

TRIBAL PRACTICES

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Fetish World Books is an imprint of

Fiction4All

This Edition Published 2016

Fiction4All

CHAPTER I - CAPTURE AND INITIATION

The pain at her wrists and ankles brought her back to consciousness. A constant jolting pain of something hard pressing into her flesh and bones at her crossed ankles and wrists also tore at her hips and shoulders in the same regular rhythm. She opened her eyes to clear her head. What she saw made her more light-headed so she closed them again. She tried to uncross her wrists and ankles but could not. Something hard and tight wrapped around them prevented it. Whatever it was cut into her skin, cruelly cutting off her circulation, making her hands and feet feel numb. Still she rose and fell with the same regular cadence, her whole body seemingly suspended in mid-air by her ankles and wrists. She had trouble locating her body in space.

She eased her eyes open again. She saw the same thing as before. Leaves passed before her eyes in a steady stream. Not falling leaves but leaves as if on a treadmill passing under her while she floated through the air above. Now she was aware of her head bobbing in time with the distinct biting ache in her wrists and ankles. Painfully, she raised her drooping head to see the back of a pair of bare feet moving along the carpet of leaves. Still muddled and dazed from the slight concussion she suffered when the plane crashed; she thought for a moment the plane had not yet come to rest. She was still being hurled along from the crash. She stiffened her body for the inevitable impact with the ground or some tree. Strangely, she kept moving at the same speed and height above the leaf carpeted ground. She groaned as the rhythm of her pain and discomfort continued unabated. She tried to wrench her body from the contorted and distressful position she found herself in, discovering not only was she not able to uncross her ankles or wrists, but that some hard objects pressed into her arms and legs inside her knees and elbows, keeping them apart and immobile. She groaned louder this time. Studying the bare feet moving along before her; sure it was some hallucination or trick of her mind, she made a valiant effort to clear her head and properly appraise her situation. Dropping her head once more, her hair dangling toward the ground, she looked back to see another pair of feet moving over the carpet of leaves.

She shrieked as she realised what her circumstances were.

Fiona heard a woman shriek. She knew it wasn't her. She wanted to shriek and scream herself, but couldn't. She had some bitter tasting sour object in her mouth. She thought it might be a lemon from the size and shape of it. Whatever it was she couldn't remove it or spit it out. It was lodged firmly behind her teeth, so big and mouth filling, forcing her jaws open wide, she couldn't push it out with her tongue or dislodge it in any fashion. Her wrists were tied together over the pole along with her ankles. Her head was raised uncomfortably with her long hair tied to the pole above her as she swayed beneath it. She could see the impassive expression on the face of the near naked man through her splayed knees. He was carrying the rear end of the pole. Like some game animal, she hung suspended by her bound ankles and wrists under the pole. The rough texture of the vine-like ropes binding her ankles and wrists cut into her like razors. The rigid pole supporting her whole weight from her bound and crossed wrists and ankles bore into her skin and flesh harshly, agonisingly exacerbated by the slight bouncing motion as the men carrying her plodded through the narrow pathways under the impenetrable canopy of trees hiding the forest floor from tropical heat and light. The combination of her raised head, hair knotted somehow to the pole near her crossed wrists and the long stick between her bent knees, the twin forks at each end pressing hard into her popliteal hollows, absolutely immobilised her in agonising suspended tension. She swayed slightly as the natives returned to their village with their captives.

Fiona was comfortably suspended from her transport pole compared to Margarita. Margarita hung face down with her arms and legs drawn up behind her. The forked branches extending her knees and

elbows out wide not only kept her wrists and ankles crossed, but tensioned her hips and shoulders in horrible agony. She began to weep and wail until they stopped to knot her hair to the pole and force one of the bitter, tough skinned seed pods in her mouth. Then she only sobbed and whined as she was forced to watch the rear of the loin-cloth clad native move purposefully along the barely defined jungle track.

It seemed an interminable trip to both girls. Helplessly suspended in contorted agony, heads held up painfully by their long hair, drooling copiously around the bitter tasting spheres crammed in their mouths, they bounced and swayed for what seemed hours before light and heat broke through the high verdurous canopy and they found themselves in the clearing of a small village.

Emotionally, if not physically, relieved by their arrival finally at some, any, destination, they became even more terrified as their poles were suspended about five feet above the ground between two upright posts alongside a grass hut. A dozen women approached with crude looking stone knives in their hands. Fiona wet herself. Margarita writhed in terror in her suspended bondage as the women approached. Then the women began to cut their clothing off.

Fiona Greene and Margarita Lopez were the only survivors of the plane crash. Somewhere over the Amazon basin, their small plane developed engine trouble. Although the pilot tried to set it down gently in a tiny beach alongside the river, they had hit a tree and ground looped. The pilot and his right hand passenger were killed instantly. Fiona and Margarita survived only because the rear of the aircraft had broken away from the front. They remained strapped in their seats with the tail of the aircraft half in the water. Fiona remained conscious while Margarita, having hit her head, passed out from the blow.

Margarita was escorting fifty kilos of chemicals necessary for the manufacture of cocaine. Fiona was accompanying her boss, an oil geologist, to the hinterlands for survey work. It was only a short flight between two crude landing strips hacked out of the Amazonian jungle, but the territory between the two was uninhabited as far as anyone knew. Therefore, it was with both surprise and delight that Fiona saw the half dozen tribesmen splashing through the water to lend her a hand ashore. She couldn't speak their language, but tried to help direct them in pulling Margarita from the wreckage. Once the unconscious girl was laid on the narrow strip of beach, they made motions for Fiona to lay down as well. At first, she waved them off. Thinking better of it, realising how woozy she was, going slightly into shock from the awareness of what had just happened, she stretched out beside Margarita. They began to remove both girls' shoes. Fiona was much too muddleheaded to protest. Margarita was still out. Fiona watched as they turned the limp body of her travelling companion over on her belly and breasts. She watched two of them bend her bare legs up behind her thighs and cross her ankles. A third pulled out a stout cord and began to wrap her ankles together. Then her attention was diverted as she felt them raise her legs, bending her knees and crossing her own ankles. Before she could protest, half a dozen turns around her ankles had been taken while two men raised her arms and crossed her wrists. She started to struggle as she felt the cord draw tightly around her wrists, but one of them kneeling above her head grabbed her hair. He yanked hard, Fiona screamed and he stuffed her open mouth with a large native citrus.

Sputtering and struggling against the gag and rope vines, Fiona saw the long stout pole inserted between her arms and legs. While two of them raised it slightly, pulling her arms and legs up with it, another placed a double forked stick between her knees while a fourth gathered her hair on top of her head. Pulling her head up by the hair, he knotted it to the pole just above her wrists. Then she was hoisted completely off the ground. Her head and arms strained taut by her own weight, she watched the yokes of the stick between her knees sink into the popliteal hollows and taut hamstrings at the back of her widely parted knees. The long pole cut into her crossed ankles and wrists, hurting both bone

and flesh as she was shouldered by two of the men and carried into the underbrush. Her arms, shoulders and neck ached terribly. Her ankles pulled painfully tight against the carrying pole, the stick between her knees pressed hard into her yielding flesh while her thighs, tautened by her own weight, strained painfully wide under the pole. Looking through her legs, left bare by her shorts, she studied the face of the man shouldering the rear end of her carrying pole. She decided he didn't look like anything she had ever seen in National Geographic.

Just before she entered the darkness of the forest, Fiona saw Margarita picked up by two men at either end of her pole. She envied her the unconsciousness, but not the position she had been suspended in beneath the long transport pole. Margarita faced down. Her body formed a painful looking backward arc. She bore two of the spreading sticks, one between her bent knees and the other between her elbows. Her shoulders looked to be strained back egregiously while her legs appeared terribly strained by her own weight as well as the stick keeping her knees so wide apart. Her head hung down, hair draping toward the ground like a dark curtain around her face. The transport pole looked to be cutting painfully into the apex of her crossed and bound limbs behind her back.

It was astonishing how rigidly immobile and helpless the uncomplicated vine-ropes, wooden sticks and poles held both girls as the women sawed through their clothing with their primitive knives. Every muscle and sinew of their bodies was strained tense and taut. Leverage and weight stymied all attempts at movement. Margarita couldn't raise her hips because of the stick between her knees. Her thighs were spread so wide she couldn't bring any leverage to bear with her legs. All she could do was clench her buttocks as she felt her shorts fall away beneath her, leaving her clad only in skimpy silk panties. Fiona whined uselessly when she felt her shirtwaist cut off leaving her bare breasted. The combination of her raised arms with her head held up between them applied so much strain and tension to her arms, neck and shoulders that she couldn't move at all. It didn't take long before both girls wore only sound stifling citrus in their mouths.

Hanging utterly naked from the horizontal transport poles lodged in their sturdy upright stands, the girls remained bound in their contorted agony like game trophies. Shivering in terror and shame, squealing mutely in back of the bitter, galling fruit, eliciting ropy strands of saliva to brim over their lower lips bulging in wet slobbering silence around the bulbous jaw stretchers, they suffered further indignities as they were intimately examined by both men and women.

Margarita's breasts pendulated in twin cones beneath her out thrust ribcage. Men and women hefted, weighed and palpated her soft mammaries. Staring straight ahead, looking slightly Oriental from the tension of her tied up hair at the corners of her eyes, she squealed when some pinched and drew her sensitive nipples down hard and taut. Thumbs prised open the clenched globes of her bottom cheeks, manipulating the dark circle of her anus as she gulped and burbled in mortification at the contemptuous treatment of her most concealed place. Tears trickled down her cheeks as men and women grasped her dark pubic thatch, yanking and pulling on her hirsute pubic mound as if to see if it really grew there. Fingers spread her labia, probing her vagina and flicking her reticent clitoris until the small nub of her sexuality reluctantly hardened and distended from its protective prepuce. All the while they explored, violated and probed Margarita's helpless nudity they jibbered among themselves incessantly as if she were some sort of livestock, bound naked and helplessly suspended for their inspection. She was.

Fiona was not ignored. If her suspension from the transport pole was marginally less agonising, her crude and intimate examination was that much more humiliating. She was forced by her suspension to watch as a dozen or more of the primitives manipulated and handled her most intimate anatomy as she dangled helplessly exposed for the extensive and mortifying process. To be sure, Margarita's thighs were widely spread by the stick between her knees. To be sure, she couldn't defend

herself from the intrusive examination of her most private parts, but she wasn't forced to watch as men and women inspected her anally and vaginally. Fiona watched.

Fiona hung in silent agony. Her thighs held open wide in tensioned torment as if to scream for her plugged mouth as her pubic hair was yanked to and fro in painfully degrading torture for reasons she couldn't fathom. Repeated digital penetration of both her anus and vagina continued until the wetness of her vagina provided lubrication for the humiliation of anal penetration. Her breasts were squeezed into painful bulging balls of flesh by hands encircling them at the base while her generous nipples were roughly tweaked and plied until they stood stiff and erect from the unwanted attention. They urged her clitoris out to her utter shame. She flushed crimson from her breasts to the line of her tightly pulled up hair, snorting through her nose while saliva flowed over her lower lip, stranding from her chin to between her breasts. Through it all she stared down the length of her bound and naked body unable to move her head at all.

It took a long time to completely examine both captives. A good deal of the time seemed to be taken up by the rapid and concerned jibber-jabber neither of the girls could understand. Even after they finished mauling and humiliating them, they left them in stringently strung up display while they continued to argue and gesticulate wildly. With a great deal of commotion some agreement was reached. One of the women and two men approached each of the girls while a dozen or more men left the group. Some of the women entered the hut next to the suspended captives.

Things developed rapidly. Both girls' heads fell back as the women untied their hair, releasing it from the transport poles. Fiona's head fell back, Margarita's forward. At the same time the men lifted the poles from the uprights and lowered the girls to the ground. The long poles and spreader sticks were removed, leaving their ankles and wrists still bound. As the knots were loosened and pulled free, the biting cords unwrapped from around their wrists and ankles, activity flourished around the rest of the encampment. Half a dozen pieces of equipment in pairs were dragged or carried to be set up in various places. The two captives were too weary to pay much attention. While they nursed their aching muscles and the deep red impressions made by the cords just released from around their ankles and wrists, the women reached down, grasping their lower jaws. With a deft motion of thumb and forefinger they plopped the saliva drenched bitter fruit from both girls' mouths. Unrestrained, ungagged, the girls still couldn't move or talk. The circulation returned to their hands and feet in stinging torment. The dull ache in their limbs, necks and shoulders dissipated in one way to bedevil them in another as they whimpered in pain from simply moving after being bound so stringently in one position for so long. Their jaws ached from being held so wide open for so long. Their tongues and lips felt nearly paralysed, which they were, from a topical narcotic oil exuded in their mouths as they had worried the sour tasting fruit lodged behind their teeth. Fiona and Margarita grovelled naked at the feet of the stern looking natives as preparation went on around them to induct them as the newest slaves of the Josero.

Stupefied by fatigue and terror, they watched the activity around them, unaware of meaning or purpose as the equipment for their initiation gradually appeared in dreadful aspect. A pair of bamboo tubes, about a metre long, lay across a pair of low heavy stands looking like barely modified tree stumps. A deep wide half-round bark flange fit at one end of the hollow bamboo; the other end tapered to a smooth blunt tip. Large gourds, placed next to the heavy stands, nearly overflowed with a watery yellow liquid. Smaller, ladle gourds floated as dippers quietly atop the liquid. Half a dozen stout wood shafts jutted out on both sides of the squat tree stumps while raffia or palm strand ropes hung in tangled profusion over them. Six or seven centimetre diameter phallic shaped wooden plugs, about eighteen centimetres long, dangled from short lengths of twisted rope tied to small stumps of branches at one side of the heavy stands. Two additional strands from the base of the plug lay up over

the top of the stands. A large green leaf with a gelatinous glob of nearly iridescent substance, shimmering jelly-like in the afternoon light, lay on the ground between the two standing tree trunk fixtures.

Fiona looked away in trepidation and puzzlement as two grotesquely configured bamboo structures were dragged alongside the other stands. Generally shaped like rectangular boxes in an open framework, the sturdy frames were lashed together with a variation of the ubiquitous native rope. Very neat, well made twistings of palm strands bound each joint and angle of the open framework with the meticulous care one might see in expert basketry. No more than a metre high and a metre wide, they lay along the ground, about two metres long.

A pair of crude tables sat next to the bamboo structures. The two women who had entered the hut emerged, carrying bulging leather pouches. They emptied the contents of the bags on the tables and Margarita saw the women sorting their peculiar contents. Long sharp thorns, some resembling cactus thorns rather than anything found locally, lay in neat rows. Small jars of pasty substance; red, brown and black sat next to them. Sharp wooden skewers, perhaps bamboo, in varying lengths and thickness, adorned the tabletops in orderly fashion. What looked to be native manufactured whipcord lay in tiny spools adjacent to an assortment of large bone needles. When everything was properly set out, they looked as much like the instruments of a native surgery as anything else.

Light tan coils of the native rope lay on the ground in snake-like preparedness to strike terror into the hearts of the two young women, if not venom into their veins. Adjacent sat small bucket shaped woven baskets, lined with green leaves, sagging under the weight of a viscous reddish-brown substance nearly slopping over their tops.

Margarita rose to a partially sitting position, resting on one hip while leaning on her elbow. Fiona rose as well, supporting herself on one arm while trying to cover her nudity with the other. Margarita tried to speak to one of the women, but her tongue seemed swollen and her lips wouldn't respond. All she could utter were garbled lisping sounds of futility. The woman she tried to address responded, however.

Gesturing toward the two women, she issued some order to the men standing guard. Immediately grasping the girls by the hair, they brought them to a sitting position, then tied their wrists together in front. Knees raised, arms brought forward to clasp their bent legs, bamboo poles were inserted under their knees and over the crook in their elbows, holding them hunched over. It was a simple task to roll them onto their backs where they lay helplessly turned turtle, knees crushed to breasts, buttocks raised and spread apart unable to roll over, lower their legs or raise their arms. They no longer needed to concern themselves about covering their nudity. They simply displayed it in helpless immodesty as they waited for the initial phase of their slave initiation to begin.

When all was ready, the rod behind their knees was removed; they were hauled to their feet and shoved along to stand in front of the two tree stands. While the women plaited a long rawhide thong into their hair from behind, the men freed their wrists. Grasping their wrists, twisting their arms up behind their backs, the men held them up between their shoulder blades while the women corded them together. The rawhide thong in their hair looped between their wrists was drawn up short until their heads were pulled back sharply. When knotted off, the thong in their hair held their wrists up, tensioning their arms painfully behind them while forcing them to elevate their heads. The tension between hair and wrists could not be alleviated. If they lowered their heads, it wrenched their arms up in agony. If they lowered their arms, it wrenched their heads back painfully. They simply stared up at the bright sky with their arms totally immobilised behind their backs. Again, these primitives demonstrated their knowledge of leverage and tension in the bondage of slave girls.

Hands inside their knees pulled their legs apart as they were pushed forward to straddle the low bolsters of the tree stands. One leg at a time raised, then lowered, positioned them with transverse wooden rods at the back of their knees on either side of the heavy stands. One foot at a time raised then lowered pressed the front of their ankles against lower transverse rods on the sides of the bulky pedestals. Standing straddle legged, knees bent, Fiona groaned as she was pushed down over the top of the squat pillar. The backs of her thighs tightened, her buttocks parted and she jutted her derriere out prominently behind her. Between her distended bottom cheeks and wide stretched thighs, her dark anal rim and hirsute pudenda bulged in utter exhibition. Two wood pegs with a leather thong between them sufficed to hold her in position. With the thong behind her neck, the pegs were driven into the ground with wooden mallets. She couldn't rise although her head remained raised looking out in front of her. Half a dozen tribesmen sat on low stools observing her helplessly draped nudity; the arch in her back, her arms and hands restrained high up behind her back; the hillocks of her buttocks rising over the stand in two fleshy white mounds and the wide, knee bent stance of her legs straddling the tree stump in rod enforced immobility. As humiliated and embarrassed as she felt, she was grateful they were sitting in front rather than behind her. She was terribly exposed from the rear, she knew.

Fiona heard Margarita groan as she saw her head descending over the bolster beside her. The pounding of stakes announced her lewd and helpless positioning next to Fiona. She too was forced to stare out at the men seated before them. Wondering why they were bound in such an exposed and humiliating manner, wondering what was going to happen to them next, they scanned the expressionless faces of the men who watched them. Fingers quickly slathered large amounts of greasy substance between their bottom cheeks, delving into their tight anal rings in the process. Their dual screams of shock and surprise elicited no change of expression from the men. The girls looked mortified however as the hollow bamboo tubes breached their tight anal rings and sunk deeply into their rectal sheaths. Urged up on tiptoe by the cruel violation, they both screamed "NHOW! NHOW! NHOW!" in a futile attempt to articulate 'No' with their still partially paralysed lips and tongues.

Legs trembling and jerking against the rigid poles at knees and ankles, they shrieked piteously as ladle after ladle of liquid was poured into the funnel-like flanges at the top of the bamboo pipes rectally impaling them. The liquid rushed down the hollow tubes, surging into their viscera in huge quantities as they wailed in anguish and humiliation. The seated men watched the expressions on both their faces turn from shock to hopeless outrage to defenceless acceptance and finally to dolorous resignation as their bellies bloated from the influx of liquid suffusing their bowels. They begged for release. They begged for relief as cramps set in from the sheer volume of liquid flowing relentlessly into their bowels. Thinking themselves about to burst, the last trickle of liquid surely would rupture them internally they knew, the primitive purge ended. They screamed louder than ever as the wooden phalluses were literally hammered into their rectums upon removal of the bamboo tubes. The single strand of rope at the bottom and the twin strands above the base of the wood plugs pulled over their haunches and tied off, utterly prevented either girl from voiding her bowels. They lost their audience; left to suffer in groaning agony as the liquid distended their abdomens and bellies in swollen testimony to the huge amount of liquid they held inside. They looked at empty stools begging and pleading to be released; to have the huge plugs removed, to be permitted to evacuate. After a full fifteen minutes the plugs were untied and removed.

Watery flux surged and spurted from the clenching anuses of the two young women as tribal members gathered behind and at the sides of the helplessly evacuating slaves to inspect their diarrhoea for out world demons and signs of unsuitability for enslavement. They saw none, fortunately for the girls who would have had to undergo excruciating rites of exorcism had anything but clear water spurted at the final humiliating discharges and dribbles escaping in sputtering flatulence from their

puckering anal openings. Their next ordeal would be emotionally and physically painful enough as they were made into slaves by the tribe's slave masters.

