

White Breasts



LUCAS

BADIA

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Illustrated by Badia

Cover Badia

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d'O Fantasy - Apartado 107 - 08197 Valldoreix - Spain
Fax +34 93 5890865
www.dofantasy.com - e-mail webmaster@dofantasy.com
Published in electronic format by www.dofantasy.com

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Impressions of Africa

The old van bumped its way along the dusty track, through Massai territory. In the distance was the faint outline of Mount Meru, and beyond, the unmistakeable snowcapped peak of Kilimanjaro.

Laura took a deep breath. She was overawed. Her first few hours in Africa!

The light was special, the horizon so distant, the air so thin on the high plain, the colours so bright... She felt a deep sense of peace. There was something unique in the heart of black Africa, and she felt she understood it immediately.

The silence was almost ritual. Laura gazed at the infinite countryside. She was silent, almost in a trance...

The great deserted expanses, dotted with solitary acacia trees and poor but picturesque villages, the thin people with their shining ebony skin wearing tunics the colour of the red earth....

All this was new to her.

She had left Seville far behind her now. Almost twenty years of her life... Everything she had known seemed so distant, including her family, Manuel and her job in the school...

She was beginning again now. She was being born again, into a new world. A mysterious, unknown world. The world she had chosen. She had decided to get away, to flee, but from what? She did not know, but she had fled.

She knew she had come here to stay.

Africa! A simpler life, more human, more in touch with the rhythms of

the earth, that was what she was looking for.

Africa was her dream.

She reached the noise and bustle of Nairobi very early in the morning. The presence of soldiers, looking fierce with their machine guns, surprised the smiling Spanish woman at first. The sophisticated kit, red berets, the shining boots and the athletic, well-groomed appearance of the soldiers stood out in stark contrast to the plastic flip-flops and modest clothing of the civil population.

But her surprise did not last long. Laura was in Africa, the dream of her life.

The old van with Education for the World painted on the side picked her up.

She was so tired that she went straight to sleep and did not wake up until the border checkpoint at Namanga.

Africa surprised her again. A crowd of poor blacks pressed against both sides of the barbed wire fence that separated Kenya and Tanzania. There was no apparent reason for their presence.

A colonel armed to the teeth, wearing a uniform that looked decidedly less new and smart than his colleagues at the airport, opened a frail-looking wooden gate.

A solitary van went through.

Laura stepped out to stretch her legs while the driver filled in the forms at the small hut.

Before she knew it, a crowd of young women had gathered around her. They all showed her the babies they were carrying.

Laura's smile soon weakened. The dark eyes, so clear, so shining, seemed to be looking accusingly at her.

Without thinking, she took refuge in the van.

She looked out of the dusty windows at the sea of robes and faces that peered inside. Hands protecting eyes, hands pressed against the glass...

It was all strange and different. There were no pastel shades here. It was all extreme: the earth, the bright colours of the clothing, the ebony skins, the whites of the eyes...

She put the window down and stroked one of the babies. The mother was very young, much younger than she was herself. The girl must have been twelve, thirteen maybe. Laura spoke to her in French and English, and managed a few words in Swahili she had learnt from a phrase book.

The girl smiled. Laura was to remember that smile all her life. A smile she had never seen in anyone else, a smile she would see again only in Africa.

The village of Ngogo. Two weeks later

The excited chatter of the children and the squabbling of their parents stopped suddenly.

Laura fell silent. A dozen armed guerrilla soldiers surrounded the small thatched hut that served as the Ngogo school. They were interrupting a parents' meetings.

It was pouring with rain.

Another dozen soldiers pushed their way with their rifle butts through the parents. They put chairs in front of the front row and sat down.

Laura bit her lips. She tried to calm down. The soldiers were armed and had ostentatiously clicked the cartridge holding the bullets into place.

A corpulent black man wearing bright-coloured robes and an Officer's cap walked slowly and heavily down the aisle that opened up behind his escorts.

Laura looked at him in some disgust. His whole manner was repulsive to her. He was large and fat, with a sweaty gorilla's face and shifty sideways-looking hyena eyes. His flesh wobbled as he walked. His lips were thick and swollen, purplish in colour. He had a slight smile that was difficult to interpret, but it seemed to mean that he felt himself to be more powerful than the lesser creatures around him.

He sat heavily in the chair. He hardly fitted on it. He opened his legs wide. His djellabah, a hooded gown made of red linen, was pulled up. It showed his fleshy knees and gave a glimpse of his huge genitals that hung down almost to the ground.

Laura felt sick when she saw this. She could not help grimacing. The pig had sat a couple of yards away from her, and an unbearable stink of old sweat and dirt reached her.

"Oh, please, carry on," he said in a booming voice that was as unpleasant as everything else about him.

Laura looked him up and down. She was aware she was trembling.

"To what do we owe the honour...?" she managed to ask.

The rebellious General Motutu looked around. Everyone looked down.

"This scum around me are parents," he said. "Am I not a father, the father of sixty-four children?"

Laura tried to control herself. She was clenching her fists.

"Do your children come to this school?" she asked in a heightened tone.

"No, and that is why I am here. I have been informed that a new teacher has arrived. I suppose it is you?"

Laura saw his lustful eyes running over her body. He was undressing her mentally.

She nodded, feeling very uneasy.

"I have heard good words spoken about you, school teacher. And I am happy to say that my informants did not do you justice." His eyes ran over her naked legs.

Laura went red with anger and embarrassment.

"Do you want to enrol one of your children in this school?" she asked, trying to regain the initiative. She looked beyond the man in an attempt to avoid his lustful gaze.

"Here? My children, here, in this cattle pen? I would not even send my bastard daughters here. What I want is for you to go to Kisangani and teach them there. Especially Abdul, the youngest of the children I have decided to recognise."

Laura nearly forgot herself. She nearly told him where to go. But she restrained herself. The bastards were carrying guns and the hut was full of children.

"I am honoured by this kindness on your part, but I'm afraid I cannot teach your children. They must already know how to read and write, which is what I teach here. And they are Muslims and I do not know your religion or its teachings. I do not even know your customs yet."

A heavy silence fell. It went on and on and became unbearable to all present.

Outside the rain came pouring down.

The General was still looking her up and down. It was clear to those near him that he was in a state of sexual excitement. His linen robe did little to conceal the tremendous bulge where there had previously been nothing...

Laura swallowed nervously. The man was unreal, some kind of massive,

persistent, humourless monster. She was afraid.

"You are mistaken, school teacher. You are perfect for my children. I want to bring them up the European way. I drew up the plan they will follow. You will only have to follow it yourself."

The tension was building up in the simple hut where Laura taught the villagers of Ngogo to read and write.

The villagers were fidgeting nervously, scratching at their heads, looking left and right, rubbing their feet on the ground... The children picked up the prevailing mood and some of them began crying.

One of the soldiers made noisy adjustments to his gun.

Laura decided to take the initiative...

"I'm sorry. I came here to work with Education for the World. I came to teach people to read and write. You will understand, I am sure, that I have a commitment to them that I must respect."

The General did not take his eyes off her. He smiled a strange lopsided smile that barely concealed a more urgent, more lustful look in his eye. She did not like the way things were going.

The General stood up without speaking and moved heavily to the bright red limousine with its tinted windows that was waiting outside. He got in and the car left in a cloud of dust.

The situation changed with dramatic speed. There was a smell of petrol, then flames, and more soldiers arrived, some of them without uniform.

It was the Government Army.

The natives ran out shouting and screaming, the women carrying babies...

Laura had never heard a gunshot in her life. She had no idea what was happening, but she threw herself to the ground and crawled out of the burning hut.

The Government soldiers fired and the village found itself in the middle, caught in the crossfire between the official army and the rebel army.

Bullets whistled threw the air. There was shouting, a smell of petrol, the crackling of burning huts... The thick smoke swirled up despite the heavy rain. Villagers and soldiers ran and shouted in the mud.

There was terror.

Laura had almost reached her 4X4 when she felt a sharp pull on her

hair. Her head jerked back and she was knocked to the ground.

Panic-stricken, she looked around in all directions. All she saw was military boots.

Someone fired into the ground about a foot from her head. The crack was deafening. The mud lifted and she smelt the gunpowder.

She wet herself.

She thought the next bullet would be for her.

But she was wrong.

A heavy boot came down on the small of her back and pressed her to the ground. She could not move.

She heard Lamia, the black girl who helped her in the school, shouting desperately somewhere near her.

Lamia was on her knees in the middle of a circle of half a dozen government soldiers. They had pulled her T-shirt off and she was naked from the waist up. One of the barbarians was pulling her hair while the others were showing her their erect members.

Laura could smell the unwashed members.

One of the soldiers, apparently an Officer, pointed his pistol at her breasts and put his penis into her mouth. Her arms had been tied behind her back, brutally. She was crying and shouting hysterically.

It was a scene of horrendous, primitive violence. Lamia's profaned face, washed by tears and rain... The tremendous excitement of the men, who were, no doubt, prepared to shoot to get what they wanted... Penises, all erect, all threatening, all monstrous... They were so different from Manuel's, whose penis was the only one she had ever seen before that fateful day. They seemed to be the sexual organs of a different species, so much bigger and blacker. The tip had a suggestion of purple that she found repellent.

The soldiers were shoving and pushing, anxious to be the next to rape the girl when the Officer had finished.

Laura watched in horror, helpless as huge hands pulled at her colleague's hair.

Powerful arms with bulging muscles pushed and pulled at the girl's head like a mechanical drill.

She saw Lamia's tortured expression, her tears, her twitching jaws and her cheek red with blood from her nose.



She saw the man's powerful buttocks tense and relax as he thrust into the girl's throat.

She saw the girl's naked breasts, saw how her back was arched and her breasts pushed forwards, an offering no soldier here was going to refuse... She saw the big, firm breasts crushed against the rapist's thighs, trembling with each thrust.

And above all she saw the huge stake of red meat that slid in and out of the girl's tense lips like a well-greased piston rod.

Laura shouted in pain.

Someone had forced her arms up behind her back and put handcuffs on her.

Bullets whistled through the air once again.

Panic-stricken, she stood up and tried to run away, stumbling and slipping in the mud. The men who were shooting near her were laughing at her...

She fell headlong into the mud, covering her face and breasts with wet, red earth.

The bullets still hit the ground near her, the men were still laughing, but Laura heard none of it...

She had passed out.

When she woke up, she did not know where she was. She couldn't see anything and she felt very hot, especially around the head.

For a moment she thought she was in bed at home in Seville and that she was caught in the sheets.

But she tried to move her arms and couldn't...

As she woke up, she heard the noise of an engine and smelt petrol. And she realised she was in a lorry. With a hood over her head.

The handcuffs brought it all back to her.

The realisation hit her like an injection of pure terror straight into the vein.

An older heart might not have survived it.

Then she was aware of the stifling heat of the sun, the humid heat after the rain. She was aware too that she was completely naked!

Someone had taken her clothes off while she was unconscious!

One of the blacks!

She tried to control her panic...

No, they had apparently not raped her. She had bruises all over her body and the cuffs were digging into her wrists. Her face hurt and her breasts hurt too, perhaps from the fall.

But no, she had not been raped.

Not yet...

Not yet, she thought, but if they aren't going to rape me, why have they taken all my clothes off?

Then she heard Lamia.

"Please! ... Stop! NOOOO! ... I can't stand it!" she was saying in a weak, trembling voice.

"What's up, black girl? You don't like me fucking you with a pistol!"

"Stop, please!"

"Stop? Do you want me to squeeze the trigger? Shall I bust your cunt open with a bullet?"

"Shall I bust your cunt open with a bullet?"

Laura heard a click...

"No, please ... I'll do whatever you want. Don't shoot! Please!"

Laura tried to turn round...

"Well, well, we've got company! Your white friend has come round at last..."

Laura sat up with a start.

The village of Bukunga. Thirty kilometres to the north of Ngogo

The lorry stopped and someone grabbed her ankle and dragged her until she fell to the ground. There were a lot of people around her.

Laura turned over, trying to cover up her nakedness.

