her drink. When you've finished, put Neifa's glass on the table in front of me. Now, Alasar, where were we..."

Ebony did as she was told. When she got to Neifa, she knelt and whispered to her, "I am sorry your are being nipples. They look so sore..."

Neifa sucked in a breath, "They are..." In a low vocalization she whimpered, "a-aaa... oh... They burn so..."

"Here, I must go, but tell them all, as they will add weights next and you won't stand it..." Ebony quickly finished.

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

"Here! Here! Ebony, no chatting, now get along with you..." Pharaoh noticed her idle chatter with Neifa.

When the wine had been poured at least a couple of times, Pharaoh stood up and went over to Neifa. A couple of tears ran silently down her cheeks. He lifted her chin a bit, "They hurt don't they?" She closed her eyes and nodded. "Yes, well you see, you must tell me all. After all, I am Pharaoh and I must know everything... Now, who was it you overheard talking together? I want their names?" Pharaoh reached down and gently lifted the chain holding the clips together. It lifted the girl's nipples upward against the pull of the clip's weight. Bending her nipples upward and backward towards her chest.

Neifa opened her mouth but nothing came out, except a few choked and gaged grunts. She caught her breath and cried out, AAA! It hurts! AAA! Stop, please stop..."

Pharaoh snapped his fingers. Two guards grabbed Neifa under her arms and lifted her up towards the shiny bar. Blossom and Ebony looked at each other. Blossom's pussy made a subtle bubble, Ebony fingered and popped it.

The torch light made Neifa's body loom brazenly on the bar. Her bare dancer's cleft split hopelessly on the bar. Her long legs tapered down to slender ankles which were now fastened to the base of the device and held outstretched. Her weight, along with that of the log, rested squarely on her most tender spot, her clit. Both Pharaoh and Alasar were running out of patience. Blossom and Ebony now stood on either side of the girl on the bar. Each one holding a polished elephant bone switch. The clips on Neifa's nipples had been removed, for the time being.

"You little dancing cunt, I am running out of patience with you! Who were the two you heard talking at the festival!?! " screamed Alasar.

Pharaoh's eyes narrowed at the girl. He knew she would hate it, but he snapped his fingers at the two Nubians. Blossom raised her bone switch and rocked it down with a hard smack directly on Neifa's

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

hard nipples. It sounded like she'd struck a pair of bota bags filled with wine. It took a second or two, in fact just long enough for the switch to indent the nipples and let them pop back out from the girl's twin cone breasts. She shook her head, making her disheveled hair fly about, opening her mouth, Neifa let out a throaty gasp, "AAArrrggghhh!!!" He nodded to Ebony, who repeated Blossom's stroke. This one made Neifa bounce on the bar, her breasts bobbling about sporting two thick red lines across their nipples. Again, she gasped, "AAA!!!"

Alasan screamed, "TALK!!!" Neifa shook her head...

Alasan looked with incredulity at his friend. Pharaoh wrinkled up his nose, "Blossom, Ebony, you may use your switches on her nipples until she decides to talk. Come let us sit a while, oh, you haven't met my new one have you? Honey, come here and bring us wine..." Honey entered from an adjoining room. In her nakedness her body shined a golden bronze from her constant exposure to the Egyptian sun. "I got her after I lost Cheena."

As Alasan began to speak, a repetitious rhythm began in the background. It was the sifting sound of a switch slicing through the air followed by the hollowy sound of water being struck. A brief second later a muted throaty whimper could be heard. The sound continued through most of the conversation that followed. Pharaoh's two Nubians carried out his orders. Together they meticulously bone switched Neifa's breasts and nipples as she sat helpless with her bare cleft split on the shiny bar.

Alasan cleared his throat, "Ahem, yes, my friend, I do remember her. That must have been sad to lose her. She was a real beauty that one..." He stroked his beard and shook his head slightly emphasizing the loss. "As I remember her, she was quite tall, slender but well muscled, for that race. I believe when you showed her to me, you had just put her to work at a mill. It was a small one that she could work at alone and there was a very young Egyptian girl, naked, perched on the upper spoke of it who prodded her with a sharp stick to keep her motivated to her task... You are a genius my dear Kufu... But sad at her loss..."

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

Kufu smiled a moment, "Yes, I still miss her. Oh, this blonde one is a wonderful replacement, but nothing like my Cheena..." Pharaoh's daydreaming of her was broken by his noticing that the strokes of the switch were landing on Neifa's breasts, but there was no sound. He stood up and looking at the girl on the perch, he motioned for Alasan to follow him.

The two men approached the girl on the bar and he quickly motioned for the Nuhians to stop. Neifa's head had rolled over onto her shoulder and she was quite glassy eyed, "Ebony bring the wine."

Neifa began to come to a bit after a couple of swallows of wine. Her breasts and nipples throbbed. Kufu put his hands on them and they felt quite hot. Her nipples were swollen hard as small river stones and stuck out from the ends of her breasts as big around as his thumbs. He spoke to her, "You are a strong girl, you are doing quite well to take such pain. I really must ask you again... Who did you overhear talking of uniting against me and what did they say?"

Neifa breathed slowly and slightly shallowed. She winced as his fingers fondled her nipples and breasts. She shook her head slightly forming a few breathy words, "P-please don't let them hit my breasts any more, master..?" Pharaoh shook his head slightly, "No, if you tell me..." She nodded slightly, "E-E-Ester and Minos, sire, they were talking of... Of... AAA! Oh, my-my spot, sire, it burns... I-I'm sorry but it makes me want to pee..." Pharaoh began to look disgusted, his patience was wearing thin, "Is this all she can do is pee, Alasan?!?"

"Sire, I assure you, she confessed her soul to me with much less persuasion..." Alasan began to explain.

"Oh, by the Gods! You will tell me girl or you will suffer even more! Blossom! Ebony! Resume your tattoo on her nipples!" He stormed away. Neifa began sobbing and crying.

Blossom took up once again their positions. With a nod to each other, Blossom brought her switch back, in a side stroke she sliced it right across Neifa's red nipples. Ebony's stroke followed quickly behind making itself felt before Neifa could react to the first stroke.

## **S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones**

Alasan grabbed Neifa's hair and yanked it back. He was very angry with her and it showed, "You little whore. You told me everything and all I did was hang you up by your ankles and threaten you with a cunt beating. I can guarantee you that you don't want Pharaoh to have your cunt beaten. He has a man, Colossus, who is an expert..."

**Chapter 11**

Alasan and Kufu walked slowly in the palace garden. The two Nubians played joyfully in the pool and splashed about with few cares on those of pleasing their master.

Honey sat bare and unbound on a polished marble prong which was carved out of a stubby column in the green grass near the pool. It was situated so as to remain in the sun all day. Pharaoh used it to punish a slave girl when she was naughty and not deserving of a whipping or some such. It was deceptingly simple by nature. A bare naked girl would simply be lifted and lowered down onto its length. Which was represented to be an exact model of Pharaoh's own member. A few of the girls actually enjoyed it, except when they had to mount it mid-day after the thing had a chance to heat up a bit. Then it was quite uncomfortable. However, heat or no, after a while on that thing, the girls relished any chance to get down. Getting down by oneself was nearly impossible. The marble was polished so smooth that it was impossible to get a grip on it. Once on it, a girl could literally remain there until the day she died.

Alasan and Kufu passed by Honey. They paused long enough to comment about her.

With an appraising eye, Alasan studied her bare form. Flawlessly tan from the top of her head to the tips of her toes, she just seemed to be idly sitting on that column and waiting for nothing at all. He looked at her deep blue eyes and the way the warm breeze brushed her blonde hair about. Her feet dangled down the sides of the column which perched her about four feet off the ground. She wiggled her toes, almost in a playful action. Looking carefully he could just make out the base of the column's carved shaft that was well up inside of her sex. She tried to smile at him, but it was obvious that the stone was not at all comfortable in any normal sense of the word.

Kufu cocked his head to one side and watched his friend, after a few moments he spoke "She's not that comfortable... Really, she trying to settle into it, but I'm sure in her case it keeps bumping up against her insides. It's enough of a nuisance to whoever sits on it, that they

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

have to keep fidgeting which makes it a quite irritating thing to have to sit on. Notice how she is trying to be comfortable, but she is so uncomfortable that she doesn't even notice how intensely the sun is shining down on her. She can't get off of it without help, you know, try as she will... Come along, let us finish our walk..."

Honey struggled and sighed at the hard knobish thing she was riding on. After a while she began to realize that what Pharaoh said was true. The sun is very hot.

Pharaoh and Alasan returned about two hours later. As they approached Honey, the two again stopped. She sat on it now, forlornly limp and quite sunburned. Her breasts heaving slightly as she breathed just a bit laboriously. Her ankles dangled down on each side of the column seeing the comfort of solid ground, but could find none. There was nothing for her to grip to lift herself off the thing. So, she had to just sit, bare ass naked in the sun, and be fucked by this prong that she couldn't get off of without help. No one seemed to be willing to help her. Certainly not the two Nubians, who were laying casually on the grass in the shade fondling each other. The first thing Pharaoh noticed was the color of her skin, it was a distinct reddish brown. Her nipples seem to disappear on her breasts with the coloration of her sunburn. Alasan noticed how wet the base of the marble shaft appeared. He stroked his beard and wondered just how many times she must have been climaxed on this thing.

Again, Alasan shook his head in wonderment, "Kufu, I really have to hand it to you for coming up with ways to make life with female slaves interesting. This column is ingenious. That little blonde slut must have struggled all the while we were gone, just to try and get off that thing. She isn't even bound, yet she has to sit on it bare as a new born baby, all the while it punishes her. I can see why you are Pharaoh..."

Kufu waved his hand as if it were nothing, "Oh, my friend, you really don't know do you? Just how many ways there are to make a slave girl obedient. Now, really, I must admit that I have learned a lot from you. You know how to bind a girl upside down and whallop her between her legs making her turn to jelly. Yet, I can get the very same

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

reaction from her by hanging clips and weights on her nipples. You remember the other night with Niefa, after my Nubians nearly turned her nipples to pulp, all I had to do was put those clips back on and hang a couple of weights on them... Well, she did tell us what we wanted to know, after all, now didn't she?"

"Yes, this is true. That reminds me, I know you will want to keep her, but where is she now..?" Alasan asked with a genuine curiosity.

The single levered grain mill was situated just behind the palace's main kitchen. Pharaoh and Alasan, along with some guards and the two Nubians made their presence known shortly after noon. When they arrived, Alasan noticed that Pharaoh had the Hemoratite dancing girl domesticated already. Nude, she'd been shackled with her back arched against the lever of the mill. While a nearly naked Arula girl, wearing only a skimpy loin cloth, rode atop the hub of the lever prodding Neifa with a sharpened tampa stick, to keep her pace. When she faltered, a big Danuba male wearing a shiny rhino's horn over his member, would uncoil a long tapered elephant hide whip and coil it around her back. Sometimes licking it across the ruby red buds of her well tortured nipples. This would make her jerk and struggle against the lever, which likewise would make her breasts bobble quite obscenely with their pert red nipples attracting the most attention. The girl would gasp and moan voicing her agony to the hilt.

A sparky Egyptian woman of about fifty came out and chatted wildly about the poor quality of grain this milk sippy dancing girl could grind. She wanted a couple of Swahalee girls, with plump asses and breasts. As she put it, "Enough meat on their bones to make the stone grind up the grain!"

Kufu just chuckled at the woman and told her to make do with who he gave her, or she'd find her own daughters or even herself grinding the grain. The woman shut up and bowed lowly to Pharaoh.

"Kufu, this sun can't be doing Neifa's nipples any good..."

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

"It's not. It isn't meant to. The girl displeased me and that's all there is to it. She will labor at her task until I see fit to let her go. Why, do you want her back?"

"No, my friend. I was just concerned that she might become ruined as a dancer. That's all. This is very hard work for a slender girl like herself, I just thought..."

"That's not for you to be concerned about, now is it? Frankly she is lucky, I could have had her sent to the cross or the stone quarry. Which I still can, of course. But for now, let us just consider her fate an example of what happens when you try Pharaoh's patience..."

As the two men discussed Neifa's condition further, Blossom and Ebony watched Neifa slowly and laboriously pull the lever. Making the tapered stones rumble deeply as they ground the grain down for the cook to make bread. Blossom looked at Ebony and blinked once, Ebony whispered loud enough for her to hear, "When a white slave makes ready the bread, the floods will come."

**Chapter 12**

Kufu and his friend Alasan were by the outdoor pool. Honey, nude, sunned herself and Ebony played idly in the pool as her friend, Blossom, was taking a pretty severe whipping...

WHISHIP.

"AAA!!!"

WHISHIP.

"AAA!!!"

WHISHIP.

"AAA!!!"

Blossom struggled and squealed as the multithong rhino hide smacked her from both directions. It was a long single tail whip by nature, but it had several tapered thongs on the end. Thongs that would wrap around and score her bare breasts with a vengeance. She'd been suspended in a spread-eagle position fully exposed to the hot sun, with her toes about a foot off the ground. The two guards that whipped her, themselves were quite skilled with these whips and aside from welts and red streaks, they didn't cut an inch of her skin. Though she felt like they were.

WHISHIP.

"AAA!!!"

WHISHIP.

"AAAIIEEEAAA!!!" She kicked and struggled against her bonds, but was firmly held in place.

WHISHIP.

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

"AAA!!! A-A-ARGH, OH, AAA!!! OWWW!" Several of the thongs smacked her fully across her breasts followed up with an equal dose across her spread bare loins. One of the thongs seemed to ebb its way between the lips of her sex and graze her clit.

WHISHIP.

WHISHIP.

Two rapid ones hit her nearly at the same time, she spasmed something awful, "AAA!!! AAARGH!!! OWWWA-A!!! NEIGHAAA!!!"

A guard holding a parchment nearby the girl being whipped, held up his hand, the guards stopped their whipping of her, "The number is done, sire, she has received the prescribed thirty." Blossom struggled a bit and twisted this way and that just, enough to let everyone know she was alive.

Pharaoh looked over his shoulder, "Good. That will be enough. Take her down. Alasan I just have to make an example of them once in a while. It really keeps them on good behavior..."

Alasan perceived Pharaoh as a man of many needs and desires. One of them being that he enjoyed watching his slave girls get whipped, "Pharaoh you needn't have had Blossom whipped for accidentally tearing my robe. It can be mended..."

"Nonsense, man, she is clumsy at times and this only convinces me that she was in need of some discipline." Kufu leaned back as Blossom was brought to him, "Kneel girl and do what I have trained you to do." Quickly and still fresh from her whipping, she opened his robe and took out his swollen cock. Immediately, she began to suck on it. He could feel the effects of her mouth drawing him firmly, "When you have finished with me, you can suck master Alasan and ask his forgiveness. If you fail to please him, you will go back up for another thirty..." She squirmed and whimpered with his cock in her mouth. Her eyes looked up at him as she began to suck even harder on him,

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

"...only strung up by your thumbs and toes this time! Do you understand?"

Blossom nodded and moaned from deep in her throat, "Ummm Hmmm!" This action made Pharaoh's cock vibrate and already he was beginning to have a difficult time concentrating on his words.

The visual combination of Blossom's whipping together with Neifa's bondage at the mill, made Kufu's come boil in his balls. The sucking Blossom gave to his cock only gave a vent for him to unload into her mouth. He rammed it down her throat and squirted it almost directly into her tummy. It was all Blossom could do to relax. Stiffling a gag, she was able to control herself. She remembered the last time she gaged on him. He had her wedged by the pool and her nipples drubbed with a lath. It was an experience that she didn't like.

"Yes! Ah! Oh, you are so good with that, my girl... Yes, yes, yes... Whew... G-Go and do Alasan now... Be quick about it..." Kufu had spoken with his head back.

"Yes, master..." Blossom went and knelt before Alasan. She took his cock from beneath his robe and without faltering, she put him in her mouth and began to suck. It didn't take long at all for him to unload himself in her mouth.

"Isn't she good, my friend?" With a knowing smile on his face, Kufu watched as his naked slave-girl finished off his friend.

All Alasan could do was smile and wave his hand a little bit. He gave a slight nod as if to follow up his actions with a yes.