Remaining helplessly draped over the upright stands in the obscene and humiliating semi-squat that so undisguisedly exhibited that which was most private to a woman, the two girls stared into the eyes of the kneeling women who were apparently in charge of enslaving them. They both tried to entreat the women to let them go in the uncommunicative murmurs their paralysis permitted in a language the women didn't understand. The look in their eyes communicated their fear and anguish in a universal language the native women had seen many times before as they had converted these fair skinned captives into chattel slaves. The girls had a pungent salve rubbed into their upper lips for their trouble as coarse woven cloths wiped them down between their juddering rear cheeks. When released and raised up, they stood on wobbly legs. Heads still tilted back, arms still twisted up behind their backs, they couldn't escape inhaling the strong fumes under their noses. They tried to twist away somehow to avoid the sharp smell, but of course couldn't. It cleared their heads miraculously, making them keenly aware of their surroundings and sharply self-aware and alert. The stinging pull of their hair and the aching wrench of their shoulders intensified, as did the sounds around them. They were acutely aware of their nudity and absolute inability to disguise or conceal it. The harsh restraint of their heads and arms made their bare breasts jut out prominently. When sharp sticks prodded their naked buttocks, making them stumble forward at a quick pace, they were distressingly aware of their breasts wobbling and jiggling as they moved toward the bamboo initiation frames. The stimulant narcotic would keep them conscious and extraordinarily sensitive to physical stimulation as they underwent the rigorous rituals of enslavement at the hands of the Josero.

Internal preparation complete, it was time to apply the external body markings of slavery as precursor to the severe disciplinary training inevitably resulting in surrender to their ranking in Josero society - the bottom. The Josero had not learned to domesticate pigs, yet they owned many white slave girls. Margarita and Fiona would add two more to the slave stockade that evening. First, they had to be marked.

Sharp pointed sticks jabbing painfully into their jouncing bottom cheeks, the long painful process began as the girls were prodded to stand with the back of their thighs pressed against the end of the cage-work structures where their reality would be reduced by hours of focused agony ultimately resulting in their bearing the Josero's marks of ownership.

Looking like naked spectral scarecrows, arms outstretched, walking in the inelegant bowlegged gait of all new Josero slave girls, Fiona and Margarita entered the stockade to join their sisters in slavery. Slapping the back of their thighs with thin cedar staves, their Josero overseers encouraged them to move quickly. The splat of wood on flesh echoed off the heavy log walls of the enclosure doubling the sharp cracking sounds above the girls' continuing shrieks of pain at each awkward step. Quickly moving in the direction indicated, they still had time to glance down into the blue eyes of a kneeling slave girl. She looked up at them; her eyes askance. The innocence and curiosity in her eyes did not reflect the mournful, pained look in theirs. She was unable to turn her head to look at them directly since she was kneeling in front of one of the men with his penis in her mouth. Quick as they could think about it they were by, holding only the visual image in memory of a saliva slick erection clasped tightly by the lips of the kneeling girl. She continued to move her head to and fro, swallowing and disgorging the thick turgid member in her mouth while the new slaves moved to the hanging racks.

Facing each other, less than a metre apart, the new slaves hung, displaying their recently acquired markings to one another. The bamboo poles across their shoulders, to which their arms were securely bound, fit in the notches of the hanging racks, letting them dangle like laundry between the uprights.

Leather thongs looped around their big toes lashed to the uprights prevented them from closing their legs. Physically restrained, they writhed in mental agony from the residual torment of their initiation into slavery. The back of their thighs glowed cherry red where the most recent scarlet blazes of pain lingered after being applied so assiduously as they had waddled in thigh parted torment to the hanging racks.

They were not the same women who had been hauled through the forest dangling from transport poles. They had been merely captives then. Now they were slaves. Other than being restrained in helpless suspension there were no similarities. Now they were naked. Naked not only in the sense of having been stripped of their clothing but naked in the most complete sense of Josero enslavement. They had no hair. Shiny white pates bald as melons reflected brightly above eyebrowless eyes. Fiona's downy pubic thatch and Margarita's darker, thicker pubic hair was conspicuous in its absence. The denuded bulges of their mons and labia revealed the cleft of their sex now distinguished by the conspicuous decorations and accessories of slavery. The distinct insignia of Josero slaves adorned their nudity like badges of office. The supplemental adornments piercing their sensitive flesh complemented these indelible decorations identifying the women as sexual livestock.

Their tattooing had taken hours. The skewers piercing their labia, clitoris' and nipples made them quiver and howl in agony as they hung restrained in the cradles of pain formed by the cage-work initiation frames. Since those areas of their naked bodies to be marked and ornamented were the places where one would usually place restraints, the ankles and wrists for example, the nude women were strung out in a complex web arrangement supported primarily behind the knees, at the small of their backs, at the nape of their necks and in the crook of their elbows for the hours of tattooing and piercing. Frequently revived by re-application of the greasy stimulant to their upper lips, they had suffered intensely throughout the whole procedure.

Fiona stared at Margarita's strange bald visage. Margarita studied Fiona's pale white nudity, the myriad dark markings of her tattoos and the horrible bone and hair accoutrements piercing her most sensitive and intimate flesh. They saw themselves in each other. Who they had been was gone. In their place hung two subhuman creatures, the property of a Stone Age culture to be used and discarded according to local custom.

Decorative bands in an intricate braided pattern circled the wrists, ankles, upper arms, and thighs of both girls. The tattoos on their upper arms and thighs were placed just above the elbows and knees. Primitive but attractive designs tattooed on their palms were exposed by their downward turned hands secured back onto the bamboo rod across their shoulders by individual bindings on each finger. A similar pattern appeared in slightly embellished form on their denuded pubic mounds. The design drew attention and emphasised the prominence of their bare and bulging pubes. That which had elicited the most egregious torment accompanied by pitiable yowls and screeches while the sharp thorn needles had continuously infused pigment under tender female flesh was the rose coloured hue applied to their generous aureole. Their ample breasts tourniqueted into bulging prominence on their chests, Fiona's pale circles darkened to a delightful rosy coloured brilliance against her milky breasts. Margarita's darker aureole took on a reddish-brown cast as the thorn needles delved repeatedly into her delicate tensioned aureole. The pain was as breathtaking as the appearance of her starkly contrasting aureole, emerging dark and prominent against her large breasts. That pain paled, compared to her piercing and the attachment of her slave fittings.

The burning unguent slathered between their legs and bottom cheeks, stinging and irritating the mons and labia of both girls, burned like the fires of Hades where it seeped into the tender membranes of their anuses and vaginas. It had two effects: It completely depilated their pubic thatches, leaving them as bare as babies. It irritated their labia, making their lips swell and distend like blooming flower

petals. Given their stringent bondage, knees raised slightly, thighs yawned wide open, they could offer no defence as the burning depilatory, along with their pubic hair, was wiped from their private parts with coarse rags. Margarita felt particularly humiliated as the sparse dark hair around her anus was wiped off. She felt like a baby having its bum wiped.

Upon completion of their pubic depilation, while tattooing continued on as many as three and four places on their restrained nudity at the same time, the barbarous and wrenchingly painful infibulation of their privates began. Fiona's high soprano screeches of sheer terror and agony rose along with the less than dulcet tones of Margarita's throaty vocalisations of torment as both girls struggled in vain against their severe restraints while their labium was pierced first on one side in four places and then four more times on the other. Soaring in an inharmonious symphony of pain, their voices carried into the forest, drawing the attention of monkeys a quarter of a mile away. The women supervising the procedures smiled. The strength of these slaves' screams assured them of strong fit slaves for the tribe. These might last some years before being disposed of in the usual manner.

The intense sensitivity evoked by the narcotic stimulant under their noses and the increased tenderness of their inflamed and swollen vaginal lips augmented the torture of bone needles skewering those formerly very private parts of their flagrantly offered anatomy. Bellies and thighs convulsed in paroxysms of agony, tremors of terror quaked through their tethered nakedness, neck muscles tensed and strained against the restraining knot of their own hair holding their heads down. Ruthlessly, relentlessly, the needles punctured the puffy flesh petals until eight equally spaced punctures lacerated those distended lips. They appeared to scream silently in wide mouthed concert with the gurgling moans of pain emanating from the slaves' other lips. Then the bamboo skewers were inserted.

It hurt too much to remain conscious. The narcotic stimulant wouldn't give them release. They felt as if they were undergoing surgery without anaesthesia. First on one side, from the inside, back through the next highest puncture from the outside, gathering the flaccid labium on the shaft of the thin flexible spike until it distended in a fleshy ruffle with the slivery thin skewer woven in and out of all four punctures. Then the second one was installed. There could be no greater pain. Fiona didn't understand why she didn't pass out. How could anything hurt so much, she wondered, looking for unconsciousness in the blue sky above her.

She heard Margarita softly shrieking next to her as if it would hurt more if she screamed louder. When both girls were spread open with the wooden skewers woven through their pierced flesh, holding their swollen labia in frilled presentation between their wide stretched thighs, their slavish vaginal presentation was completed by carefully twining the upper ends of the flexible splints together in an X at the top. The result was of course to open them at the bottom. The small angle at the top cradled the clitoral prepuce while the large angle below opened their inner labia, exposing the moist pink vaginal vestibule, revealing the dark pink interior of their birth canals. The resulting exposure was total; leaving nothing concealed between their splayed thighs and laid open, pouting outer labia. Made even more manifest by the utter lack of hair between their legs, they lie spread open, vulnerably displaying the moist pink gash that made them women. Whipcord at the posterior end of the labial skewers prevented removal. Now they were ready to feel unmitigated agony. The clitoral skewer came to hand.

With squealing grunts of denial, both girls tried to resist as expert manipulation of their clitorises urged the small sexual nubs into engorged distension. Fiona didn't want to lapse into unconsciousness anymore; she wanted to die. A thorn needle punctured her skin, rapidly applying pigment around her thigh. A thorn needle punctured her skin rapidly applying pigment around her arm. A thorn needle punctured her skin rapidly applying pigment to her bulging aureole. She felt the skewer pierce her swollen clitoris. She felt another pierce the nipple on her breast opposite the one being tattooed. She

couldn't let go of consciousness. She couldn't let go of pain. She couldn't let go of the initiation frame. She let go of her urethral sphincter, sending an arc of urine spurting from between her legs. They smeared her lip with more pungent stimulant.

Shivering in shock and agony, unable to move from the cradle of pain holding them relentlessly immobile while they were marked and ornamented with the symbols and equipage of slavery, the final indignity was visited upon them as their long hair was cropped close to their heads. No longer held by the hair, their heads dropped and they felt the application of depilatory to their heads and eyebrows. In fifteen minutes, they were bald—completely hairless.

Margarita thought Fiona looked like an eerie example of Christian martyrdom. Hanging in cruciform bondage as if being put to death in the manner practised by the Romans on criminals and early Christians; she thought the Romans might have been kinder. Her companion hung from her bamboo pole in the beauty of extended, drawn out agony. It was a fearsome beauty. Legs drawn apart, straight and tensioned, belly drawn taut, rib cage raised exhibiting her breasts and the bone spikes through her nipples, she moaned in head bowed torment. To be sure, the beauty of her long flaxen hair was missing, but its absence accented her abject degradation, which had a beauty of its own. The position of her hands, wrists bent back, held palms out, fingers extended down displaying the stigmata of slavery, appeared to be one of supplication. The lack of all body hair added a degree of surrender, a totality of nakedness that intensified the significance of her bound nudity. She had been shorn of more than her hair. Margarita shook her head, trying to dissuade herself of the beauty she saw in the other girl's torment. She feared she reflected the same beauty herself as she softly moaned in the throes of her slavery. She feared more the pleasure she found in what she feared.

Fiona raised her head. Looking at the young woman opposite, she noted rapture in her dark eyes undisguised by the torment of her painful expression. A deep ecstasy, a subterranean emotion shone there barely concealed by her obvious distress as she hung naked and helpless from her bamboo pole opposite. These savages had taken her from herself. Strung up like livestock for slaughter, humanity ripped from her in an emotional evisceration that cut deeper than any knife could have, she seemed to revel in the dismissal of who she had been just hours before.

A peculiar exaltation of her own pain and humiliation welled up in Fiona's belly. She couldn't think around it, she simply experienced it in the other girl knowing it reflected her own peculiar emotional state. She saw grace and elegance in a woman's suffering. She felt the uniqueness of their situation compared to the quotidian existence of their so-called civilised life before being captured by these primitives. The dark indelible irons of slavery circled the arms and legs of Margarita as they did her own. They circled her heart as well; circumscribing her existence as surely as the stout log palisades enclosed the slave pen. The common denominator of feminine purpose hung suspended and spread out from a slave hanging rack fronting her. She knew she hung opposite. They had relinquished more than freedom and hair in the last few hours. They had both been reduced to the basic emotional and physical nature at the heart of their own femininity. It was to be an ongoing learning experience with peculiar rewards.

Agony lapped and fulgurated at their straining nakedness. Their myriad tattoos stung constantly. Their reddened aureoles were particularly sensitive. The puncture wounds in their nipples throbbed around the bone inserts thrust through the tender nubs. The wooden skewers corrugating and distending their inner vaginal lips in conjunction with the small clitoral spike, caused their sex to ache with a dull sexual sensation that danced between horrible pain and perverse pleasure. Returning to a muzzy headed lucidity they noticed for the first time that the small loops of twine between the ends of their nipple and clitoral inserts was the same colour their hair had been when they had hair.

Obviously, the own hair had been twisted into twine, effectively hoisting them on their own petards in a primitive notion of the concept.

Care and maintenance preceded training for new Seruta. Seruta, the generic term used to describe Josero slave girls, has no good translation in any other language. White thighed Josero sex pigs comes as close as any other, still leaving out nuances of meaning: Weak white sister fuck holes, scream bitches, shrieking white donkeys, dog and monkey fuckers, howling fuck bitches, come swallows, man sap drinkers, ass cheek spreaders, leg spreaders, cock wrappers, knee bending cock suckers, white thighed man cushions, pillow buttocked Josero property, broad bottomed fucking pigs, pink cunted, white thighed broad assed Josero fucking sows. All miss the precise cultural definition of Seruta, describing attitudes and activities more aptly than the rich cultural meaning of the word. Six untried white fuck holes in readiness, they laid open in helplessly tensioned accessibility in the nude bodies of the fresh Serutas. Care and maintenance could begin.

Fiona felt the netting over her depilated head first. Margarita watched as her sister slave's head was wrenched back ruthlessly, the nape of her neck jammed uncomfortably into the bamboo rod across her shoulders holding her arms outstretched in restrained immobility. Her throat elongated in a straight line from her chin to her collarbones. Then Margarita lost sight of Fiona as she felt the netting slip down over her own bare head and face next, tilting her head back, forcing her to stare skyward. Knotted somehow at the back of her neck, it prevented her from lowering her head. While gaping open mouthed at the sky, she felt a pair of hook shaped bones fit over her bottom teeth at the corners of her lips. She closed her mouth too late, unable to dislodge the bone hooks. She whined as a sharp pain in first one and then both of her recently pierced nipples drew her generous breasts up in stretching cones of taut fleshy misery. She could feel their weight pulling on the hooks in her mouth. She tried to raise her chest, to stretch her suspended body out to its full length, anything to relieve the egregious tension on her sore nipples and breasts. The leather loops around her toes cut deep, the rod across her shoulders dug into the back of her neck fiercely, causing her more pain. The only relief she could find was to open her mouth as wide as possible. The netting, open around her mouth, permitted her to without obstruction. Having achieved the desired result from the clever bondage of the two new Serutas, their oral feeding and watering tubes were put in place.

Fiona choked and gurgled as the large phallus entered her mouth. She squealed in distress around its thick girth as it seated deep in her oral cavity. In the fashion of a mortar and pestle, the mortar being hollow, a taro root mush was forced down their throats as they struggled uselessly against the forced feeding. Nearly a full quart of mush swallowed, water was poured into the top of the feeding tubes until their bellies swelled uncomfortably and they began to retch. Feeding and watering completed, they were left with the phalluses installed to helplessly suck and work their lips around the shape as initial familiarisation with the first duties of a Seruta. Since they couldn't close their mouths, the penis shaped feeding tube sought to descend into their upturned maws. The only way they could prevent choking was to push it up with tongue and lips. It would fall again; they would push it up again in a realistic practice for the real thing.

The second part of initial conditioning prior to actual training entered their dilated anuses, slick with their own lubricant. Mewling and gurgling helplessly around the surrogate penises in their mouths, they felt digital penetration of their vaginas. Involuntarily, they responded to the stimulus wetly. The phalluses driven into their anuses slipped easily past the resistance of their tight sphincters aided by their own lubrication smeared on the tips of the anal inserts, although they burred in pain at the penetration. Deeply inserted into their rectums, the long poles on which the anal penetrators were mounted were wedged into the ground, holding them resolutely in place. Hoisted on their own petards

once again they hung in double penetration, silently suffering the initial conditioning required before actual training would begin. They had to heal first.

Sometime after sunset, a final quart of water was poured into their gullets before the false phalluses, head netting and jaw wrenching breast bondage were removed. They slept or sporadically lost consciousness throughout the night, rectally impaled and suspended from the hanging racks. Urine spurting from between their bare legs periodically during that time.

CHAPTER II - THE PEN AND INITIAL TRAINING

It had not been a restful night. The day started ominously as well. Everything hurt. Everything ached. Everything stung and burned. What's more, they couldn't stand. Their legs trembled, weak kneed and wobbly. If the men who had lowered them to the ground had not held the end of the bamboo poles they would have fallen. They stood on the ground wet with their own urine.

The Joseros were not constrained by the baggage of human history nor its cultural artifacts. They had no notions of civilisation beyond their own. They lived in a parallel existence to the outside world. Ailments common to others were unknown to them. Minor injuries and complaints responded to the balms and remedies they had been making from local flora since memory served.

Unaware of any but the most superficial differences between life and death, they had a thoroughgoing metaphysics and ontogeny. Death was the prerequisite for life since ancestors rolled new people in their hands, delivering them into the bellies of tribal women. Intercourse was simply the signal men sent to ancestors requesting a new member for the tribe.

Though they were Stone Age people with no metal tools, they were expert metallurgists. They neither grew crops nor raised livestock, yet they were well nourished and well versed in animal husbandry. They worked gold, which they had in abundance; they fished, hunted and gathered in a rich environment and they kept Seruta, the white thighed Josero sex pigs, in varying numbers depending on what the river and sky delivered to them. They were wealthy beyond description.

After they marked and infibulated newly captured Seruta, the wounds and tattoos had to heal before the girls could be trained and put to work. That's what the hanging racks and suspended bondage were for. It prevented them from touching and impeding the healing of their tattoos and infibulation punctures. Protective, healing salves applied daily in addition to two physical workouts to prevent atrophy usually took three or four days depending on how quickly they healed. Fiona and Margarita stood ready for their first morning of exercise.

Finally able to stand on their own, looking for all the world like two naked white birds, arms extended out straight, bound to the long bamboo poles across their shoulders; they were led to stand one behind the other. A pair of additional bamboo rods with split ends fit over their arm and shoulder poles near the wrists. Lashed in place, they held the girls one behind the other at a fixed distance of something over a metre.

More than a dozen white women emerged from the long hut against the far wall of the pen. As naked as Fiona and Margarita but for the hair on their heads, they were tethered together by their necks in two lines. While they were escorted out the gate of the pen, passing a dozen Josero children on the way in, a tall blonde woman approached the two girls. In her hand, she held a limber looking switch. Thick at one end, tapering in long thin flexibility to a point at the other; its tip was frayed from use. Both the boys and girls, none looked to be over twelve years old, spaced themselves at regular intervals around the perimeter of the log walls. Each held a whippy branch similar to the one the blonde woman carried. Other than the blonde on her knees the day before and of course, the fleeting glimpse of the women departing the compound, she was the first white woman they had seen since the crash.

Tall, well built, probably in her mid-thirties, she was completely nude but for her nipple and labial adornments. She displayed the same tattoos on her arms and legs as Fiona and Margarita. The dusky rose colour tattooed into her aureoles highlighted her pierced nipples and freely swaying, jiggling breasts as she approached. She spoke in Spanish.

"Now you move together around the wall. The children will set your pace. You keep on moving until I tell you to stop."