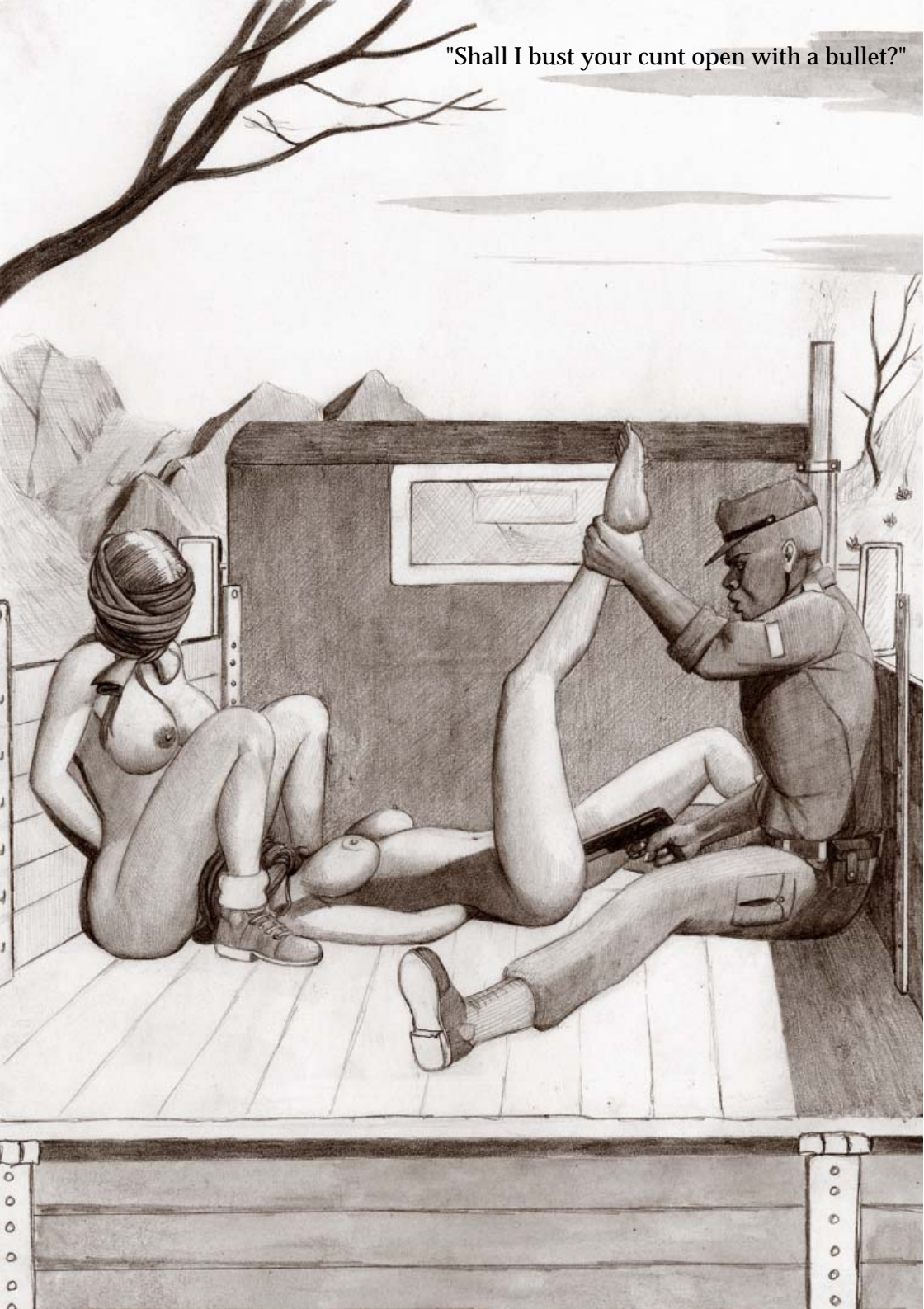
A brutal hand pulled on her hair and forced her to stand up.

A kick on the ass was the signal to start walking.

She stumbled along, unable to predict where the punches and pushes would come from next. Her feet sank into the mud.

She arrived in a covered place. It was an old slaughter-house, a low ramshackle building made of adobe. It was full of cages. The army called

"Shall I bust your cunt open with a bullet?"



it a Detention Centre.

They pulled the hood off and let her see it.

The first thing she saw was a brutal scene. Two naked blacks were brutally raping a black girl. The unfortunate girl was handcuffed and chained by the neck to a hook set into the ground.

The second thing she saw was Lamia. She was next to her, naked and handcuffed too. She had difficulty recognising the happy, laughing girl who helped her in the mission centre. Lamia was crying, her face contorted by panic. Her back was covered in cuts and welts, a result of the scratching and sadistic biting she had suffered when she was raped. The girl could hardly stand up.

Two thin lines of blood ran down her thighs to below her knees.

A soldier, the only white soldier in the room, placed a thick collar on her, the kind used on large dogs. It was made of leather. It had a heavy buckle, and was attached to Lamia's similar collar by a very short chain, just over a foot long.

The two girls sat close together against the wall.

Pulling on the chain, the white soldier took them over to the guard room, which was full of half-naked soldiers.

Laura and Lamia stood trembling in front of a table. On the other side sat a negro, his face and chest deeply etched with scars.

He looked at them for some time, especially at Laura, who was aware as never before of the whiteness of her own skin.

"Fetch Mamy," he said.

Mamy appeared shortly afterwards. She was a skeletally thin black woman, old but heavily made up. She was wearing a frayed red dress. It was very short and had a V neck. She looked like an old prostitute.

She hobbled up to Lamia.

"A pretty little slut for a Nursi tribeswoman. Where did you find her?" she asked, putting a crooked finger under the girl's chin.

"Stop fucking around. Get on with it," the seated man ordered.

Three soldiers lifted the terrified Lamia. One took her by the hair, while the other two took one thigh each and one buttock each and half-lifted her, with her knees wide apart and her feet barely touching the ground... The girl was left floating in the air with her vagina wide open, as if offering itself to the soldiers.

Mamy licked her fingers ... and plunged them deep into Lamia's open

vagina. She looked the girl in the eye as she did it, smiling... Lamia yelled. Her vagina was very sore. Laura swallowed nervously.

"No way this one's a virgin," said the old woman, licking her bloodstained fingers. "The slut has put it out for half the regiment."

Laura could not restrain herself. That was not true!

"What are you talking about?" she shouted. "Are you crazy? We're people, human beings... We have our rights. You can't treat us like this. The United Nations prohibits the ill-treatment of detainees. I'll report you all to the International Court at La Hague! I'll..."

They all looked at her in genuine astonishment. What the fuck was she chattering about?

Mamy was the first to react. The old woman put her hand under her own skirt and took her panties off. They were lace panties, a large old-fashioned object. And they were absolutely filthy. Front and back.

Before Laura could stop him, one of the beasts pulled her head back and Mamy stuck the panties into her mouth. Another man put sticky tape across her mouth, sealing the underwear in.

It was Laura's turn now, but for what?

The three of them lifted her in the air as they had lifted Lamia.

Mamy smiled at her and sucked her fingers. Laura saw that they were long, bony and had long broken nails with the remains of red nail varnish on them...

"Now for your hole, my dear. Mamy's going to see if you've been a good little girl with your hole..."

Laura's scream was stifled by the old woman's panties.

She had done some heavy petting with Manuel lots of times. But she was still a virgin.

The old woman felt the resistance immediately, but she carried on, scratching with her witch's nails. She smiled into Laura's eyes as she did so.

Why didn't the stupid woman take her fingers out and leave her alone?

Laura returned the hard, cold gaze. She stared into the eyes of the woman who was profaning her in such an undignified way, mustering up all the pride she was capable of in such difficult circumstances.

"The woman's still a virgin!" Mamy spat out.

The negro with the scarred face cursed.

"OK. Chain her to the Princess and bring the black girl over here," he ordered.

Princess? Laura thought. Who was this Princess?

The last thing Laura saw as she was led away was her colleague from the school hut leaning forward on a table, while the large black held the cheeks of her buttocks apart with both hands.

The last thing she heard was a desperate scream...

Two soldiers, both naked from the waist up, escorted Laura. She was put in one of the cages in this old slaughterhouse where a few years earlier long-horned cattle had waited nervously...

"Company for you, Princess," said one of the soldiers, addressing himself to a girl who was already in the cage.

Laura looked and saw two beautiful dark eyes. The girl was young and incredibly beautiful. She seemed to be of mixed race because she almost looked European.

The soldier pushed Laura into the cage.

Before they left, the soldiers linked her collar to the Princess'. They left the two girls on their knees, looking at each other in complete silence.

One was silent because everything she had seen from her cage had taught her the value of silence. The other was silent because she still had old Mamy's dirty panties in her mouth.

As soon as they had gone, Princess turned round and, despite the handcuffs, managed to take the tape off Laura's mouth and pull the panties out. Laura turned her head quickly and was sick.

Night was falling. All the cages were strangely silent. There was only the occasional disconsolate groan from the other female prisoners.

"Thank you," said Laura when she managed to control her stomach.

The black girl nodded.

"What is all this?" Laura asked. "Where are we? What's going on?"

"Speak quietly," Princess whispered, looking around. "If they hear us, we'll be punished. You're in Bukunga. And this is a government prison."

Looking down, she went on "It used to be a slaughterhouse. And it still is. The government doesn't take prisoners. Well, they do, but only young women. We're all Nursi women here. Except you."

Laura realised that her new friend was stark naked except for a strange kind of tanga, made of just two straps, one round her waist like a normal belt and the other coming down from it, front and back, passing tight

between her legs.

"What's that you're wearing?" she asked, nervously. It was obvious that the straps were too tight. She could see them digging right into the soft flesh...

"I'm a ... virgin. They put this on me."

Laura looked and could not believe it. It was a chastity belt. A padlock round the back held the two straps together.

"Mamy's the only one with a key. If anything happens to me, she'll be killed!"

"Why did they put it on you?"

"They're going to sell me," said Princess, her eyes swimming with tears. "It's always been that way. Nursi women have always been slaves of the Totsis."

"Slaves? You mean servants..."

Princess shook her head. She meant slaves, she said.

"They'll sell me the same way they sell cattle. There's nothing new about it. It was like that before the war. Sometimes it's the girl's own family who sell her to a rich Totsi or maybe an Arab."

"But ... they can't do that! Times have changed! We're at the end of the Twentieth Century. Slavery was abolished at the beginning of the Nineteenth Century!"

Princess looked at her cagemate strangely. Was she stupid or was she just acting dumb?

They fell silent. There were footsteps and the light of two candles.

Someone opened the cage next to theirs...

Laura peered into the flickering gloom and saw the outline of half a dozen men standing around a naked girl. She was struggling, her hands cuffed behind her back.

What she saw next made the Spanish girl sick again.

She had never seen such a barbarous cruel act in her life. It was more horrendous than anything she could have imagined.

It was a nightmare that went on and on, for hours. Two, three and even four of the savage beasts abused the girl at the same time. They ill-treated her with savage violence, ferociously...

The violence was out of all proportion, even in a rape. It was angry, senseless and it chilled Laura to the core... It was just cruel, just sadistic, just out of reach of all reason, beyond all useful protest...

The unfortunate girl managed to shout when they took her gag off her to rape her face.

Laura recognised Lamia's voice!

She started trembling from head to foot.

She felt hands on her shoulders. It was Princess, pulling her back from the bars of the cage.

Laura sank to the ground, sobbing, and let her cellmate, her chainmate, put her arm round her.

The violence in the air pushed the girls together more effectively than any chain. Laura began stroking Princess's arm, running her fingers over the sensitive flesh around the inside of the wrist. Princess moved in response. They needed to be together, to occupy their minds, to switch off, to get away mentally... They were defenceless, naked, shut up in the dark... They embraced each other in the grim half-light just a few yards from a barbarous scene, a scene from the dark soul of mankind...

Neither of them had done anything with a woman before and probably would never have done anything if they had not been chained together in such terrible circumstances...

Hell itself had opened before them. Their minds tried to respond by creating a world within a world...

Dawn came and the first light found the two young bodies claspng each other tight. They were fast asleep. Two warm, satisfied bodies, resting in their own little world with the deep pleasure that only fully satisfied love can bring.

Half way through the morning, Princess and Laura were standing up, trembling, in the horrendous real world. Their wrists were tied to the bars of the cage.