After that the men rested a bit from their experience with Blossom, who now sat in a slave waiting position. Ebony waited in a similar position. Honey entered, wearing a shiny collar, from which dangled several silver chains. Her ankles were shackled in silver as well as her wrists. A bra like set of silver links was attached to the dangling links from the collar. It formed itself scantily into rings that fitted snugly about the cones of her breasts with a single ring surrounding and exposing each nipple. This in turn was linked to a

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

lower loin link which certainly had no clothing properties about it. Formed by a single link which passed between her legs and where a smaller ring, inserted just right to trap and reveal her clitoris, continued back up inside the crack of her ass to be linked to a circlet of chain about her waist. It fit on her quite snugly, exposing her bronze skin in a most luxurious way yet not covering any part of her. Honey served the men wine.

"Kuf..." Alasan was immediately interrupted.

"You are the only man in the world, that I have allowed to call me Kufu. I think that much of you. I must tell you not to ever call me that in front of anyone..." Pharaoh was serious.

"I do understand my friend... Sire, I must ask, have you ever whipped the golden one like you just did your Nubian?" Alasan asked, directly.

"Once. I'd strung her up real pretty like between those same two posts. I had her flogged with two rhino hide whips. Afterwards, I had her remain completely bare, not a stitch of clothing period for some four months afterwards. She was quite submissive after that beating. In fact, Alasan, all she wanted to do was fuck. I mean really fuck. You know that prong on the column? Not many others could ride that thing for two hours and be ready to serve wine in the next breath. No, this girl is special. Oh, I did send her to cook for about three weeks during those four months of compelled nudity. That was, let me think about six or was it seven months ago. Come to think of it I do remember her also laboring away at the mill..."

Alasan nodded

"Oh, Alasan, I gave Niefa some help. The Lyre woman, Ester, is helping her grind the grain. I thought since she seemed such a frail dancer that she could use the assistance. Besides, I wanted to see her reaction to Ester." Pharaoh leaned towards his friend, "I don't think she knows who she is. They didn't seem to recognise each other. Now if you'd have heard someone talking about attacking the biggest known empire in the world, wouldn't you like to see who they are?"

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

Alasan nodded his head. His eyes slowly turned and focused on Kufu. The man was right.

The two of them, with a couple of guards, returned to the grain mill. Ester, bare and bound like her companion, with her back arched against the lever, helped Neifa pull the heavy stone to grind the grain. The two of them worked the stone much smoother and faster. Cook seemed pleased and was very soft spoken to her master. She bowed again and left.

Blossom noticed that the Arula girl was now bound to a stake facing the sun. Her wrists had been corded above her head and her ankles secured to the base of the stake. She was bare naked with her hair blowing about in the breeze. Odd, but she did not remember her being pregnant. In her bondage, the girl looked like innocence violated. It was Ebony who commented to Blossom about how laced the girl's breasts had looked. They were quite red and puffy. Blossom thought she was only sunburned, but a second look convinced her that the girl had been whipped.

"Hazen, go back in and fetch Cook out here." Hazen was cook's kitchen overseer. He bobbed his head up and down quickly and on a run went to fetch Cook. "Do you remember this one being pregnant when we were here a couple of days ago, Alasan?"

Cook appeared quickly as was bidden of her. She wore an apron and was obviously busy preparing the evening meal, but never too busy to answer when Pharaoh called, "Sire, you require assistance?"

"Yes, cook, I recall this girl, but I'd have sworn she wasn't pregnant when we were here a couple of days ago? Furthermore, what did she do to earn a punishment, just overseeing this wheel..?"

"Master, yes she is pregnant. I think she's swelling by the day. As you know, sire, it is all right for a pregnant girl to labor at the wheel, which this one was, before the thin one arrived. Well, she got a bit overly zealous at that one, the dancer you call her, my lord, and she took a wooden spoon to her nips. I started hearing such a ruckus going

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

on out here, and when I arrived, that one was kicking and screaming all the while this one popped her nips with that spoon. You can see it hanging from the post that that one is bound to. Well, sire, I put a quick stop to that action on this one's nipples. Why, if I hadn't, surely she would have split 'um open sure as shootin', my lord... and well, that one did get a solid titty whippin' for it. The very idea trying to split this girl's tender nipples. She might be slow, alone, here, but she's got nice nips and don't deserve to go haven 'em split by the likes of her!" The cook was very quick to explain it all.

"You know, Alasan, if you were to put what was just said by this woman on a scale of say, a scribe's knowledge vs that of a common fisherman, that would put this woman at the level of a very prophet, to say the least. That makes her priceless in these matters. I have her as my cook you know, and that is very important. Silva, you are a magnificent woman and the best cook around. I don't know what I'd do without you." Kufu kissed her and gives her a big hug. He quickly turned his attention to the girl at the post, "Well, slut, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Oh, sire, I am so sorry I didn't realize what I might do, and well, I - I..." The girl began to try to squirm out of Pharaoh's attention.

Pharaoh saw right through her, "Blossom, come here." Blossom went to her master and bowed her head with her hands clasped in front of her. Before she could speak, he gave her orders, "Take that spoon and use it on her nipples. Not hard enough to split them, but hard and long enough to make her think they are about to..." He stopped as the girl began to whine and whimper slightly. Pharaoh held up his hand for Blossom to hold a moment, "Do you find my words a bit scary?"

The girl shifted herself a bit this way and that. Pharaoh noticed that her body was beginning to show some signs of her exposed position. He fingered her hard nipples and ran his hands down and over her lush body, stopping at the swell of her belly, "You are growing ripe, little one... Who's the father, girl?"

"I have had many men, sire, I do not know which one is the father. I am but a comon slave slut, my master." She spoke as honestly

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

as she could. Pharaoh continued to fondle her. He felt the firmness of her breasts, cupping them in the palms of his hands. The fingers of his right hand began to probe the smooth cleft of her sex. He felt her nether lips and split them apart, exposing her clitoris. Using his middle finger he pressed firmly on the hard bud of her sex. She moaned at his ministrations.

"Umph! Well it can't be mine now, since you've not been in my chambers, or have you?" Pharaoh tried to downplay the fact that a number of pregnant slaves might be pregnant with his. The girl shook her head no, "There, you see, I knew it. Anyway, Blossom, teach her..." He waved his hand in the air a moment.

As the two men approached the wheel, in the background could be heard only the sound of a wooden spoon coming in contact with an erect nipple. It made a wet slap as it struck.

Pharaoh held up his hand indicating he wanted the wheel to stop. It did right beside them. Leaving the two naked women sweating and panting from their labor facing the sun. Alasan leaned toward Niefa and whispered, "Do you know who she is?"

Neifa looked first at Alasan then at Pharaoh and back at the woman next to her. They really hadn't talked much, and it was obvious she didn't recognize her, "No, master."

Alasan smiled, at least she was honest. He stood up straight, turned his back to the women and spoke softly, "She doesn't know her. I really think she's telling the truth..."

"The first time, perhaps." Pharaoh focused his attention on the women. "Have you two been getting acquainted, lately?"

Ester spoke first, she made eye contact with Pharaoh, "I am only a slave. Am I not? Should I have spoken to this one, as she too is a slave and we are your beasts of burden."

Pharaoh sensed her sarcasm and challenge to match wits with her, "Ah, you are beasts of burden aren't you? The both of you, for that

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

matter..." Pharaoh began to fondle Ester. He felt the heft of her breasts and squeezed them enough to make her wince. In fact he went all around her handling and feeling her up as if she were a new riding horse or cow. She closed her eyes and as Kufu made his obscene handling of her, she made subtle responses that both men began to pick up on. Pharaoh went briefly to Neifa and did the same on her, noticing her wrinkling her face up as he squeezed her swollen nipples. He looked at her a moment and with a smile on his face he said to her, "Hurt? I can imagine. They are quite hot." He squinted up at the sun a moment, then back down at her, "If you want them protected from the sun, I can have Hazen put those shiny baubles on them. You know the ones with the sharp spikes and grippers on the sides..." The girl understood her master, and agreed to brave the elements and leave her sore nipples to their fate in the hot sun.

Pharaoh resumed his actions on Ester. The more animalistic he treated her, the more she responded. "Alasan, you know I think she actually enjoys the idea of being an animal, what do you think?"

He looked at Pharaoh, and over at Ester. Appraising her looks, he noticed that this woman of a few years had a remarkably solid body. Her muscles rippled gently as she shifted in her bondage. He examined her closer and felt her up a little, "Yes, mighty one. She is of good stock, perhaps even rideable or to say the least, capable of pulling a cart or small charriot..."

**Chapter 13**

As Pharaoh and Alasan sat in Pharaoh's chambers discussing ideas, the Nubians and Honey were casually playing on the bar. Not unlike naked childred, the three of them giggled and fingered each other creating a quite erotic scene of girl play that was beginning to effect Alasan's concentration.

Honey had positioned herself on the bar as if to allow the Nubians to put her through her paces. She languished herself as they fondled her body, she didn't sit astride it. It was then that Blossom challenged her, "Honey, you've proven yourself capable of taking a lot from master, but you have never proven yourself to us. Oh, you are a slave of Pharaoh's, but you are still a white girl and weak in our eyes."

"Blossom, you and Ebony have exquisite bodies, how am I to compare? I am a strong girl and I know I can challenge you both..."

"I, we, were thinking of something a bit more involved. Not wrestling with you, oiled and naked on the master's veranda at noon, but something more along your endurance ability. In my village, and I'm sure Ebony's as well, from early girlhood, we have been prepared for a life of sexual slavery. Whether it be with my own or as in our case, lucky enough to be selected for Pharaoh's own. You see, Ebony and I are Arula girls. We are the first born of a family. All girl childred born before a male child to parents are selected as Arula. After a male child is born, then the any girls are Wanari girls or selected to be the wives of warriors. Arula girls from birth are not allowed any clothing, ever. If an Arula girl gets pregnant before her majority years, or a warrior takes her before he has selected a wife and she gets pregnant by him, she is first whipped with a rhino strap, then sold right off as a slave. Beyond your arrival here, have you ever been beaten with a rhino strap?" Honey shook her head, no. "Well, I have. I was sixteen summers old, when a young warrior took me when I was doing some washing by the river. He'd just returned from a zebra hunt. His name was Jumbar. I remember him taking me from behind. I tried to stop him, but he was too strong for me. Neither of us said anything to each other, he just did it to me and walked away, he knew I was an Arula girl. I bathed myself in the stream and went on with my work. Hoping

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

nothing more would be said of it. About a month later, the warrior's sister overheard him talking to a couple of his friends about taking me. She called upon the Shaman to examine me. It was too early to determine if I was pregnant, but the possibility did exist, she was however, most able to see that I had been taken sexually. The warrior confessed that he took me, to his father. Nothing more was done to him, but I was seized and taken before the chief. Who sentenced me to a strapping with rhino hides by two Wanari girls, one of whom was the intended betrothed of the warrior who took me. Without any more to be said in my defense, the chief ordered me to receive two hours of blistering. I was strung up by my wrists and ankles between two posts, which suspended me spread-eagle about two feet off the ground. The sun was so intense, it made the tips of my nipples turn red with blisters. Around noon, I was lowered to about six inches off the ground and coated with fuma oil all while the two women prepared themselves. One of them stripped herself nude and coated herself with fuma oil, the other left on her loin cloth, but likewise applied the oil to her skin. They were handed the straps, which looked and were quite heavy. In position, the chief nodded and they began to whip me with those straps. By the time they'd finished, my ebony skin was almost a single pink blister. I'd choked so many times screaming, I couldn't make many sounds, only a series of squeaks and squeals. It was a good thing I was oiled as those straps could easily have taken my skin off."

Ebony leaned towards Honey, who had listened intently to Blossom's story, she looked at the blonde and waited for her to react. Honey shook her head slightly, "It must have been terrible... The only thing I remember happening to me when I was young, was being on board one of my father's long boats. After we'd arrived in these waters, a dark bearded man attacked us and in the struggle I was captured. My father's warriors fought off the man, but unknown to them I was taken. They thought I was lost overboard in the struggle. On his ship, I was immediately enslaved and told that I had to help handle the ship as the man, he called himself Mangra, lost too many men in the battle. When I refused, I spit in his eye and with that he had me stripped, strung up, and flogged. After my flogging, I was spread-eagled in the rigging under a quite cloudless sky and left there until the sun had set. He then had me taken down to his quarters where I was tied to the overhead of his cabin by my thumbs, and left standing on my tiptoes. He later came

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

down and whipped my sunburned nipples with a whale bone switch. It hurt bad, real bad. This went on for several days and after he'd used me to his liking, I was taken below to pull the oars with some other female captives of his..."

"No wonder she has such well developed muscles in her chest and shoulders, so she was a galley slave before becoming one of Pharaoh's favorites!" Ebony perked up.

Blossom wrinkled up her forehead in acknowledgement, "It must have been utter hell under that sun with that white skin of yours. Is that where you received your first suntan..?"

"No, actually, I realized I could stand being in the sun without my clothing while on the long ship. I enjoyed being able to shed them occasionally as we approached the warmer waters. In fact I use to steer our long boat from time to time just as bare assed as I am right now. But, I'll admit that it didn't take long for the captain to ask me to get dressed as some of the men on the ship would find concentration difficult. My nudity was not only creating desires in them, but also could lead to some uncontrolled activities so to speak..."

Blossom actually began to smile out of humor, "Well, my dear little golden girl..." She reached over and pinched Honey's cheek. "Here's my challenge to you... You and I will sit directly straddle this bar, with our clits resting on it. Just like master has punished us so often. Both of us completely bare and unbound, facing each other with our hands behind our neck. Once in position we remain that way. Things can and will be done to our breasts and nipples. Usual things like clips, weights, a switching perhaps or even a pumice stoning along with extensive fingering. The first one to give up is the loser. The winner with then have the right to give the loser an eel skinning, oiled, either by the pool or out there on master's overlook. The loser must take this eel skinning while unbound, completely bare, standing with her arms and legs spread wide and outstretched standing in place. Do you agree..?"

A slight shiver ran through Honey that made her breasts shudder slightly. She looked Blossom in the eye and then quickly

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

down at the bar. She whirled one leg over and astride the bar, nodding for Ebony to place a stool under her so she could position herself. With a few actions that were quite controlled and obviously quite embarrassing to her, she spread the lips of her sex open and oh so gingerly, lowered herself down onto the narrow shiny bar. She settled herself into in a little bit. With an acknowledgement to Ebony, she told her to remove the stool and put it where Blossom could use it... She gave a throaty little whimper and slowly raised both of her arms and crossed them behind her head. She was ready.

Blossom in an equal ceremony, placed herself astride the bar. The only difference between the actions of the two girls essentially was this, Blossom kicked the stool out from under herself instead of asking Ebony to move it. When the two girls settled down to serious suffering, Blossom and Honey were scarcely eight inches apart, with their feet barely a dozen inches off the floor.

It took only a few minutes for the two girls to begin to suffer. Within ten more minutes, both Blossom and Honey were dripping with sweat. Blossom asked with careful words, that Ebony go and get the naughty girl stones and put them on her nipples. It was done. As Ebony made the final adjustments, stepping down off the stool, Blossom made a sudden shiver which caused the egg sized stone weights dangling from the fierce clips on her nipples to sway gently this way and that. Blossom closed her eyes out of both pain and humiliation. This was the ultimate in degradation to Nubian Arula girls.

Honey realized she could sit and suffer and still lose without an added discomfort. She told Ebony to go and get the small pumice rings and finger her nipples with them. Ebony wrinkled her forehead and nodded when she heard her request. Tossing a tolerance saddle over the bar behind Honey, she put on the rings and climbed onto it sitting herself down quite comfortably she began to fondle Honey's nipples and work them with the rough pumice stone. Honey closed her eyes, absorbed in the pain... She could feel Ebony's hard nipples brushing on her back.

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

Time seemed to slide for the two. A couple of times it looked as if Blossom would give in. Yet a few moments later Honey would gasp enough to make her breasts bounce almost out of Ebony's hands. Ebony worked Honey's nipples even harder. Pulling, kneading and rubbing them with combinations of her fingers and the ring stones. Ebony whispered in Honey's ear, "The stoneing hurts doesn't it? Oh, you have nice nipples for a white slut. They seem a natural for the stones. I can tell you have not experienced these very much..." Ebony stopped a few moments, long enough for Honey to see them. She then resumed, "I will help you along a little bit. One time in my village, a white girl became enslaved as an Arula girl. She grew up in the tradition and was not allowed any clothing. One time she was caught fingering herself. As punishment the shamen had her bound between two poles and nipples with a pair of stones just like these. The only thing is her punishment lasted for more than two days. When the Shaman released her, the chief ordered that her wrists be tied behind her back. She had to remain that way for three days. Her nipples were so raw and the sun was so hot..."