“Can you help us?” asked Margarita in Spanish.

“That’s what I’m here for,” she responded.

Margarita yelped in pain as her buttocks were scored by a vicious slash of the switch. She leapt forward, nearly pulling Fiona off her feet. Fiona felt the blaze of pain across her buttocks as she struggled to keep up with Margarita.

“Now you move on.” They moved on.

Linked together by the bamboo poles between them; arms outstretched, wrists bent down and back by their tethered fingers displaying the palms of their hands, they looked to be children playing at being aeroplanes as they followed each other along the walls. The full-grown, well developed and naked display they made as they jogged along, buttocks juddering, breasts wobbling, disabused any but the most casual observer of their being children. These indeed, were full-grown women. This made it doubly humiliating to be whipped along by children as they loped around and around the interior of the large pen.

For a full fifteen minutes the young girls circled the slave pen. Their exertion and the morning sun warmed them until they glistened with perspiration.

“Alto!”

The girls sagged to a halt. Large rocks tied into string baskets were fixed to the two connecting poles between them. They were whipped into action again by the children. The added weight and warming sun had them sweating freely after two turns around the perimeter. They did another fifteen minutes.

“Alto!”

Stumbling to a halt, panting and blowing, chests heaving to catch their breath, they stood still while the heavy rocks were removed. They were too out of breath to sigh with relief when the weights were withdrawn. They groaned piteously as immense and much heavier rocks were tied between them. It was much harder to move carrying the additional weight. The children whipped them much harder, making them keep pace. They couldn’t do the whole fifteen minutes. Buttocks and thighs stinging from the scarlet torment of the relentless whips, necks and shoulders aching from the weight imposed by the pressure of their arm poles, knees sagging, drenched in sweat; they heard the welcome ‘Alto’ just before they collapsed in a weary heap against the wall. Trembling with fatigue, they groaned with relief as the weighty rocks were removed. Without rest, the children’s whips moved them along again at a quick pace. They sustained the pace only with the continuous torment of blazing pain on their jiggling rear cheeks and juddering thighs. On leaden legs, thighs and calves bulging and flexing with burning effort under the sharp impetus of agony applied to their naked bottoms and bare legs by young children, they skittered in bamboo bound wretchedness around and around in circuitous laps of torment. After an hour, morning exercises were over.

Gratefully they struggled back to the comfort of the hanging racks. They knew where they were going now. Dangling by their arms above the ground, legs spread, toe thongs tight and taut once more; Fiona arched her back prominently offering her crimsoned buttocks for impalement. She groaned as her anus dilated around the phallus as it was inserted. She moved back on the upright pole, taking it farther into her rectum. The blazing globes of her buttocks clenched the rod as if it were an old friend.

Practice with feeding tubes anal impalement and twice daily exercise laps tied together with bamboo spacers continued for three days and two nights. The nights spent suspended in what amounted to traction permitted the girls little rest and almost no sleep. At dusk on the third day, enervated, weary to the bone, they couldn’t believe their good luck when the long rods were undone from their arms and lifted from their shoulders. Their arms were useless appendages for some time, but their wounds and tattoos were healing nicely. The bone and wooden ornamentation piercing their

nipples and labia no longer hurt, but made their presence felt in humiliating self-awareness. They were prodded into the long hut with the rest of the Seruta to bed down for their first night of real sleep. They did little more than nod to the other girls before they were both fast asleep on straw mats.

Morning impelled a flurry of activity in the grass hut. Sixteen women made use of the outdoor facilities, a dozen of them were roped together and led from the compound. The tall blonde who had supervised their daily exercises and the shorter blonde woman whom they had seen on her knees performing oral sex on a tribe member remained behind with the two new girls. Both blondes were spending an inordinate time squatting down over the toilet pits behind the hut.

Watery flux spewed from their clenching and puckering anal rings. They each took three purges in preparation for their sexual duties that morning. The primitive, but effective enema apparatus, a cane shaped bamboo tube affixed to a hollow wood cylinder, made a perfect fountain syringe. They merely squatted down on the upturned end of the tube, taking it into their bodies. With the turn of a wood petcock, an open flapper valve let herbally dosed water flow down the tube and surge up into their bowels. The older woman separated her bottom cheeks and sunk down on the hard wood nozzle with little effort. The younger girl winced each time she impaled herself on the nozzle. With bulging bellies and a sense of urgency, they would both scurry, clutching their bellies in an awkward crouch until they squatted over the toilet pits and, with a groan of relief, evacuate in noisy watery spurts into the deep hole in the ground.

Astonished at what they had seen, Fiona and Margarita stared up questioningly at the two women as they re-entered the hut, cleaned up after their bizarre internal ablutions. They had watched the entire procedure through the open rear door of the hut.

“Do you speak English?” asked the older woman, lapsing from her usual Spanish.

Margarita nodded in the affirmative, Fiona responded with a flurry of questions.

“What are they going to do to us? How can we get out of here? Can you help us escape? What in the world did you do to yourselves out there?”

She took a deep breath ready to fire another volley of questions, but the older woman interrupted her.

“Calm down. We can talk later this afternoon. We have to service a hunting party this morning before they go out. The children will be here in a few minutes to take you lot out for preliminary training. Just do as they say and you won’t be hurt.”

With that, the two women exited the hut. The young blonde smiled winsomely as she left.

“Don’t worry, you can do it. We all have. It’s not so bad after a while.”

Her short blonde hair was a striking contrast to the older women’s long flowing braid swaying behind her bare back. The utterly bald pates of the new girls gave them an eerie sub-human appearance in even more striking contrast to the other women. Crouching in the dim light of the hut, they followed the two women with their eyes as they walked toward what looked like a low tethering bar for horses seen in so many Western movies. Eight or ten men waited by the smooth horizontal bar.

Half a dozen young children passed them on their way to the hut. They all carried those horrid switches that had been so effectively used to drive Fiona and Margarita around the pen in wretched, bamboo locked agony. Laughing and gambolling across the open space, they entered the hut, wordlessly ordering Fiona and Margarita to stand. Shooing the girls out the door like chickens, the children danced around them in glee. Using motions and repeated utterances incomprehensible to the girls, coupled with threatening gestures with their switches, they made the girls understand they wanted them to put their hands on top of their heads with their fingers interlocked. Margarita complied reluctantly, wishing she could keep her arms and hands down to ward off any bitterly sharp

cuts of the dreadful switches the children brandished so menacingly. She had felt the incredible pain of those whippy branches on her bare legs and naked bottom twice a day for three days. She didn't want to feel it again. She stood with arms raised and hands clasped on top of her hairless white skull in trembling fear of the children. She felt terribly vulnerable in her utter nudity. Her submissive, exposed posture left her completely unprotected from their limber whips. She was both humiliated and frightened.

Fiona was angry with the children. How dare they demand she behave like some animal they owned? She had a notion to give them a piece of her mind. She stood defiantly with her arms across her breasts. The position hurt her pierced nipples; sheepishly she folded her arms under her breasts. Embarrassingly she proffered her breasts in this manner as if putting her generous shapely bosoms on offer to the children. Her sham authority vanished in an instant, her arms dropping down with her hands futilely trying to ward off the fury of blazing stripes landing on the back of her thighs and jouncing buttocks.

Fiona writhed and danced in torment at the hail of burning whip marks streaking her bare legs and buttocks with crimson stripes of sheer torment. She sobbed and shrieked, begging them to stop. The children danced around her, viciously lashing her bare flesh with their expertly applied tools of torment. Fiona wasn't the first Seruta to act up at the initial stages of training. Their long cultural heritage enabled even the children of the Josero to subdue and tame these fresh captives. The children circled the badgered Fiona, striking out ferociously at her writhing, spasmodically jerking, pain wracked nudity. She screamed and howled in agony at each sharp slash, always too late to ward off the next snapping blaze of pain across her juddering bottom cheeks, frantically dancing thighs or convulsing belly. They avoided her breasts lest they injure her freshly pierced nipples. Shouting the same incomprehensible phrase at her, motioning her to raise her arms and put her hands atop her head they eventually harried her into compliance.

When the commotion was over, Fiona stood next to the cringing Margarita with her hands clasped on top of her bare head. She cried piteously, tears ran down her cheeks, her breasts quivered and bobbed as her chest spasmed and fluttered with great heaving sobs, scarlet welts criss-crossing her thighs, buttocks and belly. She learned her first painful lesson. She must obey the Josero; they exercised absolute authority over her no matter their age or sex. The little girls had whipped her just as hard as the boys had. With the two new girls well in hand the children could begin breaking them to domestic service. Pointing with their whippy sarmenta, they directed the girls toward one of the stockade walls where half a dozen male tribal members lounged in feigned disinterest.

Arms aloft, fingers laced together on top of their bald heads, the new Seruta awkwardly loped across the open space. Their breasts wobbled and jiggled in extravagant, unbridled display. With arms raised, their breasts rose in lofty arrogance, prominently swaying and undulating in immodest rhythm with their swinging elbows and torsos. Margarita ran athletically, Fiona with less elegance.

They ran right by the two blonde women moaning and groaning, crouched low over the horizontal bar. It was small wonder they were making grunting little noises of grudging acceptance, since they were both being thoroughly rogered in the rear by members of the hunting party. Additional men stood by in obviously erect readiness to take their places behind the crouching women. The older blonde bobbed her head up and down over the turgid penis of a man standing in front of her with his long erect member in her mouth. Knees bent, legs well apart, supported only across the pubes and hips by the narrow bar, they clasped the back of their knees for additional support. The position both jutted their buttocks out and spread their bottom cheeks. The hunting party made good use of the ready accessibility to their anal openings.

As she trotted by, Fiona saw a glistening meaty shaft between the broad white cheeks of the older woman, probing deeply into her immensely dilated anus. She heard her murmuring around the one in her gaping mouth as they both plunged chokingly into her oral and anal cavities.

The scamper to the wall opposite the hut was not far, but nevertheless troublesome and strenuous both physically and emotionally. Initially, their breasts hurt, flouncing and bounding up and down as they ran. Secondly, the wooden skewers piercing their convoluted labia and drawn out clitoral stalks forced a wide legged gait that was both arduous and clumsy. Lastly, they couldn't get over the impression that the small children scurrying after them were herding them like animals or pets brandishing those horrible switches. The scarlet imprints of the terrible instruments on Fiona's legs, buttocks and belly certainly belied their being children's toys. As they drew near the log palisade, they noticed a pair of puzzling looking devices leaning against the wall next to the men. Before they could study them further, they came to a panting stop right in front of the wall and were pushed into it. They were made to stand with their breasts, bellies and thighs pressed into the rough bark. Animated conversation went on behind them for some time. In the occasional lull, they could hear the women crouched over the bar softly moaning as their anal impalement continued.

Small hands at her hips guided Fiona back some few feet from the wall. By motions and further manual manipulation she was placed on her knees with her hands clasped together behind her buttocks. Small hands on her lower jaw and chin pried her mouth open while another youngster behind her clasped her head around the forehead holding it steady against his chest. Fiona had never seen an uncircumcised penis before. When she saw one presented to her open mouth she wrenched her head to the side with a shriek and snapped her mouth shut. Then she found out what the devices leaning against the wall were for.

Margarita started to turn around when she heard the commotion behind her. A sharp blazing lash across the back of her bare thighs and a push on her clenching buttocks shoved her up against the wall where she stared in teary silence, studying the bark on the logs.

She briefly heard Fiona's desperate cries of "No! No! No!" and then only guttural sounds of protest. Shortly, regular gurgling and retching sounds emanated from behind her as hands on her hips pulled her away from the wall.

Kneeling alongside Fiona, Margarita too discovered what the devices leaning against the wall were for. When the youngsters opened her mouth and an uncircumcised penis was presented to her lips she took it in her mouth, laving it with her tongue, sucking it in, clasping it in her lips until it grew large and turgid. She didn't want the thing on Fiona's head on her own.

Fiona knelt, arms behind her back, with her thumbs and big toes lashed together with thongs. Around her head, neck and lower face a strappy configuration shaped to her head like chiaroscuro bands drawn on her fair features held her head and open jaw in stringent captivity. Long wooden handles projecting out at her temples from the sturdy band around her brow permitted the children to move her head back and forth as one of the men held his erect penis in her open mouth. Fiona gagged and retched each time they moved her head forward, forcing her to take the length and girth of the man's penis deeply into her mouth and throat. Small bone hooks similar to those used to keep her mouth open when she had been force fed on the hanging rack fit over her lower teeth. Tethered to a thick collar rather than her nipple fittings, nevertheless it kept her mouth well open while the children forced her head back and forth. Tears streamed down her cheeks as she endured her oral rape. Terrible throaty sobs of wretchedness welled up from deep within her as the man finally ejaculated in her mouth. She was totally defenceless against the warm rush of saltiness that spurting into the back of her throat. She couldn't spit it out; she couldn't swallow it. She tried pushing it out with her tongue. Another uncircumcised penis rested heavily on her semen-coated tongue as she tried to move it back in

her mouth. The children pushed her head forward. They moved it back. With half a dozen to and fro motions of her head, Fiona felt the soft silkiness of the glans sliding out in swelling protuberance into her open mouth. She cried as she was raped again.

Curled in a foetal position on her rush mat Fiona couldn't get the taste of semen out of her mouth. Licking her lips and swallowing constantly, she wished she were somewhere else. She had learned what they wanted to do with her; she had learned by example. The sight of the two blonde women crouched over the bar being buggered led her to believe correctly what else was in store for her as well. She remembered the bum-filling rod between her clenching cheeks as she had hung suspended from the hanging rack. She wished she were somewhere else.

A warm hand on her trembling thigh brought her out of her miserable self-absorption. Rising on one arm, she tossed her head out of habit to flip her hair off her face. She groaned when she realised she had no hair.

"Don't worry. It'll grow back. See, mine did." The petite blonde fingered her short hair in reassurance. "I've only been here a few months and its grown back already. Judy has been here forever. You can tell how long a girl's been here by the length of her hair. They never cut it."

"Oh God! How can we get out of here? I've got to get out of here."

"Don't worry about it. You'll get used to it. Besides, there's nowhere to go."

The tall blonde ducked into the hut. Easing down of the mat with the other two girls, she patted Fiona's knee.

"Feel better now?" she asked solicitously.

Judy and Leslie introduced themselves to Fiona. Margarita slept soundly on a mat nearby. She dreamed she was sucking on a soft warm plum. She squealed and woke with a start as the plum squirted its juice into her mouth. Wiping the back of her hand across her lips, she leaned up looking at the other girls. She joined the group, sleepily mumbling about her dream.

During the afternoon, the girls traded stories about how the Josero had captured and brought them to the village. Judy told them this was the third village she had been held in since she had been abducted at fourteen. They never moved far, she announced, because of the mine. The new girls found out about the gold mine. The girls that left tethered together each morning went out to work the mine, as they would do in time. Leslie had sprained her ankle while working there, which is why she stayed in the pen during the day. When asked what happened to the girls who had proceeded Judy, she just shrugged her shoulders.

"They just disappear one day and we never see them again. They have a big celebration usually, but it's outside the pen and we never see what happens. The next senior girl is made to take over her duties, you know, like exercising the new captives and so on."

Her voice trailed off. She knew she would soon disappear.

Yelps of pain, screeches of agony, the 'hiss' and 'thwack' of whippy branches lashing female flesh announced the return of the mine workers. Dripping wet, hair bedraggled, the dozen young women tumbled into the hut, breathlessly whimpering from the crimson stripes welting their bare legs and bottoms. Kneeling in two rows of six they sobbed softly, catching their breath while Judy and Leslie loosened the nooses around their necks and untied the thongs around their thumbs holding their hands together behind their stripe marked buttocks.

"What did they do?" Asked Margarita, noting the hideous welts on their naked flesh.

"Nothing. They're just back from the mine. They make us run. We run through the river to clean up. It's hard sweaty work at the mine."

Leslie and Judy lifted the open nooses over the girls' heads. They hung the half dozen connected loops on hooks on the wall ready for the next day.

A polyglot murmur of female voices filled the long hut. Fiona and Margarita heard Portuguese, Spanish, two girls spoke in German, but the lingua franca was English.

Judy spoke in English.

"I want six girls and the two new girls to welcome back the hunting party. Julie, Sarita, Molly, Anna, Connie and Ingrid and you Fiona and Margarita."

"What do we have to do?" Asked Fiona.

"What you did today."

Fiona shuddered and made a wry face.

"Get used to it. It's what we're here for."

At dusk, Fiona was getting used to it. She and Margarita knelt before two of the hunting party, avidly sucking and moving their lips and tongues over the bone hard erections of the two men. They didn't make eye contact or show any signs of reluctance when the men eventually spurted their ejaculate into their mouths. They dutifully swallowed all that was offered and, with lambs' tongues, licked and cleaned the shrinking penises until they glistened with saliva. They remained kneeling with their heads bowed until dismissed. That's what Seruta were for.

Even after eating and drinking, the girls tasted semen in their mouths. They fell asleep tasting it.

CHAPTER III - TRAINED SEX PIGS FORCED INTO HARD LABOUR

“Ooooh! But it hurts! It really hurts! He’s too big. I can’t take it.”

“You must. You will take it. Remember that thing they put on your head last time you refused them. The arrangement for this is much more unpleasant. Just open up. You’ll get used to it.”

Fiona grasped the back of her knees as hard as she could. She wailed piteously begging him to stop. He pushed deeper. She groaned louder.

Margarita whimpered in hopeless misery. Thoroughly stuffed, pain cut through her like a dull blade. The sharp stabbing pain of entry subsided into a wider more pervasive agony. Unlike the anal impalement she endured while on the hanging rack, there was no ancillary anguish to divert her attention from the sharp focus of what she was now suffering. He was all the way in her and it hurt. She wailed as she felt what seemed to be a huge uncontrolled bowel movement as he slowly withdrew. She groaned and sobbed as he re-entered.

Watching new girls take it in the rear for the first time was always disturbing. That small tight passageway yielded only reluctantly to the length and girth of the male member. It would take many painful sessions before they would learn to accommodate that particularly hideous assault. They had plenty of time.

The metamorphosis induced in the two young women since being made property of the Josero was remarkable. White thighed Josero sex pigs grunting and groaning daily under the repeated assault of men who demanded their services, supervised by pre-pubescent children in their training and capitulation as sexual cattle, spent hours each day crouched over the bar submitting to buggery.

Every morning they squatted on the primitive enema apparatus, cleaning themselves out for the day’s activities. The children escorted them out, always demanding they clasp their hands on their heads. They proceeded at a brisk pace to the bar where they stood with legs spread, remaining obediently still until the children ordered them to bend and present. They didn’t understand the words, but they understood the concept quite well. Those cruel switches always compelled compliance once what was required was understood. Bending their knees slightly, leaning over the bar until it bore their weight and their bottoms jutted out prominently, they had been taught to reach behind them to spread and hold their bottom cheeks wide apart with their hands while the children applied copious amounts of lubricant on and into the puckered ring of their dusky anal openings. Once lubricated, they would grasp the back of their knees and arch their backs. Additionally, they were forced to keep their heads up, looking across the compound while male tribesmen after male tribesman plied their rear passages with bone hard erections until, with grunts of gratification, they would ejaculate deeply into the girls’ bowels. By lunchtime each day they were fully dilated with semen seeping from the coral crater open and wet between their distended cheeks. After noon feeding and watering, it began again.

By morning, their anal openings returned to a normal condition. They administered their enemas and the children put them over the bar for another full day of submission.

By the end of the week, the new Serutas took trainers in the rear and in their mouths at the same time. Grunting and mewling with the double penetration, they languished over the bar as semen flooded their mouths and rectums. With anal sphincters stretched and malleable, able to take the most generously endowed of the tribesmen deeply into their bowels, their sexual conditioning was complete. They had been reduced to sexual receptacles for randy tribesmen. Dehumanised, sexually abased, utterly submissive even to mere children, they learned to fulfil their sexual roles as Seruta. It was time to put them to work.

The large heavy noose was surprisingly soft and supple. Its massive size and strength belied its comfortable, if snug, fit. Standing in line with the rest of the nude girls detailed for working the mine,

Fiona and Margarita both dropped their heads to let the loop be slipped down around their necks. Anxious curiosity tempered with ongoing terror at what had been done and what was being done to them reflected in their flashing eyes. Fiona winced as the braided keeper slipped up, tightening and holding the thick rope around her slim neck. She studied the lazy arc of the hawser sized line swaying slightly from under her chin to the back of the neck of the girl in front of her. She had no appreciation of marlinspike splicing or ropemanship; she just noted the seamless join of the rope to the loop around the other girl's neck. She wondered how they did it.