Mamy and a couple of the beasts were working on them.

"So you thought you would take the panties out of her mouth, did you? And who gave you permission?" asked Mamy.

"No ... no, I didn't do it, I swear!" said Princess.

"Oh no? So our white friend is a contortionist, then, is that what you're saying?!"

Laura just shook her head. She seemed momentarily more in control than Princess.

"It doesn't matter. I'm going to punish both of you. And I'll make sure you don't spend the night chatting. But first I'm going to put a virgin's uniform on you," she said to Princess, squeezing her nipples hard. "You

know what I'm talking about, don't you?"

Laura looked down. She supposed she was talking about a chastity belt.

"You know, I see. Your friend is wearing one. You've seen one, but from the outside."

Laura's eyes opened wide. The old witch was showing her a belt with two straps, just like Princess's. One of the straps held a vibrator at least a foot long and two inches wide.

"See if you can guess where this is going!" asked Mamy, stroking Laura's lips with the tip of the phallus. Laura burst into tears at the touch.

"Think about it," said Mamy. "The bit of you that's worth most is your cunt. So we're going to look after it, aren't we?"

The two soldiers looked at each other and laughed. A cold shiver went down Laura and left her with gooseflesh despite the already warm morning.

How was this all possible? What was the point of so much savagery, so much dirt, real and mental?

A vibrator. And it was clearly going to go into her anus! Christ!

They'd kill her.

What satisfaction did these pigs get from barbarous acts like pushing that into her?

"You know why I'm going to put this in your ass? You don't? I'll tell you. In this country men like to use their female slaves as if they were boys. Especially the old men. You understand?"

Laura shook her head again. She understood the explanation, not the barbarity.

The old witch seemed to enjoy explaining things to a foreigner.

"A man pays a fortune for a tight little ass like yours, and he doesn't want to find he can't fuck it. Now do you understand me? This thing will get your ass nice and ready. You'll be able to please the man who buys you. And even an old man will be able to get it in your ass, however difficult you make it for him."

Mamy nodded at the two men and they tied Laura's ankles to two bars. The bars were so wide apart they nearly split her crutch open.

Mamy bent down.

"No! ... Please! NO!" Laura shouted, aware that she was humiliating herself in front of the old woman, for the first time.

"It's for your own good, dear. This way it won't hurt so much when

they give it to you in your ass. Blacks carry a big dick, I can tell you from my own experience! Ha! ha! ha!"

"It'll hurt me! It's too big! No, please, please!"

Many put the first belt on, round Laura's slim waist, pulling it so tight that Laura thought she would be split in two.

Then she slid the vibrator along the strap and removed it. For a moment Laura thought she was going to be spared the torture, but she was soon disappointed. "So you can see that Mamy is being kind to you, I'm going to wet it before I put it in."

Laura's stomach heaved. The old witch had opened her mouth wide and begun licking and sucking the black vibrator noisily, disgustingly, making big slurping noises. She saw Laura's discomfort, smiled, and put the whole penis down into her throat. Laura shuddered. The old witch was apparently proud of her ability.

"No need to look so disgusted. You'll soon be doing the same for the man who buys you, you'll see. Nobody's going to buy a sweet little mouth like yours and not put his prick in it, that's for sure. And if you don't know how to take his prick in, he'll soon teach you. Or he'll send someone else to teach you..."

Laura almost forgot the vibrator listening to the witch's sarcastic words. Then a cramp in her crutch reminded her what was coming...

Mamy put the vibrator back on the strap.

"I'm just going to put it in a tiny little bit first. Just enough to open your little hole." She pressed the vibrator into the girl's anus. "Just a little bit, you see?"

"Ugh! ... It hurts! ... Take it out, please! ... OOOOOH!"

"Just relax. Breathe hard. You'll soon get used to it. I love it, but then I started a lot younger than you. With my father. I can get a bottle in now. All of it. Now here we go..."

"AAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

"Relax. Enjoy it, dear."

Suddenly, with a brutality Laura had not expected, the old woman pulled on the strap. The imitation penis plunged deep in the girl's bowels. But that was not all. The old woman pulled and pulled until the whole object had disappeared in the small hole. She did it with evident signs of sexual pleasure, biting her lips, her eyes bright, a half-smile on her lips. She tightened the belt as much as she could, pulling it so tight it slipped deep into the girl's tender, still vaginal, sex lips.

Pure agony. Agony that would not go away, however hard she breathed, agony that filled her and profaned her, torturing her bowels.

Mamy looked from one to the other, admiring her work. Two bottoms deeply penetrated.

"That's that," said the witch, satisfied "Now there's just one more question. Your little chats at night."

Princess saw one of the gorillas take his shoes off. She shook her head, frightened. She knew very well how the old whore was going to stop their little chats at night...

A stench of old urine and stale semen made Laura turn her head. She saw the gorilla's naked feet. She forgot the pain in her bowels for a moment and looked up at Mamy, who smiled.

"You'll get worse things than this in your mouth when someone buys you!"

Laura too shook her head. They wouldn't...

Mamy pulled Princess's head back by the hair and punched her in the stomach, hard. The soldier took advantage of her open mouth and forced a dirty pair of socks in between her teeth.

Then they put the tape over it. And then came the nausea, the sense of choking, of not getting enough air through the nose, the panic...

Laura looked on in horror as her cellmate was silenced. They made her suck the rest of the socks in herself, like a piece of spaghetti.

"You see that? Princess knows what's good for her, don't you, my dear?"

Princess's eyes were hollow. She was sunk, physically and psychologically, as surely as the soiled underwear had sunk into her mouth... She managed to nod.

Laura looked at her carefully. She saw how for a moment a spark of hatred burnt. The girl was not fully beaten yet...

"Chew them, black girl. Show a white girl what you can do. I want to see this Nursi with her delicate gazelle's neck sweating at the hands of a Totsi."

Princess obeyed. There was still some pride in her eyes, but she was fighting against her stomach. Until she could not stand any more and she was sick.

Mamy slapped her hard on the face and rubbed her face in her own vomit. She passed it over the dirty socks that lay on the ground...

Princess's shoulders creaked from the forced position of her arms, chained to the railings.

She tried to resist but the black girl with soft features and slim gazelle's neck ended up with the socks back in her mouth and her lips sealed with sticky tape.

Mamy stepped back.

"Some visitors are coming this afternoon. With a bit of luck, you won't be here tomorrow!"

The girls waited. They could not sit down or bend over. If they tried to move, the chastity belt bit harder into the virginal sex lips and the vibrator moved around inside churning up their entrails.

From time to time the soldiers brought new women in, or raped and tortured other prisoners.

Except for Laura, all the women were of the rival ethnic group. Naked women, some of them very young, were tied or handcuffed, and raped by soldiers who had lost control of themselves, overcome by sexual desire and ethnic hatred.

The men insulted the women, beat them, groped them lustfully, especially on the breasts, bit them on the most feminine parts of their anatomy, pinched them, scratched them, and penetrated them.

They made them do things Laura had never even heard of...

Suddenly a stream of water hit the two women in the face. The soldier whose socks Princess had in her mouth was hosing them down.

Laura almost enjoyed the feeling. She hated being dirty. And the cool water took away some of the stifling heat.

The soldier threw a bucket of soapy water over the girls, as if he was washing a horse. He used his big black hands to make sure the soapy water went everywhere.

He started first with Princess, who was trembling, but not from cold. His hands were insolent, intrusive... They took handfuls of her flesh, testing it, pressing it, twisting it... They slapped her breasts back and forth again and again. The man seemed fascinated by the way they settled back into place, wobbling and knocking into each other.

Princess's skin shone through the soapy water. Her skin slipped through the man's obscene hands. It was firm, responsive flesh...

The hands were suddenly everywhere. Under the young Nursi's hair, pulling and pushing her head around as they washed her, passing roughly over her nose and ears, forcing the water into her eyes... They moved on to her arms, her armpits, her breasts... They cleaned the girl's breasts for

a long time. They were a very long time on her now erect nipples, pinching and wrinkling them. Then they moved down over her ribs, to her slender waist. The man put his arm round her waist and lifted her off the ground for a moment. Then he set to work on the chastity belt. He could not take it off, so he worked the soap under it as best he could.

He was getting more excited now, losing control of himself as sexual desire took over...

Laura saw it and did not like it. She was next.

The black soldier pulled her head back and looked at her carefully. She saw his bloodshot eyes moving, flickering, taking in all the details of her nakedness...

For the first time Laura was glad she was wearing a chastity belt.

The black spoke to her in Swahili. Laura understood very little.

But she saw clearly enough what was happening. The man's whole attitude, his nervous gestures, his dark, lust-filled voice, made it all too clear what he would like to do to her. Laura felt used, humiliated, insulted, outraged, in all that was most intimate in her personality. Her heart sank.

He put his fingers up her nostrils, over her eyes, and he groped her in a way he would not have done if she had not been wearing the belt. His impulses turned elsewhere, to her breasts above all. He fondled them and slapped them and worked them as if he was making bread. Her sensitive nipples stood right out, provocatively it seemed to the soldier. They were firm and wrinkled, almost asking to be sucked...

And the girl was tied up, defenceless...

Standing up...

Her arms behind her head...

Gagged with smelly socks. Her mouth dribbling constantly...

She was obscenely stuck on something that seemed to be penetrating her up to her throat.

She shuddered as she thought of the insidious hands that had profaned her body with no regard for her person or her feelings.

Where did all this cruelty come from?

Laura was not a child. She was perfectly aware that a girl like her could be a rape victim, especially in a continent with so much misery and so many wars as Africa. But everything around her seemed worse even than rape itself. Starting with the groping hands and moving on to the atrocities that she saw in the surrounding cages.

It was the violence that shocked her to the core, more than the sex itself. She did not understand why these uniformed pigs could not see that they were dealing with people. They only saw women, or rather parts of women's bodies, waiting to be tortured.

The human being, victim or torturer, became less than human here. The victim because she was robbed of her dignity under torture, and the torturer because his cruelty placed him on the level of animal savagery. Or below it, she reflected. Even wild beasts were seldom so cruel, just for pleasure, and never in such a routine, programmed way. No one here was quite a person. There was an institutionalised violence in the air that horrified her.

Laura gave a long, low groan of despair as the cruel hands ran all over her body. It was a terrible sound, dull and bitter at the same time. There was, she was sure, worse to come...

"She's Obiongo's youngest daughter," said Mamy.

"The Prime Minister, the last one?" asked Ngema, the dealer.

"Yes. She's the old sod's daughter," said Mamy. "A fine body to own and fuck, don't you think?"

Ngema ran his eyes down Princess's lovely young body with renewed interest. He dealt in human flesh, like his father before him, like his grandfather and his great grandfather. Unlike them, he did not intend his merchandise to be used for work from dawn to sunset in the clove plantations. He had other plans, other suffering, for his women. They would be humiliated and sexually abused by the richest men, and sometimes women, on the planet.

"Virgin, you say?" he asked, suspiciously.