Honey squirmed a bit and winced as Ebony squeezed her nipples between the stones and scraped the tender ends back and forth making them turn cherry red against their already dark bronze sun-drenched color. Ebony gave an unusually hard squeeze that made Honey stir a bit against the bar. Her clit shifted only a fraction but it was enough to make her moan and bite her lower lip. Her toes wiggled a bit and she gave off a painful wail that almost made her bring her arms down and push herself up and off the bar. She recaptured herself enough to keep her arms behind her head and be strong against the urge to give up.

Blossom was feeling a great deal of humiliation. Everytime she shifted herself only just a slight amount, her breasts would bobble about and reflect an obscenity of their own. The damn things felt like someone was trying to bite them off. Her nipples had swollen to nearly twice their normal size and with the clips that had been attached with the stones on them, it actually looked like her nipples were putting up a real nice fight against the biting force of the clips. Blossom fought with all her strength to keep from bringing her hands down and

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

removing the clips, she almost broke. Like Honey, her toes wiggled as she fought off the temptation.

Pharaoh cleared his throat, which caught the girls off guard, "Ahem, I see my lovely playthings are busy at play?" The girls all stirred a bit, with Ebony starting to climb down off the comfort saddle. "I didn't tell any of you to stop, did I?" The three girls stayed put, not wanting to disobey their master. He leaned toward Honey, "Those stones hurt, don't they?" Honey nodded slowly. "Go on Ebony, give her a good stoning." Honey swallowed hard. "Oh, look Alasan, Blossom's been a naughty girl and she's showing off..."

With those words, Colossus was summoned to Pharaoh's chambers and with a knock he entered. Pharaoh snapped his fingers and that was all it took to bring him to attention. He had the chain harness with him.

Honey and Blossom now wore collars and gags. Rings on their collars held their now cuffed wrists in place behind their necks. Ankle cuffs had now been attached and to each cuff a heavy stone weight had been placed. The girls were on the bar and there they would stay, until Pharaoh decided to let them off. Ebony had been fitted with the chain harness, which held her wrists in such a position that if she moved her fingers the pumice stone rings would chafe her nipples. The two Nubian hated the chain harness almost as much as they did the girl stones. It was the way it fitted over their breasts, nipples and sex. One set of shiny links came down and neatly bisected the lips of the sex and isolated an oval shaped ring over the clitoris positioning it to peep through quite obscenely. Ebony closed her eyes and remembered one time when Pharaoh made her wear it by the pool. She jumped into the water and the splash made water almost jet back up her pee hole it was so openly exposed. When she scrambled out to go and pee on the grass, Pharaoh had her whipped with a collection of nettles for showing so much obscene behavior. Her clit burned for days after that.

"Now that we are all refreshed and comfortable I just wonder what possessed you three to get into so much trouble. Well never mind about it now... Colossus, introduce the two on the bar to our new

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

friend, will you, I think that sribble whip will make them realize the error of their ways..."

The sribble was designed from the thin separation of camel guts. Hung with Nile stones, the guts are dried and stretched to a thin wispy proportion. Attached to a slender rod, when applied or slashed across soft female skin, the 'stretched gut' end slashed so fast that it left a red line on the skin but could not be seen by any eye. The really odd thing about this sribble, was the reaction given by the recipient. When struck, it seemed to take a while to react to the slash. When a feeling was determined, without fail, all had claimed their breasts had been sliced off. Its very presence made many slave girls cringe at the sight of it.

It was the sixth stroke applied by Colossus, to Blossom's bare breasts. 'WHISSHUP.' She was just about ready to react to her third slash, let alone her sixth. Pharaoh looked at the sixth thin red line that formed on her quivering breasts. One of them bisected her hard nipple right across the very center. She held her head back and whinnied against the gag that occupied her mouth.

Colossus gave Honey three quick strokes the made her squeal behind her gag. She tried to lift herself off the bar as the sribble slashed her breasts and coiled itself neatly about her left nipple. Almost taking it off, or at least she thought so... The whipping ended for the moment.

"Colossus, fix these two on pegs. Make sure they are neat and give them an extra hour on it before we resume the sribble..." Kufu ordered Colossus, who nodded and politely asked of his master, "May I go and get Malana?" Kufu gave his approval.

Some three hours later, Kufu, Colossus, and Malana sat peacefully sipping wine, engaging in idle chat. The three watched a very naked Ebony and her two equally nude companions setting astride the bar, saddled and pegged, waiting their fate. Colossus stood up and went to the two women on the bar and put their gags back in place. The gags themselves had been made with special collars through which a ridged iron bar had been attached in the back

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

extending out to each side with cuffs dangling on the ends. Colossus lifted and placed each wrist within a cuff. Then secured the gags in place. These devices forced the women to sit with their heads back, eyes upward and arms awkwardly out to their sides. Both women stirred uneasily on their saddles, making their breasts shudder visibly. Honey moaned softly behind her gag as the hard knob of the saddle pressed firmly on her tender clit. Blossom gave a shiver that made her breasts sway gently from side to side.

Malana stood up and with the brazenness of a silk whore, she removed all of her clothing. She had been blessed with large nipples, but smallish breasts. Her body was quite slender, but reasonably toned for her slightness of frame. The lush brownness of her skin indicated the purity of her Egyptian breeding. Her raven hair had been braided in the fashion of Egypt's nobility. Her face was elegantly and lavishly made up. She walked with a sultry wiggle to her step.

"Master, may I have Malana and Blossom for the night?" Colossus asked as if he knew the answer already.

"Colossus, you may. This is why I like you so much. You always know respect. As long as you bring them back this time with a normal set of nipples. The last time I gave her to you, you set her back with a pair of the sorest looking nipples I'd ever seen. What did you do to them, stone them?" Kufu asked with a smile on his face.

"Actually, lord, all I did was give her some reed discipline and a wet pouch whipping... between her legs..." Colossus nodded and started to continue only Kufu interrupted him in mid sentence.

"Watch that wet pouch. I've seen some split nipples and clits with that thing." Kufu made it a point.

"I have never split a nipple yet, sire, I am very skilled as you know..." Colossus smiled looking at Pharaoh, as his hand reached again for the sribble. Picking it up, he refocused on how nicely he had coiled it and admired it's simplicity.

**Chapter 14**

The whisper soft sound the thin sribble made as it sliced the air sent a chill up Blossom's spine as she watched Malana's reaction to the thing. Malana stood strikingly naked and spread between two thin uprights in the center of Colossus' quarters. The whip made its impact and in the blink of an eye dangled innocently by Colossus' side. The thin red line formed accross the center of her back and continued around and over her breasts. As she shivered with her brief struggle, Blossom could just make out the red line going around the side curve of her right breast in the direction of her nipple. Malana gasped a couple of times and wished with all her heart that Colossus would not whip her with that thing. Three times more he sifted a whimpering response from Malana as the sribble extracted a woeful response from her lips. He stopped long enough to examine the accuracy of his strokes. As he lightly fingered her back and breasts, walking slowly around her looking over her flawless brown skin with skilled accuracy he saw four telltale thin red lines. One of them neatly bisecting the tips of her upturned breasts. Her nipples glowed crimson on their very ends. Each line seemed to follow the contours of Malana's torso. They were even in color and obviously applied with equal intensity.

"Blossom, you come over here girl and rub your breasts against Malana's while I do you from behind..." Colossus began to stroke his massive cock. He wanted to fuck and that was all there was to it.

Blossom got up off the couch and strolled over to Colossus. She looked at him and smiled softly as she raised her hands up to Malana's. Colossus fastened their wrists together. Pressing with his chest against Blossom's back, he forced her to flatten her breasts against Malana's. Malana gasped as Blossom's hard nipples pressed against her freshly whipped ones. Immediately Colossus split Blossom's ass cheeks apart as she bent over slightly pressing her breasts even harder against Malana's breasts. She wiggled her ass slightly as he brought himself up and against the lips of her sex. With little or no effort, he rammed himself deep into her wet sex. Blossom cringed and gave a deep throated squeal as he slammed into the wall of her cervix. In fact he appeared to be only about half way into her. He pumped her a couple of times and brought his hands up to caress both girl's breasts. Malana

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

whimpered at the combination of his rough hands and Blossom's hard nipples raked against her whip sensitive buds. Colossus grabbed Blossom's breasts firmly and forcefully rubbed her nipples even harder against Malana's. His thrusting started an impact that made Malana's body quiver. Taking his hands away from Blossom's breasts, he grabbed her hips and began to ram it in as hard as he could, making Blossom gasp and whimper. Blossom's breasts began to slap harder against Malana's breasts making a wet slapping sound in the process. Colossus fucked Blossom hard causing her breasts to slap firmly against poor Malana's well whipped nudity. Colossus withdrew just as he let go of his come, squirting it up and down Blossom's back and even into Malana's face and upper torso. It was white, thick and shot out in what seemed like gallons.

Kufu entered Colossus' chambers to discuss some matters of urgency. As he sat himself down, to chat his eye caught the suffering forms of Blossom and Malana. He studied them for a moment. They shivered shamefully bare and astride a uniquely carved obsidian wedge. Their legs dangled down each side, linked together loosely at the ankles where each shared a heavy river stone holding them in place. With one of Colossus' clever bondages, the two girls faced each other leaning in secured at the neck together and in such a position as to force them to press their nipples firmly together. Their wrists shared a single noose which dangled down from the ceiling. Thin red welts were quite visible circling up and down their torsos, disappearing here and there where their breasts came together at the nipples. He cleared his throat and cocked his head toward the women setting on the wedge a few feet away, "I see you've been having fun with our two little birds, Colossus? The way you have them perched on that is very interesting..."

Colossus smiled and rubbed his bald head a couple of times, casually, "Yes, sire, I have. It's kind of difficult for me to keep from using them. When I do things to them for your pleasure, I get very aroused and I am a man, sire..."

Kufu smiled, "You are indeed my trusted one. Just be sure, to hand them back in one piece. I don't want them cut in two on that wedge of yours. It's obsidian, is it not?" Kufu stood up and went over

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

to the two on it. His hands began to fondle the two females peculiarly placed on it. He looked down as Colossus began to speak, noticing how well the cleft of Blossom's pouch fit over the crest of the wedge.

"Master, these two are most enjoyable and in truth I did fuck Blossom. If she becomes heavy, I will understand your actions..." Colossus said almost apologetically.

"Um... Well better her than Malana. Malana just wants to be treated like a slave, she really is still a noble Egyptian you know." Kufu reminded. He turned and spoke to Malana who sat facing Blossom with whom they both shared a cock gag, "You really don't want to be fucked by Colossus do you Malana?" Malana's eyes rolled as she mumbled some unintelligible words. Kufu could swear she'd nodded.

The two girls shifted about just enough to briefly exposed a pair of quite sore looking nipples. Kufu saw them and touched each of them, pinching hard enough to make them both whimper and squeal behind the gag, "Nippled them I see. They look pretty sore and swollen. I think the sribble only paved the way, true?"

Colossus drew a sly smile, "Sire, I assure you it was only the rod."

"Very well, but tell me about it will you, I'd love to hear how you do it?" Kufu was all ears.

"Master, I had them on this but with their backs against these struts," He showed them to Kufu, "Malana's breasts as you can see are slightly smaller than Blossom's, but her nipples are just as large with quite large tips. They were further apart than they are now, and using only a light touch I drubbed them until turned red as cherries. Afterwards, I did sribble them a few more times..."

"A few more times!?! " Quite a few more times from appearances. I can feel the ridges, you must have really lashed her good..." Kufu seemed to be enjoying feeling the ridges far more than Malana did. She squirmed even more, causing her to rub her clit

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

against the crest of the wedge. This sent a jolt of fire through her loins causing her to try to close her legs enough to almost lift herself off the ridge. A Herculean effort by any standard.

Kufu's attention now went to his Blossom. The wet patch where her cleft met the shiny stone, gave stark evidence of her sexual engagement with Colossus, "Did you enjoy your coupling with Colossus, my dear Blossom?" She rolled her eyes and her teeth chinked a bit on the metal ring supporting the double cock gag. "Do you like him, more than me?" Too bad for Blossom that she didn't think quick enough to give the right response. She actually nodded, then caught herself and shook her head. It was too late. "So, the living god of Egypt is not as good as his slave!!!" Kufu was now quite angry. "Well, maybe you need some education..." Kufu pulled Blossom's head back slightly by her ears, "We shall soon see. Colossus, I think she needs to be put to the test..." Kufu clapped his hands and two guards came in, "Take this Nubian out to the garden and prepare her. She's to be put to the test this afternoon. In the mean time, you may start her discipline at the pillar. Oh, have her fed and washed, but no clothing of any kind will be allowed. Now go."

As the men worked with removing Blossom from the wedge, Colossus and Kufu resumed their original conversation. Malana was left perched on the wedge, with half a double cock gag still in her mouth. Only her soft whimpers caught the attention of the two men as they started to leave, "Did you hear something, Colossus?"

"Yes, master, there is Malana still on the wedge..." Colossus replied as if to quietly remind his master of the girl's predicament.

"Well, we wouldn't want to forget Malana now would we, Colossus?" Colossus shook his head, "No indeed. I wonder, do you suppose she put Blossom up to that response made to me?" Colossus shrugged his shoulders as if to say no, but it could also mean a maybe. "You, know Colossus, we really should just to be sure, mind you, give the girl another nippling. With buds as sore as those are, she will become a well of information, don't you agree?" Colossus nodded his head, "I knew you'd agree, get the sribble and the rod..."

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

The rod impacted with a dull thump. It sent a quiver back up Colossus' hand that felt like he'd hit a couple of small pebbles under a freshly tanned hide. Malana tightened her legs together, letting out a whinny that drove her sex up and off the sharp wedge. The gag was the only thing that kept his quarters from echoing a ear piercing scream, "Now, Malana, you are not a noble woman, but a simple slave girl being questioned by your master, understand?" She nodded in understanding. "Good. Once again, did you put Blossom up to insulting me?" Malana shook her head negatively and blinked her eyes twice.

At Kufu's nod, Colossus delivered two more across the very tips of her nipples causing a deep red splotch to appear on each side of an even darker pair of areoles. The finger-like tips of her nipples swelled out almost an inch, red as fire and ridged as a couple of twigs. Malana gasped and choked on the gag, her legs giving out to the weight of her body and the drag of the stones attached to her ankles. As she settled, her smooth sex slowly split itself again on the crest of the wedge, "I know you too well, Malana, you've put Blossom up to things before, just to get to watch her suffer. You like having her nipples against yours don't you?" Malana opened her eyes and closed them one time, nodding slightly yes, "I know you do. Her breasts are very firm aren't they, and you wish you had breasts as large as hers, don't you?" Again, Malana nodded and chinked a bit on the gag. "Now, I'll ask you again, did you put her up to this insult of me?" Malana paused for a brief second, and chinked her gag and shook her head no.

Kufu nodded again for another stroke with the rod. Colossus delivered and Malana responded. This time as she settled back down, her body gave an sudden jerk. She settled squarely onto her clitoris. It was what Kufu wanted her to do, "Hurts I know, resting on this wedge with your clit so squarely on it... Colossus oil her down some more..." Colossus followed orders and with her body glistening brazenly, the oil kept her legs from doing her any good when she tried to close them. She rested squarely on her clit just as Kufu desired of her.

Kufu sat down his wine cup as Colossus was applying strokes with the sribble. He walked towards her watching the sribble circle her torso with such speed that it was invisible to the eye. Only the red

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

streaks forming in its wake were the visible evidence of her whipping along with the futile contortions she was making while humbly astride the wedge receiving such a whipping. The oil on her body made it doubly difficult for her to adjust herself at all. As he approached he could see her heavy breathing and rock hard nipples jutting out from the soft fleshy mounds of her breasts which by this time were quite covered with wispy thin red lines. He held up his hand for Colossus to stop. She settled down a bit and her breathing grew a bit calmer. She made eye contact with Kufu, taking her eyes off Colossus who neatly coiled up the sribble, and picked up the rod. She didn't see him do that. Kufu leaned in towards her, "I had Honey sribbled once by him," Kufu nodded in Colossus' direction, "She thought he was going to take her breasts right off. She wasn't on this wedge, but she had been outside all day the day before. She had quite a sunburn and that thing didn't help it any. Let me see, where were we, oh yes, about Blossom. Oh, did you know that Blossom can climax on this thing? The bar too! Yes, she just let's it happen. Can you climax on this oh so awful shiny black stone?" Malana nodded that she thought she could, but she was losing focus on where Kufu was going with his words. "Hum, yes, I thought you could. Let's give it a try, shall we. Now, when Colossus pops your nipples, just put a gently pressure on your little clitty right here..." He pointed down, touching with his finger, to where he could see the juncture of her smooth bare sex contacting the upper crest of the stone. She gasped a little when he touched the upper edge of her clit. He gave a quick nod to Colossus, who flicked the rod squarely across the tips of her nipples.