Thongs bound their thumbs together behind their backs. They were ushered out of the hut where half a dozen women armed with the ubiquitous switches waited to meet them. Once outside the wooden gates, women whipped them along in their two lines of seven girls each toward a broad dirt track winding uphill out of the village. The piteous groans and shrieks of the two cuffed sets of whipped women diminished in the village as they laboured up the hill and out of sight. Fiona and Margarita sobbed and writhed under the continuous lashing of their naked flesh while their female escorts urged them to keep struggling along in the now panting and sweating line of enslaved women. Howling as fiery blazes of crimson striped pain scorched their jiggling buttocks and quivering thighs, they dashed into a future void of anything but slave labour and sexual servitude. But for the lead girls, they watched each other's backs beaded with perspiration, their buttocks undulating and quivering, scarlet weals of agony appearing in growing profusion at each terrible crack of the thin switches as they made their agonising way to the mine. The watchful female escorts spurred their naked progress. Juddering bare flesh strained in tormented exertion, futilely trying to avoid the slash of the whippy switches as they were herded like livestock along the banks of the river toward the mine. Foreign eyes watched from across the river as more than a dozen white women struggled in bound servitude toward a destination that their observers were vitally interested in.

"Ya know, those are white girls. We might could do something with them as well."

"Jorge, get your mind out of your balls. We need to see where that mine is."

"I know. I know. But I'm gonna tell Luis about them. He might be interested."

None of the Seruta or their tribal escorts saw the two men crouched in the underbrush across the river. A poisonous snake saw them. It slithered away, not wanting to keep company with a life form lower than its own.

The track narrowed and turned away from the river into the dark forest. The two single files of bound women loped into the secrecy of trees and undergrowth. Two of their escort led, three moved between the two roped files of Seruta, a single woman followed. Unable to run alongside the bound slaves, the sounds of whipped agony diminished and disappeared along with the women.

"Come on. We gotta see where they went."

"Relax a minute. We can't let 'em know we're here. Listen a minute."

Scanning the dark green wall of dense forest with binoculars revealed nothing but close up views of trees, leaves and vines. The narrow opening the women had entered would have remained unnoticed but that they had seen the women enter it.

"Shit! We lost 'em."

"Would you shut up! Just listen a minute."

It was longer than a minute, but eventually they heard the sounds of repetitive pounding coming from some distance behind the green wall of vegetation across the river.

"Let's get across and see where they are."

"Bad idea. The river is too wide here. Besides, if we go in where they did while one of 'em is coming out were caught. We can't hack our way in; they'll hear us coming. Let's wait for 'em to leave. Then we can go in for a look-see."

They listened to the peculiar sounds of female slave labour for hours. Having no idea what they were really hearing, it was a long, boring, hot day. Incessant dull pounding noises with infrequent and short pauses, interlaced with the occasional faint scream of a woman in obvious pain piqued interest only briefly. Finally, in late afternoon, the two coffles of roped slaves emerged from the green curtain of vegetation. The naked women were forced into the river, where they floundered about briefly before emerging bedraggled and sputtering to be whipped frantically along the bank back to the village. Two of them seemed particularly weak kneed. They staggered under the cutting slashes of the native women's whips, straining to keep up in their separate roped files.

The two men found a crossing down river. Backtracking, they found the nearly hidden narrow track into the forest. Less than a hundred metres into the heavy foliage they found part of what Fiona and Margarita had found that morning for the first time. They found the gold mine.

The two young women discovered the mine as well as back-breaking, exhausting, endlessly hard, slave labour. Fourteen naked female slaves toiled all day in the broiling sun. Less than an ounce of gold hung in the leather pouch around the neck of one of their escorts when they returned to the hut.

Crawling on all fours, the girls collapsed on their mats, falling instantly into an exhausted dreamless sleep. They had carried baskets of rocks all day.

Fiona had been literally coupled to an Irish girl named Molly all day. Margarita and Ingrid formed the other rock carrying team. The rest of the girls either dug rocks out of the hillside or crushed them with the mortar and pestle that passed for a stamp-mill.

Six girls dug rocks. Four girls operated the telegraph pole sized rock crusher while Fiona, Margarita and the two other girls hauled them from one place to the other. All the mining equipment was rudimentary and inefficient, but since labour cost nothing, the Josero never thought to make changes beyond having the Seruta occasionally chop down another hardwood tree for the rock crusher.

Two wicker baskets near the size of twenty-gallon ashbins sat next to the rock crusher. Resting on top lay rectangular wooden frames. These were two metres by one metre with sturdy cross members 'X'ed across the middle. Straps dangled from each end and from the centre of the 'X'. The stout leather straps drooping slack from the 'X' dipped into the empty baskets before rising to their attachment points on the circumference. The frames would obviously suspend the baskets when raised. The lifting power could be attached at each end, held in place by the loosely hanging straps fastened there. Fiona, Margarita and the other two girls were the lifting power.

Standing at the front and the back of the frame, holding the cross members on their shoulders and across the back of their necks, the girls were strapped to the frames. Unpadded leather straps at the back of their necks draped over their shoulders and thence back under their arms to fasten to a bone ring between their shoulder blades. Much like a saddle girth, the straps pulled tight holding them securely to the frames. They didn't need their arms, so they were denied their use. Supple leather loops around their wrists held their arms twisted up behind their backs where they attached to the bone rings. So were Seruta converted to dumpers by their captors.

Fiona never worked so hard in her life. Mindless, grinding physical labour that had her staggering with fatigue at the end of the day seemed all she could look forward to as a white thighed Josero sex pig. Ass fuckings and cock sucking became ancillary, but required concomitants to gut wrenching hard labour under the biting whips of her female overseers. There was no aspect of her slavery that didn't demean and reduce her to animal status in the eyes of the Josero and eventually in her own self-estimation as well.

Dutifully following the raw-boned Molly at the end of the rock transport frame she squatted low by the girls prying rock out of the hillside until the basket was filled. Straining their legs to the limits of physical ability to lift the terribly heavy weight, they hastened with the hugely loaded basket to the

human stamp mill where it was dumped. Back again to have the basket refilled, repeatedly all day long. The sharp ‘thwip, thwip’ of supple switches insured the proper breakneck pace while eliciting cries of anguish and applying agonising blazes of scarlet striped pain to their buttocks and legs. Fiona and Margarita passed each other constantly during the hours of their labour as they shuttled back and forth. Anxious expressions of fright and pain coloured their expressions as they hurried from the stamp-mill to the rock pile. The persistent application of whips hurried them along frantically, the empty basket swinging wildly as they ran with breasts and buttocks bobbling and jiggling in agitated rhythm with the empty basket. Moving the other direction with a full load etched sheer misery on their contorted faces. The effort and exertion required moving as rapidly as possible with the onerous weight pulled their mouths and eyes down in sympathy with their loaded bodies. The strain showed on their faces as well as on their nude bodies. Struggling, bare thighs trembling, calves bulging hard knotted, clenched, but still quivering, bottom cheeks, aching backs and shoulders, drew pictures of utter grief on their heretofore pretty faces. Drenched in sweat and misery, groaning deeply under the heavy load and relentless tattoo of slashing whips they staggered to the stamp-mill to spill their load. Quickly they returned to retrieve another, passing each other again and again with each tormenting trip.

The next morning the straps around their necks and shoulders felt familiar if not comfortable. Buttocks and legs stinging from the relentless switches lashing their bare flesh, back and forth they laboured with the unending supply of rocks. The girls pried rocks from the loamy soil with fire hardened dibble sticks. When the ore laden rocks were loaded into the baskets, the teams of transport slaves scurried to the stamp-mill with their heavy load. Four more slaves strained to raise the heavy hardwood pestle, letting it fall with a steady thumping all day. Breaks were few and infrequent with taro root cakes and water the only sustenance. The girls working the stamp-mill and digging rock removed themselves a short distance from the workplace briefly to relieve themselves. Fiona, Molly, Ingrid and Margarita were given no such luxury. Splashing their legs with urine as they hauled rocks or dashed back to the quarry with their empty baskets they went on the go all day. On more than one occasion, they lost control of their bowels in straining to lift the heavily loaded baskets. They had to avoid stepping in their own droppings for the rest of the day.

“Christ! They sure work ‘em hard. They treat ‘em like animals!” observed one of the men watching the mining operation through binoculars.

Safely out of sight more than a hundred yards away the two men watched the girls labour throughout the day.

“Look at ‘em strain with that damned big log. Christ, with that river right there we could wash tonnes of rock a day out of that hill.”

The four girls raising the rock crusher in regular rhythm groaned each time they lifted the weighty pole to let it fall on the never diminishing rock pile. They had to work together since the four of them were barely able to lift it as it was.

Held upright by four heavy lines set out to four, more or less, equally spaced trees, they stood around the tree trunk sized pestle. Four low wooden handles also equally spaced around the circumference of the log gave them purchase to raise it about a foot high before letting it fall. Bending over, grasping the handles in two hands they used their legs to raise the heavy apparatus. Legs well apart, knees bent; thighs wide they stood in unison to lift it. Through the glasses one could see their sweat lathered bodies strain against the weight. Every sweat drenched inch of their naked bodies strained to raise it while instantly slackening as they let it fall with a rock grinding thump to the bowl shaped stone full of gold bearing ore. Repeatedly they bent and rose over the onerous task. Sweat dripped from their chins. Sweat dripped from their heavily hanging breasts as they bent to retrieve the

handles. Knees bent, thighs spread, skewered labia gaping, buttocks parted and distended like full fleshy white moons once more, everything tautened and tensed as they lifted together in groaning effort to raise the rock crusher over and over again. Through the glasses, one could see their buttocks tighten and dimple; they could even see the small anal rim of the girl with her back to them clench with her effort. Their breasts swung out and forward in regular rhythm with their bending backs, slumping in protuberant rising mounds as they rose. They began to look machine like in their constant co-ordinated motion. All but their faces which reflected the agony of their ongoing hard labour as they crushed gold ore for the Josero.

“I think we could do something with those white women. They’d probably be grateful, whatever it was.”

“We’ll leave that up to the boss. They’re roping them together again. As soon as they’re gone let’s get out of this bug-infested place. We’ve seen all we need to see.”

The girls made their painful way back to the village. Judy was draped over the bar being sodomized. Three men stood ready to take the place of the Josero pumping his discharge into her bowels. Leslie knelt before another member of the tribe. Her blonde hair swayed beside her pretty face and grasping lips as she worked her head back and forth to urge semen to spurt into her mouth. Judy groaned with the insertion of yet another bone hard erection in her well-greased anus. Leslie gasped and swallowed, fervently gulping down the pungent ejaculate roping into her mouth in warm flooding spurts of male release. She licked her lips before the silken clad rigidity of another plethoric penis slid deep into her mouth, lodging meaty swollen glans far back in her gorge. She murmured with her lips clasped around the thick base of the instrument nearly choking her. She moved her tongue under the vein bulging shaft sucking and working her lips in a fleshy clamp around the generous girth of male meat in her mouth. She would soon be swallowing more man sap as she lived up to her designation as a white thighed Josero sex pig.

CHAPTER IV - MASSACRE AND RETURN TO CIVILISATION

As countless days wore on in mindless hard labour and random turns over the bar for the girls, carefully laid plans and purposeful intrigues were being hatched three hundred miles down river from the Josero village.

Leslie returned to the mine detail. Anna, a Dutch girl who had been in the slave pen for about two years, obviously pregnant, remained behind with Judy who continued as the house mother while the other girls worked the mine each day. Since Judy and Anna were both available all day they were bent over the bar or kneeling before the men of the village more frequently, fulfilling their duties as sex pigs. Anna's belly grew large as she neared parturition, preventing her from being sodomized over the bar. Her condition did not excuse her from her obligations, however. Like roosters pursuing a chicken the men would accost her any place, any time in the slave pen and force her to bend over with her hands on her knees while they penetrated her anus and relieved themselves in her bowels.

The first time Fiona and Margarita saw Anna being publicly mounted in the open pen as if she were an animal, they realised how utterly debased they had become in the hands of these primitive people. They really were white thighed sex pigs. Anna's expressive face winced as her anus was breached and her rectum swallowed the swollen length and girth of one of the men. Her distended womb pressed against her filled rectum, making it more difficult for her to take it in the rear. Anna's gravid belly between her bent knees, buttocks distended and presented to her ravisher, swollen breasts hanging full and pendulous, she stayed bent forward with her hands on her knees while he thrust and plunged into her rear passage until with a series of grunts he emptied himself into her bowels.

Anna remained stooped over after he was done with her. Her anus gaped open like a dark greasy crater between the white hillocks of her spread bottom cheeks. Looking over her shoulder to be sure no one else wanted to use her for the time being, she finally straightened up and continued her daily routine of housekeeping. Semen dribbled down the back of her legs as she waddled awkwardly around the compound, big bellied and swollen breasted in anticipation of childbirth. Apparently, her distended uterus made her rectal channel tight, thereby increasing the pleasure of the men bugging her. Sometimes she was used six and seven times a day. Approached from the front she would unceremoniously be turned around and pushed into the necessary crouch, or alternately a man would approach from behind her while she was otherwise occupied and, grabbing her hips bend her over with a firm hand in her back. Often she was penetrated before she could steady herself; yelping and groaning as her back passage was filled with the stiff smoothness of another randy Josero. The back of her thighs were crusted with drying semen every evening until she went into labour.

Once the rainy season began, the mine could no longer be worked. The sex pigs were confined to quarters, so to speak, where they engaged in handicrafts such as weaving rope and baskets. Rope to bind themselves with and baskets for them to carry rocks in. They tanned and softened leather by chewing on it.

Rain and boredom filled the lives of those at the village in and out of the slave pen. As the rain continued hour after hour, day after day, week after week the mood, like the weather, turned grey and dismal. Everyone looked for a change. Restless ennui filled the time with anxious expectation. When change came, initially, it was welcomed for the sheer delight of change itself. However, no one in or out of the pen expected the monumental events that followed.

The morning Anna woke in labour signalled the first new event in weeks. Judy and some of the other girls tried to comfort her, but when her water broke Judy ran to the gate to get help. Soon a couple of the older Josero women entered the compound. Looking down at the groaning Anna they nodded to each other and, placing Anna on her back, motioned her to raise her knees. Again with

signs, they motioned her to let her knees fall apart. With a small serrated stone blade, one cut the cord on her vaginal skewers and the other removed them from her pierced lips. Made accessible, Anna was examined expertly by the older woman. Thrusting two fingers deeply into her vagina, she felt the mouth of her cervix to determine how close she was to delivery. Nodding to herself and grunting something to the other woman she rose and left the hut. When she returned a retinue of women and girls returned with her. The girls were among the older of the children who had charge of the Seruta the others carried a panoply of equipment to aid in the birthing of Anna's baby. Gourds of liquid, bamboo stakes and leather thongs, rags and wooden bowls were among the items provided for delivery. Anna was curled on her side again whimpering and groaning in pain as her labour progressed.

The women who examined her knelt close behind Anna's back while the rest of the females, save her original assistant, arranged themselves in a semi-circle in front. While the assistant mixed a thick paste in a wooden bowl the kneeling woman chattered away, illustrating her points with her hands on Anna's bulging belly, her swollen breasts, and pierced nipples. Upon occasion she would lift Anna's upper leg inside her knee and rub or pat her vulva with her fingers or the palm of her hand. Anna lay passively while she was poked and prodded in what was obviously a lecture in obstetrics. When Anna would groan with a labour pain the older woman would rub her belly and back while talking rapidly to her enthralled female audience. After about half an hour, she had Anna roll on her back and part her thighs for another internal examination. The examiner commented as she probed inside her vagina, describing what she felt to the other women and girls.

Anna's contractions were coming more frequently and harder after two hours. Her groans became evidence of more pain as she moaned noisily at each sharp contraction. Her face screwed up in agony at each belly wrenching, back aching involuntary squeezing of her uterus. The strain showed on her face, sweat poured from her brow while the female obstetrical trainees watched with detached interest.

Anna was delivered of a baby that afternoon. She never saw it since it was removed from the slave compound immediately to be sold to a neighbouring tribe.

When Ingrid and Judy were taken from the pen in the most stringent bondage they had endured for some time, everyone tacitly acknowledged something unusual was afoot. The euphoric expression on the children's' faces as they led the severely restrained women out of the pen was not reflected in the suffering expressions worn by Ingrid and Judy. Such bondage had never been used on such senior Seruta before in the all the time Fiona and Margarita had been in the pen. Judy had seen long term sex pigs led from the pen as she was. She had never seen them again.

After administering themselves a series of cleansing purges at the order of the children, evacuating in embarrassment under their watchful eyes, they were led to the centre of the pen. In spite of their long servitude, neither of the women had become inured to the humiliation of being dominated and disciplined by mere children. Both Judy and Ingrid had been in the pen long enough to see many of the children mature into adults, only to be replaced by younger children learning how to handle and control tribal livestock. So it was that two grown women stood submissively naked, legs well apart, arms raised with hands on top of their heads while children from seven to eleven years old swarmed over them, expertly restraining them in distressfully contorted helplessness. When they were done, they drove the bound and gagged women from the pen with painful slashes of their switches across their legs and buttocks. Sizzling stripes of agony drove Judy and Ingrid sobbing and whimpering from the pen in fettered misery.

With their necks roped to knee hobbles, compelling them to struggle forward stooped in a vulnerable buttocks jutting posture, with their arms twisted up behind their backs held high by a rawhide thong plaited into their long hair serving also to tilt their heads back in neck wrenching

torment, they shuffled from the pen while the children constantly applied whips to their juddering bottom cheeks. The last sounds the girls in the pen heard from Judy and Ingrid were drooling gurgles of pain around the bulbous gags tied in their mouths.

Judy and Ingrid had been gone some time when the noise began. During that time, the sounds of apparent festivity rose from beyond the walls of the pen. Whatever was taking place in the village, it was accompanied by an inordinate hubbub of gleeful shouting and celebratory clamour from old and young. The screams and shouts that followed were even more striking in contrast when the first shots exploded the joyous mood in deafening and repeated volleys of warlike confusion.

The girls in the pen didn't know whether to cower in the hut or try to see what was going on outside the walls. In less than fifteen minutes the shooting diminished and stopped. Shouts in Spanish followed and then the gates of the pen opened. The girls' alert luminous eyes discovered grotesquely lecherous expressions of peril carved on the faces of the men who they thought to be their rescuers. They covered themselves in embarrassment. They felt even more naked in front of these leering men of their own culture than they had when treated like cattle by the Josero. In an instant, they felt like women again with all the cultural baggage of modesty and shyness assigned as a birthright to women of their social class and upbringing.

Coaxed out of the hut, the half dozen girls who had sought refuge inside sidled out nervously to the reassuring and calming entreaties of the unknown men. The girls with fear, the men with obvious delight, stood wide eyed taking measure of each other. After some milling about, neither knowing what to do or how they were expected to behave a small martinet of a man entered the pen and the girls' lives.

Speaking in Spanish, he ordered the men back toward the middle of the compound and the women against the near wall. Speaking with authority, but not threateningly, he informed the girls he would be taking them away. With the unfocused watery shadows of memory evoking modesty and humiliation at their nudity, they nevertheless delighted in the prospect of being free once more. Therefore, when told to line up by height and stand in the posture trained to by the Josero, they were both puzzled and dejected. Nevertheless, modesty submitted to discipline and each of the girls spread her legs and clasped her hands behind her neck.

“Get their chains. You first seven move forward the rest of you stay put.”

Moving apart as ordered they blanched when they saw half a dozen of the men return to the pen arms draped with heavy chains and shackles.

“On your knees! Knees wide apart cross your ankles! Do not move. Do not speak.”

Awkwardly the girls knelt, remaining silent and unmoving as each was secured with locking iron manacles at her wrists and around her arms just above the elbows. Once their arms were chained stringently behind them, large iron neck-bands encircled their slim white necks. Hinged shut, they were then locked with bolts. Next, a wide, steel reinforced, leather waist girth fitted tightly around their middles. Drawn and buckled securely at the front of each whimpering girl, it provided an attachment at the back for a connecting chain. The clink of heavy chain attached at the back of each of the girl's iron collar as it rattled through a central link in both arm and wrist shackles masked the dejected groans of the girls as they submitted to their ongoing bondage. Threaded through a steel ring riveted at the back of their waist cinctures, the remaining length of chain dangled cold and hard between their buttocks before forming a small pool of links between their parted knees. The first manufactured goods they had seen in months, even years with some of the girls, were well-wrought manacles and chains used to continue their grievous slavery. Their first re-encounter with civilisation was not a pleasant one; certainly it wasn't what they had hoped for.