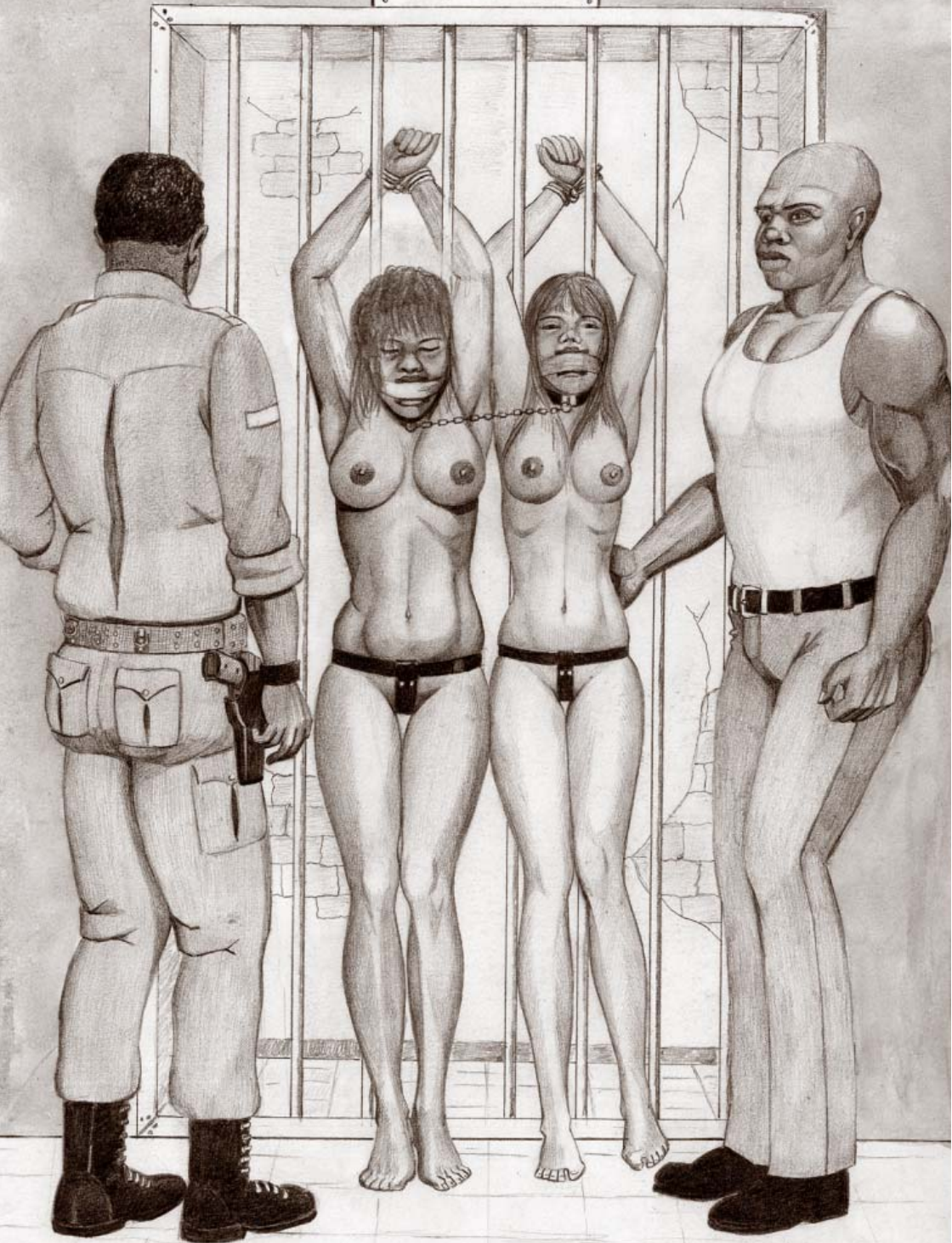
"Guaranteed. I know it's not common at her age, but remember she studied outside this fucking country. She was arrested as soon as she stepped off the plane. She was silly enough to come back when she heard her family was in trouble..."

"So she can read and write. An educated cunt!" said Ngema, stroking the girl's chin. "She's still too expensive though."

"Sorry," said Mamy, "I can't lower the price. You know you'll get five times what I'm asking. She's beautiful. And she's never been used. The girl's got a lifetime of service ahead of her and she's educated and she's got character. She's a proud little slut. A nice little purchase for a rich sadist, eh? Plenty of those around."

Ngema did not answer. The old woman was right, but he had to haggle.

VIRGINS



"She's white and beautiful. And she's never been used."

"And this one?"

"Another bargain. White skin, fair hair, nearly blonde, school mistress, Spanish, plenty of character there too! In perfect condition, big tits, unused... You make her up a bit, dress her up, and she'd look like a model. You'd make a lot of money with this one."

Ngema walked slowly over to Laura. She was shaking from head to foot.

"Look me in the eye," he said in Spanish. He took one of her nipples between his index finger and thumb.

Their eyes met. His cold, cruel gaze reflected his own power. The cold, sadistic power of a man who has total control over a woman's body. Her eyes told a different story. She was powerless, humiliated at having to show him the most intimate parts of her body. She was humiliated and sunk into despair.

"Are you a hot slut? Would you like to have a man inside you? Would you like a good long fuck?" he asked, stroking her soft, pink nipples with practised fingers.

Laura did not answer. Instead she closed her eyes and wept.

Gagged as she was, she only managed to lower her eyes and shake her head. She had never felt so many uncontrollable emotions at the same time. She was aware of the heat, of cold shivers, panic, tiredness, disgust, choking, pain, and now...

"It doesn't matter," Ngema said, more to himself than to her, pinching her nipples hard. You don't need to be horny with this body, this white skin, these breasts... It doesn't matter what you are. The man'll have a hard-on like a fence post."

He turned to Mamy. "I'll take the pair of them, just the way they are. Put it all on the bill – two cuntcovers, two dog's collars, two socks. Ha! ha! ha!"

Two hours later. The outskirts of Bukunga

That same night, Laura took another step down into one of the deepest and darkest pits, the pit of human depravity.

The girls were taken to Ngema's warehouse on the outskirts of Bukunga. It occupied the basement of a luxurious colonial mansion that stood in the middle of a huge plantation of cloves. The plantation had survived

years of war, no one was quite sure how.

Ngema pulled on the chain that joined their necks and then forced them down onto their knees on an old mattress. The girls saw that the mattress was stained. It smelt of old sex, of sweat, and perhaps of urine too...

Laura could not believe her eyes. On the wall of the store was a horizontal bar several metres long, carrying short chains attached to dogs' collars. All the collars were in use!

At least twenty black girls, all of them very young and all of them stripped totally naked, were sitting on the ground. They were apparently dozing, half asleep in some kind of depressed stupor.

The whole place stank, far worse than the slaughterhouse.

Ngema went to get one of the prisoners, a beautiful Nursi. He called her Neomi because she looked like a model. He took the heavy chain from the bar.

The lovely girl followed the slave trader, swinging her hips suggestively and with her hands on the back of her head. Laura was surprised by this little exhibition of sexiness. She was also surprised when Ngema picked up a riding crop identical to the ones she had seen the horsemen use in the Seville Fair.

"Take the gag off them, and the belt," he ordered Neomi, handing her the keys.

Laura breathed in relief, but the air that she sucked in proved so sickly that she was sick once again.

How many times have I been sick the last few days? she asked herself.

Then the girl reached down with her dark hands and took the belt off. With the belt came the phallus in her anus. Laura felt deeply embarrassed. It was so horribly public, in front of Princess, Neomi, Ngema and a whole line of unfortunate women.

She was the only white woman in this whole sinister place and she was aware that all eyes were on her. She was about to sob, when she checked herself. Was she...? It wasn't possible! Yes, it was true! She felt the warm urine running down the inside of both thighs. She was wetting herself in front of everybody!

Ngema watched the urine go down her leg. He smiled. He had never seen a white woman wet herself before and he liked it...

"Take the black's collar off!" he said when Laura had finished.

Neomi left the chain hanging from Laura's collar, hanging down

between her superb breasts. Ngema liked the look of it. He also liked the way Neomi's own longer chain hung down temptingly over her vagina.

"Turn round," he said, "and give me the chain." Neomi obeyed, passing the chain between her legs and handing it to him. She gave a gasp as he pulled it tight so. It went into the lips of her vagina. "Push onto it!" he said, pulling it taut. The girl pushed her vagina onto the tight chain, as if she was making love with it, jerking into the air like some demented monkey.

Laura looked on in astonishment. She and Princess were on their knees, naked. They were no longer chained together, but they instinctively sat close to each other. They still had their hands cuffed behind their backs.

Ngema dropped his trousers...

Laura looked away quickly.

Neomi fell on her knees to her cellmate's astonishment, and brought her open mouth down onto the heavy member and took the tip in.

Ngema raised his crop.

SLAAAAAAAAAASH!

He brought it down onto the armchair. Laura turned pale.

"You two! Get down on the ground! Start playing with each other! I want to see you moving around at my feet..."

You did not need to be very clever to know what he was getting at, but Ngema made his point clear anyway by pointing at the ground with his riding crop.

"I want to see your black face working on this white cunt. And I want to see your pale face stuck to this black cunt. I want to see some chewing!"

Laura and Princess looked at each other for a moment in confusion while Neomi sucked the sadist's penis, making exaggerated noises...

SLUUUUUUURP!

He pulled back his arm.

CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!

The crack on the chair had the desired effect.

With some difficulty because of the handcuffs, Laura and Princess lay down on the dirty mattress and crawled towards each other.

They crawled past each other's faces and towards each other's bottoms. Then they lay down on their sides with their faces close to each other's vaginas.

Laura had never been so near another woman's sexual organs. She felt some repugnance. It had been different in the cage in the slaughterhouse. Princess had had a chastity belt on, it was dark and no one was watching them...

The riding crop came down again...

CRAAAAAAAAAAACK!

Laura moved first.

She kissed the closed sex lips, gently, almost tenderly, with a series of little butterfly kisses. She kissed delicately as if she was kissing an open fig...

Ngema was sexually aroused now. He seized Laura's head and pushed it brutally against Princess's sex lips.

The two girls lay on their sides, giving and receiving...

Princess gave a low groan and moved one foot up a little, which permitted her to bend at the knee and open her lips to receive the kiss...

"Suck and lick, you filthy sluts. You big-titted tarts! And you! Get that white face of yours right down on that black pussy! Get your tongue right in there. Lick her clit! Make her squirm around! Make her wriggle!"

Fear overcame Laura's natural delicacy. She looked at the riding crop that he was brandishing and she slipped her tongue in, slowly and tentatively. Princess gave a soft, low moan as the tongue found her clitoris and winkled it out. "Suck me, suck me..." murmured Princess, pressing gently against her face. Laura took the girl's clitoris between her teeth and sucked it in. Then she pushed it out with her tongue, and sucked it in again.

Suck ... push ... suck ... push.

Princess groaned and went into a slow rocking movement that pushed her against Laura's sensitive tongue again and again...

For some time Laura pretended that she felt nothing, but Princess was licking her between the legs with big firm strokes of the tongue, and it soon started to get through to her too. She also slid her foot up towards her bottom, bending at the knee and opening her lips. Soon she too was moaning softly and rocking gently... In a few minutes they were both kissing more passionately. The moans, at first intended more to avoid the riding crop than anything else, gradually became more and more urgent as the girls groaned and then grunted and their rhythm became

more and more automatic, out of their control... They gasped as their vaginas pushed themselves harder and harder onto the willing, exploring tongues...

"OOH! ... UGH! AAAAAAAAAAAGHHH!!!

AAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

Laura came, her vagina pushing hard against Princess's frantic face, her whole body twitching and jerking...

She let out a final huge shout as the orgasm hit her like an enormous black tidal wave...

"AAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

It was so strong that Laura must have lost consciousness. She lay for a long time without moving, her mind dark...

When she recovered she looked around, unsure where she was.

It had been so powerful that she did not know what had happened. She had difficulty remembering where she was.

Princess came just after Laura.

Ngema came last, having pushed his member into Princess's mouth just as she was having her orgasm, obliging her to keep sucking when she should have been resting...

At the last moment he pulled away. Laura was recovering at that moment. He shot off all over her face and watched in pleasure as he spurted over her lovely big breasts...

When she realised what had happened, Laura burst into tears. She felt degraded. Her most private feelings had been made public for this man's sexual pleasure.

First she had wet herself. And now she had come, she had had a huge orgasm, perhaps she had even fainted from it, in front of this foul, ruthless man...

Ngema was more than satisfied with the spectacle in which he had participated. He left the warehouse, leaving the girls tied up with the others.

That night, chained by the neck again and sitting naked on the stone floor in a remote, forgotten warehouse, Laura listened to Princess's story, just a small part of the terrible history of a nation...

Princess did not know exactly when the hostilities had begun. Nor did

she know exactly how many different guerrilla groups were operating in the country. What she did know is that a few months ago, while the war was still going on, her father – the Nursi Maurice Obiongo – had won the first ever democratic elections in the whole history of the tiny state.

A week later Totsi soldiers, members of an ethnic group that was minority among the population as a whole, but which constituted the majority of the State army, organized a coup d'état under the bloodthirsty General Motutu. The General was Commander of the FLMA, one of the most savage factions, which had its base in the north. Motutu was seriously, authentically mad. He was a sadistic killer and self-confessed cannibal. Obiongo had ordered his arrest with the intention of bringing him to trial for genocide. But no one had arrested the blood-crazed madman. No one wanted to. For a start, he was seldom left his territory. He had few friends and few political allies. Everyone just kept out of his way. He remained Public Enemy Number One and he remained at the head of his particularly vicious guerrilla faction.