It made a sound like that of a small carpet being struck. Malana gasped and swallowed hard as she rocked forward just a little. Causing her clit to press firmly down onto the crest. It seem to stay there for a brief time, then slip suddenly to one side. She jerked and yanked wildly on her rope. Her eyes opened in wild anticipation as her clit began to burn. Her left leg spasmed in a quiver. In just a few moments, burning pain became a flooding sensation as she felt all nipples and clit. Nothing would stop her flood as she gasped a deep throated moan rolling her eyes back, and allowing her womanly juices to ebb onto the stone. She came and came with deep abandonment. Moaning and groaning she rocked her hips as much as the bondage permitted. Her

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

clit had swollen into a hard knob that no matter what it touched, she would climax even more.

Kufu just admired the actions of this young beauty. He shook his head slightly, "You know Colossus, I think she likes it!"

Colossus nodded, "Yes, master, you are completely right. She loves it. But, sire, do you think she will like another one with this?" He lifted the rod a bit so his master could see it.

Kufu looked at it and back at Malana. She cringed up her forehead and started to shake her head no, when her twin nipples exploded with a fresh pop of the rod. She wailed against the gag, gripping it between her teeth and biting down as she breathed in and out with pain. This was all quickly followed by another rippling orgasm as she rocked slowly on the crest. "Colossus, she hates the rod so much, she loves it. Give her another and we will ask again the burning question..."

After Malana calmed down a bit from a few more rapidly delivered strokes of the rod, as tears of both joy and pain dribbled down her cheeks, Malana stood by her claim, convincing Kufu that she had nothing to do with Blossom's memory lag. Malana on the other hand did wish to ride Kufu and Colossus - which she did for at the very least an hour. Leaving no doubt that her sexual desires came first before her position as a noble lady of Egypt. She actually acted more like a sex starved love slave than a lady.

**Chapter 15**

There wasn't a cloud in the sky as a very naked Blossom trod slowly about the post. Her wrists drawn upward and corded with leather straps to a single horizontal lever situated about ten inches above her head. They'd been spread apart evenly on the lever. Her breasts, tipped with perky red nipples, undulated and bounced slightly with each step she took. Her exposure was calculated for a maximum effect from the intense overhead sun and the whipping she was taking with each half turn of her journey about the the post. It'd been counterbalanced with a heavy stone dangling down from a hook on the opposite side. It matched her weight. The lever offered some resistance with a series of gears that served no purpose other than to cause her discomfort. As she made her way about the the post, on each side stood one of the field overseers, wearing only a head-piece and loin cloth. Each one armed with a braided rhino hide whip which left a red welt in its wake. Blossom took a whip lash every have turn about the the post. Her body had been well oiled in preparation for her education. This was only a warm up.

One of the overseers took up his multi-stranded rhino whip and as she slowly passed by him, he flogged her back with a single stroke that sounded wet and thudding. Blossom tossed her head back, "AAA!" It was a deep throated gasp. She staggered just a little and continued on as the overseer called out to her, "Keep moving slut! This is only the beginning!"

As she came around to the opposite side, facing the sun, the other overseer used his single tail whip in a back-hand stroke that slithered across her breasts, catching her right nipple square on. Blossom jerked a couple of times against her bondage, and with difficulty regained her footing by taking a step or two backward, all the while shaking her head, "NAAAGH! Oh, please, not on my nipples! AAA!" She regained her footing enough to regain her steps when the overseer delivered one side armed that snaked around the side curve of her right breast again and stinging the nipple once more. This made her raise up on her toes, "AAA! No! NAAAA! Oh, my... Please no more there!" She began to move forward with her well

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

whipped, jiggling breasts glistening in the hot sun. "Keep your pace, girl. You know what to do!"

Kufu and Colossus arrived and gathered by the pool. Honey was in the pool swimming and enjoying girl play with Ebony. Each of them witnessing the woe of their companion, Blossom. Rasmus, the lead field overseer, walked up to his master, "Sire, the woman Blossom has began her education as ordered."

"Excellent, you have done well I see. I see she's responding to the lessons?" Kufu's question was asked just as Blossom took a stroke of the flogger across her breasts hard enough to make them bounce and sway. She kept mindful of her commitment to the the post and only stepped a little bit out of pace to pick up her footing after the whip stroke fell away from her. She shook her head and voiced a female whimper. Unmindful of her pleas for mercy, Kufu continued to talk with his lead overseer. As he motioned him away, Kufu's eyes fell onto Blossom's plight as the other overseer brought an upward stroke that landed smack dab on her unprotected cleft. It obviously sent a stinging message to it's owner in the form of a nasty thump on the clitoris. It nearly made Blossom's knees buckle. It sure did take her breath away.

"Colossus have the overseers rig the dome and cross-pole while I swim a while with Honey and Ebony. When it's set up, have our lovely miss Blossom placed face up on it. I think it's time for her to begin her proper training..." Kufu stood and two other female slaves carefully removed his garments. He dove into the pool.

Colossus turned and barked his orders, "All right you heard the master. Set up the dome and prepare this one for her lesson. Also, have them prepare the cross-pole..." Colassus' husky voice faded into the background as Kufu played with full sexual abandon with his blonde slave girl. His hands fondling her breasts and caressing her dark bronze skin. She was so dark from her extended exposure to the Egyptian sun that her nipples fairly disappeared on her breasts. For this, Kufu was prepared. He ordered her out of the pool. He then ordered Ebony to cut a fresh papyrus reed. Honey took up an unbound position with her arms behind her neck, on her knees with her ankles

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

crossed, her legs slightly spread and her chest thrust forward. Kufu tied her hair and wrists to her ankles and fixed her with a bit gag.

From where Honey came from, what Kufu was about to do to her, they called it a touch of Heidi. Ebony stood in position with Honey kneeling and facing the sun. At Kufu's sign, Ebony simply and steadily whipped Honey's breasts with the papyrus reed. She did so until Honey's nipples turned first a crimson red, then tipped with a hard almost blood red swelling. Just when Ebony thought she would split Honey's nipples, Kufu ordered her to stop. All the while this whipping was going on, Honey squealed and chomped at her bit. Jiggling her breasts back and forth in an effort to dodge the falling switch.

The fresh cool waters of the pool felt good on Honey's well whipped breasts as she slowly slid into it. Kufu traced his finger over the red welts that laced her well developed large breasts. With the sound of Blossom taking a flogging in the background noise, Kufu began to lick the welts on Honey's breasts and across her nipples. They tasted like the sun.

Blossom stood between two other posts, her wrists outstretched to her sides. Her ankles equally stretched as much as anatomy permitted. Using alternate strokes, the two overseers applied their strokes to her. One lashed her back, while the other her front. As before, she was completely naked in the sun. Her breasts swayed and juddered about uncontrollably as the flogger made contact then was yanked away. They whipped her with the longer braided strands. The pace of the lashes seemed quite casual to the onlooker, but to the recipient, all she could do was struggle.

Kufu looked at Colossus and gave a cock of his head. Indicating that Blossom should now be ready for the dome. The lashes stopped after only a few more. The two men released Blossom and led her over to the dome. In a short time she waited in place... On the dome, with two unusual looking things attached to her hard tipped nipples and one gripping her clitoris.

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

Colossus went to get his master, "It is done, sire, she waits for you."

"Good you have done well," Kufu replied looking up at Colossus from the pool in which he was still casually fondling Honey's breasts. She had her butt in his crotch. He loved the feel of her sun bronzed skin, "Oh, are those things on her nipples and...?"

"Yes, sire. I think they are bothering her just a bit..."

The first thing Kufu saw as he approached her was how exposed her sex seemed to be on that dome. It was the most visible part of her. He looked at her breasts which had been adorned with a pair of nasty looking clips containing two rows of shiny teeth that just seemed to bite down on her buds, a chain was connecting them together, and connected via another shiny chain, was a clitoral clip. It was just a little bit larger than the two things on her nipples. The really bad part of all these things was that they had a tendency to drink in heat from the sun. Blossom was well exposed to the sun.

Kufu felt the sun on his back. He stretched and languished in the warmth of the day. Honey and Ebony joined him, each carrying a large umbrella type canopy fixed to a wooden pole. He looked down at Blossom and spoke to her for the first time since he became angry with her, "Well, now you will be given the chance to compare again, your master with as many others or things as I choose. When I am convinced that you are no longer confused with the greatness of your master, I will then allow you to prove it by spending an entire day crucified on that cross-pole over there. You will be properly fit onto it. There is no need for you to protest or respond to my words, as they are final. You are only to respond to me by saying yes or no, master."

Blossom, with an obviously hurt tone to her voice, whimpered, "Yes, master." She shook her head slightly trying to shake off the discomfort of the things on her sensitive parts. They were obviously getting a bit warm in the sun.

"Colossus introduce her to the first item she is to test, the one for her bung hole..." A chair had been brought for Kufu to sit in. He

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

did just as Malana stepped up, she carried a large plume fan which she began to fan her Pharaoh with. He watched closely as another nude Nubian girl poured him a cup of wine and taking a sip herself first, she handed it to him.

Colossus produced a large pear shaped object that was shiny and black made from smoothly carved and polished obsidian stone. He oiled it and with a very supple action slid it all the way into her bung hole. Blossom's eyes bulged just a bit as she picked up a quick rhythmic pace to her breathing. She rolled her eyes a couple of times and gasped a few more. She took it in and held it. She had to... "Master, it's in."

Kufu studied her for a few seconds, "All right, now the bit gag. Use the padded one. I don't want her to get any broken teeth." It went on easily and fit just snug around the back of her head. "Now, put the prong into her." Colossus nodded and began to insert a small, polished bone prong that tapered on one end and had a shiny chain attached to the other. It was not that large. It slid right in. Colossus gave it a small shove sending it in all the way so just a small part of the chain hung out. He patted her belly gently. She coughed just a little, allowing the bung plug to drift against her spincter which made her whimper slightly. The end appeared for just a second on the prong, Colossus shoved it back in. Blossom gasped just a bit. Kufu looked up towards the intense sun beating mercilessly down on the nude before him.

"This sun sure is hot, better oil her down good. I know she's Nubian, but she can still blister out here, specially on those nipples of hers. When she's properly fixed for this test, take the blonde over to that post and give her a sound nipping with a green papyrus reed. She's far too sassy for her own good this morning; and see to it you apply them after she's soaked up some sun on those proud breasts of hers. There is far to much sassiness amongst these slave girls for my liking..."

Colossus nodded in complete agreement. When all was set for Blossom, it was an easy task for him to bind Honey against the single post looking lonely on the grass by the pool. She stood against it, facing the sun with her arms corded above her head. Her breasts

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

rapidly turning a deep reddish brown in the glow of the noon day sun. He left her there.

Right after lunch, Kufu ordered Colossus to begin the second part of Blossom's test. This was the addition of selected weights for her nipples and clit. These were added to her already quite uncomfortable clips. One of them causing extreme discomfort to her right nipple. Her endurance here was for about two hours of biting madness on both nipples and her clit. The following up to these weights, was the replacement of the inserted item in her sex with a larger one that Kufu identified as a ram. It was just that, a ram.

It was after the ram was inserted, that Colossus' attention was diverted to Honey's nippling. Before he began, he attached her ankles to the sides of the post, and using a small cord, he attached it to her thighs forcing her to spread her legs slightly. She was ready. Her breasts quivered as they glistened with a combination of sweat and oil. He worked her twin nipples to a hard erectness. With the freshly cut green reed on high, he slammed it down hard enough to make her gasp. It sounded like he's struck it on a small pond of water. Colossus decided to apply them in rapid succession. This had one bad side effect, in that it took Honey's breath away and Kufu had to steady his hand, to give her a chance to breathe. When it seemed long enough before she took in air, Kufu went up to her and slapped her breasts a couple of time, to snap her out of it. Honey blinked twice, and with a heave of her chest, she gulped in air. Then just as fast, screamed it out, "AAAIIEEE!"

"Oh, by the gods, Colossus, gag her. I want my peace and quiet." Colossus smiled with a nod, and he gagged her. He finished up the last of his strokes, Colossus noticed how red and swollen her breasts had become. The reddest spots seem to be the direct area across her nipples. Colossus had tied a headband around her forehead and brought it around behind the post. It made her stare straight ahead and didn't permit her a clean view of her quivering breasts. She did, however, feel the reed, a great deal more than she could see it.

Honey swallowed hard and felt a dull throb in both of her breasts. They felt hot from both the whipping she had just gotten with

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

the reed as much as from the merciless sun. She remained standing against the post, feeling quite vulnerable.

Nippling a girl always made Colossus quite horny. His desires were quite evidently displayed with the firmness of his erection bouncing about quite exposed. Kufu looked at his friend and smiling he nodded that it was okay for him to relieve himself inside Honey's quivering form.

Colossus splayed Honey's legs sufficiently to expose her sex. He hunkered down a little, just enough to allow himself to enter the folds of her sex lips. He began by rimming her hole. It was enough to make her moan. He continued all the while he talked softly to her, "Yes, you little blonde whore. You love this don't you? You crave the combination of pleasure and pain that makes your very soul bubble with anticipation. Give in to me, then I won't have to rape you..."

Honey began to sweat, and her legs felt rubbery as Colossus rubbed himself on the rim of her hole. She knew that in a few moments that his spunk would fill her. A couple of hard thrusts made her gasp, as Colossus' enormous sex filled Honey's sex. In a few seconds he was against the wall of her cervix. His thrusts made her gasp and moan. Colossus's hands found her breasts. He kneaded the soft mounds of dough. He took her sore nipples between the fingers and thumbs of each hand and gave them a twist.

**Chapter 16**

Malita leaned towards Ester, "The hour draws near, your highness. All is ready..."

Ester looked about in the early evening air. It was still warm from the day, and the colors of the sky and earth turned a rich pastel. Ester's breasts rose and fell softly. Her bare skin reflecting a sultry earthiness in the sunset's glow. She let out a sigh, "Did you tell Caleena?"

"Yes, highness. Luta, Bess and the rest are ready. But, I'm afraid of Olonda, that bunk mate of Caleena's. She snuggled up to her awfully close and ..." Malita sounded concerned about something.

"And what, Malita? If you weren't sleeping with me, I'd say you're a little bit jealous!" Ester smiled as she tweaked Malita's left nipple.

Grabbing her teat, Malita wrinkled up her nose, "Stop it! You know how it makes me feel..." Malita put her arms around Ester's neck and planted a firm kiss on her lips. Pressing her breasts firmly against Ester's.

"Okay, okay, Malita, there'll be plenty of time for this later. We must plan now..." As Ester and Malita were going over some plans, a pair of hands slowly parted a nearby bush.

"She's a liar. Take her to the grotto, so that she can work off her jealous feelings, ha ha!" Overseer Clovus retorted after hearing Olonda's report. After all he thought to himself, the desert is vast and how could six naked women hope to survive? "Oh, and see to it she's lashed for wasting my time."

Olonda struggled in the guard's grip, "I'm telling you the truth!" She screamed, "I overheard that Ester and Malita talking. They were planning an escape. Seemingly with the help of the Hemoratites..."

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

At Olonda's mention of the Hemoratites, Clovus' tone changed, "Wait! How do you come to know about the Hemoratites? Only a few of us know about their change of attitude towards the Pharaoh?" Clovus looked at the guards and back to another overseer standing near by, who just happened to overhear the ruckus Olonda was making, "I think we better be sure. Take her to chamber 3..."

Colossus stepped down off his horse. He was wearing only his wrap cloth, shoulder badge, and head piece. He surveyed the quarry operation. A number of men and women were working arderously at carving the huge stones needed for Egypt's great buildings.