Luis Garcia wasn't sure what to expect when he had been told of white women held as captives by the Josero. What he saw kneeling before him naked and in chains far exceeded his expectations, whatever they had been. The long limbed Irish girl Molly with her tangle of flaming red curls certainly attracted his attention. Her fair complexion liberally freckled across her nose and cheeks, down her bound arms, across her shoulders and chest dotted even her jutting breasts in scattered profusion. She clasped and unclasped her hands in the small of her back, self-consciously aware of his interested gaze. The unyielding chains and manacles keeping her arms behind her back forced her breasts out flagrantly as if to purposely display their ample and pleasant contours to him. He wanted to see more.

“Jorge! Come here.”

Eagerly Jorge approached, anxious to get a closer look at the more than a dozen white women kneeling in chains. In spite of having been the one reporting their existence, he had not been chosen to shackle their docile nudity. He wanted a closer look; a hands on experience if permitted.

Speaking sotto-voce Garcia murmured something to Jorge.

With a quizzical look on his face Jorge sauntered over to the kneeling Molly. He looked down at her with hesitant expectancy. Keeping her head lowered Molly glanced up at him eyes askance. Her questioning expression of frightened apprehension asked what was going to happen next, what was he going to do? She almost sighed with relief when he undid his flies and exposed his flaccid penis. Now she knew what was going to happen and what she must do. As he stepped before her, grasping a fist-full of her thick red hair in one hand while holding his penis to her lips with the other, Molly dutifully opened her mouth and licked at the pricked tip of his slack penis. Shortly, Jorge stood at attention before the kneeling Molly in all physical sense of the word.

With an exotic and rare expression on her face, her lower lip and mouth bulging with the fullness of Jorge's sex, lips stretched in an accommodating 'O' shaped to the rampant member plunging in and out of her oral cavity, Molly's eyes expressively reflected the servitude and fervour of necessity as she earnestly performed fellatio. Not a whit of self-consciousness showed in her expression. Only the concentration of fear lest she perform inadequately thereby bringing down the well-deserved pain of punishment. When semen finally spurted into her mouth, she swallowed gratefully, knowing she had performed properly from the groans of sexual satisfaction elicited from the man bucking his hips in release as he abundantly ejaculated in her soft warm mouth.

Molly tasted fate flowing down her throat from the end of a spurting rigid penis. She tasted the fat and alcohol of civilisation forced into her visceral slave essence and consciousness, her body and spirit. She swallowed ardently as was essential for her identity and very being.

As semen washed over her palate and tongue like awareness, Molly and the other kneeling girls became acutely conscious of what they still were. Only their masters had changed. The men, for the first time, also became aware of the value of these Seruta as the Josero had named them. They had apparently wrested two gold mines from the primitives.

At first, Luis had thought of the tattoos and markings they bore as disfigurements. On second thought, given their obviously facile sexual aptitude he saw the eroticism and exotic nature of these aboriginal marks of slavery. They would bring a good price up river. White women were seldom seen on offer at the slave market.

“Coffle them together in two lines and get them aboard the boat.”

Ordered to stand, the girls remained motionless as heavy leg-irons and knee hobbles were added to their already stringent bondage. The massive weight of the hand forged ankle and knee shackles and the grotesque size of the connecting chains demonstrated at least a nineteenth century manufacture, perhaps earlier. The strictures around their thighs pressed tight, indenting their flesh cruelly while the

huge links of their leg-irons rested heavily in the dirt between their feet. All four sets of manacles were connected to the chain descending from the back of their thick iron collars by the simple expediency of its being threaded through the central link of each pair. A split link at the bottom end fastened to their leg-irons chains. Metre long chains connected front and back to their heavy iron collars cuffed the girls together in two lines of seven.

“Through the gate! Quick march!”

The incessantly clinking jangle of chain links attended the securely shackled women as they jogged forward in naked unison through the open gate. The sheer weight of the chains and manacles added a dimension to their ongoing, but altered, state of enslavement not experienced under the harsh regime of the Josero. They now endured the accoutrements of a civilised society. Weighty and more restrictive than anything experienced before, the manufactured goods of their own culture and society held them more securely in the thrall of slavery than anything the primitive Josero had been able to devise. Trotting in chain measured steps snapping leg-iron and knee hobble chains tight at each ankle snubbed jarring little step while the connecting chain dropping from the back of their iron collars to their leg-iron chains spanked their bared buttocks they loped in two naked lines out of the open gate.

Having holstered or slung their weapons over their shoulders, leather quirts and whips appeared in the clenched fists of half a dozen men chosen to guide the young women to the river where they would wait for the scheduled arrival of a boat. Although the Josero had worked leather, they had never employed the finished product as instruments of chastisement or control, relying only on the supple switches the girls were so familiar with. Leather whips on female flesh made a satisfying crack of discipline compared to the thwip of Josero scourges. They elicited piteous cries of agony from the girls as well as total compliance to the demands of their new masters. Slicing the air with soft whistles, lashing pale female flesh with resounding cracks eliciting frantic shrieks and total obedience from the women, they proved effective instruments of control and correction. The leather snaking around their thighs and buttocks reintroduced the girls to another aspect of a more advanced culture - the more efficient application of bright silvery pain to their helplessly shackled nudity. The strain of keeping up the quick pace, the weight and restraint of iron shackles and chains, the agony of crimson stripes of pure pain on bare flesh could not deter their additional horror at what they viewed as they struggled through the village toward the river.

The native encampment was strewn with the dead bodies of the Josero. None moved, none breathed, many lay in darkening pools of blood. Women, children and men indiscriminately slaughtered lay where they had been murdered, reflecting shock, surprise and, in some cases, peace on their cold dead faces. None had escaped. In the space of a few short minutes, the Josero had ceased to be part of the evolutionary plan. That particular tribe was now extinct. They saw Jane and Ingrid too.

A bubbling pot was the only sign of life remaining in the now quiet Josero village. The clattering chains and screeches of the women as they were whipped by the tableau-mort seemed divorced from the still deadly reality of the silent village. They were only a temporary distraction from the total stillness of the scene around them. The pot boiled, bringing animal organs to the top in savoury animation before sinking in well-cooked pleasure to the bottom to be replaced by others. There looked to be hearts and stomachs, tripe and various other unidentifiable glands and organs. Two large raw livers lay next on a small bench drying dark red in the warm sun. The source of the stew finally appeared to the chained women as they passed by a three-sided log cubicle. The pot indeed contained animal organs. The animals were Seruta. The Seruta were Jane and Ingrid.

Jane lay stretched out on a low table on her back. She looked pregnant. Ingrid hung from her heels from a hefty timber across a corner of the cubicle. They had both been eviscerated. Cut from just above their pubic bulges to the bottom arch of sternum and rib-cage just below their breasts,

Ingrid's abdominal and chest cavity lay open while Judy had been stuffed and sewn together with coarse large stitches the whole length of her incision. Herbal leaves and grasses stuck out from some of the interstices between stitches on Judy's bulging belly while Ingrid had only begun to be filled with the herbal mixture. The remnants of their viscera not boiling in the pot lay in small piles on the ground. Blood drenched the ground under Ingrid's head. Her hair was tied back to the wall, pulling her head back to reveal where her throat had been slit. Like a wide ruby smile her throat lay open in a bizarre grin from ear to ear. Judy's legs were bound together with a large pole between them. The pole disappeared in her vagina with her labia distended around its hefty girth. Her head too tilted back with her blood soaked hair trailing toward the ground. The pole emerged from her mouth. She had been slaughtered, dressed and spitted for roasting. Two glowing beds of coals with supports for the long poles radiated heat beside the table. A long pole, smooth and dark from many years of use stood propped up alongside Ingrid's hanging body ready to spit her after she was crammed full of the aromatic leaves and grasses. The Josero were cannibals.

The security of iron shackles tight around her ankles and thighs, arms captured behind her back, elbows nearly pinned together suddenly felt warm and comforting to Fiona. Margarita didn't mind her chains as she sweated and struggled under their massive weight and unrelenting restraint. The blazing scarlet flashes of pain tracing patterns of obedience on her bottom cheeks and the back of her thighs felt right and proper to the screeching Molly as she danced in pain to the leather rhythm of torment applied by her new masters. All of the girls experienced the desperate intimacy of shared suffering melded in one organic agony on their chained and tortured flesh. Slashing leather tentacles enshrouded them in a fog of pain with snake like malevolence while they struggled and strained in ironclad misery toward the violent unknowability of their future. To a woman, they were glad to be back in civilisation. Being part of Josero mythic history, now that they had seen the requirements, did not appeal.

They waited on the bank of the river, softly sobbing and snivelling from the burning welts streaking their legs and buttocks. Chests heaving to regain their breath, breasts rising and falling in blatant exhibition before the civilised white men who had shackled and whipped them, they nevertheless felt joy at their deliverance from Judy and Ingrid's fate. To be sure, they felt guilt for their happy relief when they should mourn, but they couldn't escape exulting in the freedom granted by their new tyranny. These men, these shackles, these expertly wielded whips promised deliverance from barbarity to civilised enslavement. They all welcomed it.

CHAPTER V - THE PERFORMANCE FOR THEIR LIVES

The boat arrived, nudging its nose into the muddy bank. Remaining cuffed together in two separate lines, leg-ironed and hobbled, they couldn't climb on board without help. One at a time they were lifted aboard. Their double lines of seven arranged to stand along the after rails on both port and starboard were then turned to face outboard. Leg-iron and knee hobble chains were roped to cleats on the deck and to the knee-high rail keeping them in place while wooden poles erected at each end of their separate ranks held a long horizontal pole raised behind their necks after they were properly situated. Since their angle to each other was changed from front to back to shoulder to shoulder, the chains holding them cuffed by their iron collars, unturned, made them move closer together. Standing erect at the boat's rails, essentially immobilised by their heavy shackles and chains with their shoulders pressing together, the long pole served as another attachment point by having the rear ring on their collars knotted to it. With the machinations of the women's security completed, the business of getting underway began.

The sounds and smells of civilisation assailed the women as the boat vibrated and eased back from the shore. The sound and smell of machinery hadn't been experienced since they had become Seruta. The foul smell of diesel fumes and the steady thump of the boat's engine were, if not pleasant, at least evocative of a former existence before becoming property of the Josero. Nearly an hour later the signs of civilisation along the riverbank became more apparent. People waved and shouted. Some men ran along the shore for a few seconds until the boat outdistanced them. Strangely, most of the shackled women would have waved back if they could have done; elated by familiar sights and sounds they hadn't seen or heard in a long time. That they were cargo destined to be auctioned for use in bordellos never occurred to them. They were the reason for the shoreline activity.

A slovenly imitation of Sydney Greenstreet waited on the rickety pier when the boat pulled alongside. Bald, fat, wearing a sweat soaked linen suit, he watched with interest at first, then with growing disdain as the boat tied up and he could see the human cargo more clearly.

"I thought you said they were white women," he said dourly. "We can't get much for these natives, you know."

"But señor Gustave, they are white women. No native women has red hair or blonde hair," he gestured at Molly and the half-dozen blonde women standing at the rails. The ropes binding them to the deck and rails and the poles at the back of their necks were being undone as the two men spoke. A gangway was slung and the women were goaded up on the dock where they stood shackled for inspection.

"Well why are they so dark and what about those tattoos and that voodoo hair and bone paraphernalia they're wearing?"

"The savages had them doing slave labour outside every day."

He didn't mention where or doing what.

"Once they start to work indoors, their dark skin will fade. Look at that redheaded one, she's still fair, just freckled by the sun. The tattoos and jewellery are just native custom I guess. We can easily remove the jewellery and replace it with steel rings since they are already pierced. The tattoos won't come off, but they lend an air of the exotic, don't you think? Let me take them to the warehouse and clean them up. I think you'll be surprised. I know you will in fact."

Grudgingly, Gustave agreed and made an appointment to see the merchandise again some hours hence. With a good deal of the townsfolk watching, the two cuffed lines of naked women were whipped toward a small warehouse just beyond the docks. Once inside, a transformation began.

The resourceful Garcia had been able to assemble a great deal of hard-to-find items with the help of military connections and no small amount of money placed in the right hands. Among these items were large galvanised washtubs, soap and perfumes. The wardrobe left behind by the aborted tour of an opera company years before supplied other rather curious articles of clothing and shoes as well. And although the warehouse was securely locked and guarded, Garcia wasn't entirely sure the women wouldn't bridle when they discovered what he planned to do with them. Most spoke Spanish and he had to be careful of what was said in front of them. To insure against any recalcitrance he had secured, ostensibly on loan from the colonial museum, an apparatus for assembling slaves for auction. A local hairdresser and more than a dozen of Garcia's men were also recruited to aid in the preparation of the women for sale. First, they were given a bath.

Two at a time, stripped of their shackles and chains, the newly liberated but still captive women were led to a peculiar device for the display of female slaves. Garcia watched carefully for signs of rebellion or reluctance; he saw none. They arranged themselves without struggle on the low display once they understood how they were wanted. Turning with their backs to the box shaped exhibition stand, lowering themselves with their knees in two widely spaced horseshoe shaped uprights, they then leaned back, supporting themselves with their arms behind on the metal framed stand. The device forced them to spread their legs wide and throw their breasts forward in order to maintain position on the display stand. Ankle and wrist shackles fixed at the appropriate places were not used since the women mounted the stands and held still without them. The anal pin mounted on the central transverse rod had been turned down, pointing innocuously at the floor its stalling effect unneeded since the women willingly held position while the Josero jewellery was removed from their labia, clitorises and nipples. The nude displays they made while slaves of the Josero had become assimilated into their compulsory social status. Although the female hairdresser and her staff cut and removed their jewellery, men of their own unforgotten culture and class observing them was upsetting. Embarrassed by their returning modesty and shyness, they nevertheless acquiesced when told to mount and lewdly position themselves on the display stands. Their obedience and the twinned display soon had all of them devoid of Josero slave accoutrements and, with squeals of girlish delight, they immersed themselves in the sybaritic pleasures of bathing in warm water. Bath oils and soap were luxuries they hadn't experienced for a long time.

It was like a presentation of Carmen. Long full dresses drowning in flounce, décolleté far beyond daring, mantillas and flashing eyed beauties smouldering quietly with lusty coyness; all the former Josero livestock dressed in the abandoned costumes of a travelling opera company, whose last performance had been Carmen, were ready for a performance. Their script, libretto and music were quite different than Bizet's, however. Fiona and Margarita felt a sense of shame and shyness having returned to the culture they had been a part of before the Josero had enslaved them. All the mores of feminine modesty and decorum returned with embarrassing consequence, given the performance demanded of them by the Garcia's men. With all the accoutrements of Josero sex pigs removed but their decorative tattoos, costumed in civilised garb no matter how theatrical, the absence of heretofore ubiquitous nudity made the activity demanded of them whorish and shameful since they acted, if not of free will, in as strict obedience to Garcia's orders as they had to the Josero children. Margarita and Fiona knelt in the colourful circle of their full skirts. The position of their legs, although obscured by clothing, was nevertheless held precisely as Garcia had demanded, kneeling on widely parted knees with their booted ankles crossed behind them they knelt up in preparedness to fellate the eager volunteers Garcia had recruited. They held their wrists crossed in the small of their backs while flaccid penises were held to their lips for the exhibition of their talents. Gustave struggled not to show his approval as Margarita and Fiona took the men in their mouths and soon had them at rigid attention

with their well-trained lips and tongues. Moving smoothly back and forth, rhythmically swallowing and disgorging the now stiff erections while dancing their tongues and compressing their lips over the rampant saliva slick members in their mouths, both women soon elicited the predictable response from the men who grunted with satisfaction as they spewed their seed down Margarita and Fiona's gullets. Then they did it again with two other men.

"Don't swallow this time. Hold all he gives you in your mouth and show me afterwards."

Stroking Fiona's bobbing head gently, Gustave, while she reluctantly displayed her thoroughgoing training as a Seruta, admonished her to display the product of her exertions in galling humiliation for his amusement and edification. She did as she was told. Collecting the viscid phlegmy semen in her mouth, all of it, milking the last spurting drops in the firm compression of her lips with fish like motions of her motile mouth Fiona turned and, opening her mouth, looked up at Gustave for approval. Her tongue was coated thickly with the generous pool of semen she had triggered with her talented mouth. A ropy strand between her tongue and the roof of her mouth formed a glistening liquid column while gossamer strands of opacity formed delicate spider webs of semen at the corners of her lips. As she displayed the product of her efforts to Gustave, semen dripped from her extended tongue dribbling over her lower lip and down her chin.

"Swallow now."

Fiona dutifully gulped down the discharge in her mouth, licking her lips, if not in relish at its taste, in supreme obedience to the demand of the man who might soon own her as the Josero had. When she turned her head, she saw a large dark penis being unlimbered from the flies of a mestizo farmer Garcia had recruited for his special show. Gustave moved to where Margarita was fellating a long thick penis. She was having some difficulty with the size of the huge erection, but diligently she applied herself and accommodated its turgid girth by opening her mouth as wide as possible although she hadn't a prayer of taking its full length into her gorge. Gustave grabbed a handful of her hair at the top of her head. He pushed her head forward, causing her to choke on the swollen glans lodged in her throat. Margarita started to uncross her wrists in order to push back and keep from choking.

"Leave your hands as they are. Keep your wrists crossed. I'll tell you if I want you to move."

He held her hair in his firm grasp, watching her complexion flush with suffocation, her lips flaring as she desperately gasped for air. Her mouth worked around the thick meaty staff in her gaping maw as if she were making a supreme effort to swallow its full length. As she struggled, Gustave told her what he wanted her to do.

"I want to see him come in your mouth. When he does, open your mouth wide with your tongue out, the tip under his glans. I want to see you take his semen over your tongue and into your mouth until he's quite exhausted. Do you understand?"

Margarita nodded as best she could, now desperate to get air into her lungs. Gustave let her hair go and Margarita brought the throbbing member in her mouth to fruition in just moments. Her lidded eyes fluttered, squinted, but she held her mouth wide with her tongue extended over her lower lip gracing the sensitive underside of the bulging glans spitting semen into her open mouth. As a grace note to her acceptance of semen streaming into her receptive mouth a liquid spurt splashed across one cheek, leaving a dripping streak of milky evidence of her performance. She was not permitted to wipe her face. At the end of their command performance, Fiona and Margarita were drenched with semen. Their faces, necks, shoulders and chests dripped with rivulets of semen in splattered profusion like carelessly iced pastries. Saliva bubbled semen oozed from Fiona's pursed lips. She closed her eyes in silent acceptance of her total humiliation having satisfactorily performed as she had been bidden by publicly servicing her new male masters.

"Let's have a look at her."

The heavy controlling hand at the top of her head, fingers tangled in her tousled hair turned her face toward Gustave. Fiona, her mouth filled with the length of a rigid penis, its meaty girth slick and shiny with her saliva, opened her eyes wide looking up at Gustave. Her spattered cheeks, nose and chin dripping with the evidence of her successful performance, she stared up at the man expressively, revealing all and nothing of her mental state. A mixture of questioning curiosity, imploring acceptance or relief in the total denial of her dignity with an erect penis in her mouth announced her newly won status as a potential sexual servant under the control of Gustave. She and Margarita both qualified for his consideration with their demonstration of sexual servitude; serving on their knees as was appropriate for women as far as Gustave was concerned. He was well pleased with those two. He then turned his attention elsewhere; leaving Fiona and Margarita to continue their operatic performance gurgling and slurping in a peculiar contralto with a seemingly endless supply of erect penises to stimulate with lips and tongue.