Princess had got a plane to Bujumbura as soon as she heard of the military rising. She joined her father, mother and sisters and decided to stay with them. But the news that reached Paris gave little idea of the real situation in Bujumbura. There were angry crowds on the streets and there was blood in the air. While Princess was having breakfast on the plane, her father was publicly humiliated, tortured and finally stabbed to death in front of the television cameras. A few yards away, off camera, her mother suffered a similar fate after being raped.

An hour later the television interrupted the normal programmes to break the news. Princess's older sister was shown suspended by the ankle from a tree in the main shopping street. An angry crowd jeered, booed, insulted the bloodstained girl and spat on her. She was forced to sing the Totsi national anthem while she was flogged. She was flogged to death.

Princess was arrested as soon as she stepped off the plane and taken to the army headquarters. Her presence there proved embarrassing to the Military Junta because of her foreign connections. They decided to send her to the Detention Centre in Bukunga, where she remained in a cage until Laura arrived.

The girl had had no news about her other two sisters or the rest of her family...

Laura found the story blood-chilling and unbelievable... But she managed to control herself enough to console the deeply depressed girl.

"There, there ... please ... breathe in slowly ... that's right ... deeper ... there, there," she whispered.

"All these girls are Nursi," Princess said, looking at the other unfortunate girls. "The Totsis burn our villages, kill our men and children, and then they take the girls away... They share them out and then they take them to the war to fight their own people. They give them guns. You can imagine what else they do with them..."

"What about us?" asked Laura. "What are they going to do with us, do you think?"

"They separate all the girls they think are pretty. They put chastity belts on them so the soldiers can't rape them. Then they give them to officers or they sell them. Usually to men, usually to rich old men. Sadists most of them. Sometimes women buy them too."

Laura could not take it all in. But she had no reason to doubt the truth of what Princess was saying. She herself was the living proof of it, stripped naked, chained by the neck, and forced to take part in a private – or not so private – orgy with a black slave dealer.

"Who's he going to sell us to?"

"Anybody with money to buy us. This has been going on for years. My father had plans to stop it but they killed him first. They come here from lots of different countries. I've seen Arabs, Asians, Europeans, Americans... There are pigs everywhere. Government pigs too. The Totsi have always controlled the government here, except Daddy's, and they've always had Nursi slaves. They usually keep it quiet though."

"Slaves," Laura repeated the word mechanically. She was a slave. It was hard to understand, but difficult to deny. She was a slave.

She couldn't do the things she had seen Neomi do, her sexy movements as she walked, her swing of the hips, sticking her breasts out, making love with a chain...

It was not in her. No one could force her.

As soon as the thought came, she realised it was wrong. They could. They could break her will as they had broken Neomi's, just as they had forced her to perform a sexual act against her will.

Laura closed her eyes and thought of her parents. Did they have any

idea what was happening? She thought of Manuel and her life as a student in Seville, her friends... She imagined Neomi at university with her. She would be successful with the boys... She was successful here too, but here she was forced to walk around with no clothes on and forced to behave obscenely for the revolting pig Ngema who was three times as old as she was.

Their lives, hers and Princess's and Neomi's, were so different, or had been.

Not any more. Here she was, sitting on the same floor as Neomi, as naked as her and attached to the wall by the same heavy chain as her, wearing the same dog's collar as her, in an isolated warehouse in a remote part of the heart of Black Africa.

There was a sudden movement. Soldiers stood up hastily and saluted. Laura and Princess recognised the newcomer immediately.

General Motutu!

They both knew the Totsi killer for different reasons. They both dropped their heads instinctively when they saw him and turned their faces away.

"A nice little bunch of flowers, Your Excellency! Twenty lovely little Nursi cunts, hand picked! And we have one exotic flower over here that might interest Your Excellency," said Ngema.

General Motutu walked slowly down the line of naked girls towards Laura and Princess.

"Is His Excellency looking for anything special?"

"Yes. I'm looking for meat, not cunts today. Something tender. To eat you understand."

Ngema nodded hastily.

"This one! Tell her to stand up!" said the General.

Ngema struck one of the unfortunate girls on the thigh and she leapt to her feet. She was beautiful, with lovely dark eyes that flickered nervously left and right.

The General took a breast in each hand.

"What does one of these weight?"

Ngema hesitated for a moment. No one had ever asked him that before.

"A kilo," he said, more or less at random. The General looked at him in surprise and he added quickly "The truth, is, General, I don't know really. I wouldn't know how to weigh it even..."

"Don't worry, Ngema. I'll weigh them before I roast them and I'll tell you. That way you'll know next time! Ha! ha! ha!"

Ngema laughed, a rather forced laugh.

The General kneaded the girl's breasts as if he was making bread.

"One of these days I'll invite you to my little banquets, Ngema. You'll like them. They tell me you're a good cook. Are you good at barbeques?"

Ngema was silent. The General's gastronomic preferences disgusted him

But the General was amused.

"You cut the meat as you go... It depends how hungry you are! Ha! ha! ha! I normally begin with the ears and the nipples. And the winkle hidden between the legs, if it's big enough." He put his fingers in the young girl's sex lips, fumbling around until he found her clitoris. "It's a delicacy, a delicatessen as they say in Europe." He licked his lips and pinched the poor girl's clitoris until it bled...

"And do you know who does the cooking usually, Ngema? It's the girls! They do it themselves! You should see the expression on a Nursi's face when she roasts her own tits! Ha! ha! ha!"

The General sucked the girl's blood off his fingers.

"Then we have the more solid dishes. The feet, for example, if they are young and tender. The calves are good. The thighs are excellent. Personally I like the tits, and the eyes. Some people prefer the offal – liver, kidneys, but I leave it for my dogs."

The young black girl fell to floor like a sack of potatoes

The General laughed heartily.

"Put her to one side, Ngema. I'll make up my mind later."

Ngema pulled the girl into a corner.

The General continued his slow walk down the line of naked women. He examined them all carefully, testing the firm Nursi flesh with his fingers.

He stopped when he came to Neomi.

Ngema could not avoid saying "You're not thinking of eating this one, Your Excellency?"

The General laughed again. "Why not? I could use her in bed for a time and eat her later. Maybe when she's pregnant..."

Laura dared not look. She hid her face as best she could under her hair. The pig was probably joking, he must be, but she was frightened. She had seen so many horrors in the last few days... Could anyone really eat

another person? And in such a sadistic way? And walk around boasting about it?"

"Take her away, Ngema. Swap her for the other one. I prefer a bit of this one for supper. A tête a tête, an intimate dinner together. You'd like that, wouldn't you?" he asked, pulling hard on the slim Nursi's ear.

Ngema reluctantly chained Neomi to a ring set in the corner.

"And this slut? Not shy, is she?" he said, pointing to Princess.

Ngema lifted the girl's head.

Motutu recognised her instantly.

"It's..."

"Yes, Your Excellency. It's one of the daughters of the traitor Obiongo.

"Where the fuck did you get this one?"

"She was in the barracks at Bukunga, Your Excellency." Ngema looked nervous.

"Interesting! Very interesting! So the Government makes a few extra bucks selling off its political prisoners?"

"I ... I paid a lot of money for her, Your Excellency!"

"That's all right, Ngema. Just as well I'm here to see justice is done. This filthy tart, this slut, is going to pay for all the crimes that son a bitch of a father of hers committed against our people!"

"Does ... does Your Excellency want me to put her to one side too?"

"Of course. That traitor paid for some of his crimes, but he left a lot of debts. It's only right for one of his daughters to pay the bill. This slut can pay. She can work for me as a whore."

He put his hand to the girl's face and ran his finger over her sensual lips, and then all round the inside of her mouth. "You like it, eh? You'll see how like other things too..."

Princess bit his finger with all her strength.

"Fucking Nursi!" Motutu shouted, waving his finger in the air.

Ngema distracted him by pointing to the last of his girls. It was the white-skinned, fair-haired Laura.

"This is cunt number 29. The exotic surprise I told you about."

"Another shy cunt?" the General asked. He was astonished at the fair hair and the magnificent, white body.

Ngema brought his riding crop down onto the wall just above the head of the young Spanish woman.

CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!

Her piercing blue eyes opened in terror, but only for a second. It was

enough for him to recognise her.

"The school teacher! You have surprised me today, Ngema."

The slave dealer looked at his distinguished customer. He did not understand.

"Show me her," the General went on. "I'm very interested."

Ngema took Laura from the bar and ordered her to stand in front of the General, who seized her collar and pulled on it, brutally.

Laura was still in handcuffs. She was not expecting the tug and she fell onto the General. He put his arms round her.

"You rejected a very generous offer a few days ago, you remember?"

Laura bit her lip angrily. She was in the arms of a man who had burnt an entire village and ordered his troops to massacre the villagers.

"You remember, I see that. You refused to educate my children." He pulled her to him in a vicelike embrace. "You said you did not know our customs, so you could not teach my children. Well, I'm going to teach you some of our customs myself now. You'll find you have real talent for them. Go down on all fours like a bitch!" he shouted, tugging at the chain.

Laura fell to the ground, on all fours.

"You will be my white bitch. My bitch and a pet for my children. What do you think of that?"

The long road to Kisangani, guerrilla stronghold

The following day Neomi, Princess and Laura had a heavy chain put round their necks as if they were dangerous criminals. Heavy fetters hung from it, attached to wrists and ankles. All three wore obscene chastity belts which prevented access to their anuses as well as their vaginas.

They walked naked out of the warehouse and got onto a truck full of provisions, escorted by Ngema and guerrilla troops.

Laura had a good idea where they were going, although she did not see General Motutu or his ridiculous limousine...

At lunchtime, in the full the heat of the day, they pulled up on the outskirts of a remote, wretched village which was scarcely more than a collection of huts. The truck stopped at a big warehouse on the outskirts. It was crudely built of wood and corrugated iron.

The soldiers ordered them to get out. The girls stood there, naked and

in chains, in the middle of the road.

A large group of villagers gathered. None of them looked as if they were going to help the girls. On the contrary, they stood around eyeing them, muttering comments on their breasts and vaginas, and laughing obscenely.

The crowd built up and a whole hour passed like an eternity for the naked women. They tried to switch off mentally, but it was impossible. Somebody was always making some comment about them. Usually it was a man, but there were women in the crowd too. The pressure grew overwhelming, standing in the hot sun, naked and in chains like some circus animal.

Laura's white skin and fair hair attracted most attention. The men seemed fascinated by her breasts and especially by her pubic hair, which was darker than they expected.

Finally one of the soldiers motioned the girls to go into the warehouse. It was dark and it took some time for Laura's eyes to get used to it. The warehouse was full of ammunition and bags of cloves that gave off a penetrating smell.

There were seven men in there. They took the girls' chastity belts off and threw Neomi and Princess to the ground before throwing themselves on them like wild animals.

They raped them like psychopaths who would never see another woman again in their lives.

Laura could not understand why they left her alone.

She watched in horror as the cruel, savage, lamentable spectacle went on all through the evening. Between rape and rape the soldiers drank cheap rum made from sugar cane, smoked American cigarettes or joints, sometimes sitting on the girls, even sitting on their faces, forcing them to lick them in the most obscene places, "cleaning" them, as they put it...

When they went to sleep they shut the three girls in a small, smelly toilet. The girls spent the night standing up, pressed against each other because there was no room for anything else.

None of them slept at all. Neomi cried most of the night. Princess was silent, her eyes open in fear, trying to come to grips with the terrible rape that had put an end to her virginity.

In the morning a dozen women were waiting outside when the door was opened and the girls staggered out.

They were villagers, all jet black, with primitive features, all wearing typical robes in the bright ochre and red of the earth. They all carried brooms made of twigs.

Shouting and laughing, they drove the girls out of the warehouse and took them through the centre of the village to a big hut where the village met for its celebrations and deliberations.

Laura moved quickly but she was unable to dodge the stinging brooms and tree branches. Most of the blows were on her back but some were directly on her breasts and hurt a lot.

In the hut their chains were removed.