As he stepped towards the activities of the camp, he saw a nude girl with swollen and puffy looking nipples bound awkwardly sitting on a step shaped stone. Her legs and arms spread out to her sides, with coarse hemp ropes circling her wrists and ankles. She didn't give him a glance, but above her head was a carved sign that said, 'stone whore'. Calling from a short distance, Bosulu, the lead stone cutter greeted him, "Colossus! My old friend, it's good to see you." Bosulu hugged his friend, "Yes, we go back many years, you and I... Oh, the girl, she was caught fingering herself. She's just a stone slut, but I can arrange her for you, she likes to fuck?"

"Not necessary... Bosulu, it is good to see you again. I am here to check on things. Let's go into your tent so we can talk where it's cooler..."

Bosulu leaned in towards his friend setting across the table from him, "Now, what is it that brings you back here after so many years?" Bosulu thumped his fingers on the table one time.

Colossus looked at his friend, "Our master will be visiting here in at the beginning of the next full moon. I have traveled this distance to make sure things are running smoothly, my old friend. You know how master can be when things are not in shape..." Colossus smiled, exposing his white teeth.

Bosulu rubbed his chin beard. He shook his head, "I don't know, Colossus, I find it highly unusual that he wants to see the

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

operation of things. You know the last time he was here, all he did was snatch three of my more attractive girls and whisk them off for his own pleasure. Which is of course his prerogative..."

An attractive, nude Aruli girl came in and poured the men some wine. Bosulu smiled at her and gave a quick fondle of her left breast. She smiled with a broad grin of white pearly teeth. She appeared to be young and not much older than sixteen or eighteen summers. Her breasts were smallish, and quite well formed, with dark hard nipples the size of the tip of her little finger. Colossus felt her breasts and fondled her smooth sex. It was shaved smooth in the manner of the desert people. Her cleft formed a perfect keyhole shape.

"Bosulu, you and I both know that will happen again. But for now, show me how things are going. I know it's hot this afternoon, and we can do more in the morning, but for now, show me around. We can start at the main quarry..." Colossus stood up and straightened out his clothing, "Shall we..."

The men chatted about this and that as they made their way to the main quarry. On the way, Colossus stopped and looked at a row of unusual poles that had been arranged in rows of five or six. About four rows deep. Each pole was about five feet high with a odd looking wedge shaped piece on top of it. The wedges were about two feet long, three inches high, and tapered out about an inch or two at their base. Across the top of each row of poles, a rope had been stretched and held in place by a heavy stone attached to each end of the rope which had been looped through a hole in a taller upright at the end of each row. He saw their purpose soon enough as he assessed their design. A bare Nubian girl, about twenty, with perky breasts sat woefully on the wedge of one of these poles. The smooth cleft of her sex, neatly bisected on the cruel wedge. Her wrists corded with leather strips held up to the stretched rope. Her legs dangled down on either side with struggling toes straining to find the support of the ground. Tied around each ankle, were stones the size of his fists cupped together. This kept her from wildly swinging her legs around. "I don't remember these poles here on my last visit. I obviously see their purpose..." Colossus' gaze was fixed on the young Nubian girl glistening in the sun. "A new addition I see, what is her name?"

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

Bosulu smiled and acted a bit nervously, "Oh, that one... Her name is Ganawa, I purchased her only a few days ago. From a passing caravan. Doesn't she have saucy looking breasts? She just barely moves about and they just jiggle and bounce so nicely..."

Colossus interrupted his friend, "Did you whip her before you put her on that... wedge...?"

"No. Why do you ask?" Bosulu cocked his head to one side.

"Oh, no particular reason, other than it might have done her some good if she's unruly. You recall Blossom don't you? She reminds me of Blossom just a bit..." Colossus cocked his head to one side, still focused on Ganawa.

Bosulu nodded and began looking at the girl and he closed his eyes, "Yes, she does remind me of Blossom just a little. I wonder if they're sisters. She claims to have come from the same village as Blossom. Remember the first time Blossom was whipped, I remember you were still working here then, and it really made your cock stand hard..." Bosulu spoke to Colossus with his hand up by his mouth, looking at Ganawa.

"All right, that'll do. I would like to put some of those memories behind me, if you don't mind..." Colossus was a little disturbed.

"You wouldn't be talking about some of those things that happened to you, eh Colossus?" Bosulu put a big smile on his face, "Why I recall you and another certain Aruli girl, Ebony right? Yes, I recall it all now, you were laboring here then, before Pharaoh discovered your many talents. Tanuri, a female overseer took a fancy to you..." Bosulu's narrative was cut short by Colossus' anger.

"I told you that'll do, Bosulu! All this palaver is doing is making me angry. I am of rank now, and I even outrank you! Yes, I am fully aware and remember Tanuri quite well. She had her fun with me, and if I recall, she was even fond of girls as well as men..." Colossus began to be more acceptable of his own and his friend's recollections.

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

Bosulu nodded as the two men walked along, leaving a sweating and struggling Gawana on the punishment pole. Colossus glanced back over his shoulder at her trying to relieve herself of the painful wedge. Her breasts juddering and swaying slightly with her efforts. She was an exciting looking thing all bare and bound on that thing. Looking back at his friend who was babbling on about his former experiences Colossus interrupted Bosulu, "Sorry for interrupting, but is she your regular bedmate?"

Bosulu looked back at the girl, rubbed his chin, "No, not tonight anyway. I have plans for some fun for us tonight. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, just thinking, that she'll be ready for my cock after her ride on that wedge. I know how it makes that part of her tingle after setting on it for a while, under the sun or not. That's why I asked if you'd whipped her. It can make her even more horny later on..." Colossus had a gleam in his eye.

"You really are into the pleasure pain thing, aren't you? I put a girl up there for punishment, and you come along and try to give her an association with pleasure and pain." Bosulu shook his head, "I have to hand it to you, friend, I now know why Pharaoh selected you. You can really put a twist into things... Yes, my friend, you can have her for the night. I'll warn you though, she's got fire in her veins. Be sure to leave all your weapons out of her reach..." Colossus nodded and looked again at her struggle. She breathed and sighed heavily.

The men arrived at the main quarry. There was a lot of activity and heavy work going on for such a hot day. In Egypt, the desert always brings about intense heat. It never seems to get really cool, except at night. In Colossus' eyes the place looked about the same. He saw the large stones being cut. That was what he had been assigned to do before Pharaoh selected him to be his personal guard and head slave. As he gazed about the compound, he saw a couple of new additions. One appeared to be a new mortar mixing pit. He tried to recall that the pit seemed further away from the main stone cutting, "Wasn't the mortar pit further away from the stones when I was here?"

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

Bosulu shook his head and glanced a surprised look at Colossus, "You have been gone a while haven't you? When you were here, the stones were cut from that canyon over there. This newly opened area is closer to the mortar pit. There, look the grinding wheel is now closer to the cutting area. Those baskets of chips being carried to the grind stone were at longer distances when you were here. Now it's just a few steps away. I was able to speed up the stone carving by almost 10 percent as a result of opening up this canyon. My former boss, wanted to open that canyon to the east. It's almost six miles further even than the one you worked at. This pit will be sedimented up by the time this canyon is fully cut. We can then move the camp to the outer canyons and dig a new pit, easier than to work this one. I have already began the plans for the new pit."

Colossus smiled at the ingenuity of his friend, "The choice to make you camp's lead stone-cutter was a wise one." Colossus shook his friend's hand just as a commotion began down by one of the stones. It seems a couple of female slaves started a fight.

"Bitch!" One of the black Nubians screamed at a coffee skinned half breed girl of about twenty, "You are nothing but a lazy kitchen whore! If you were my slave, I'd have you rhino hided and left strung up for the birds!"

"Black cunt! You are the lazy one, you've tripped me and made me spill my basket several times now. Manlanku the overseer has stripped me bare because you've made it look like I kept tripping over my own skirt. It was you all the time, causing me to fall..." The girl protested and picked up a stick starting to throw it at the Nubian.

"Shut-up! I'll show you! Put that stick down, before you get us both in trouble!" The Nubian girl cried out, but too late, Bosulu showed up and with Colossus who grabbed the stick from the half breed girl.

"All right you two, stop this fighting. Now, who started it?" Bosulu was angry, yet the tone of his voice suggested that he was glad he made an impression.

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

The Nubian girl immediately pointed a finger at the half breed girl, "It was Cleotia, sir... She is so clumsy and stupid. Look at her, she is not built for work at the stones. She is weak and sappy, and even blames me for being forced to work naked, when actually she purposely leaves her clothes off in hopes of having some illicit sex..." Her words burned into Cleotia with such fire that she resumed her attack on the Nubian.

Cleotia twisted free of Colossus' grip, "You cunt! You know perfectly well why I'm naked, you made Manlanku believe I was tripping on my skirt! You even watched with a gleam in your eye as he stripped me! I'm going to rip your tongue out, you liar..." The fight resumed and this time, Cleotia got a good grip on the Nubian's clothing. With a rip, she tore her hack-top and skirt nearly off. The two began hitting each other again. This time the dust and dirt flew all over.

Colossus looked at Bosulu and shrugged his shoulders. Bosulu shook his head, perhaps it is better to just let them duke it out, then punish them both. The two men went over to some shade and sat to chat while the two women wore each other out. By the time the two were heaving and gasping in near exhaustion, Cleotia had managed to rip off the remainder of the Nubian's clothing. The two quite bare girls were sweating and covered with dust and a mixture of dirt and sweat.

Bosulu slowly walked over to the two girls. He eyed them for a moment as if they were a couple of naughty children, "Are you two through fighting?"

Cleotia, breathing heavily, looked at the Nubian who was also gasping for air, she nodded, "Yes, sir, if she is I am..."

Bosulu looked at the Nubian and cocked his head to one side like it suddenly struck him, "I failed to ask what is your name, Nubian?"

Taking a couple of deep breaths, the Nubian girl looked for a moment at her adversary then back at Bosulu, "Melita, sir..."

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

"Ah, yes, Melita... Well, it seems you two have been riding for a fall so to speak. Manlanku here has told me of your actions toward each other. Yes, Cleotia he told me that he'd stripped you because of your constant tripping. Once, he clearly saw you trip over your skirt." Cleotia lowered her head, knowing full well that she did in fact trip. "But, he also informed me that you, Melita did trip Cleotia on more than one occasion. However, because of your excellent work record, he let you off. But now I'm afraid the both of you leave me with little or no choice in the matter of quarrelling on the job. For that you both will be lashed and wedged. In addition, you both will do four months at the wheel and remain bare as you are for the entire period. Is that understood?"

The two girls lowered their heads and nodded that they understood, "Good. You both should be glad you've escaped the cross. Manlanku, Simban, Luweena and Cuthre carry out my punishment orders and have their dirt cleaned off before they are whipped. The rest of you back to work. Let their suffering be a reminder to you all, that quarrelling is not tolerated here at Quarry 23. On with you, now, back to work!"

As the other slaves mumbled a bit, they all began their respective tasks. Colossus looked back over his shoulder to see the two women being cleaned off with buckets of water. Still wet the two were strung up face to face, spread-eagled. Luweena had removed her skirt and huta, leaving on her loin cloth and head-dress. She put on some oil to protect herself from the sun. The three men stripped to their pouch cloths. Luweena uncoiled her braided rhino hide whip. She shook it out on the grass behind her. With a lazy stroke brought it side armed to coil about the two squirming nudes in front of her. It glided noiselessly through the air, catching the two women at the level of their breasts. Which happened to be pressed tightly together, as if in anticipation of such a stroke. When it circled the two glistening slave girls a dull wet sounding slap could be heard. The women let out a squeal and twisted in pain. Luweena whipped the two women without thought or passion. Skilled as she was not a single line drew blood or cut flesh. Her lashes did raise some welts that would serve as reminders to the two unlucky naked female slaves intimately bound that discretion would prove the wiser choice for any arguments. Being

## **S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones**

bound nude together and whipped openly upon their breasts, sex, back and buttocks proved to be quite humiliating. Both women were quite well endowed in the breast department and their actions under the whip drew the attention of several of the male slaves. The women were whipped until Luweena's arm grew tired.

It didn't take long for the two to be placed on the wedges. Luweena felt a twinge between her legs as she looked at the two well whipped women struggled in silence on their wedge. Both of them had been well oiled to prevent blistering under Egypt's intense sun. Cleotia's skin had taken on a deep reddish brown color. So dark and dusky that her nipples seem to disappear on the tips of her breasts. Only their ridged erectness alerted the onlooker to notice how hard her nipples had become. Her body began a soft shudder as the wedge pryed an orgasm out of her. Her hair blew in the warm breeze causing it to dishevel about in every direction. Malita, who was slightly chubbier and, like her opponent, devoid of all body hair, had a spreader bar attached to her ankles. This caused a more exciting exposure of her sex on the wedge. Struggle as she would, the ridge dug deeply into her cleft, causing her clitoris to chafe on hard wood. It brought about several orgasms that left her body rippling and her breasts swaying about, as if to flaunt the welts placed upon them by Luweena's braided whip.

**Chapter 17**

The light from the four torches gave an almost forboding atmosphere to Colossus' quarters. He put down a drink of wine. The stem of the goblet gave a metallic clink which echoed briefly. He was naked and quickly he stroked himself a couple of times testing his erection. His body glistened in the torch light. Turning he walked slowly over to Luweena who stood naked between two small posts on a raised area above the bed. Her arms were drawn upward, spread and secured to the posts by small cords wound around each of her thumbs. Her legs were also spread and fastened to the posts, held there by small cords wound around each of her big toes.

As he approached her he took up a braided single tail whip, some four feet long. It was coiled in a single loop. She looked at him as he approached. Her eyes glancing only briefly at the whip. She stirred slightly in her bondage. His cock hardened at the sight of her lovely spread nudity. He closed upon her, hanging his whip up, he began to fondle her and caress her breasts. She enjoyed his touch.

"Colossus, how long I have waited for your touch once more..." Luweena cooed as she wiggled and responded to his touch.

"Luweena, when I saw you I wanted to jump into your arms. I remember how much I missed our nights together when I moved to the palace. Now I want you even more..."

"Do you remember our first night together and what happened that day?" Luweena asked.

"I'll never forget. Several of us were working on a large block, you came by carrying a water yoke. I remember that you were wearing a split ric-skirt and nothing else. I commented on the firmness of your breasts as they barely moved when you walked..." Colossus was recalling with good detail.

"Oh, yes, I do remember that. I vividly remember your loose fitting pouch. In fact you'd been working so hard that when you stood up, it nearly fell off. I giggled at that. You tried to retie it and it came

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

off because there was a knot. The overseer, Harpous didn't like what you did, frankly I think he was jealous. I recall that he put you on a punishment cross. When I protested, telling him what you were trying to do, he had me stripped, lashed and forced to ride you. I remember that evening, he took us down into the grotto below the kitchen where he chained us naked to the mill. Forcing us to grind three tons of grain, while that impish girl Postula whipped or poked us with sharp sticks. I hated her..." Luweena's voice changed a bit at the last part of her recollections.

"Those days are gone now, and you are an overseer and I am Pharaoh's favorite. Now, once again, you are my favorite. First tell me what happened after I left? How did you become an overseer?" Colossus still pawed and handled her.

"I had a difficult time of things after you left. I was so disponded that I tried to escape. I got about a mile or two into the desert, before I was re-captured. I was taken back to the camp where I was put on display riding one of those wedges. My breasts were whipped from both sides by Chandra and Eleena who used a pair of rattan rods on them. They left deep red welts across them and made my nipples swell all puffy and sore. It hurts for a girl to ride on those wedges. They have the damnedest knack for dragging an orgasm out of a girl. I think it's awfully humiliating to be sitting on one of those things, all naked and quivering with a shameful orgasm while the sun burns my nipples off..." Luweena complained.

"I find it very erotic to watch a girl on the wedge... It gives her purpose and makes my cock hard as well..."

"Don't I make your cock hard, my master?"

"You do, but not until I've disciplined you to make my cock harder..."

"Oh, my master, I want your discipline... Now..."

With those words, Colossus took up the coiled whip and standing behind and slightly to one side of Luweena he began to lash

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

her with it. These were not hard strokes, but lazy ones that coiled about her nudity leaving only faint red welts in their wake. Luweena twisted and writhed in the simplicity of her bondage. The cords keeping her in place added to the erotic pose of her splendid form. Welts began to rise up and down her back, buttocks, breasts and loins. Colossus' cock rose hard and erect, quivering with each stroke he gave to this naked slave girl.