Molly was unrecognisable but for her freckled forearms. The huge ruche of her skirt lifted above her waist draped over her bent form hid her head and features. Her legs and buttocks, however, were well displayed in their utterly bared disposition as she leaned forward over a small table. One could see her freckled forearms because she parted the full roundness of her bottom cheeks with her fingers talon-like on the fleshy twin globes. Holding herself fully open, making her anus completely accessible and available, she permitted – encouraged - by her willing posture, the through lubrication of her nether entry in preparation for anal intercourse. Molly's years of experience as a Josero sex pig, having spent hours bent over the bar holding herself open for the children to grease her anus and then groaning and whimpering as it was dilated and rectum plumbed by one after the other of Josero men put her in good stead for her role in the ersatz rendition of Carmen. She was well schooled in the proper position to assume for ease of entry and prolonged and repeated use of her tight anus and warm rectum for the satisfaction of men who preferred to use her in that fashion. She felt a certain satisfaction, even sexual excitement, if not from the physical sensation then from the offering up of her bottom to the warm meaty penetration that filled her physically and emotionally with the gratification that came of fulfilling her duty and accepting, without objection, the warm semen injected into her bowels in flooding infusion.

Gustave watched with unfeigned interest as Molly held herself in readiness. The ring of her sphincter and the inner curvature of her distended buttocks glistened with the thickly spread gel that had been slathered on and in her anus as well as between the widely held cheeks she offered without demure. The meaty plum-like bulge of her first intruder pressed against the dark dimple of her tightly runkled aperture indenting and depressing her flesh until, with an audible groan from under her flung up skirt, she admitted the bulbous member stretching her anus tightly around the shaft of his rampant member. He sank himself into her bowels with a grunt of satisfaction. Molly moaned her acceptance. He totally filled her up. Continuing to hold her legs wide, moving her hands behind her bent knees, she proffered herself in the manner that most blatantly granted access to her rear passage. She had to move backward off the table to keep position as her viscera took the length and girth of the penis, plunging and marauding her tight warm channel in relentless and repetitive strokes sinking to her full depth with wiry pubic hair at the juncture of her cheeks, then withdrawing to reveal the glistening erection in its hardened swollen state before again burying itself between her distended cheeks. Molly groaned in the pleasure of acceptance; her anonymous suitor groaned as he spurted his seed into her rectum; Gustave quietly hummed his approval as he watched Molly's anus remain open in craterous readiness to accept another fleshy impalement. Her inner vaginal lips lay open in tumescent outline of her pink moist sexual cleft bracketed by the plump display of her outer lips wide apart between her yawning thighs. The perineal interstice between the dark cavern of her gaped anus and the posterior of

her vagina bulged in pleasant presentation, delineating the space between her bodily entries. The vertex of her inner lips pointed in invitation toward the grease slicked opening between her separated cheeks where the opaque residuum of semen recently deposited was barely discernible in the dark depths of her rectal sheath. Molly groaned as she was filled again. The dilation of her anus was easier since it hadn't time to recover its normally tightly puckered condition before being plundered by the hard stiff rigidity of another anonymous erection.

Gustave watched her take six of the men in quick succession. She was given no rest and at the end, although she was tired, she remained obediently in position for further duty as a well-trained Josero sex pig. She knew however, that this exhibition of her sexual prowess and stamina was different. The lack of total nudity, her theatrical garment hoisted above her waist in revelation of what it would normally conceal added a degree of humiliation and shame at what she was doing that wasn't felt while in slavery to the Josero. These were men of her own culture and station. She knew it and so did they. Therefore, as she admitted them the view and use of her most private anatomy in whorish servility to their needs and demands she was diminished in her own eyes and in the estimation of those who made use of her as well.

The second half dozen men who buggered her found her receptive but sloppy with semen. Adding their own contribution to her semen inundated rectum they increased the pooling ejaculate that oozed freely from her widely dilated anus. Sliding hydraulically in and out of her anal rictus, plunging piston like into her bowels, semen seeped liberally from the loosened sphincter now gaped in perpetual dilation in physical memory of her constant and extended buggery. Finally, Molly was required to take the well-endowed Mestizo into the flaring rear opening she continued to present in well used and sopping accessibility. She groaned in earnest as he penetrated her. Semen all but spurting around the stalwart member that seemed about to split her open as it sank deeply into her rectum. In a quavering voice, Molly acknowledged her conquest, giving herself to the spitting of her loins as if she were being skewered like meat for roasting. His huge size expanded her anus to painful dimensions while she cried at the rutting invasion of her aching sphincter and expanded rectal sheath. His stovepipe-sized penis made squelching sounds as he filled her forcing the abundant semen deposited earlier to brim over the stretched anal opening that failed to seal the viscous contents within her.

“Now that's what I call an ass fucking.”

Molly couldn't disagree as she felt the warm release of yet more semen into her bowels. She felt as if he were coming in her stomach; if she opened her mouth she thought semen would pour from her lips, she felt so full. Her pelvis felt as if it was forced apart and her hips hurt from their extended displacement in the wide stance she had maintained for well over an hour. She was afraid her flaccid anal rim would never resume its heretofore tightly grommeted closure, making her lose control of her bowels in shameful embarrassment and humiliation. Her bottom cheeks remained open, smeared with thin milky semen that dripped from her anus over the flower-like petals of her labia. Her inner thighs streamed with thick rivulets of ejaculate, thinning before reaching her knees in mute wet testimony to how many men had satisfied themselves between her sweetly proffered bottom cheeks. The wide-open orifice of her anus seeped effusively with the milky substance she'd had pumped into her. Her craterous pucker exuded semen like a tiny fumarole sluggishly exuding turbid sexual magma from the geologic depths of her belly.

Gustave watched appreciatively as she continued to display the thick liquid evidence of her thorough anal rogering. Molly didn't move from her lewd posture of exhibition. She was terribly stiff and sore for one reason, but the sublimely contented look of satisfaction on her face was unseen and unnoticed, hidden by the bottom of her dress flung up over her head. Her hidden features permitted her to conceal both her humiliation and serenity ostrich-like while exhibiting the vulnerable sensuality

of her voluptuously offered bottom and lithesome legs spread in invitation. An invitation accepted as her semen drenched bottom cheeks and thighs attested. Called upon, she served. She too revelled in the warm seep from her distended anus. It signalled a job well done; she silently expressed gratitude to the savages who had trained her to it. It really felt good to have a man lodged in her rectum. The Josero had taught her the appreciation, conditioning her with graduated anal appliances that opened her sphincter until she could accommodate them without undue discomfort.

She even remembered the sharp sting of their primitive whips that had driven her to acceptance. As she lay wallowing in the pleasant aftermath of her thoroughgoing buggery, she yearned to feel a Josero whip across her proffered buttocks and exposed thighs. She thought the sizzling blaze of pain might push her over, bring her to climax given the heated arousal she felt after publicly serving so many men in her rear. She groaned in her need; tightened her buttocks, clenched her anus and discharged a dollop of semen from her flooded rectum. It oozed warmly over her labia and dripped to the floor from her clitoral prepuce. Molly couldn't achieve orgasm and groaned again in the frustration of her disappointment.

'God!' she wanted a whipping - she needed a whipping. The mere thought of the lash on her fair skin nearly brought her to release. The residual memory of pleasure and pain that nearly brought her to climax while being split open by the huge Mestizo was the closest she had ever come to orgasm while being taken in the rear. She wanted to try it again. The absence of fulfilment left her feeling empty. Her sopping fundament felt strangely deprived of the thick meaty probing she had undergone in the dutiful performance she had just given. She had been well used and still craved more. Molly marvelled at her own capacity for the peculiar pleasures of pain and humiliation. She clenched her buttocks in frustration and satisfaction, emitting a groan that reflected both emotions shuddering deliciously with the feeling. She closed her eyes in the hope of feeling a whip, raising her hips to offer herself to its cruelly rewarding pleasure. Her heart leapt to her mouth in excited expectation. She was disappointed again. Gustave would accommodate many of Molly's desires once he made up his mind which of Garcia's white treasures he wanted for his own purposes. He didn't know of golden treasure.

For close to two hours the ersatz cast of Carmen performed for Gustave at the command of Garcia. In an amazing serendipity surprising to the women as well as the men, they both performed beyond any reasonable expectations. Garcia was shocked by the sight of well educated, attractive young women formerly of high social standing performing in the outlandish and wanton fashion of hoydenish girls he had dealt with in bawdy houses and saloons of his acquaintance. The savages had given him a gift; a harem of well-schooled females whose value he had underestimated. His men were equal to the task, demonstrating stamina and randiness meeting the challenge of sexual performance demanded of them. Gustave could not conceal his pleasure, and Garcia noted it well; increasing his price for the women accordingly. It was a tired and bedraggled cast of women who reluctantly shed their garments. The flamboyant dresses made them feel particularly feminine and attractive while increasing the curious sensual delight of sexual service by adding to the sense of shame it engendered. Fiona served the Josero as a sex pig under the duress of her captivity to be sure, but her social status as essentially a sexual animal in a foreign culture indemnified her from the responsibility of her conduct. Back in her own society, dressed appealingly in costume, her sense of violation as she distorted her features in open mouthed receptivity for one smoothly hard penis after another while Gustave and others watched her ignominious performance reduced her to a state of servitude demeaning and delicious at the same time. The kneeling position, the absolute control exercised by fists tangled in her hair, the acquiescent swallowing of spurting semen flooding her palate while being observed in the proper performance of fellatio, made her shudder in the dual thrall of humiliation and acceptance, her state of abject servitude continuing in a new and thrilling fashion.

The pleasure she derived from oral service she disguised as well as she could, but the eager and artful way she applied her talents demonstrated clearly her reluctant guilty willingness to perform what she had been taught was her duty. She accepted her responsibilities; showed the diligence required; the evidence of her success lay splattered across her face and warmly in her belly. The doleful eloquence in her eyes told her pointed acceptance of place and purpose. She had become a priestess in service to the priapic gods. The acknowledgement gave her an embarrassment of bliss, she prayed on her knees exulting in the sole purpose of her being. The cruel comfort of harsh bondage denied her apostasy.

After the bizarre orgiastic opera seria with the gurgling contralto and soprano arias of women in sexual servitude, the natural state of total nudity was somewhat of a letdown for the women. Post performance depression was, however, ameliorated by warm baths once more.

‘So tired’. Molly thought to herself. She closed her eyes and, despite the awkward position and severe restraint of her shackles and chains, fell asleep instantly. On her right, Fiona lay on her belly in the cruel and uncomfortable position demanded by her trammels. She strained briefly against the steel impediments; found no relief and was soon asleep despite the discomfort they imposed. The chill of the cold stone floor seeped up through the sparsely scattered straw erecting Margarita’s nipples. Since she couldn’t move, she fell asleep, weariness overcoming distress, with her stiffened nipples jutting from her bound breasts. In a row, fourteen stringently immobilised young women slept fitfully side by side on their last night together before the morning auction that would send them on separate ways to serve as sex slaves to new masters. They were too exhausted mentally and physically to think about it. Brief moments of wakefulness served only as reminders of the inability to move and sleep returned as a defence mechanism against the strained position their fetters permitted. That they were able to sleep at all was mute testimony to their resilience and weariness. It was all the rest they would get until morning.

Dreaming resembled psychotic delusions more than the usual disjointed irrationality to be marvelled at upon awakening, and then forgotten in the quotidian events of daytime reality. The next day’s reality would be strange enough as they were all to be sold at auction like livestock. Margarita dreamt she was a cow locked in a milking stall. The last waking memory she had before slipping into the stupor of sleep was of her jutting nipples; hard and stiff from the cold. That pleasant ache, her bound immobility and the steel bars locked around her breasts causing them to protrude in bulbous tautness, gave her cause to dream she was being milked. Pneumatic suction cups fit to her enlarged nipples pumped milk from her lactating mammaries which grew from the stimulation like over-inflated balloons. Growing to monumental size in a not unpleasant ache, she offered her mother’s milk to a machine of her imagination moaning softly in her sleep. Like fleshy pillows her breasts responded to stronger and stronger suction at her nipples, which were drawn in elongated thick stemmed protrusion by the pulsing milking cups increasing her flow to steady hard streams of milky fluid gushing into a clear collection jar positioned before her astonished face. The more she was milked the more she gave. She needed liquid she knew to keep her flow going. When a large erection appeared at her lips, hovering in imagination, she gratefully gave it suck. It was like being suckled on her own breasts by proxy. Spermy lactescence streamed into her mouth and milk poured from her pulsing nipples in spurting gushes of surrender to her dreamy, imaginative fantasies. At dawn, her breasts ached from the punishing steel clamp she had worn during the night. She thought it was from being milked like a cow. She wondered if she could speak, afraid to open her mouth lest she make mooing sounds. Until her mouth bar was removed, it was a moot question since she was utterly silenced by its dreadful steel effectiveness.

They had the appearance of animals, trussed as they were. Piglets bound for slaughter and roasting were not drawn as severely or stringently bound as Fiona, Molly and the others were. All wore identical contrivances of pain and torture on their nakedness and the same mournful manifestation of agony on their faces. Lined up on their bellies side by side in their long row of fourteen they looked to be ready for market. Garcia valued the anguish and distress in their frightened eyes. It would insure docility and obedience, thereby gaining him a good price when he exhibited them for sale. When released, their limbs flopped uselessly to the floor making it easy to restrain them for exhibition and sale. After a short briefing on conduct expected when displayed for sale, the former Seruta marched in their cuffed lines of seven to the auction block. They required twenty-eight escorts.

The lines and marks on their nude bodies made by the restraining devices they had been forced to sleep in remained, for the most part, quite visible as they arrived for offer. Gustave and others wondered at the design and function of apparatus that left such deep and telling marks. When the auction began, they turned their minds to other concerns. The women remembered well the punishing devices. They had been the physical and emotional impetus for their behaviour in front of the bidders. They had slept bound as commodities, livestock as it were, prepared for sale. They acted as such when Garcia put them on offer. They made him a millionaire in less than three hours.

Leslie went first. They had to hold her up since she hadn't yet learned to walk in the specially designed shoes they made her wear. All the girls wore them; none of them could stand or walk without help. The additional impediment of leg-irons didn't help. Leslie strutted forward, her thin bare arms in the grip of two of Garcia's burly men. She stumped forward, the pleasant musical clink of her ankle chain enhanced by the drumming of her steel-toed shoes. She stood on her points like a ballerina; she could do no other. The shoes held her instep in a straight line with her shins acutely arching her foot. The only sole were the steel clad tips; the heels rose fully seven inches forcing her foot on point and permitting her to walk only with her feet perfectly vertical. The extreme extension of her feet exhorted her legs into hard and sinewy tension far beyond what mere high heels did. Her taut calves and thighs bulged in well-defined outline as she attempted to stand and walk in the terrible shoes. Having worn them during the night since being bound for her impending disposal at auction, her legs and feet ached and cramped from the enforced attitude of extension and strain in which they held her. Not having worn shoes of any kind since the Josero had initiated her into serving the tribe, the torturous form of footwear she now wore was doubly distressing. To be sure, she wouldn't be running away, the secure steel shackles and short heavy chain of her leg-irons saw to that, but the attitude of her feet and legs maintained by the excruciation of her bizarre footwear would have made it impossible in any case. What's more, the attractive shape and form of her curvaceous legs was well displayed by the stance she had to maintain at the insistence of the awful shoes. She wore nothing other than the shoes and irons as she was led forward for display and sale. They removed her leg-irons; the open shackles fell from her ankles clunking to the wooden floor, the heavy short chain between them lay coiled lazily like a steel linked serpent poised to strike when the shackles were once more fastened and locked to Leslie's slim ankles.

The debilitating effect of scant rest, the snatches of sleep she and the other girls were able to grab in their bound agony, more like a pain laced unconsciousness as they lay in contorted readiness for sale, gave Leslie all the urging she needed, or the weary awareness of futile resistance, to comply fully with the demeaning display of her naked body and unresisting mind to her potential owners. Stretched up on her toes with her arms held behind her by her escorts, she spread her legs wide, thrust her hips forward and showed that clean shaven bulge and cleft of her naked body that most interested her valuers. As she stood displayed to the men considering her purchase, teetering in wide legged offering, another set of shackles clinked closed around her ankles. A long steel rod between them,

adjusted to spread her legs yet wider held her in the helpless exposure desired to evoke interest in those viewing her nakedness with an eye toward owning her. Not content with holding her arms and supporting her, a six-foot tall post set in a heavily weighted base was placed behind her. They draped her arms back over a horizontal pole, then cuffed her wrists tightly in leather cuffs lower on the stalwart upright. Leslie was forced to lean back with the pole supporting her back and her arms drawn back uncomfortably on either side. Her shoulders braced back sharply lifted her chest to thrust her breasts forward in conspicuous display. They kicked her behind the shackled ankles forcing her into a more acute angle relative to the supporting pole. She thrust her hips forward her buttocks clenched in deep concavity by her straining posture. Her neck craned forward, the pole bearing on the back of her head forcing her to look down in relationship to her angled shoulders and torso. Her parted legs doubly strained from the wide open stance forced by the stretcher bar and the toe shoes acutely arching her feet, held her up in precarious but flagrant balance. Her self-imposed display signalled the beginning of the auction. The tautly trembling legs, shaven bulge of mons and labia, pleasing contours of her breasts, and most of all the eyes mirroring dread and excitement in one complex expressiveness urged the bidders to ignore cost in their lust to own her. Leslie brought a good price.

Seven of the girls were sold, including Molly and Margarita when Fiona was marched up in her debilitating toe shoes in the firm grip of her handlers for display and sale. Her knowledge of what they could - indeed what they had done to her helpless nudity - led her to docile obedience when she was bound to the post in exhibition for sale. The grim reminders of her night of cold cramped bondage on her belly were impressed on both mind and body as she stood in wide legged display before the men viewing her as a commodity. The marks of steel shackles showed faintly on her upper arms; the indentations made by the breast clamp had not completely faded, the memory of her tautened agony remained deeply impressed on her mind. She marvelled that she had been able to sleep in the awkward, distressful position she had been bent to in the grip of such stringent restraint. Her back still ached slightly. Rope had been tightened around her limbs in cutting agony, she had worn leather restraints grimly strapped, drawn and laced to her naked body rendering her helplessly immobile; vulnerable and available in lewd positions, but the steel device they had put her in the night before exercised more control and made her more helpless than anything she had experienced before. Her shared grief with the other girls, restrained in the same fashion laying side by side added the psychological punishment of knowing they were trussed for market like livestock; she wondered they hadn't been branded like the cattle she had seen for sale in pens. With her ankles in the secure grip of heavy gyves, slightly separated by a short steel rod that denied the least mobility, her upper arms were similarly secured behind her back; a somewhat longer steel rod connecting those severe shackles holding her elbows nearly touching. Between those rods, perpendicular to them, a third rod connected them. They lifted her legs up sharply behind her back, bending her knees and arching her back. Lifting the rod between her upper arms forcing them up like wings behind her back a satisfying click announced the joining of her ankles and arms as the third bar snapped and locked into the other two.

Fiona groaned from the taut discomfort of her position. Her legs bent back in tensioned torment with her feet drawn nearly shoulder-high and her arms wrenched back bracing her shoulders painfully, left her arched rocker-like on her hips and belly with her breasts raised barely supported by the straw covered stone floor. She appeared to be offering her breasts on the platter like surface of the floor. She couldn't keep her head up without craning her neck painfully. She traded off letting her head fall and struggling to raise it. One of the men yanked her head up by her hair; Fiona moaned, her scalp stinging, her face reflecting the additional agony of her wrenched neck and the tight grip on her hair. Her raised face, eyes filled with the reflection of her distress increased in wonderment and worrisome defencelessness as three men completed her stringent bondage. Warm strong hands on her wrists

brought her hands together at her buttocks. Thumb cuffs ratcheted closed, their steel teeth biting into the narrow part of her thumbs discouraging movement, keeping her hands together on her clenched buttocks. At the same time, her breasts were lifted from the floor like ripe fruit and the undersides were fit into a steel clamp that spanned her torso. Joined at one end by a single steel chain link to an identical bar above, the clamps half circles beneath her breasts, pulled against her ribcage holding her breasts up for the closing of the top part of the clamp. A padlock at the open end of the clamp kept the apparatus tightly and irremovably closed with her breasts bulging in ball shaped tension increasing their sensitivity, swelling her dusky areolae, erecting her nipples like coral garnish atop the plumped globes of her full and aching steel clasped breasts. The bulging pressure of her extruded flesh made the skin of her breasts nearly translucent, the blue veined parchment purpling from the irreducible pressure of the steel clamp. They gagged her so as not to hear her complaints.