For a moment, Laura had the impression she was floating. But it did not last long. One of the black women hit her on the buttocks and gestured to her to hold out her arms in front, with the wrists crossed.

They tied her up by the wrists with her arms above her head and her toes only just touching the ground. They made her separate her feet and they tied them too, leaving her legs wide apart.

The women had clearly done this before. In no time at all the other girls were on the ground on their backs, with each wrist tied behind their backs to the opposite ankle. They were unable to move. They knew that they were being forced to show everything to the soldiers. Having their arms tied behind the back had the effect of arching their backs and pushing their breasts out. They also had their legs open, giving the men a clear view of their most private parts...

One of the women went up to the horrified Laura, carrying a thick hemp rope. She tied it tight around her waist so that it dug deep into her skin. Laura did not know why she pulled it so tight, unless it was for the pleasure of causing her pain.

The morning passed slowly and nothing happened except that the pain got worse.

At midday the heat in the hut was unbearable and Laura was crying. The high temperature had contracted the ropes and she was really on tiptoe now. Her joints ached and her arms and legs seemed about to drop off. Her wrists and ankles hurt and so did her waist. She tried to switch her attention from one aching part of her body to another, but it was difficult.

Princess managed to turn over into a position that was still painful but was just a little less painful than lying on her own arms.

As soon as she was this, one of the black women who was carrying packets of food around came running over waving a broom in the air and shouting.

Princess tried to crawl away from the swishing broom, but soon gave up and lay on the ground shouting each time it came down onto her. She had no strength left. Her arms and legs just did not respond. She burst into tears.

The black women kicked her over onto her back as she was before.

Even this was not good enough, however, and she brought the broom down again and again onto her naked, defenceless breasts and onto the soft flesh at the top of the thighs and even onto her unprotected vagina.

Until her arm got tired.

When the sun went down Princess and Laura were sobbing quietly and Neomi had lost consciousness.

When it was dark the women came back and lit fires.

Shortly afterwards the whole village came, summoned by an obsessive beating of drums. The celebrations had begun. The cheap liquor flowed.

The men chanted. Their faces and chests were painted white. Young women appeared, naked, and began to dance. Their rhythm of their swinging hips soon became frenzied.

The tension was growing...

The worst moment for the girls was when a group of young men tortured them by poking sticks and broom handles into Neomi and Princess, into their exposed anuses and vaginas. Others hit them on the breasts, spat at them or urinated on their faces. One put sandy earth in their mouths and pinched off their nostrils so that they could hardly breathe.

Laura suffered less than the others. She was pinched on the buttocks and legs and sometimes hit by a broom. The men seemed frustrated at not being able to work on her anus and vagina, which were still protected by the chastity belt.

One of them put his mouth on her breast and sucked and bit her nipple, urgently as if trying to get at nonexistent milk. Laura grew confused as the man simultaneously hurt her nipple and stimulated it.

She tried to distract her attention by looking at the dancers, but saw nothing but a sea of flopping erections, some of them enormous, all painted

white.

She saw that the young man sucking her breast also had an erection.

The drumbeat quickened...

On old man, who seemed to be the village leaders, tottered over to Neomi and penetrated her.

The onlookers began chanting...

The old man thrust deeper and deeper into Neomi to the rhythm of the drums...

Suddenly he threw back his head, gave a huge shout, and shot off into her. Then he slumped forwards, exhausted, and the others had to help him to stand up. Neomi's vagina was bleeding.

Then the others raped her too. All the men in the village raped her...

It was horrible.

It was unworthy of human beings. And wild beasts would not have done it.

They pumped their semen into Neomi and the Princess as if they were mere semen bags. They raped them as if they did not care whether they were alive or dead.

And yet they did care. They made sure they hurt the girls, and they did everything they could to humiliate them in front of the others, but they did not kill them.

The celebration went on until dawn. Laura lost consciousness. Her body was unable to stand the constant biting on her nipples and the constant pull of the ropes. She fainted.

Neomi and Princess did not. They had to bear the constant rape until the last man had fallen to the effects of sexual and alcoholic abuse. They lay on the ground, still tied up sadistically with her arms and legs in an "X" behind them, the wrist of one hand tied to the opposite ankle. The ropes had bitten into their skin, their arms and legs were badly grazed from rubbing on the ground under the weight of two bodies - the girl's and a rapist's. Their shoulders were almost out of joint from the tremendous tension, Their vaginas and breasts were sore and bleeding from the constant biting and thrusting...

Laura did not even wake up when the soldiers came back and started shooting at the villagers. She did not know that one of them had cut the ropes that held her up.

She fell to the ground, still tied by the ankles.

The guerrilla troops put the girls on the lorries like sack of cloves, without

bothering to untie Neomi and Princess, who were seriously injured. The rebel soldiers took off down the dirt road, shooting at anything that moved.

FIRST INTERLUDE

On the front at Mukuoni

A few weeks previously, in Mukuoni, a village recently taken by General Motutu's rebel army, Margaret Jones and Paul Cash stood outside the school hut, guarded by a dozen guerrilla soldiers, all armed to the teeth.

The two American journalists had been standing in the sun for more than two hours, unable to speak to each other, about twenty yards apart.

Margaret was furious.

'They had crossed the line of fire to try to get an interview with the controversial rebel leader.

No one had ever been granted an interview before.

"I demand to see the Officer in charge," Margaret was saying, again and again.

None of the soldiers appeared to understand her.

She sat down on the ground. She was fed up.

One of the soldiers ostentatiously slid the cartridge into his gun and she stood up.

Another two hours passed, slowly...

The heat and the sun were unbearable. The sweat made T-shirts cling tightly to Margaret's chest. She looked attractive to the soldiers...

The journalists feet were burning hot in their hiking boots.

Suddenly a cloud of dust appeared on the horizon and a convoy appeared. Two mopeds came first, then two military jeeps, sirens sounding, and behind them a long limousine painted a strident red.

It was surreal. The luxury car throwing up the dust in a war-torn landscape, seemed a strange reference to Fifth Avenue prosperity.

The soldiers moved quickly, jumping to open the door through which a huge black appeared, grotesquely wearing his full-dress uniform. He waddled into the school.

Margaret breathed a sigh of relief.
It was General Motutu.
The wait was over.

But another hour went by before one of the soldiers called her in.
Paul took a step forwards too, but a soldier barred the way with his rifle.

"Miss Margaret Jones?" the General asked in English.

"Yes, and I would be grateful if you could tell your men to take these off," she said angrily, showing him the handcuffs.

"Have you been body-searched, Miss Jones?"

Margaret looked around. What was he talking about, body-searched? There were six armed blacks in the room. She could see no other woman. She had been body-searches, but always by a woman.

"No, and I give you my word there is no need for it." she replied as calmly as she could.

"I am sorry, Miss Jones. But I'm afraid I can't make any exceptions. It is not just my personal safety that may be at risk, you see. It is a question of national safety."

Margaret lifted her chin. She looked at him defiantly. "OK. Go ahead," she said, looking him firmly in the eye...

There was a long silence. Neither of them looked away.

"My dear Miss Jones," he said, "I will conduct the body search myself. I am sure you would prefer that to having an ordinary Officer put his hands all over you. I wish to avoid you suffering any unnecessary humiliation."

Margaret bit her lip. She was furious. The sweat on her T-shirt was showing every detail, including the nipples on her heavy breasts.

Not for the first time, she wished her breasts were not quite so large.

She felt very embarrassed and as the seconds ticked by it got worse.

She wanted the earth to open up and swallow her.

"The regulations say you must raise both arms, Miss Jones. But given the circumstances, I don't think it will be necessary." His eyes were fixed on the young journalist's breasts.

Her hands were cuffed behind her back. She could hardly have lifted her arms if she had wanted to...

The General waddled over, spitting liberally on both hands.

Margaret looked in astonishment, then took a deep breath and tried to calm down. It was no use. She felt herself blush as soon as his huge, wet hands touched her shoulders. She looked down in sudden confusion as the hands slid slowly down to her breasts and began fondling them obscenely, rolling them round, pulling them down and letting them bounce up suddenly. He watched as they sprang up, then flopped heavily and bounced once or twice before settling into place...

"You're wearing a thick T-shirt. It does not allow me to search as thoroughly as regulations require, Miss Jones," he said, smiling and fondling. "And I have a strong feeling that I shall find that you have something hidden under your T-shirt, Miss Jones... Allow me to investigate."

His clumsy fingers pulled her T-shirt out, almost carefully, as if he opening the wrapping on a delicate cream cake.

"No, I'm not wearing a bra," she said. She instantly regretted her words. They were unnecessary. The General could see that she was wearing nothing.

"Good, Miss Jones. It means I won't have to take it off!" His smile made her sick.

He started rolling her T-shirt up from the bottom until it showed just the bottom of her splendid breasts. He looked at it for a moment and then pulled it slowly up, fascinated as the large breasts came into sight.

She turned her head sideways and gave a quick, involuntary gasp as the T-shirt caught on her nipples. He was pulling it tight deliberately so that it pulled the breasts up high, caught briefly on the nipple, and then suddenly flew off. The breasts flopped down and wobbled again... They were white, magnificent, full but firm, held high and floating by the position of her wrists behind her bottom... The nipples were erect now, long and wrinkled, provocative...

The General was clearly not satisfied with his visual inspection. He slid her T-shirt over her head, leaving her breasts fully and provocatively displayed.

Margaret stood there, proudly, feeling very white and very shy with her naked breasts on view for all the black soldiers to see.

The General walked around her a couple of times.
She dropped her head and did not dare lift it...

There was a bad feeling in the schoolroom where they stood. The soldiers were getting excited. It was an explosive mixture, with so many guns and only one woman, a beautiful young white woman with handcuffs and large white breasts...

"May I?" the General asked, fondling her breasts once again with both hands.

"Don't tell me you still think I'm hiding something..." Margaret said, getting suddenly angry again.

There was a moment's silence.

"No. I can see you are hiding nothing here."

He withdrew his hands.

It was the first time in his life had touched breasts like that, so white, so big and full and generous, so inviting, so suckable, such a magnificent mouthful...

"Are you going to take the handcuffs off now and let me get dressed?" she asked.

"When I finish the body search, Miss Jones," he said, putting his hand to his belt and taking the belt off.

Margaret took a deep breath.

The dirty sod was taking his pants down!

"Now you will please cooperate, Miss Jones and open your legs..."

She did not know where to look. He looked so absurd with his pants round his ankles. She did not know what to say. She felt profoundly humiliated.

The big black hands ran over her again, this time not just over her chest. They moved up and down, stopping below her waist and rubbing her pubic hair, pressing onto her mons veneris, squeezing, stimulating...

They moved down her right thigh to the ankle and came up the other leg.

"Are you hiding weapons in any of your cavities, Miss Jones?"

"Are you joking?" she asked, controlling the tremor in her voice. She appeared reasonably calm but did not feel calm at all.

"Answer, Miss Jones, or I will be obliged to body-search you properly."

"Yes, General. I have a tampon inside me. Your Excellency knows what a tampon is?"

"And in your ass?"

"No. There is nothing there."

"May I...?"

Margaret stepped back and almost fell to the ground, getting her feet caught in her own pants.

"I would like to check your ass, Miss Jones. Properly. I would like to do it without having to ask for your cooperation all the time."

Margaret froze. The filthy pig put his fingers on the elastic at the top of her panties and slid them down, again very slowly, enjoying every second...

He pulled her to him with an arm round her waist and put a sausage-like finger round the back, into the deep crack in her rounded bottom. He pushed his finger hard into her anus. He stared into her eyes. He saw the pain. He heard the quick intake of air.

She saw a new look in his eyes, harder, more serious.

She gasped again as the finger moved around. Then she met his gaze once again and held it, staring at him through her tears. It was agony.

He looked into her large green eyes and took his finger out.

"OK. Let her go."

He sucked his finger as one of the guards released her.

She got dressed quickly and silently.

"So you want to interview me, Miss Jones," the General said in a more businesslike tone, sitting at his table, the teacher's desk.

Margaret said yes. Her rectum was still hurting. She determined to go ahead with the interview. She would ignore the unpromising beginning. She would just forget it. She would get her interview. It would be a world first and it would establish her reputation.

"Well I'm afraid you'll have to wait. Important State business is waiting for me at this precise moment."