Luweena jerked and twisted as the whip circled her breasts, "AAA!" she gave a throaty response to the sting of the leather across her hard nipples. Colossus continued to whip her, hard enough to force more deep throated, gasping responses from her. When his last stroke uncoiled itself and slithered away, the two of them were dripping with sweat.

Colossus had figured to himself that now was as good a time as any to fuck her high slitted hairless cunt. He did.

Luweena contorted herself in every possible way to allow him penetration of her. She liked it best when Colossus would fondle her breasts as he entered her. He felt unusually large for her. It'd been too long since they had known each other. He gave a hard thrust and buried himself as far into her as he could. She felt him slam into the wall of her sex. It made her choke. She coughed and heaved against his thrust. It hurt just enough to make it feel good. He stung her nipples by pinching them both between the index and thumb of each hand. She whimpered...

Colossus lunged several times hard enough to make her breasts bounce in the palms of his hands. He wanted to remove himself from her sex and finish his climax in her ass. He'd coated her with oil before he began whipping her. Remembering that he'd coated her bung hole a lot with oil, allowed him to slip out of her sex and just as quickly begin borrowing into her ass hole. As he angled himself in, he could feel the curve of her colon. Once inside, he gave a gentle push that made her feel like her guts were being shoved back up her throat. She coughed again, twice, and accepted him now to the hilt in her ass. A few thrusts and as he released inside of her, it felt like a warm enema. He slid out of her ass and washed himself.

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

Bosulu knocked on Colossus' door. He waited for a response from his friend. The door clanked and rattled a bit as he opened it up. Entering, the two men made idle chat and greetings. Luweena was lying sprawled on several cushions near the huge fire place. Colossus was naked and drying himself off after washing himself in the inside bath.

"You know, Colossus, I'll never get over the starkness of the Egyptian desert. How it can be so hot during the day, and yet get so cold late at night. The fire is welcome. I see Luweena is enjoying the warmth, have you fucked her yet?" Bosulu asked with a light quizzical tone of voice.

Colossus wondered what his friend was up to, "Yes, I have and she's just as I remember her. But I'm sure you didn't come by at this hour to see if I've fucked the little bitch, so what brings you here?"

"There is a caravan of new slaves due in tomorrow. I would like it if you could be there when I do some selecting. You know how Pharaoh is about new slaves, especially females. If I pick the pretty ones, I just lose them to him as palace slaves. If I take hard looking ones, they usually work out well, but even too, he finds ways to amuse himself with them. If I take ugly ones, he get angry with me and I end up with the dirty hard tasks that are not much of a reward. I have a difficult time with these selections." Bosulu scratched his chin and with his head cocked to one side, slightly, he raised a quizzical brow at Colossus.

Colossus smiled and was slightly relieved that his friend only wanted his advice, "Sure, Bosulu, I'll be glad to help you. I have a couple of tricks I will show you in dealing with these slave traders. You will end up with your cake and eat it too, so to speak." Colossus nodded as Luweena stirred and whimpered a bit rolling over so that her breasts were exposed.

"Took her to task I see, judging from the marks on her breasts..." Bosulu noticed.

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

"Yeah, I do love whipping her titties. She makes them bounce about so much..."

"Did you put her up by her thumbs and toes? She loves that I recall..."

"Yeah. Had her spread all bare assed and I used this here loopo on her. I popped her nipples and cunt with it several times. Made her come once without touching her clit with anything but the loopo. She's just as I remembered her..."

"I know you don't want to talk about it, but you two sure made a team at the kitchen mill. I know if I'd have kept you two at it for a few months, she'd have been belly swollen pregnant all the time."

"You shit too! She would not have. You must think I don't know how to fuck a slave and keep her from belly swelling?"

"Well, Colossus, I mean really, you are very well endowed and I know for certain that you are very good at being a stud..."

"I don't wanna fight with you, but really, I..."

"Wait! Wait my friend I am only compltmenting you. Why, you, you remember Blossom don't you?"

"She's one of Pharaoh's favorites now, of course I do."

"Well, don't you remember when you and her were assigned to complete the large stone carving you remember the one of Septh?"

"Septh? Septh? Oh, yes, now I remember. Blossom and I both worked on it bare assed all right. But, what of it? Nothing happened to Blossom, she didn't swell up any did she?"

"No, no, nothing like that, she just well... ended up with Pharaoh, like you did?" He gave a broad smile.

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

"Well, my friend, I'm sure you are here for reasons other than to check out Luweena, what else is there for me to be concerned with?" Colossus sat down after he put on his robe.

"You always were perceptive, Colossus... It seems my lead overseer Clovus, has just stumbled onto a situation which I think you should stay around for. Just a couple of extra days so that you can make a clear report to Pharaoh."

"I can't stay too long, he requested that I be back by the Festival of Aturnos, and he wants a couple of girls fresh from the stone pits. I hope you have them?"

Bosulu leaned towards Colossus this time very serious, "I do. Here's the problem you should know about," Bosulu cleared his throat and motioned for him to untie Luweena. As Colossus does he begins his explanation, "Are you familiar with the women Pharaoh assigned to me a while ago, Ester, Malita and about eight or so others?"

"Why yes, they're kind of political prisoners, I believe. Ester is from Lyre and from what I know, there is a connection with the Hemoratites, correct?"

"Yes, that's exactly right." Bosulu nodded with confirmation, "Well, it seems that earlier today, Clovus discovered a girl who told quite a story about Ester."

Colossus looked at his friend, "I think I'll have a talk later on with Clovus. Oh, yes you mentioned another girl I should check out, Luta was her name?" Bosulu and Luweena looked at each other and nodded as Bosulu motioned for Luweena to dress and go get her.

**Chapter 18**

"AAA!" Olonda screamed as she was drawn tight in suspension with heavy stones on each of her ankles. Clovus nodded for the guard to apply a whip-stroke. He nodded uncoiling his long rhino hide. It sliced through the air and coiled itself about the girl's heaving breasts. Leaving a wicked red streak in its path. Gasping Olonda again wailed a painful scream, "AAA! No my breasts, please don't use that thing on my breasts... Oh, please... I... I... I'm telling you the truth... Oh, my, I can hardly breathe..." The girl began to gasp in panic. He motioned to let her down.

After a restorative bucket of water had been thrown on her, she reiterated her story, Clovus rubbed his chin, "This one is sticking to her story. She's either telling the truth or she's convinced she is... I think maybe one more approach..."

Standing naked in the center of the chamber, Olonda glistened with a combination of sweat and moisture thrown upon her by one of the guards. Clovus just watched with patience as the two men continued their work. He really didn't like doing serious persuasion on the slave girls laboring on the stones. The work was hard and arduous. But before he could order additional watch guards, he had to be sure this girl's information was accurate. He liked to play with the girls, but not here and not like this.

"Make sure she's secure, I know she will try to buck off it in a few minutes after the pain begins. In fact, she can hurt herself more that way." One of guards nodded and worked with renewed skill to make sure her and ankles and wrists were in place; he looked at Clovus and nodded it was done.

Clovus gave a quick motion of his hand for them to leave, they gathered up their tools and necessary items and went to the door, exiting and closing it back with a thump. Clovus was now alone with Olonda who sat on a high wedge, which had been fitted with a large butt plug and torpedo dildo. He studied her for a few moments, looking at her bound nudity and sex split on the crest of the dark triangle to which she'd been dramatically disposed. Her breasts were

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

quite exposed and beckoned for some attention, which he decided to pay closely to. The only sound in the room other than their breathing, was the subdued crackle of three burning torches, that cast dramatic shadows on the walls of the room. The smell in there was a mixture of burning pitch, sweat, and female musk. Going to one wall, Clovus selected a long handled, single thong about an inch wide and three feet long. Not testing it, he delivered her a dozen strokes with it, which coiled lazily about Olonda's torso hard enough to raise welts and rapidly enough to not give the poor girl a chance to scream. He walked around to the front of her and gave her one more across her breasts, causing her to suck in air between her teeth. Smiling he left, not saying a word, as the heavy door slammed shut, he could hear her moans starting from behind the door. Six paces from the door, he heard her scream, which echoed down the tunnel passage that led up to the main dungeon; stopping for a moment, he looked back and then shrugged to himself.

In the main chamber, on their knees were Ester and Malita, bare as babes with their wrists tied behind their backs, Ester looked up at Clovus, "What are you doing with us, we were sleeping peacefully and these two awoke us, tied our hands and brought us here?" She looked around and felt uneasy at the sight of all the torture instruments present. Looking in one corner she saw the form of a skeleton in a cage, and in another corner, she saw a nude girl spread and shackled against a wall, her back laced with welts.

Clovus motioned the guards to stand away, but not leave, he looked down at the two women, and went over to sit down at his table. He took out a pen and papyrus, wrote down some notes and refocused on the two women kneeling before him, "It has been brought to my attention that an escape plot involving six women from this facility..."

Quickly and without thinking, Ester spoke up, "That's absurd, who would be able to escape from here? By your own words to all of us the desert is two weeks in all directions; it would be foolish and hopeless to escape without assistance..." All she did was tell Clovus the obvious, but she left a door open she was about to regret. Malita looked at her as if to say shut up, highness.

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

Clovus jumped in on her last words, "That's why you are here, bitches, because someone is ready to help with an escape, and you do know who that someone is, don't you?" The women lowered their heads and tried to be silent, "DON'T YOU!?!". Clovus nodded to the two guards.

The lateness of the hour, made Clovus irritable, returning from the toilet, he went back down the short upper room hall-way into a nearby alcove. The two women were again on their knees with their arms bound together behind their backs; their necks had been inserted into a yoke that forced them to look up towards the ceiling. Their backs were straight and their breasts were thrust into some kind of stock that squeezed and held them firmly in place, not in direct sight of the entrance. The two guards stood on each side of the women, holding a thin rods. Clovus yanked on Ester's hair making her gasp, "AAH." She spat up at him and in a venomous tone of voice, "You miserable bastard, if you knew how important I was..."

He slapped her face and took her cheeks in the grip of his right hand, "Shut the fuck up, bitch! Let me tell you, I'm tired, I have a headache, my stomach is not in agreement with me and my right toe hurts. I've not really had a nice day, and the end of it has just gotten a bit nastier. So don't fuck with me or you'll find yourself on the short end of hell, understand!?!". He really was in a bad mood, Ester just nodded, "I understand..." She lowered her eyes, as she spoke with distorted words caused by her mouth being held in his grip.

Clovus let go of her and focused on the right questions. In the meantime he motioned for one of the guards to put a plug in Malita's mouth. With this action done, he calmly sat down and looked at Ester, "Okay, let's have it all, who was going with you two on this little stroll in the desert you'd planned?"

Ester shifted as best her bondage would allow, and answered him with a lie, "Why whatever do you mean, dear Clovus?"

He didn't like her tone at all, "Well, dear Ester, I mean this..!" He took one of the switches away from a guard and with a quicker than a wink stroke, he laced Malita's twin breasts with purple. There

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

was a brief shuffle of her body against the upright holding it in place as Malita let out a muzzled gasp, it wasn't loud as the plug stifled her scream quite well, "Ahumph! Hoooh!"

Ester struggled a couple of times, watching Malita try to compose herself, and as Clovus moved about them she leaned over in a casual concerning whisper to her friend, "Oh, by the gods, that must have hurt awful." Malita looked at Ester's timely comment and wrinkled up her forehead as she rolled her eyes, almost as if to say, "No shit!"

Clovus walked a couple of times more around the women and again, with a hard stroke, he plastered Malita's breasts again. This time she just struggled against the bonds and exhaled around the plug hard enough to spray spittle, "Hummmphst! Hummmphst!"

"I'm losing my patience with you two; who were you going to meet out there..." He paused looking about pointing towards one of the walls, "In the desert?" Leaning closer and eyeballing Ester as his hand motioning to one of the guards to give Malita another good one; he did.

Clovus leaned on the table in his official work room, the two women swaying in silence, strung up by their thumbs. He removed his head-dress and rubbed his face in his hands, then looked at the two women while two torches crackled in the background as the ropes holding the women suspended above the floor creaked slightly, taking in a breath, "You two amaze me, you know that? Your thumbs have to be hurting something awful and..." He was interrupted by Ester.

"... To say they hurt is understood, what is not understood is that you are wrong in your accusation, we are not attempting to escape!" Ester seemed on the verge of tears. The tips of Malita's breasts were streaked with purple.

"Silence, on your protests, bitches, I've got a headache that's taken me to my limits! I have it on the best authority that you and several others were planning this with the help of the Hemoratites. You will and I say this again, will, confess so that my report to

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

Pharaoh is complete. You will be punished for this attempt, I highly suggest you confess, and not make it worse on yourselves. Frankly, you friend here doesn't look like she's in the mood to be adorned with fire clips, now does she?" Clovus stood up and pick up two sets of fire clips, dangling them in front of the girl's eyes. Malita struggled slightly and shook her head with eyes full of tears. Clovus nodded to the two guards standing near, motioning for them to put them on the women. It was done. After much screaming and moaning, Clovus still maintaining his patience stood up and held up two pairs of stones about the size of his fist. They swayed and dangled in front of his face, he looked at the two women who gasped and began a protest.

Clovus walked a steady strut down the lower passage way, coming closer to Olonda's cell. Opening it, he saw her head perk up slightly, only one of the two torches remained burning and that was low. Her body glistened with sweat and he could just make out the ridges formed by the welts across her breasts. Sitting like he'd left her with her sex split on the wedge, she shivered slightly and attempted to shift her weight about, this caused her to moan, "AROOOGH... AAAHHH... Oh, it hurts so much..!" He could hear her gasping slightly.

Scratching his forehead, he sat down on a stool near by, and looked at her. She lolled her head over to one side, pleading with her eyes to let her go, he looked at her as he spoke, "Are you ready to tell me all you know..?"

Olonda told him her life's story, she left nothing out, even how it hurt for her to take a shit once in a while and what the doctors knew about healing her of that problem. She even tossed in the juicy parts of a few girl girl encounters she had in her cell. In view of it all, he shook his head knowing that she'd told him about all she could without going over the edge into complete insanity. The wedge had a way of doing that to women, so he stood up and put the stool under her feet, undoing her ankle weights and cuffs, she breathed a sigh of relief as she slowly worked herself off the crest with its brother dildo and sister butt plug. He would let this one go for now as she was surely unable to tell him anything further.

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

Clovus returned to his quarters later that evening, Colossus knocked on his door near mid-night, he had a Nubian slut in tow with a rope around her neck and her hands tied behind her back, other than that she was butt naked, Colossus asked, "I like this one, I'll take her back with me when I leave the day after tomorrow. Bosulu told me you have an interesting situation..."

Clovus nodded, smiling nervously at Colossus and almost fumbled over himself trying to accommodate the absolute closest man to Pharaoh next to the high priest of Ra himself, "Yes, Colossus and I see you have selected Luta, she's very delightful, I'm sure..."

"You're sure..?" Colossus began to toy and fondle with Luta's breasts, he smiled at Clovus as he pinched her nipples, "She told me you'd given her a strappin' with the rhino hide once. Did you oil her first; she looks mighty scrumptious oiled down?" He tweaked her nipples to a ripe hardness as he spoke.

Clovus was nervous enough to start sweating, "No actually, er, I mean, yes I have and no I didn't oil her down before I rawhided her..."

Colossus smiled with a full tooth smile, "That's a pity, she'd have taken it much better I'm sure and might have been hot to fuck that night. Myself, I used this on her," He stood up and unfastened his robe exposing his huge cock, "Right after I drubbed her clitty with a probing rod. Now, what's all this about; and tell me what you know of the Hemoratites?"

Clovus leaned back a little in his chair, he rolled his eyes a few seconds in Luta's direction, then back at Colossus where he swallowed hard and took in a breath.

**Chapter 19**

It was a full blown affair, the punishment of Ester and her companions. All the overseers, including Clovus and Luweena, were present and ready to administer the required punishment, and there would be more, as Bosulu had promised to the gathered quarry slaves, positioned to witness the fate of the fourteen women and Ester. Fifteen posts had been arranged abreast to each other, standing between each of the posts were fourteen nude and spread-eagled women; each of them well oiled, facing the sun. Standing ready were fourteen overseers and guards, themselves stripped down, wearing only loin cloths, each of them holding ready a wide rhino hide strap; five of these overseers were women. Ester, gagged, had been mounted astride a donkey plank with her legs held wide spread by a bar, and her back arched on a heavy barge pole.