In order to monitor their distress and gauge the degree of discomfort the women endured during the night, it was necessary to make them keep their heads up so their expressive faces could be seen. Even in sleep the eloquence of agony showed plainly. Fiona shook her head, trying to deny the fitting of her gag. They easily pried her mouth open and fit the adjustable gag around her head, thrusting it deeply into her mouth. Her objections rose in stridency, stifled effectively by the cruel gag as she was finally adjusted to the physical and temperamental limits consonant with the maximum of pain that would still allow a modicum of rest. Her mouth was forced open wide by the butterfly gag fit behind her teeth. Once they had it in, it was a simple matter of adjusting it, pressing against her palate and tongue until her jaw gaped wide. Using a special tool, her tongue was pried from beneath the lower pressure pad, led through an interior clamp and immobilised in its serrated grip. The steel bar holding the devilish device in her mouth pulled the corners of her lips back in a winsome grin, delightful to behold, terrible to render since it linked to flat steel bars running alongside her cheeks, then fit to the extension bar between her raised upper arms. It was all that held her head up. To relax her straining neck was to force her mouth wide with the bar pressing hard into the corners of her mouth nearly gagging her by pushing her captured tongue back into her open mouth. The slight gurgling sounds of her distress were reduced further when the interior flanges of the gag were closed to permit her lips to meet over the gag bar, concealing the interior horror she held in her mouth. She stared ahead like a cataleptic, trying to deal with each significant detail and the general, pervasive effect of her severe bondage. Then they tightened her up.

Fluttering her fingers and rotating her ankles, the only movement permitted her after the rod between her arm and ankle fetters was twisted shorter until she thought her back would break and the ratcheting back of her head to plainly display the agony etched on her distorted features and the colour in her eyes, hurt too much so she remained perfectly still. They left her to sleep and rest as best she could. To Fiona's relief and amazement she slept, although her dreams of pain and punishment, of being sold into further torments filled her sleeping hours as it did her waking ones. Her bulging breasts were covered with undreamt saliva and tears in the morning.

So it was that Fiona stood on offer arched up on her toes, her legs obscenely parted, held that way by a steel rod between her fettered ankles leaned back against the pole displaying the beauty of her bound nudity to the lecherous men raping her with their eyes. The bulge of her shaven mons and the moist cleft of her labia parted by her stance and the pleasing size and conformation of her breasts displayed shamelessly as the salient features of her offered nudity drove her price up, urging the men to bid recklessly while Garcia counted his gain.

CHAPTER VI - FROM PIGS TO PONIES IN MANY DIFFICULT STEPS

Molly was ready for transport down river to the hacienda of her new owner.

“Head up, little lady. Let’s see that pretty smile.”

Molly raised her head her golden red hair draped over one shoulder with the remainder cascading down her bare back between her upper arms angled in a cradling delta of bound immobility behind her back. Her smile was open mouthed, lips forming a receptive O-shape due to the steel ring gag strapped in her mouth. The black leather straps compressed her pale cheeks, their two dark lines pulled tight behind her neck their locked buckle concealed beneath her long hair. A look of expectancy, acceptance, and resignation played over her upturned face. The wide silvery collar gleamed at her neck its sturdy D-ring encumbered with the chains that held her leaning forward over her folded legs. She was quite naked but for opera length gloves that her new owner had fancied along with a pair of high-heeled boots from the Opera Company’s wardrobe. The leather and steel in which she was bound kneeling could hardly be considered clothing. Rather, it accented her nudity along with enforcing her kneeling posture. With her chin raised her open mouthed visage both represented and was in keeping with the attitude and positioning of her bound nudity knelt in supplication before her new master.

A wide stiff leather belt encompassed her waist, joined beneath her navel by a steel clasp that served as an attachment point for her further bondage. Both ankles were individually strapped to her thighs preventing the straightening of her legs, keeping her heels pressed firmly into her haunches. An additional single strap circled her shins and thighs near her bent knees, doubly ensuring she keep her subservient kneeling posture while also strapping her knees together securely. Around her wrists, she wore identical stainless steel manacles matching her bright steel collar. Their silvery gleam showed in sharp contrast against her black gloved arms and hands. Although, from a frontal view one couldn’t make out how her elbows were drawn together behind her back, that they were was plainly evident by her drawn back shoulders and the concomitant lifting and jutting of her breasts on her expanded chest. The beauty of black leather drawn and bucked tightly on her nude body was attractive in and of itself. But what added the erotic and sensual aspect to Molly’s bondage was the interconnectedness of steel and leather that forced the young woman to assume the vulnerable and servile posture she maintained while kneeling in helpless exposure awaiting transport. Her new master knew how he wanted his property displayed. Molly reflected that knowledge, strapped and shackled, mouth open in powerless anticipation and apprehension. Like a pregnant woman, she seemed to glow in the condition, not of her bulging belly, but in her humiliation and naked restraint knowing full well the purpose of being she had been so stringently bound for. Her life was dedicated to the phallus and whip - she yearned for them. Her new owner would make sure she got plenty of both.

She presented herself beautifully, draped with the leather and chains of female servitude. Nearly hidden from view between her clenched thighs a pair of short chains descended from the steel clasp at the front of her waist belt; they snapped to rings on the belts circling her thighs and ankles deep between her soft inner thighs. They made her lean forward, arch her back, thereby broadening and distending her bottom cheeks in that pleasant feminine spread so enjoyed by connoisseurs of the female derriere. She couldn’t help but display the shapely rondeurs of her bottom cheeks and the split bulge of her pursed genitalia that the jut and thrust of her broadly prominent, distended, buttocks forced her to reveal. The rugose rim of her muscled sphincter lay exposed between her parted cheeks, if not in invitation, then certainly in accessibility - readily available for lubrication and penetration. Molly was thus readied for phallus and whip at her vulnerably displayed hindquarters. The ring seated behind her teeth; the tightly drawn straps cutting into her cheeks holding it irremovably in her mouth

made Molly offer her oral cavity in defenceless receptivity for phallic worship and the copious spurting of its beneficence over her tongue and down her throat. She held her head up as she had been ordered; obedient, expectant, susceptible to penetration, her pliant lips parted in readiness to clasp and excite the turgid rigidity of a male member; her owner's or whoever might want to plunge himself into her open mouth.

In keeping with her posture of submission - adding attractively to it - two chains and a steel cable hung from the D-ring at the front of her high steel collar. An oversized laminated steel padlock held all together in an ostentatious statement of security, her leaning posture and elevated chin seemingly showing the large lock at her throat as if it were jewellery to be admired. The steel cable extended from the ring on her collar between her breasts to the unyielding strap wrapped in near bruising tightness around her thighs and shins ensuring she couldn't unfold her legs. Shortened to the point of making her lean her chest forward, it gave her body the attitude of submission and helplessness consonant with the rest of her thoroughly bound nakedness. A second huge padlock, identical to the one above locked the cable to her leg strap with the same overdone ostentation. The pair of chains attached to her silver wrist manacles with two more of the locks whose combined weight alone was onerous, made it look as if she were some wild animal requiring massive steel security to prevent her escape and injury to others should some latent fury be unleashed by that unlikely happenstance. Her gloved hands were turned palm upward as if in supplication, her fingers curled loosely in a natural attitude although she held her wrists bent back as if to show she held no weapons or means of escape like a secreted key or tool. With her elbows pinned nearly touching behind her back the angle of her forearms forced her manacled wrists wide at the side of her leaning torso. The chains from her collar angled out over and at the sides of her breasts; their cold hard links tracing an ovoid design into her bared yielding softness above their jut and thrust with her conical aureoles and spiked nipples poking the into the air in the angles made by chains and cable. Her breasts were otherwise unfettered, leaving their natural and pleasantly shaped contours freely displayed on her expanded chest her braced back shoulders making it appear she was offering them in exhibition. She looked like a figurehead on old sailing ships. Leaning into the wind gazing into her future under the direction of those she couldn't see at the rudder, she arched forward in stoic readiness for her next port of call.

Fiona had no idea where she was being taken, she only wished she would get there quickly. Her arms and legs ached unmercifully and she had no latitude for movement from her unendurable position. Therefore, she endured at and for the pleasure of her master. It was his privilege, his right, bought and paid for. Fiona lived for his benefit and would until he tired of her or put her in his stables for pony training. Then she would be an animal, trained by the sting of whips, harnessed, bridled and bitted; no longer in his favour as a captive courtesan but made available to her trainers and stable hands to be mounted at their pleasure as would then be their right. Her donkey work would be as hard as the metal mouthpiece she would wear for control. Fiona had no knowledge of these potentialities for her future, she just wanted to arrive there and end the agony she suffered on the way. It wouldn't be long, about an hour over rutted gravel and dirt roads on the back of a donkey cart. She could glimpse her master's Mercedes travelling in the wake of agony and dust she and the cart trailed. Fiona sat in the cart as did her potential stable mate, Molly. Molly faced forward, her kneeling posture toward their destination. Fiona faced backward in full view of the trailing Mercedes. Their posture was a different as their hair colour.

Señor Jorge Garcia Fuentes Lopez thought his new purchases would serve his needs well. He hadn't added new girls since he had sold his mother-daughter pair over six months earlier. The daughter had been near her prime, but her mother was near the end of hers. He enjoyed the mortification they suffered when he trained them to engage in incestuous lesbian displays for guests

and friends at his special dinner parties. Their Catholic upbringing exacerbated their humiliation, demeaning all they valued prior to his harsh and unyielding training. In spite of the loathsome acts they were forced to perform, they never failed to bring each other to hip-grinding climax in front of his guests. He particularly enjoyed watching as the daughter buggered her mother with a long hard rubber strap on godemische. Making the mother kneel up with her head and chest to the floor; spread her bottom cheeks with her hands while her daughter slathered her anus with slippery gel, then bury the black phallus between her sweet cheeks, making the mother groan her acceptance, never failed to amuse him. Like them, he bought this pair because of the natural match they made.

Since they had both been enslaved by savages, marked and trained in the unique fashion inimical to their freedom and wilfulness, while bending them to sexual servitude for the tribe, their new master thought they should be quite malleable and adapt well to his methods of training as well. He rather liked the permanent markings of their tattooed arms and legs. The opera gloves he had filched covered the less attractive tattoos on their hands, but also those on their arms. He could live with the compromise. The delicate intricacy of the design on their bare mons pubis would disappear under regrown pubic hair. He remained undecided whether to keep them shaved or not since he wasn't sure if their pubic markings were a bit overdone or not. He would have them displayed for inspection by his slave master when he arrived back at his rancho. They could make the decision together. He had been shown the primitive bone and hair native jewellery they had worn. With an eye toward the application of his own identifying jewellery, he'd had their nipples, labial, and clitoral punctures speared with sterile pins to both keep them open and enlarge them for his less delicate steel rings.

Fiona stared down at the silvery pins through vaginal lips and clitoris. They were very long. She couldn't see those skewering her nipples. She began to question her return to civilisation. Fiona kept her head bowed in obedience to her status as chattel and the excruciating dominance of her bondage contorting her body in the agony of submission and the rigorous physical enforcement of her acknowledgement of that status. It hurt to raise her head. It hurt if she didn't. She sat, if it could be called that, as did Molly behind her, but far less comfortably. Still wearing the toe shoes that arched her feet to conform to their extreme shape, Fiona's shackled ankles were raised high from her sitting position on the floor of the cart and fit to the rear gate of the donkey cart with her knees bent in accommodation to her close position to the gate. With her feet as wide as the gate itself her shoes extended through spaces in the open framework of the wooden gate. A long steel bar between her ankle shackles prevented her from closing her legs and held them high by means of U-bolts fixing the bar along a horizontal crosspiece of the gate. Fiona leaned back on her hands, holding herself up with her gloved arms, watching as large silver padlocks snapped closed through the hasps of her shackles dangling prettily outside her ankles. One of the rancheros yanked each lock to be sure it was secure; he saw that they were-so did Fiona as she looked through her knees at each shackled ankle held high and wide above her head. She was already uncomfortable since her arms were bound tightly behind her by three separate windings of very tight rope welding her wrists and elbows together and pulling her shoulders back to the point of pain. Then they showed her how very comfortable she was by leaning her forward. One ranchero grasped a fistful of her hair, bringing her head forward between her wide knees until it nearly touched the gate. Fiona wailed from the tugging strain on her scalp, but leaned forward under its duress. The second supervisor of her pain and degradation put a snap lock through a loop on her wrist bindings, brought it forward over her bowed head and wrapped it around the highest cross-member of the gate. Then he lifted her arms up using the rope as a winch. When Fiona murmured her agony constantly and began to tremble in the throes of her contorted torment, they tied the rope off to the gate. With her arms raised high behind her back, hands well above her bowed head she was forced to lean forward between her legs with her shoulders near her raised and

bent knees. She turned her head from side to side in denial and disbelief of the suffering her posture forced her to endure. She felt her shoulders were near dislocation, which they were. She stared at the floor of the cart and the silver skewers piercing her sex at the wide angle of her upraised and widely spread thighs. It was a blurry view through eyes brimming with tears. The torturous position and her inability to change it evoked piteous and incessant shrieks of agony, but the large ball-gag strapped in her mouth reduced them to guttural plaints confined somewhere deep in her throat, her heart, her mind.

Then the cart began to move. Each jog, each sway of the cart as it moved along the rutted track amplified the acute tension in Fiona's tautly held body, melding the myriad tortures exercising her body and mind in a totality of misery. She accompanied her agony with a medley of stifled groans that she would sing often for her new master. He loved to hear his girls sing. Their absolute obedience was made certain in this way.

The local populace always lined the streets when Señor Fuentes came to town for certain aspects of his business. When buying or selling for his stables or the hacienda he always transported his goods in interesting ways. Molly and Fiona did not disappoint their expectations. Molly was displayed proudly like a prize piece of merchandise, which she was. Fiona presented her counterpart in humble servility bowed helplessly in her bondage to the cruel desires of her master. Both women exhibited those parts of their anatomy, skewered by silvery spikes, that foreshadowed her wearing Señor Fuentes' specially designed identification rings. The decision of which ones and how many would be made once they were correctly displayed for Fuentes and his slave master Raul. In the meantime, they exhibited Fuentes' mastery, severely bound on a donkey cart to the amusement and entertainment of the men and women who watched them paraded by. Molly was embarrassed by and Fiona oblivious to the jibes and catcalls of the mob as they passed in exhibition on the slow moving cart. The sway and bob of their breasts always drew attention, and Fuentes always insured they were well displayed whenever he moved his goods. Molly and Fiona fulfilled that expectation too. Their nipple spikes glistened attractively with their movement. Fuentes amused himself by studying Fiona's tension ridden form from the air-conditioned comfort of his car, regretting he hadn't ordered her bound more stringently and torturously. He thought he might have fixed chains to her labial or nipple spikes or both. The elongation and tension of those sensitive areas would have added to his amusement and her agony. 'Oh well,' he sighed, 'plenty of time for that later.' Fiona remained bowed in the rear of the cart facing the Mercedes. Fuentes watched tears coursing down her cheeks and drool stranding from around her gag onto the floor of the cart; he watched her breasts sway and quiver in time to the donkey's steady pace; he watched the soft underside of her broadly yawned thighs tremble, her lavish haunches held high and wide by her shackled ankles gaping her spiked vulva: 'Life is good,' he murmured. He sighed and relaxed into the deep rich leather of the Mercedes' seats.

"She can't walk."

"Then put her on a cart."

Fiona's introduction to the training and operations centre for female chattel as Raul's men wheeled her in was a comfortable improvement over her ride in the donkey cart. Molly, on the other hand, suffered the scorch of training whips on her exposed flesh as she learned to walk in her steel-tipped toe shoes. On the job training proved effective; Molly toe-walked in response to the urging of the whip, it was a motivation she well understood, stimulating her interest in doing as she was directed marvellously. They made her lift her knees high in an unnatural and difficult gait that impeded her progress, making her dance in pain at each sharp stroke of the whip on her bare thighs and buttocks. Her breasts leapt alarmingly at the insistence of her jolting pace, imitating her juddering buttocks and thighs, their motion exacerbated by the shock waves of the whip slashing and scoring her voluptuous

animation. Her desperation to perform as required shone eloquently in her pain drenched expression and the flashing of continuous anxiety and fearful concentration in her eyes. Fiona rode comfortably beside her and although she too strained up in her toe shoes, legs tensioned in consequence, her well-strapped nudity immobilised on the handcart with her breasts bobbing pleasantly at each bump of the path, it caused her eminently less distress than suffered by the frantically prancing Molly.

The equipment was modern and complex but the results were the same as Molly and Fiona discovered while voiding their bowels forcefully after holding belly-stretching enemas for the prescribed time. Their metal clamped bodies arranged side by side on the elevated concrete slab with their knees forced up beside their shoulders, raised, spread and offered their full bottom cheeks, presenting uninhibited access to their anuses for the introduction of oversize enema nozzles deep into their rectal canals.

That they were to receive enemas was neither new nor surprising since anal intercourse had been a requisite while serving as sex pigs to the Josero. Nevertheless, both women's wonder-struck silence once they both lay helplessly bound in position, their heads propped up, chins to chests forced to gaze at the plump bulge of their own vulvas introduced a new wrinkle to the procedure. There was to be no privacy afforded them as it had been with the Josero when they had purged themselves. The two men who busily filled rubber bags from faucets beside their heads, suspended the bulging containers, greased and hung the nozzles in full view of both Molly and Fiona caused a look of apprehensive and reluctant fascination to cross both their faces. With their wrists clamped in steel bands atop the abutment that held their heads up and their doubled back legs held in the crook of their elbows behind the knees it seemed they couldn't have been more vulnerably exposed until they felt the wrist clamps moved further away from the sides of their heads, forcing their knees to touch the concrete adjacent to their shoulders held in place by their own arms. They opened up, parting the oyster-flesh of their vaginal vestibules, raising and spreading their cheeks further and slightly gaping their anal rims. Now they were vulnerably exposed. Groaning like young girls in whining protest over some distasteful responsibility they couldn't avoid, they lay egregiously spread open while the large nozzles were inserted. Fiona looked up, wide-eyed, baring her teeth through partially open lips; she expressed resignation and questioning uncertainty at her capacity to hold the contents of the rubber bag suspended above her. Then the thick nozzle began to deliver its contents into her viscera, testing the hypothesis. Her belly bulged, as did the groaning Molly's next to her. They both accommodated the full load - three times. The gush and flux erupting from between their widely distended hams at each evacuation seemed to flow from an unknown source from the curious expressions on their watching faces. Then they were ringed.

Strutting with all possible caution, stepping physically and emotionally on tiptoe, Fuentes' new acquisitions pranced as commanded in their debilitating steel toed ballet heels. Raul had two men flank each girl as she struggled to maintain her balance since they had not yet mastered the eccentric art of parading in the extreme heels. The usual encouragement applied to their naked legs and buttocks served as a useful aid to learning. The combination of having to raise their knees high while balancing on one pointed foot, at this point, proved awkward and difficult. In time and with constant practice, they would achieve the form Fuentes so admired in his female chattels. The steel rings around their necks with thumb-cuffs at the nape making them elevate their arms and ribcages in frank and flagrant exhibition of their nipple ringed breasts, holding their hands up behind their necks, was little help in maintaining balance. It taught them proper form, however.

Gold became them. Raul made the decision of colour and size based on their hair and skin tones and the particular physiological features of their sexual parts. Initially, their new owner was miffed at not being consulted, but when he saw his property on display, he approved of Raul's choices. He

especially liked the notable stretching of their nipples and aureoles through the extender rings Raul had fitted behind the permanent nipple rings. The wide rings at the base of the extenders pressed gently into the yielding surround of their permanently rouged aureoles. The extender arms fit behind small golden steel balls flanking each nipple on their permanent rings whose thick golden semicircles dropped from a hidden bar piercing their nipples. The effect was both striking and erotically ostentatious. Drawn tautly through the extender rings their rubicund aureoles and nipples formed coniform projections at the tips of their breasts like red candy cornets. It was their leading feature and Fuentes took delight in observing it. Their heavy nipple rings dangled in showy coruscation more than an inch from the base of the scaffolding of the extender rings. The swing and quiver of their breasts as they pranced under the whip made the rings glitter and flash with steely golden beauty; when they stopped, Raul's men made them brace their raised elbows smartly back, elevating their ribcages and presenting Fuentes the lavish steel tipped voluptuousness of their breasts and the rings he'd prescribed as means of control and symbols of ownership. He was pleased. Molly and Fiona less so.

'Silence is acceptance,' Raul had admonished them earlier. They stood silently in acceptance awaiting the commands of display Raul had briefly outlined before bringing them to Fuentes for inspection and approval.