"It will only take a few minutes, General. The world is anxious to know your point of view." She felt better now she was dressed.

The General looked her up and down in silence. He was silent. He liked this white woman. He could take her there and then, in front of the soldiers, and then have her throat cut. Or he could rape her and have her tits, lightly roasted. Or raw, bitten out and chewed piece by piece. Why not? It would not be the first time he had eaten breast. He had never eaten it white, though.

"I will do better than that, Miss Jones. You will accompany me and you will write the story of this war from a privileged inside position. You will be on the victor's side, in his headquarters. What do you think?"

Margaret was surprised. "I ... I will have to check it out with the magazine first. I have to ask permission."

"Not possible. The phones don't work and it's not safe to use the radios."

"In that case I will go back..."

"Also impossible, Miss Smith. I have had new of new outbreaks of fighting on the front, I am responsible for your personal safety and I cannot permit it. We must all leave immediately."

The General left the school hut and got into his red bulletproof limousine.

Margaret got into one of the jeeps, escorted by two soldiers.

She looked around for Paul. He was nowhere.

SECOND INTERLUDE

Savagery in Kiowa

That same night, the young American journalist had the opportunity to write her first report on the situation on the front. It was in Kigoma, a small village in the strip controlled by the rebels.

She had supper in the confiscated schoolroom which now served as barracks. "Bullets for Letters" was the title of Margaret's article.

There were at least thirty men there. She was the only woman. She sat in a corner, on the floor, feeling miserable and worrying about Paul.

She did not understand a word the men said, but it soon became clear they were laughing at her, or about her. Something about her was obviously very funny.

One of the soldiers had put two round pots of water under his loose shirt and was imitating her breasts, moving them around as he walked...

She heard a sudden burst of laughter. An officer had taken out his genitals and was offering them to her on a plate that he held in both hands.

She did not know what to do where to look. She would have got up and left. But where would she have gone?

She was afraid she would be assaulted at any moment. And if she survived and somehow made it into the street, there would be nothing

and nobody there. Just the dark. And impunity for any attackers...

No. Her best bet was to sit it out. Maybe these pigs would leave.

Suddenly there was shouting outside and the soldiers all ran out. Margaret walked out behind them.

"A spy! They've caught a spy!" An old woman was shouting and pointing to the ruins of a church built by the Belgians a century earlier.

A crowd was gathering. There was a smell of black sweat. It was something that Margaret found strong.

She pushed her way through the crowd and went into the church. It was dark, except the place where the alter had been. Two powerful lights mounted on a jeep lit up the whole area.

And there was the "spy", a young woman naked as the day she was born. Margaret shuddered. There was horror in the air, the smell of spilt blood, of savagery, of injustice.

She was afraid the girl was about to die in the most horrible way...

Everything was against the girl: the shouting, excited crowd, the nervous look of the armed guards, the way she was tied up and especially, the presence of General Motutu, swaying on his fat legs, blind drunk, with a bottle in his hand.

Margaret slipped behind a column near the door. In the circumstances, she wanted to be as inconspicuous as possible, and it was a dark place.

The General turned to address the excited crowd. He pointed an accusing finger at the trembling girl, who in all probability had done nothing to deserve any kind of punishment.

The girl was soon shaking from head to foot. Her arms were stretched out sideways, tied to a pole that ran behind her head. She looked like a crucifixion figure.

The General raised his voice, exciting the crowd, who replied with a single voice. Margaret did not understand the words, but she understood the meaning.

Kill her!

The General and one of his men, a Lieutenant Mansur, were holding ox-whips.

The girl panicked and started to run, but was caught by the crowd.

The Lieutenant tied the bell rope to the stick behind her neck.

The first crack of the whip was on the ground. It made Margaret's hair

stand on end.

The girl began to dance and jump, her naked feet attempting to avoid the whip, as if the ground was burning.

Then a whiplash came down onto the girl's back. The noise was tremendous.

The General had hit her high up on the back.

The girl screamed as the whip cut her skin, which was far softer than an ox's back.

Margaret bit on her knuckles to avoid shouting out.

The General pulled hard on the whip. It had wound itself round the girl, causing her to spin like a top and ring the church bell.

The whiplash raised an angry-looking welt, and a thin trickle of blood ran down the girl's back. She leaned forwards and blood ran onto her breasts.

It was the Lieutenant's turn now. He aimed lower down. He did it with all the strength and skill of a man who had ploughed the land with oxen as a boy. The whip curled round the girl's waist. Blood flowed onto her stomach.

The bell rang again...

From then on the two blacks brought their whips down everywhere on the girl, cutting, tearing, amputating, ruining a fresh young life...

The girl ran around as much as the bell rope let her, a macabre puppet driven crazy by the basest instincts of the human species.

The crowd jumped up and down and chanted...

Men were masturbating furiously and women were pulling at their own hair hysterically...

Margaret felt dizzy. She leaned forwards and was sick behind the column. Nothing could be crueller than this. It was pure, primitive brutality, a brutality that cried for blood and got it...

They were killing the girl, horribly, sadistically, slowly...

Why?

The bell stopped clanging.

The alleged spy hung forward, her legs slightly drawn up, over a pool of blood. They had whipped the skin off her, revealing the flesh.

Lieutenant Mansur shouted orders. He was exhausted.

Two soldiers threw buckets of water over the girl to bring her round.

The General ordered the rope to be pulled up and the girl was left hanging, hardly touching the ground with her feet.

Margaret covered her face with her hands.

The General began his interrogation, machete in hand.

The girl had come round and was screaming.

The crowd began an insane chant...

"Kill!"

"Kill!"

"Kill!"

The General cut into his victim's right breast and cut her nipple off. He put it in his pocket.

Margaret was sick again.

This time it was too much for her. Her legs wobbled and she sank down. She found herself sitting in her own vomit.

The girl's terrible shrieks carried on, the roar of the crowd grew, but Margaret no longer heard it.

So much horror and fright overcame her...

She fainted.

She woke up in the morning to find herself alone.

The jeep had gone. The bell rope was still there. So was the pool of blood.

It was not a dream.

She was sick again...

A soldier outside the church heard her stand up. He called another. They pushed her quickly out into the street and into an escort vehicle.

She shouted that she wanted to see the General.

The General did not hear her.

The General was sleeping peacefully behind the tinted windows of his limousine, sleeping off the drink.

The convoy moved on. When they passed the school Margaret saw something else she would remember to the end of her days...

A chain with a metal ring on the end was hanging from a big mango tree. A piece of human flesh was still hanging on the end of the chain, a piece of a leg. The meat was black and been hacked off. The fire was still smoking. There were bones all around...

Margaret was sick once again. She looked at the soldiers who were guarding her. She studied their faces, looking for clues... What was in their minds, in their souls...

Were they human beings?

Kisangani. The North of the Country

The small town of Kisangani was the headquarters of the rebel forces.

It was also the largest concentration camp in the country.

Hundreds of captured government soldiers and thousands of civil prisoners, mostly women and children, were held there.

They were all Nursi, the evil race, the race to be destroyed...

Conditions in the camp were extremely hard. The lack of hygiene, the shortage of food and summary executions decimated the camp population every day.

By one of those little ironies of history, the concentration camp was located in an old Arab slave market. In its day it had been the most important in all East Africa. More important even than Mombasa or Zanzibar.

It was a circular construction, dug out with pick and shovel until it was four metres deep. From above it looked like a maze, with innumerable stone walls that divided it into small pits about ten yards across.

There were about fifty prisoners in each hole, all of them in chains. A couple of yards above, on top of the walls, were patrolling soldiers armed with machine guns. The guard often spat on the prisoners, or urinated on them.

It all stank.

The prisoners frequently died of disease or starvation.

Corpses were left there for days.

The lorry in which Laura was travelling stopped in a cloud of smoke. Half a dozen soldiers jumped out of the back. Two naked bodies fell to the ground.

It was Neomi and Princess, still tied together, dirty with blood and semen. Their vaginas were oozing the semen of a whole village...

The last person to come out of the lorry was another naked woman.

She had a marvellous body but her white skin was dirty with sweat and dust. It was Laura Gonzalez, the young Spanish volunteer working for the non-profit making organisation Education For The World.

An officer opened the barbed-wire gate of Kisangani Detention Camp. He had a pistol in his belt and was carrying a long whip and an electric cattle prod.

Two camp guards untied Neomi and Princess and then chained them to Laura by the neck.

The young Spaniard was at the front as they entered the camp.

By using their electric cattle prods the officers got the other two moving along the metal walkways that passed over pits crowded with prisoners.

Laura plodded along, the soles of her feet on the burning hot metal, weighed down by the heavy iron collar and chain. Her head was spinning and her stomach heaving from the stink that rose from the pits and also from two days without eating or sleeping.

As she passed over one of the pits, there was a great commotion. The prisoners were fighting. She did not know why.

Soldiers came running and hit them from above with whips.

The three girls stopped.

Blood from the plaited ox-whips splattered onto Laura's feet.

In desperation one of the prisoners reached up, caught the end of a whip and pulled it out of the guard's hands. This caused another stir.

The guards fired. The girls had no chance.

The sound of automatic guns...

Cries of agony...

Bullets whistling...

The soft sound of lead penetrating flesh...

Lead tearing through entrails...

The sharp smell of smoke and death...

Laura fell to her knees and cried like a child. She could not take any more these horrors.

The shooting stopped finally. She looked down. There was a pile of corpses on the bloodstained earth.

Silence...

For a moment, there was silence in all the camp.

Then came a groan of agony, the buzzing of flies and Laura's stifled

cries.

A few more shots were fired. More to empty the chambers than to finish anybody off.

Laura groaned again...

A terrible electric shock on her buttocks had her leaping to her feet. It was unbelievably violent and the pain was awful. It shot through her whole body, burning its way down the nerves to her toes and fingers.

It brought her round fully, for the first time in several days.

She felt her own nakedness and her own humiliation once again. She felt she was playing a starring role in some hideous third-rate film. She did not fully know what the film was about. Ethnic rivalry? Sexual sadism?

Whatever it was, it was about a world she had never fully imagined, a world of total savagery, total brutality. The victims once again were mostly women.

She felt yet another wave of panic going through her and prayed God to wake her up from this nightmare, to take her away from all this. To her house in Seville, to her room, to her bed. To a telephone so she could ring Manuel and tell him all about her horrendous dream...

But she did not wake up. She covered her breasts with one arm and her pubic hair with another and carried on walking through Hell, chained by the neck to two black girls who had been even unluckier than her.

Then she passed over another pit, bigger than the others. It was full of boys. There must have been over a hundred of them.

And then another, and another.

Finally, she came to a pit full of very young women.

Their expressions were terrible. There were no smiles, just the silence of frightened eyes looking up. Some of the youngest had swollen stomachs, caused by parasites and hunger.

They stopped again. Two soldiers, both naked, were dragging a semi-conscious body. They threw it into one of the pits. Laura saw that the anus was bleeding and torn.

Out of the corner of her eye she saw the cattle prod and moved on.

She came to another pit full of naked women, old and not so old. The youngest were in two pits at the end, easy to get at from the adjoining camp where the soldiers slept...

These pits were cleaner than the others but also more crowded. They girls were piled in so tight it looked difficult to get any more in...

They pushed the three girls in.

Laura hurt her wrist and got a sharp tug on the chain round her neck. She fell onto several other girls and slipped down through the sweaty bodies until her feet were on the ground.

She was separated from Neomi and Princess but still chained to them.

She stood next to a girl who was a bit older than her, had very dark skin, enormous breasts and smelt very strongly.

She was almost literally stuck to her.

She tried to turn sideways and avoid such intimate contact, but the chain was taut and she could not.

Laura closed her eyes...

And in spite of the stench, she breathed in deeply to relax, to get away mentally, even for a second.

When she opened them, everything was the same. She was still stuck to the black girl's immense breast, stuck to her thighs, stuck to everything...

The girl was about the same height as her. She was ugly. Her skin was etched with deep scars, her skin looked unhealthy, she had hair on her arms. Her ears were perforated. Her lips were huge, like a gorilla's, Laura could not help thinking.

Laura made an effort and smiled. Instead of smiling back, the woman said something in a very loud voice. Some of the other prisoners laughed.