Bosulu and Colossus stood nearby dressed in their proper attire of office. Bosulu continued his address of the gathered onlookers, "...As many of you know already. I want to further emphasize that if you find your labors here distasteful, I can arrange for you to be transported to the harvest mill at Carnak or the mud pits at Anzor, and I'm sure you are all aware of their punishment devices, of the crested mare and the wet-razor. For now, you will witness the punishment of these unfortunate slave girls who decided to follow the misguided ideals of that one you see on the donkey, over there. As homage, they will receive fifty strokes each with an oil soaked rhino hide strap. For most of them, their fair skin has been baked red by the wrath and displeasure of the great sun god Ra, from whom our supreme and devine Pharaoh Kufu descends. The signal is given to begin punishment." With those words, the overseers, positioned themselves and nodded to their counters. In unison at first then separately, the wide rhino hide straps began their awful wet slapping sound as the women's breasts, backs, butts, and thighs bounced and quivered under the thump of the heavy hides.

For the next several minutes as the strappings began to take their toll of the women, some would faint or gasp as the thudding strokes knocked the wind out of a few of the girls. Malita's black and blue breasts bounced and heaved as she struggled in her bonds trying

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

with every ounce of her strength to escape the resounding whacks of the oil soaked hide beating her almost senseless.

The appearance of those selected to whip the women was almost as erotic to watch, thought Colossus to himself, as seeing the exposed charms of the slave girls struggling about under the strap. His gaze focused on Luweena, who'd coated herself with oil, and began to glisten with a combination of the oil and sweat as she strapped the slave spread before her. He noticed that her loin cloth began to slip down her hips and flopped loosely in the warm breeze lifting it up enough to reveal the fact that she was bare naked herself except for that cloth. Her own breasts quivering and undulating as she would steadily bring the strap to bear on the girl.

One of the other female overseers, Bosulu noticed, a half white half Nubian girl of about thirty, Haneepa, had lost her cloth all together. Crumpled in a pile at her feet, she continued to strap the girl she was assigned to, and made quite a display of herself, fully naked as she was. These new overseers, he thought, would have to be taught lessons on proper administering of required punishments, or be ready to receive one themselves. This girl and Luweena, whose cloth had now fallen as well, would remain nude the rest of the day and inflict the required nipple punishment to Ester following the rawhiding of these others. Standing naked in the sun applying the switch to a slave, can be as punishing as the punishment itself; specially when the slave receiving it is bouncing her sex on the donkey and having the bliss of orgasms along with the pain. These two would learn he thought to himself.

Colossus and Bosulu sat under the canopy while Luta served them their lunch. She poured them each a refill of wine as Bosulu looked over to watch Luweena and Haneepa began drubbing Ester's hard nipples, he looked back at Colossus, "You know, I like Luweena a lot, but she's a pain the butt as an overseer."

"Oh, how's that my friend?" Colossus finished his second cup of wine and was beginning to feel kind of randy as he made a grab for Luta who smiled and playfully dodged his grope.

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

"Really, she was taught how to punish according to the rules..." Bosulu began but was interrupted by Colossus.

"Rules? What rules are there here; my friend? The only rules I ever knew for a stone quarry are sleep, work and fuck one of these bare assed sluts until her belly swells up and she gets marched off to the harvest wheel; then the whole dam thing starts all over again. Now, what other rules are there, Bosulu?" Colossus had a way with words.

Bosulu nodded and maintaining his same smile added, "Those are the basic rules all right. The rules I'm talking about deal with the feelings of slave-girls, their masters, and female overseers who push their luck. How do you suggest we handle these two bitches Haneepa and Luweena and demonstrate to them how to take control of a slave?"

Colossus paused a moment in his thought of the matter, "In fact, a overseer is nothing more than that, regardless of sex; ultimate responsibility falls on the shoulders of the one in charge. If Pharaoh had placed me in charge, I'd discipline them in private perhaps..."

Bosulu nodded, "Colossus, my friend, I have a special garden in back of my quarters, I know you will find it interesting..." His gaze fell on the two women haphazardly applying the switch to Ester's breasts.

Haneepa and Luweena knelt in the shaded grass, they seemed relieved to be out of the glare of the intense sun. Walking towards them, Bosulu motioned this way and that as he quietly spoke to Colossus; the women appeared to be somewhat nervous regarding their position. It was Colossus who spoke first, "It seems that these two were trying to get our attention, Bosulu, by allowing themselves to issue public punishment in the nude. Isn't that a violation of procedures unless so ordered by you?"

"It is ultimately true, kind Colossus. I appologize for their obscene behavior and they will be disciplined here and now, before you. Guards, prepare them." Two nude and well muscled male guards wearing special hoods quickly approached and grabbed the two women holding them before the men, with their arms held wide and their legs spread. Bosulu eyed them as he walked slowly in front of

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

them, "You two will be oiled, sunned and whipped with eel skins while you receive the discipline and education of the stones. Have you anything to say in your defense, speak now or forever hold your tongues?" Haneepa started to say something, but got a nudge from Luweena to keep silent. Her eyes focused forward.

"Very well then, your silence speaks for your guilt. I know you are young and fresh to your new duties as overseers. You have elected to take on a great responsibility and when you fail to uphold proper discipline during a public punishment overseen by higher officials, then you must undergo retraining and enlightenment. For now, you must know that two other of your sister overseers, naked, are having to punish Ester in your place. I assure you they are not happy about it as it is quite hot where Ester is mounted on that donkey. The first part of your lessons begins now..." He pointed to a jar and barked an order to the guards, "Oil them down."

Colossus leaned in to Bosulu, "Are you going to let these two fuck them?"

Bosulu nodded and gave Colossus a 'just a moment' hand sign, "Later my friend, but for now just observe..." When the men had finished applying the oil, the two women glistened like a couple of fresh marble statues; Bosulu continued, "Good, now for the first part of your lesson, you'll be taken to that circle of dark grass, over there under full exposure to the sun, where each of you will be given eel skin floggers. There you will wrestle and flog each other until one of you gives up to the other. The loser will then be hauled up by her ankles and lashed with rhino hides on her butt, thighs, sex and breasts by Amtup and Tulark here. Do you have any questions?" He gave them little or no time to respond, Luweena sucked in a deep breath, "Good, then let the lesson begin."

The two made an erotic sight standing in the open area glistening. The oil intensified the effect of the sun and it made them sweat easily. The first few minutes of their encounter was a sizing up of each other. Haneepa made the first swipe with the eel skin, as Luweena dodged the blow in the nick of time making it a clean miss. Luweena made a fast twirl and backhanded a stroke to the other girl's

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

hip. It made her squeal and jerk away, which left Haneepa slightly off balance giving room for another stroke, this on full across the breasts. It almost knocked the wind out of her.

Reaching up with her hand, she parried off the next couple of strokes, and finally grabbed Luweena's lash and jerked it out of her hand. Unarmed, Luweena put a small distance between Haneepa and herself as Haneepa swung the two whips in an expert display of skill.

The two men stood under the shade of a special canopy, observing the two women and their rise to the challenging match, Bosulu leaned towards Colossus, "These two are pretty good, and if the Pharaoh ever saw this show, he'd be pleased, wouldn't you say so?"

Colossus smiled and looked with his eyes at his friend, "I think you have hit on something here. Entertainment such as this, not only is erotic, but quite fascinating to watch."

Bearing down on the defenseless girl, Haneepa began rapidly whipping Luweena forcing her to her knees and into a tight ball of protection. Haneepa did let her guard down a moment to switch hands with the whips, it was all Luweena needed to trip the girl and make her drop both whips. Now in a hand to hand struggle, the object of keeping focus and getting a grip on the opponent was difficult as each of them were quite slippery. The only advantage came quickly to Luweena when she was able to land a firm knee against Haneepa's cunt. It was all it took for Luweena to bring a quick surrender from Haneepa.

The two posts creaked with the sound of the rope hauling Haneepa up by her ankles. She choked and gasped out protests and pleas to be forgiven. Her hands going everywhere to try and protect her quivering breasts and belly. She could hold them there a few moments then they would drop down to which was actually above her head. Securing her in place was a simple task, made even simpler by the obvious strength possessed by Amtup and Tulark who had fastened her wrists as wide as her ankles to stakes put in the ground. The men took up the rhino hide straps, one standing in front of her the other behind her waiting for the signal to begin.

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

Bosulu started to give the signal, when Colossus held his hand, "Why don't we give her the hidin' instead of them? Feeling up to it?" It was a challenge which brought a smile to Bosulu as he nodded. In a few seconds, the two men had stripped nude and taking up the straps, Colossus nodded for Bosulu to begin. He did.

In an overhead stroke, he brought the wide strap down directly across Haneepa's bare cunt. It made a wet 'WHAP' sound sending a vibration down the girl's shuddering nudity. The oil splattered about the impact point of the strap, she wailed brokenly, "AAAHHC!" Otherwise, she just struggled in her bonds.

Colossus nodded, "That was a wet one, but a good one. I wonder if it sounds just as wet from my angle? Let us see..." In the same overhead stroke, he brought the strap down across Haneepa's sex with a very similiar 'WHAAP' sound but it was just a tiny bit louder. She jerked again, gasping short of breath, "AAC!" shaking her head, but what the two men had failed to notice, in their compareison of strokes, was that Haneepa had lost her wind and was trying to catch her breath. Colossus smiled as her cunt seem to pucker a little after he dragged the strap off it. It turned into a sore red as it glistened in the sun.

Bosulu couldn't be outdone by his friend, so he sucked in a deep breath and gave the girl another overhand stroke, 'WHOP' this one made her squeal out the remaining breath in her lungs, "AIIEEC..!" Her tummy began a spasmodic series of crunches as her eyes rolled up while she shook her head. It was like she was trying to beg them to stop.

Luweena gripped her fists together as she closed her eyes, thankful that it was Haneepa taking that strapping and not herself; Colossus looked at Luweena then down at Haneepa, "Bosulu, wait a second, I think she's trying to tell us something..." Colossus bent down and put his hear near her mouth, but all he could hear were her squeals of anxiety and her struggles to take in a breath, "No, I think she's having a time of it catching her breath. Here, I'll give her one on her

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

ass, that'll get the wind pumping again..." Haneepa shook her head no, but it was too late.

'SLAP' went the strap against and curling around her firm ass cheeks, leaving a wide red band directly across the centers. It did the trick however, as she took in a sudden gasp of air with a three second count, then let out an ear piercing scream, "AAAIIE EEYAAAO OOWW WAAA!"

"Oh, now this girl is just acting silly," Bosulu shook his head, "Here this'll give her somethin' to whimper about." Like Colossus he gave her a side arm stroke, but this one landed across her breasts, she jerked and shook her head one time, "AAA! By the GODS! Not my tits, no do not strap my titties... NAAAAHA!" She gave a shiver in spasm.

"Bosulu, did I just hear her give you an order?" Colossus cocked his head to one side.

"Did you say she gave me an order, Colossus?" Bosulu took in on the game Colossus was leading up to.

"Yes, I distinctly heard her give you an order." Colossus replied shrugging his shoulders.

Bosulu cocked his head to one side, "Now are you sure about that; like I mean just these few moments ago?"

"Yes, I am very sure, it was right after you..." Colossus had moved to her front, Haneepa began to shudder knowing full well where he was going with this; she sucked in a gulp of air as she started to speak in her defense, Colossus had his stroke already on high, when he continued his sentence over the girl's intended protest, "Did this!" 'FUWAP' He landed a blow to across the centers of Haneepa's breasts. They bounced under his blow and undulated a few seconds, changing her 'no' protest, to a deep throated gasp, "AAARRRGG GUUU HHH! AAA! NO! NOOOt! AGAIN, I, I, I..."

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

"Did you hear that, Colossus, she just asked you 'again' for another stroke? Give it to her..." Bosulu shrugged his shoulders as Colossus grinned an acknowledgement, "Oh, why yes, with pleasure..." 'FUWAOP' He landed another nearly like the first on directly across her breasts. They splayed a bounce this way and that; her right one oozed some milk, as she shuddered and broken voiced her protest, "AAA! AHH, ACK, HOOO NOOO MOOORE, PLEASEEE..!"

Luweena jumped in a protest, that stayed the arm of her former lover. Colossus looked at her, then at Bosulu. This was not part of the plan.

"Luweena, interruption of punishment is a strict violation. For this, you will take her place and following this, you will kneel with your wrists behind your head while Haneepa beats your breasts with a rod. There will be no further interruptions; prepare her.

Luweena immediately took the place of Haneepa inverted where she accepted the remaining punishment on her back, butt, breasts and cunt. Unbound and kneeling with spread legs, facing the sun, a naked Luweena counted as an equally naked Haneepa whipped her breasts with a rod as big around as her little finger. Haneepa was silent as she obeyed the orders given to her, and she didn't spare Luweena one stroke.

'THWHISP' The upper slopes of her breasts sounded a hollow thud.

"AAA! Sixteen, mistress, may I have another?" Luweena's eyes were focused straight ahead.

'WHISP' It landed just above the nipples.

"AAAH! Seventeen, mistress, may I have another?" Her eyes began to cloud slightly with a few tears.

'WHISPP' A white line formed a second before the red one, Luweena had a sunburn.

"AARGH! Eighteen, mistress, may I - I - haaave another?" Luweena began to get shakey in her voice as she struggled to maintain her position.

'WHHISSP' This one caught the centers of both nipples.

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

"UMMPHAAA!" Oh, gods, n-n-nineteen, m-mistress, m-may I have another?"

'WHISSUP' Another one landed on the tips of her nipples.

She wiggled and almost lost it here, but struggled to keep her position making her sore breasts sway to and fro, "Twwenty, mistress..."

Bosulu interrupted, "That will do." He held his hand up; Haneepa stayed her stroke and stood properly, "Hold your position, Luweena, I didn't give you permission to move. You have done well, now stand up and take the rod from Haneepa and Haneepa you kneel like Luweena with your wrists behind your head..."

Haneepa gave Bosulu a look of puzzlement and mouthed the words why, she wasn't ready to have her breasts beaten, not after her bout with the strap. She immediately jerked herself away and began to protest, "It was her that interfered, not me! Why are you punishing me? It's all her fault, she's the one who caused it, not me, beat her breasts some more, I can't stand it any more!"

Colossus stood up, and went to her; without any words he forced her to her knees and rammed his huge cock into her mouth. He grabbed her hair and worked her head up and down on his cock, making her head fuck his cock. It didn't take long for him to come in her mouth as she choked down his cum. He yanked her head back, letting go of her hair as she slumped on the grass, "Fucking cunt, can sure dish it out, but she can't take it! Luweena give me the rod, I'll beat her breasts until they go flat!" He was angry.

Just as she handed him the switch, Bosulu stepped in adding some calm thought to the matter, "Wait, wait, dear Colossus, not so fast, I think you have 'pumped' some sense into her, no pun intended. Let me talk to her..." He lifted her up off the grass, addressing her in a calm, but scary voice, "Now, that's better, you have your tummy full and can think clearer, right?" She didn't have time to answer, "Good, here's what you are to do, kneel on this grass, face the sun, stick your breasts out and count loudly and without hesitation, each time Luta over there..." He holds up the same rod she used on Luweena earlier, "Strikes your breasts. I know having a slave beat you is humiliation

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

enough, but in consideration it is your only alternative. If you protest one word, I will have you publically snaked with a braid swung by Luta here, and you will resume your labors at the stones as a slave. Have I made myself clear?" Haneepa nodded and swallowed hard as she took her humiliating position.

Luta accepted the rod from Colossus and twiddled it about as she tested it's flexibility; it sliced the air with a definite 'Whirrup' sound. Bosulu turned and put his arm on Colossus' shoulder; as he gathered his thoughts, he snapped his fingers at Luta, then began a conversation with Colossus, "It will do her some good, this one has been giving me some problems, maturity ones more or less. She can't grasp the reality of respect that the slaves must have for her. My thoughts are, if Luta can make her accept the fact that she is no better than anyone else, and she's just doing her job to follow my orders; then we have made some progress with her. Most of the time, she acts like motivations are her only job, and getting the work done is less important than her exertion of authority." In the background the men heard the rod begin on Haneepa's breasts, they both heard her call her number as prescribed.

"Bosulu, what if she fails this test, will you have Luta give her a snaking in front of everyone?"

Bosulu stopped and looked at Colossus for a few moments, then he looked at Luta's stance as she whipped the Haneepa's breasts, "My friend, I will do whatever it takes, to make an overseer out of her; even if I have to break her by sending her back to stones, butt naked and striped like a zebra..." Colossus nodded at those words.