"Legs wide apart," he barked. Molly and Fiona carefully moved their acutely arched feet wide, leaning backwards a little and bending their knees somewhat to keep equilibrium. Fuentes wasn't sure he hadn't made a mistake buying these two. They looked like circus performers with all their markings. The labial and clitoral rings Raul had installed accented their gaudy appearance unattractively, he thought. If they were kept gloved and booted, and permitted to keep the pelage on their pubic hillocks when it grew back ... but no, that would be incongruous with the rest of the women he kept. Fuentes pondered the purchases he made, studying the hairless sexual anatomy they dutifully presented for his aesthetic evaluation. With a motion of his hand, he instructed Raul to turn them for a posterior viewing. Raul's men unlocked and removed the tight thumb-cuffs leaving their neck-rings in place. With some relief and a great deal of caution the women lowered their arms while maintaining their wide stance of exposure, wondering for the moment what to do with their hands. Raul told them.

"Turn around. Keep your knees locked and with your legs spread, bend and grasp your ankles."

As if holding themselves positioned for a severe caning in some arcane notion of English schooling, Fiona and Molly turned and rendered what was Fuentes' onto Fuentes. They swayed and teetered for a moment or two until they were able to balance on their toe shoes. When they did Fuentes had an unobstructed view of their widely distended haunches and the denuded purse of plump flesh between them. The decorative tattoo on their pubes was hidden and the pair of labial rings and the clitoral rings they both wore shone dully in the umbra cast by the inner regions of their thighs. 'That's better,' he thought, feeling the familiar rise in his loins he expected when viewing his captive charges. He had paid a lot for the redhead, bidding against Gustave for her custody had not been inexpensive. He had wanted Margarita too; owning pure-bred Castilian women made him feel better about his mixed ancestry. He enjoyed using them as draught animals, watching their straining legs work and full-cheeked buttocks roll from the comfortable seat of a sulky as he whipped them along. 'Ah well,' he mused, while absent-mindedly gazing at the two women displaying their strict obedience to his slave master and the broad jut of their buttocks and cleft peach genitalia for his benefit.

Gustave had incautiously confided Molly's trenchant aptitude, her apparent enthusiasm for being rogered in the rear. That bit of intelligence cost him the fair Molly. Fuentes gazed at his prizes with lust and self-satisfaction. He decided to keep them.

“Raul, bend the redhead over a buggery bar and put the other one on her back in a caning frame. I want her caned while I use the redhead. Tighten them both up good. I want them to feel it.”

They felt it. With a regular but increasing rhythm, Fuentes intromitted his bone hard penis in Molly’s anus his blood-ripe glans swallowed repeatedly by her gaping nether entry. He pulled out at each stroke reintroducing the mauve bulge and glisten of his glans and shaft into her dilated sphincter without permitting it to close in the short interim. At each plunge and thrust, Molly groaned. Fiona shrieked and cried. Fuentes growled. Raul danced a whippy bamboo over Fiona’s helplessly exposed buttocks and thighs with a stomach-churning splat keeping time for all.

For the women it was a dirge, a lament, for the men it was a triumph. The room was charged with sexual satisfaction and submission; it caromed and leapt from the walls in raucous cacophony fulfilling the lustful needs of both sexes in the agony of pleasure and pain crossing the line between the two randomly and carelessly. Everyone was exhausted at the end. The women didn’t move, the men relaxed; Pashas in their harem basking like seals in the subdued whimpers and quiet sobs of the women who had slaked their lust. The appropriateness of position in which Fiona and Molly had been bound for buggery and caning remained in place, as did they. The postlude of pain and submission enveloped them both like misplaced foreplay; both nearly quivered with sexual desire. Fiona wanted a man in her bottom; Molly wanted a cane on hers. They sobbed for the want, swealed internally with the heat of ardour and appetite. The inchoate yearning for continual subjugation and sexual service to masterful men consciously informed Molly and Fiona that they had found a new home. They sobbed in exquisite, self-indulgent, emotional voluptuousness.

Fiona’s vulnerable position held her broad buttocks and the luxuriant nether regions of her thighs grossly available to the cane. She was flat on her back as her owner had specified. Leather cuffs at her wrists held her arms out wide from her shoulders. A sturdy strap buckled tightly above the knees crushed her knees and thighs together. After her knees were raised toward her breasts, rolling her buttocks and haunches up on the table, a steel caning frame set over her doubled-up legs and fitted to her shoulders held her immobilised. A steel bar at the back of her bent knees prevented her from lowering her legs while U-brackets kept her shoulders flat on the table. The rigid one piece frame snapped into fittings on the table top; the resounding metallic click of the locks near her ears and her inability to move from her doubled up position evoked a whimper of apprehension from the lewd naked display that was Fiona disposed in helpless array for the cane. The twin swellings of her labia, the moist gash between, nestled in the fleshy valley of her haunches she raised in presentment to Raul and the long bamboo he held in supple menace like a baton held by a conductor. Her raised thighs broadened and parted her boldly prominent bottom cheeks, revealing the rufous wrinkled pucker of her anus and the dusky surround of pigmentation in which it was centred. The exposure of her vulva and anus were secondary, but important, features of Fiona’s wanton display. The offering of her buttocks and thighs to the cane were paramount, but the enforced flagrancy of presentation she made with her genitals and rugose fundament added a degree of humiliation and submission that made Fiona shiver with shame and groan with a piteous pleasure at her own subjugation. They had her, as they wanted, they had her, as she wanted to be.

Molly’s long shapely legs formed a wide inverse vee. Her legs tautened already by her toe shoes, when stretched wide by leather ankle cuffs on the legs of the stand which she bent over, bulged from the strain in every firm, well delineated muscle from her slim ankles to the underside of her prominent buttocks. Between the wide yawn of her thighs and the soft under-swell of her bottom cheeks, her vagina gently gaped in plump pink protuberance beneath the darker circle of her anus. She was so constituted that, though bent forward over the padded bar at her hips, secured motionless by her leather strapped wrists near the floor, her bottom cheeks barely revealed the runkled rim of her anal aperture

between the fleshy rondeurs of their distension. Raul's men parted her cheeks, slathering copious amounts of lubricant between them and digitally manipulated her anal entry lubricating her internally as well. The symphony of pain and pleasure began as Fuentes penetrated his property.

Molly groaned, Fuentes grunted, bamboo swished and cracked on white flesh, Fiona shrieked, her buttocks trembling from the shock wave of the cane leaving its first trace of blazing agony searing her mind and body. The visual and aural delight Fuentes took in bugging Molly between her sweet cheeks while watching Fiona writhe and shriek under the blistering crack of Raul's cane gave him the ineffable pleasure he sought from his girls. Fiona, in futile attempts to avoid the fiery cuts of her caning, struggled against the steel frame, pushing with her thighs against the knee bar. Her buttocks flared with her efforts as if to present them more fully for the next swish and crack of Raul's bamboo. When it landed, with each pelvic thrust filling and dilating the hapless Molly, Fiona clenched her buttocks against the pain, her anus nictitating involuntarily as if to show Fuentes the extent of her suffering. At first, Fuentes proceeded slowly, letting Fiona sag back on the table, letting Molly's anus begin to close, then with a malevolent grin he sank to the hilt in the groaning Molly, the cane cracked, Fiona screamed and another tramline of scarlet agony appeared in neat array on the soft undersides of Fiona's thighs or the rounded cheeks of her bottom. At the coda of the quartet's performance, in a disharmonious stridency Fiona shrieked constantly as Raul increased his cracking tempo, matching Fuentes' urgent thrusts, Molly moaned and whimpered from the increasing rapidity of her rectal impalement and finally, with a roar of approval, Fuentes spewed his seed into Molly's rectum, feeling the pleasure of her spasmodically clenching anus milking him at the thick base of his rampant member. The women wept, the men caught their breath, Raul wiped his brow and the satiated quartet wallowed in the diminishing intensity of servility and mastery accompanied by the subdued sobbing and mournful whimpering of the two women who had so well served their mutual purpose.

Fiona was on fire. She lay in the pool of her pain, exposing her vividly striped thighs and buttocks chilled by the blazing fulgent marks echoing the sharp burn of their individual agony while melding in a congeries of sheer misery that wrenched her body with wracking gasps of incredulity at her pain and passion. Her vagina seemed to gasp in swollen sympathy with her quivering mouth voicing pain and passion through wet lips. She felt an intensely urgent need centred in some deep place in her viscera. She turned her head in the direction of Molly spread and bent over the buggery bar, she saw semen in stalactiform ooze emitting from her dilated anus between her grease smeared cheeks and the tin container of lubricant on the floor nearby.

"Please," oozed from Fiona's lips in slow languorous mimicry of the semen dripping from Molly's anus. Please? Please what? More of the cane? wondered Raul. Fuentes just heard another woman's moans of agony; a sound he loved. Molly thought she understood, she wanted too. Both women were clinging to the steep slope of release, near the pinnacle, desperate to reach the apex and go spinning down the other side into slavish surrender. They needed what the other had had. Molly wanted to feel that streak of fire across her bottom cheeks, across the taut undersides of her thighs. Fiona wanted to feel herself thoroughly greased between her splayed cheeks. She wanted to feel the dilation of her anus from insistent pressure opening then plunging into her with deep hard rigidity filling and measuring her as she lay helplessly bound open to the assault. The missing ingredient, the essential for completion, was for Molly the rigorous application of the cane; for Fiona forcible sodomy.

"Oow, oow oow!" Tremulous, strident, her voice laden with the shock of agony Molly felt a fiery stripe painted across the back of her tense thighs. The crack of the cane on the elegant shapeliness of her tautly yawned thighs, then splashing pain across the undercut of her broadened buttocks, again on her full cheeks rippling her pillowy buttocks with its loud swish-thwack forced Molly's heart into her

mouth where it beat screaming in tempo to the relentless caning. Her juddering bottom cheeks clenched in sharp involuntary response to her thorough caning, exuding Fuentes' semen from her anus in opaque dollops that the cane splattered on her bottom and thighs. Physically and emotionally writhing in torment, her nerve endings seething electrically throughout her mind and body, Molly howled her release, her uterus clenching in intensity that was neither pleasurable nor painful, but a surpassing ineffable escape from both. She trembled uncontrollably shivering and wailing, quivering, shrieking, in absolute, wanton, surrender to the unnameable sensations that seized and shook her nearly to unconsciousness. Although her naked body remained tautly stretched over the buggery bar, nevertheless one could see a subtle softness of limb and buttocks, a change of skin tone under the livid welts on her lascivious and voluptuously displayed legs and buttocks. The signature of her release, thin red lines; ridged weals from the back of her knees to the top of her bottom cleft with semen spattered like an emollient over those blazoned marks, she continued to display as if proud and grateful for her singular sex-pain experience. She wanted to share. Her tightly cuffed wrists and ankles ensured that she did.

Diminuendo and Crescendo - Molly's subsiding sobs coincided with Fiona's rising tonalities of arousal as Raul sodomized her between her wide spread cheeks. Spread on her back like a martyr to the baton of flesh rending her rectal sheath, leading her in song with each deep plunge into her well greased anus, Fiona's mouth imitated the open roundness of her sphincter. Like Fuentes, Raul sank into her to the hilt, filling and plumbing her in full measure, then completely withdrawing, leaving her anus dilated in gaping readiness to admit him again. Her deep groans as she was penetrated, filled, invaded by his big long bowel filling thrusts were coloured with the dual sounds of distress and desire. When Raul withdrew, she whimpered at the loss, yearning to be helplessly impaled by his rampancy again, luxuriating in her repeated violation. Fiona struggled as she had under the cane, lifting her buttocks, straining against the steel bar at the back of her knees, offering herself to Raul's deep thrusts as she had to the cane. She wanted to feel him in her viscera, stomach, heart, and lungs, willing him to rise through her gorge and out her mouth. She wanted to feel the length of him through her distended anus into her mouth where she could taste his semen spewing over her tongue when he satisfied himself with her helplessly bound nakedness. Her shudders rivalled Molly's when she climaxed. She had never had an orgasm before from anal intercourse. It was so fulfilling, so exhausting, so intense, she lay incredulous at the dwindling twitches and quivering of her thighs feeling the warm semen leaking from the slowly diminishing fissure of her sphincter as she displayed the dual causality of her sexual release.

Fiona's thighs and haunches displayed in a curving incline with her knees drawn to her breasts exhibited the evidence of her debauchery, the vividly welted fullness of her under thighs and cheeks, with semen dribbling from the aperture between them like an artful still-life posed in concupiscent presentation to the small gallery of Fuentes, who owned her, and Raul who was to be her slave master for as long as she pleased them. She would do all she could.

The thunderous evangelism of the terrible truth's words struggle to express obliterated those vague visions that Molly and Fiona once called memory. Former appetites were eviscerated replaced with nourishment appropriate to women held in bondage. In the deep inner core of their being, in the ultimate realisation of femininity, both women felt gratitude towards Fuentes and Raul for the generosity of spirit shown by adding them to the inventory of girls kept. They felt fortunate and privileged to be considered part of that group having been rescued from the bleary rhythm of life they had known before the Josero forcibly led them down a path of unrelieved least resistance. What they had considered free will was gone from consciousness like a candle flame snuffed out. What was essential for their identity, their very being was the visceral essence of enslavement and obedience to

the will of their male masters and the final acknowledgement of acceptance. They shivered in the full realisation and acceptance of their slavery.

When released from their decorative poses, teetering and wobbling once more in their high-heeled ballet shoes, Raul turned them over to a matronly duenna.

“Clean them up and deliver them to the stables Maria. Señor Fuentes wants them in harness tomorrow.”

“Si señor.”

Upon command of their female warder Molly and Fiona raised their arms and interlaced their fingers behind their heads.

“Now you march. Knees high.”

Instantly responsive, the two women high-stepped toward the exit, their steel-toed shoes clicking smartly, marking the way of strict obedience. Fuentes watched as their undulating buttocks and wobbling breasts receded in delicious motion through the doorway. He looked forward to seeing them under his whip, labouring in the traces, forced to pull a heavily weighted training cart the next day. He sighed happily, then went to keep an appointment with Gustave.

Margarita sat quietly while Gustave and Fuentes dickered over her price. In the end, she went extortionately overpriced, but Fuentes coveted the Castilian beauty and, since he wouldn't exchange the redhead and cash for her, he paid Gustave his exorbitant sum.

Gustave had brought her properly bound and gagged, bowed down as was befitting a slave girl. Her combination collar, head harness, with the oversize ball-gag it held securely in her mouth, pulled both her head and torso down submissively by a strap from her forehead strap, before it bifurcated along side her nose, through her legs and up to her crossed wrists above the small of her back. She couldn't possibly rise. Steel ankle shackles with a steel connecting cable permitted her to walk, but bent over as she was, she couldn't see where she was going. Gustave kindly guided her with a long braided riding crop. Her torso was girded with three leather straps, one above, and another below her breasts and a third around her hips. Ancillary leather cuffs on the two upper straps held her upper arms tightly to her body. With her elbows bent, forearms angled up behind her back, her crossed wrists were secured by intersecting leather straps over and around them prohibiting any change of position in her arms or hands. Doubly ensuring immobility and rendering her arms totally restrained, her wrist bindings attached to the connecting strap running from the back of her collar through her torso straps, between her legs to the front of her hip belt. The intercrural strap was rather wide, separating her ample bottom cheeks in significant individual nates protuberant and prominently exhibited to Gustave's crop. The pattern of copper rivets on the belt between her cheeks announced the presence of a phallus of some sort inserted in her anus. Her second, vaginal olisgos, buried deeply in her birth canal, remained out of sight, but not out of mind as Margarita felt its insidious motion with every step. Because she was doubly penetrated, she moved forward with a wide stance in accommodation of the dual impalement of her vagina and rectum. This caused her to offer the twin cheeks of her strap cleft buttocks in egregious presentation to Gustave's snapping crop. He used it freely, causing Margarita to squeal and skitter forward at each painful splat of leather on her proffered bottom. She snaked the cable sinuously between her ankle shackles, snapping it tight at every snubbed step in a desperate attempt to avoid the sizzling sting of the crop. She made good progress this way until she stood bowed before Fuentes in the grinding agony of her bondage, dual penetration, and flaming buttocks.

He looked down at her bare back and fettered arms, admitting that Gustave had brought her in exemplary restraint bowed in proper submission to her station in life and the condition in which she would serve whomever owned her. The head strap of her gag harness was all he could see of her head

but for the raven blue-black hair it parted from her forehead to the nape of her neck where it disappeared in her silky fall. The tautly drawn strap from the head harness kept her head down and forced her to lean forward as if about to kow-tow to whomever she faced. She faced Fuentes.

“Raul, if you would, show the lady a seat. Be sure she doesn’t move from it while we conduct business.”

The so-called seat was a horizontal steel bar inside a steel mesh cage. One side of the four foot square wire structure served as a hinged door. While Raul held the door open, one of his men guided the severely bound Margarita toward it, then before she could be forced inside; he turned her back to the open cage. Hope for release from her stringent leather strapping after her ankle shackles were removed languished when Margarita saw the wide leather belts produced for her further restraint. All she could see from her forced position of submission was the floor and her legs. She hadn’t noticed the fine quality of the boots Gustavo had chosen for her, being otherwise occupied with the difficulty of walking in her stooped posture with her bottom being blistered by her kindly owner. She occupied herself, concentrating fully on the snapping steel cable between her ankle shackles, with keeping her balance while painfully moving forward at the urging of the splat and burn of Gustavo’s relentlessly applied crop on her juddering buttocks. The control exercised by the inescapable straps holding her submissively leaning forward offering her strap cleft bottom cheeks to the ministrations of whoever would care to lace into her was a convincing argument for her full co operation and the concomitant concentration it necessitated. Once the dark heavy steel dropped from her booted ankles, she could notice for the first time her leather shrouded feet and calves in the tightly laced boots that rose nearly to her knees. Their extreme high heels arched her feet sharply, moulded her calves in shapely definition, their form dictating function in beautiful supple black leather. She noted, also for the first time, the bright little brass padlocks through the buckles of straps at the top of the boots concealing and preventing the knotted laces from being undone. They were the only articles of clothing allowed her.

She couldn’t help but watch as a sturdy leather belt circled her lower thighs above the knee and a second one right below them. Once pulled tight and buckled, her knees were crushed together. Then they strapped her ankles. Margarita’s equilibrium was tenuous in the first place, now she couldn’t remain standing without support. They solved her problem by pushing her back into the cage where she was forced to squat on the steel bar. As her knees bent, she groaned at the tightening it caused in the straps above and below her knees. Her attempt to stretch her legs out to relieve the tormenting pressure of the two straps indenting and compressing her yielding flesh was quickly defeated by a short chain between her ankle strap and the steel bar. It raised her heels with her feet arched up on her toes, holding them far back under her thighs keeping her knees sharply bent with no way to relieve the deep cutting pressure of the tensioned straps. Her breasts rested on her thighs, her head to her knees; the hard steel bar pressed into the soft interstice between thighs and buttocks, which cantilevered her broadened bottom out in distended prominence over the bar. Although her weight rested on the bar, she had to maintain a precarious balance with the toes of her boots barely touching the floor of the cage. Her efforts were manifest by the straining musculature of her legs held hard and taut by her futile attempt to find comfort-there was none. The door of the cage clanged shut, its lock snapped and Margarita was left in her artfully posed suffering to lend credence to the axiom: Suffering engenders great art.

After the sale was completed, both men showing grudging satisfaction to hide elation, Gustavo at the price he had extorted, Fuentes at the possession of his dark haired Castilian beauty, Fuentes instructed Raul how he wanted his new acquisition dealt with.

“Put her in the stables overnight Raul. We’ll deal with her in the morning.”

Shorn of the stringent harnessing and boots, shod in high heeled court shoes with a locked strap across the instep, but other wise totally naked, Margarita high stepped as she was commanded, fingers interlaced at the back of her neck toward the stables. The myriad women she observed in their great variety of harnesses, bridles, and bits strutting and exercising to the crack of whips and crops was immediately forgotten when she joined Molly and Fiona as they too strutted with knees high, backs arched, breasts out-thrust toward a bright future of training as draught animals. Faint smiles of greeting and increased effort to maintain their showy strut and prance demonstrated with dolorous satisfaction how content they were to be back in the civilised world. For, as they all knew, it was a jungle out there for women not subjected to the rigours of discipline females require and, in the last analysis, desire.

THE END