The discipline of the stones is considered the most difficult to endure during the training of an overseer. For a male, a length of rawhide is secured around his cock and balls while fist sized stones dangle about yanking on him hard enough to make him come. The female slaves love to watch as a male is given this test before becoming an overseer. Most agree that it is far easier to endure than its punishment form. Which consists of a belt buckled around the male's waist and the stones are dangled down at the level of his cock and balls so that when he runs or even walks, they pound and bruse him.

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

There isn't a male slave anywhere that wants that punishment. Yet, female overseers have a tendency to inflict it a lot on the males.

The variation for training a female overseer goes something like this; the girl is stripped naked if she isn't already, then lifted upon a specially contoured pedestal that contains a smoothly carved stone cock and ass plug. Once mounted on these things, the girl is fitted into a yoke that is quite heavy, and holds her arms uselessly out to her side at the level of her chin. Her ankles are wrapped with a strip of leather, to which a stone about the size of a sweet melon is tied. This holds her firmly down on the stone's phallic prongs. What is awful about these stones, is the fact that they are allowed to be heated in the sun before a girl rides them. Also, to add to her discomfort, a sharp wedge shaped piece of stone is positioned against her clitoris. This stimulates her to climax on these knobs. The best a girl can hope for is to be put on well used stones, sometimes, they are smoother if they have been well ridden by others. She must endure this discipline, entirely naked, under the burning rays of the sun, and if the trainer decides it, she's sometimes whipped on her breasts while she rides them.

Luweena, sweating and glistening from oil which had now been applied to protect her, looked quite forlorn as she sat on her pedestal with two quite hot, unyielding stones well up inside of her. Colossus and Bosulu drake some wine as they discussed the matter of these women. Colossus almost got up as a bumble bee had landed directly on Luweena's right nipple, which was swollen hard from the beating; she let out a muted squeal as the thing repeatedly stung her as she helplessly struggled to knock it off. Dramatically disposed in the yoke, she fidgeted and squealed until she got Bosulu's attention. He asked Colossus what was the matter, and he told him about the bee. Bosulu smiled and got up going over to Luweena who rolled her eyes soulfully and whimpered, begging him to do something. Bosulu picked up a flexible papyrus reed and struck Luweena across her breasts with it. No more bee, but Luwanna's nipple screamed with pain.

An hour later, Haneepa, breast whipped until she was nearly silly, sat on a pedestal beside Luwanna. Her breasts red, swollen, and a latiswork of welts and ridges, were having their nipples squeezed as Bosulu attached a pair of fire clips and egg stones onto them. Haneepa

## **S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones**

gaspd as the stones dangled in the air, causing her breasts to sag like she'd suckled a hundred children all at once. The sun was very hot, not a cloud in the sky on this long afternoon. The stones delivered a pain all of their own, the women must accept their hardness like the duty of slavery; without question and without protest.

**Chapter 20**

A naked Haneepa chipped on the stone using her chisel and wedge, making every effort to smooth out the stone and keep it uniform as ordered. One of the point carvers came over to her and started to fondle her breasts. He leaned over her cupping her breasts in his hands as he parted his loin cloth allowing his cock to brush her ass cheeks; she shirked his advances as he began to whisper in her ear, "You use to be a good girl and like to fuck, until you decided to become a bitch overseer; but that changed didn't it? We all enjoyed that lashing you got from Luta. That simple-minded cunt really knows how to swing a bull whip..."

"Suptup, you're an ass hole you know that? If I know you, you were jerking off the whole time I was taking that lashing. Just the very thought of a nude girl whipping another nude girl..." She was interrupted by three other Nubian girls working on the center cut.

One of them, a young girl naked except for a very skimpy loin cloth. The other two, wore wrick skirts and tie blouses. The nearly naked one chided after him, "Hi ya Suptup, working 'hard' I see..."

"Okay, cunt, what do you want?" Haneepa shook off Suptup and stood with her hand on her hip, spoken as if everyone in the world were naked.

The other girl, adjusted her loin cloth as if proud to have it and Haneepa not, looked at her and called, "I wasn't talking to you, bare slit, I was talking to the stud next to you."

"Bare slit? Was that what you called me; bare slit? Why you cheap two pen whore..!" Haneepa called to the girl.

"Better watch who you call a whore, bare slit. Bare slit girls are labeled whores and sluts, with cunnies dripping with fresh fucks. Common now, bare slit girl, show me your fresh fuck?" The girl was obviously looking for a fight, and she was about to find one.

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

"You bitch, wait until I get my hands on you, I'd skin you alive if I had my whip..." Suptup reached for Haneepa and held her in place as she struggled against his grip. She looked at him, "Let go of me, you ass hole, I gotta do this cunt..."

"Hey, hey Haneepa, take it easy, we all know of your set back. Don't let this big mouthed bitch spoil your day or mine..."

"Oh, now, girls, will you look at that, Suptup kind of likes that bare slit stuff. I guess it makes it easier to just fuck a bare slit girl and put her back to work than to coax a woman to take off her garments and give herself to you, right Suptup? Oh, girls, this one is getting feisty now, and isn't she the one that Luta snaked the other day; ho, why it's none other than Haneepa the former overseer; whatsamatter Haneepa, somebody took your whip away?"

That did it, in a matter of a few seconds the two girls were mixing it up. Haneepa fought like a tiger, but the bully girl was just a little bit quicker on her feet and in a few moments, she had Haneepa under her foot. The ruckus brought over Clovus who untangled the two girls, separating them, he barked, "Who started this; you both know the rules about fighting!?!"

Haneepa pointed her finger at the other girl, "It was this bitch, Clovus, she started it by calling me names and making snide comments about my nudity..!"

"Oh, now..." The other girl slowly responded, using her most womanly tone of voice at Clovus, "Oh, now I see, unity between overseers, right Clovus? All I did was ask Suptup a question, and little bare slit here flew at me with her claws out. I have the right to defend myself, don't I; sir..?" She glared at Clovus, obviously there was some connection between them.

Clovus obviously realized he was over his head with these two, "All right, all right, you two; both of you go over and wash off the dirt and get back to work. I'll talk this matter over with Bosulu and he will decide how punishment will go..." He looked about at the small throng that gathered to watch the two girls battle it out, he barked a few

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

orders and snapped his whip, "Back to work all of you; break it up now."

Clovus and Bosulu were under the survey canopy, Clovus had just stepped in and began to speak, "Master, there was a fight today between Haneepa and Teeree."

Bosulu was seated behind his work table and was reviewing the tally reports for the heavy stones, he didn't lose focus on them as he answered, "Did you have them lashed?"

Clovus was a bit nervous about his answer, but he did so truthfully, "No sir, I felt it better that you deal with them; since Haneepa is a demoted overseer and all..."

Bosulu interrupted him, slightly perturbed at his inability to decide, "Clovus, I have more pressing matters to be concerned with, than the discipline of a couple of bad attitudes. I really don't care about Haneepa's former status; she was publicly whipped by Luta to accent her demotion. She is just another slave girl working at the stones as far as I'm concerned. Now you deal with it, that's your job or do you want to be demoted and I put Ham in charge!?! If I know Ham, he'd have them each flailed and put on a ram."

Clovus was nervous about not acting, he cleared his throat, "Yes, sir, I'll take your suggestion and deal with them right away, sir..."

"Good Clovus, I knew you had it in you..." Clovus gave Bosulu an across the chest salute and started out to complete his task when Bosulu called him back, "Clovus..." Clovus stopped and looked back; Bosulu continued, "Just make sure they get plenty of sun, but I still want them able-bodied, understood?"

"Yes, sir." Clovus nodded, then turned and walked away. Bosulu went back to his reports and sat down, continuing to read. After a few seconds, wondering, he looked at Clovus walking towards the workers; his eyes narrowed.

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

Clovus had the two women inverted between the punishment posts gagged, back to back, and oiled, a measuring peg inserted in each girl's sex; they glistened in the sun. A dark Danuba overseer wearing his headdress and loin cloth, beat the two women soundly between the legs with a rhino hide strap; which appeared to be slapping the pegs deeper into them with each stroke. Teeree was choking as she protested, while Haneepa gasped a guttural wail as the strap drove the peg deeper into her cunt.

Bosulu approached the scene and gave an order for the Danuba to stop, looking at Clovus, "I told you to punish them, but not cripple them! How could you drive those pegs into them and expect them to work the next day. They'll be crippled for weeks, and Pharaoh is due here next month. I have to have forty more large stones ready by the time he arrives and I'm already two weeks behind. Just drub their tits with a rod and have them sunned or something, but I especially don't want them rammed; understand!?"

Clovus felt sheepish about his actions, but at the same time he grew angry at being ordered to instill a punishment then getting told off because of it. For now, Bosulu would have his way, but later, these two bitches would be rammed, he'd see to it himself personally.

Later that afternoon, Bosulu returned and saw Haneepa and Teeree hard at work on the large windlass. This device fit its name and was set up with a capstan to help winch the large stones up and out of the pit. They were four other men and women working the levers, one man and one woman were naked the rest were allowed skimpy clothes and halters. The two women learned later that the naked man and woman, were being punished for having sex openly during one of the rest periods.

Ester and three of the girls rawhided a couple of weeks ago, were shaping and chipping the top of the stones while a group hauled one stone up on rollers with ropes that were assisted by the windlass. Most of the group hauling consisted of men, but mixed in were women in various stages of undress as much as dress. The picks, axes, shovels, hoes and chisels clanked against the stones as they worked. The crack of the whip occasionally breaking the rhythm of the tools.

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

That night after dinner, just before the rest period, the two women were put into the same cell with their worker companions. This left an imbalance of the sexes, which didn't bother the men any. For their initiation, Haneepa was bent over the end of her cot and fucked soundly by each of the men in her cunt and ass, then again she was taken the same way by the four women wearing strap on measuring pegs. Teeree, on the other hand, was bound to the bars of the cell, spread, and her breasts whipped with papyrus reeds until she fainted. Tomorrow night, their positions would be reversed and it would begin all over again; each girl getting a rest from the fucking by having her breasts whipped and vice versa. This lasted for about five weeks.

It was nearing the full moon when Pharaoh arrived to check up on things. Bosulu greeted them and happily began showing Pharaoh his progress. Work was still going on as the group approached the windlass where Haneepa and Teeree labored exhausted. Bosulu brushed lightly on the purpose of the windlass and started to move on when Pharaoh halted him to ask a few more questions, "Bosulu, why are these two working so slowly; they look haggard, or are they just lazy in front of me?"

Bosulu swallowed a little hard, looked a couple of daggers at Clovus and smiled as he replied to Pharaoh, "Lord, these two are being punished, for fighting as I recall, right Clovus?"

Clovus bowed and saluted, "Most right, sir and my lord."

Pharaoh tapped his finger on his cheek, as he turned to look again at the two women slowly trodding and staggering as they shoved the lever. It was in this moment that Haneepa's loin-cloth slipped down her hips and a lot of fuck matter dribbled onto the hot planks of the platform; Pharaoh smiled a second or two and with raised eyebrows, "I see this one likes to get fucked a lot. If I was to imagine for a moment, I could assume that she's been hammered with a measuring spike. But then, these four healthy males have certainly made use of her. You still follow the rule of bedding these workers together in the same group, don't you?"

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

Bosulu closed his eyes for a second, then opened them and nodded as he spoke, "Yes, lord, very much I follow that rule. It was one you decreed, magnificent one."

"Well put, my man." Pharaoh smiled at him, then he quickly frowned and went serious with these next words, "Have the dripping one plugged up with prongs and a cinch put over both holes. Then splay her and the other lazy slut on that broken stone over there. The rest of the lot, strip them; breast whip the women and fit the males with cock and ball slats. Next time I'm here, don't show me two bumbling cunt fucks who have been fucked silly and hammered with measuring pegs until they can't hold onto themselves, understand or I will find your replacement. Now, show me the rest of your progress, or do I have to find it out for myself?"

"No, my lord, this way and I assure you things are in order..." He looked back over his shoulders at Clovus and with a couple of rapid hand gestures he motioned for Pharaoh's orders to be carried out. Clovus blinked and nodded as he hurriedly began the task.

"Over here my lord, you see we have ready forty two large corner stones and additionally, ninety three regular blocks. According to the last time table, we are ahead of schedule by three days..." Bosulu was proud to report.

Pharaoh looked at the rows of stones and smiled, "You are indeed, Bosulu, you make a fine head overseer. Colossus did report that you were making progress..." Bosulu sensed Pharaoh was about to change the subject again, Pharaoh continued, "...and then there is the matter of Luta. I did bring her along so as to help her remember her old stamping grounds, so to speak." He motioned for Luta to come near him and the bare ass naked little bitch sauntered over and stood by his side. She forced a smile at him as he patted her on the head, he continued, "She's so delightful in her nakedness, isn't she?" Bosulu sensed something was wrong as Pharaoh had changed his tone of voice, "When I had her the first night after Colossus' return, I tied her hands behind her back, like this..." He roughly turned her around and tied her hands with a strip of rawhide, then he continued, "She must have learned plenty of curse words here as I'm sure her real teachers

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

are over there carving those stones..." He wrinkled up his nose, then he pulled on it a couple of times as he began again, "Anyway, she kicked me in an unmentionable spot and what I'd like for you to do to her right now is snake her and mount her on a prong so that all her wonderful teachers, friends and co-workers can view her. I want you to do this and no one else, okay? Keep her here after I leave and put her through her paces. I want this slut cunt fucked and ass fucked a hundred times by every male here at this quarry, then take her up again and rhino hide her double from two directions then have her rammed. I want couriers dispatched with sworn proof of my orders being carried out. I trust you will do this?"

Bosulu swallowed hard, and cocking his head to one side, shrugged his shoulders and nodded as he obeyed Pharaoh's order, "Yes, my lord, your wishes will be carried out. May I ask, highness, what if she dies during this?"

"I will answer your question this time, but watch it..." He cleared his throat, "Ahem, I trust you will see to it she doesn't die, at least for a while, but if she dies say after fifty fuckings by every male, then just fill out a report and bury her, okay? No more questions..." Pharaoh was in no mood to answer that one, but out of curiosity, and full realization that his request was a bit harsh, he did.

Having heard the words spoken by the two men, Luta began to shiver and she dropped to her knees to beg for mercy from Pharaoh, "Oh, please, please, master, oh, dear master, don't punish Luta oh please, master..." Luta began to sob for real and sobbed even harder as she saw Bosulu strip down to his waist cloth and take up a long tether and the large black snake whip, her eyes went wide, "Oh, gods NO! Oh, no, no, no, no, not a snakin' no not a snakin' I don't wanna snakin' peeeeleese masster..." Bosulu grabbed her tied wrists and dragged her along in the dirt to a cross frame used for loading small mortar and sand; he tossed the rope over the beam and bound her wrists tight with it. Taking the other end he dragged her up onto her tip toes where she twisted and turned about, glistening in the sun. All the while she protested and wailed her pleas of woe, "No, please not that, don't black snake Luta, please master..!"

## S. M. Knights - The Sun and the Stones

Bosulu exhibited no remorse for what he had to do; his master had ordered him to whip and prong this girl; that's exactly what he was going to do. He shook out the long whip allowing it to uncoil in the grass, took up his stance and with a wicked side arm stroke making it coil about three times around her nudity; the last few inches snapped wetly against her back. He shook and pulled it loose making her twist around with it, she heaved in her breath, "AAA! It's bad!" She wailed. In its wake, was a broken red welt.

He took his time and gave her another that coiled itself and spent its last length across her nipples, "AAAIIEEE!!! AH, OH, NO IT'S AWFUL! GODS, MY NIPPLES!" The girl shuddered as she struggled under the whipping with wet, red eyes. Bosulu continued to slice the girl, leaving red welts, not the bone deep cuts that this whip could easily deliver. Each stroke, brought a pathetic wail and jerk from Luta who dangled by her wrists and took what the world of quarry slaves call being 'snaked'.

Pharaoh listened to the girl's protests and watched her writhe under the whipping. His eyes wandered about her, watching where the whip fell to see it indent her ebony skin. His royal cock began to throb, all too ready to deliver her the first of her hundred plus a thousand fucks. This girl would learn the real meaning of pain, delivered a hundred times a hundred for inflicting such a humiliation upon Pharaoh. She could only be glad she was being whipped and fucked instead of executed, he smiled to himself, after all she was still young and physically able to take it.