Laura could not believe it. The woman was urinating on her legs!

Laura turned round in disgust, but only succeeded in putting her thigh between the woman's thighs, straight into the flow of the urine.

Hours passed and it was getting dark. Laura was desperate. She heard shouts from the guards. She asked them to take her out of there. She said she would do whatever they wanted... Then she remembered the killing that morning and she decided to keep quiet. Maybe it was better to pass unnoticed, if such a thing was possible with her white skin.

She started crying again.

A hose was played on them, cooling them down. The guards had taken a water lorry to the pits full of young female prisoners.

Laura was able to move a little. She managed to turn her back on the

black woman.

The water was under pressure and it hurt, but Laura was glad of it. If she was going to be treated like cattle, or worse, she might as well be washed like cattle.

The guards came back at night. The prisoners were frightened but seemed to know what was expected of them. The guards let down a rope ladder. One by one the girls climbed up quickly and expertly, despite the chains.

Laura, Neomi and Princess were left till last. They were the only girls chained together. They could not go up and did not know what to do.

The whip cracked round their feet.

Laura was terrified. She tried to get up, pulling the other two behind her, but a guard came down, armed with pistol, whip and cattle prod.

Laura moved away as he came him down. A second guard followed, then another. In all, twenty guards came down.

The three girls covered against the opposite wall, huddled together.

They tried to cover their young bodies and they hid their faces, looking down.

The twenty men stood around them. Some of them already had their trousers down.

They moved in on them...

An officer pulled Laura away by the wrist. And just when she was convinced that the worst thing possible was going to happen to her, he took her collar off.

She rang like a frightened animal and squatted in a corner, sitting on the ground, her knees drawn up against her breasts.

The gang rape had started...

Laura did not look but she could imagine it easily enough. When she took a glance she saw only naked bottoms and legs. She heard her companions' screams and shouts as the sadists grunted and groaned on top of them.

The officer handed Laura a wooden bucket. By gestures and in very simple English he ordered her to pick up the turds that were lying around. With her hands.

Laura was sick. She brought up bile and gastric juice, which was all she had in her stomach.

The officer took out his whip and cracked it over her head.

She bent down immediately and began to collect the excrement. She was convinced that one blow of the whip would kill her. She had never been asked to do such a humiliating, degrading job before.

She ended up with her hands covered in human excrement and a bucket full of it.

Meanwhile, the savage gang rape continued... It went on all night. Until dawn.

Laura crouched in her corner next to her bucket of shit, her hands held away from her body, sobbing. She sobbed as she looked at the strange assortment of sadists sitting on the ground, their members finally flaccid, exhausted by so much abuse. And she looked at the bodies of her two companions lying half-dead on the ground, Neomi face up, Princess face down. Each of them with a maniac on top of them thrusting away deep inside them, torturing, humiliating, dishonouring other human beings...

The officer came over to her and offered her a bottle of spirits. Laura took a sip and spluttered. She did not normally drink, but she thought it could only help her on this occasion. She looked at the officer and in the simple Swahili she had learnt for the trip, she asked for something to eat. He smiled and took a chocolate out of his shirt pocket.

Laura grabbed the chocolate in her filthy fingers and swallowed, still crouching down like a chimpanzee.

He looked at her in amusement and offered her a couple of biscuits. She reached out a hand for them, but he was quicker. He snatched them back.

Laura looked at him in confusion.

He pointed to his erection and repeated a word several times. She did not know the word but she guessed its meaning easily enough. The bastard would give her a biscuit if she sucked his penis!

The thought of it made her sick, as sick as he had made her previously when he ordered her to pick up the turds.

She withdrew into her corner and hid her face behind her knees, drawn up against her breasts.

He took out his whip.

Laura waited, praying...

A bugle rang out and saved her.

The soldiers pulled up their pants and hurried up the ladder.
A short time later the pit was full again of naked young women.
All of them exhausted, dirty, bruised, cut, raped...
All the occupants were black except her.

Laura fainted, or perhaps just went to sleep from exhaustion, slipping to the ground among the tightly-packed black bodies.

She slept until the middle of the morning when everyone started pushing and shouting.

The sun was high in the sky and the heat in the pit was terrible.

The shouting was caused, it turned out, by the arrival of food.

Two guards rested their buckets on the walkway and threw handfuls of rice onto the women, who tried to catch as many as they could.

Laura was starving and jumped with the others and fought for the miserable portions.

The rice was hard, barely cooked, and it tasted bad, but it was food and the young bodies needed it badly.

They drank water too, from a hose.

Then came the full heat of the day, the scorching sun, the sweat, the smell...

Laura needed to go to the toilet despite her hunger. She had no choice. She had to let it go. It was worse for her than the others because she still had the absurd, humiliating chastity belt on.

Would they ever take it off her?

Time passed and the noise of shots, whips, screams, death groans, shouted orders, pleas, bursts of machine gun fire reached the girls in the pit.

Laura went to sleep again. The hose woke her up to another night of horror.

It was getting dark now...

Laura was shaking all over, wondering what was going to happen to her. This time the officer would go for her from the first moment and the bugle would come too late to save her...

It was dark now and the girls were visibly nervous. The previous night had clearly been too long for all of them...

They lowered the ladder again after the last bugle of the day and the first girl climbed up...

Laura did not know what to do. She waited until most of the girls were

up. Unlike Neomi and Princess, she had no chain on. She was free. Freer than for some time.

She decided to go up the ladder.

As soon as she got to the top she regretted it.

A large group of soldiers, all drunk, stood waiting for the girls as they came up. There were two or three girls per man, sometimes four per man.

There was no squabbling. There was female flesh for everyone.

Laura took a step back when she saw the men. She was going back down the ladder. But not fast enough. The officer caught her round the neck with his whip. Half-choking her, he dragged her over to his tent.

He gave her a push with his foot on her buttocks. She fell to the ground terrified. It was pitch dark. The man lit a paraffin lamp. Laura screamed.

A black girl, much younger than she was herself, was lying on an old mattress on the ground. She was face down, with her arms and legs straight out and wide apart, tied to stakes at the four corners of the mattress. A piece of wood about two foot across placed under her vagina lifted her tight buttocks high into the air, provocatively. The officer gazed at them. They looked like round, desirable mangos, ripe mangos...

The girl's skin was red, a criss-cross of welts from the shoulders down to the ankles. Her torn anus had a piece of wood sticking out of it...

The officer walked over to Laura. He tied her wrists behind her back.

He hung her up from a hook at the top of the wooden tent pole!

He made her stand on the mattress with her legs apart, one on each side of the girl who was lying like the letter "X" on the mattress.

The pain in her arms and shoulders was terrible from the first moment...

Cursing in Swahili, he wound a rope round her elbows, tied a slip knot and pulled with all his strength until her arms were tight against her side, her shoulders almost dislocated and no blood was getting through to her hands.

He looked at the way her breasts hung heavily forwards and licked his lips.

But there was still another detail to come...

He took a stocking from an old cardboard box and tied it round her

neck until she was nearly choking. Then he took out an elastic strap of the kind used for tying suitcases to car racks. He put the two hooks on each end into her nostrils, pulling them up painfully. Next he pulled it tight and tied it to the stocking. The effect was to pull the girl's nostrils back, causing her to raise her head until she almost broke her neck. Her mouth was now wide open...

Laura watched in horror as the man took his pants off.

She looked to one side to avoid seeing the horrendous erection that the man was showing so proudly. She looked down again at the girl tied to the bed, the skin flogged off her, her anus penetrated and bleeding as she lay face down.

Horror on horror...

Was she dead? Was this hell itself?

The officer put his penis next to her open mouth...

It was a hideous violet colour, infected with some strange rash, and it stank like shit.

Laura clenched her teeth, determined to resist the man, but the tension in her nostrils was too much for her...

The man was getting excited and angry now, waving his penis in front of her lips. He was shouting something she did not understand.

He lost patience and picked up his whip.

Laura wet herself again. The urine went straight onto the buttocks of the poor girl below her, causing her to groan in pain.

"For God's sake!" the woman on the bed said in a weak voice with an American accent, "Do whatever he says! Suck his dick for him! Don't make him angry!"

Laura was amazed. An American?

The negro was still waving his penis around near her mouth. In his other hand he held an electric cattle prod.

She put her tongue out and licked his sick-looking penis. She licked the repulsive mass of purple flesh as if her life depended on it. It stank of sweat, of shit, of old semen. And it tasted even worse than it smelt...

The tip was just the beginning of her ordeal. He was groaning now and rubbing the whole length of his erection against her tongue and lips. He had always dreamt of fucking the face of a white woman, if possible a blonde. Laura had fair hair, but she had herself referred to on more than

one occasion as a blonde. She was blonde to him, and very beautiful. And she had blue eyes. Looking at her naked body seemed to the Officer to be an early glimpse of Paradise...

Not so for Laura. Her arms, shoulders, thumbs and nose were shot with pain, great stabs of it that went to the deepest parts of her brain. She was choking against the testicles of this mad sadist who was raping her.

Suddenly he shouted out another order:

"Tongue! Tongue stronger!"

"Do it! Do it, please, or he'll kill us both!" shouted the American woman.

Laura did not hear her. She was only just conscious.

It was a bad mistake.

He applied the prod to her backbone. She jumped into the air. It was horrendous...

Laura opened her mouth wide and shouted. She could not close her mouth again because his smelly genitals went in, leaving her half-choking.

He pulled out for a second, enough to let her take air in and then pushed in again, pushing his member deep down into her throat.

It was the first time a penis had opened her larynx. She gasped and spluttered and thought she was going to die.

He pulled out again and Laura could not help looking at the huge wad of flesh, glistening with saliva and blood from her nose. She could not take another thrust, she thought...

But she did. She took another and then hundreds more...

The man took her by the fair hair, holding her head in both hands and raped her young face until finally he threw his head back and roared, sending a hot stream of semen from his sick-looking genitals into her mouth. He pulled out in time to shoot all over her face...

Laura burst into tears. She wanted to die...

The sadist staggered and fell onto the black American girl, crushing her against the wood that was under her and sinking the wooden phallus deeper into her anus.

She screamed.

The black was exhausted and almost immediately began to snore on his human mattress of badly beaten young flesh.

Laura prayed to God that the bastard would not wake up. She prayed

too for lightning or an angel or anything to cut the ropes that were torturing her, so cruelly, so unnecessarily. It was not even for the sadist's pleasure now. He was asleep.

If her prayers reached Heaven or not, no one knows. The fact is that the officer did not wake up until the bugle sounded.

And then he left quickly, leaving the fair-haired Spaniard and the American girl just as they were.

The hours passed slowly and Laura could not stand the pain any more. The worst things were the pain in her nostrils and toes, but everything else ached unbearably too. She had terrible cramps in her calves.

"He won't be satisfied till he's killed us," the American girl said. It was midday and very hot in the tent.

Laura did not answer. She did not dare to move her jaw even.

It was not until the middle of the afternoon that Lieutenant Mansur came to take them both away.

Neither of them could walk...

His men helped them to their feet and helped them to walk...

After a few painful steps Laura managed to walk on her own, but the American had to be carried.

To Laura's surprise they passed by the pit. Laura looked down and saw the bodies of the girls she had been with the day before.

They were just a pile of bodies now.

She turned her eyes from the sight of so much death, so much rotting flesh, rats, flies, beetles, worms...

She could hardly breathe from the stench of death.

She looked up at the blue sky to get away from it all, to clean her mind...

A scream ripped the sky apart!

She turned round.

Two soldiers were dragging the officer who had raped and tortured them. He was losing blood fast.

He had been castrated!

Laura was sick again.

She heard the officer shout, "No! Noooooooooo!!!!". She heard the thud as his body was thrown onto the pile of corpses.

Lieutenant Mansur led the girls back to the pit. He thought they might

like to have that satisfaction...

They looked down and saw the Officer shouting as he rushed around the pit, trying to find some way up and out...

They saw the rats running away from him. Soon he would be running away from them...

He had to steady Laura as she looked down. She would have fallen in too.

Minutes later, Laura was carried through the gate, slumped over the Lieutenant's shoulder.

A truck was waiting for them.

Neomi and Princess were already in the back.

THIRD INTERLUDE

Here begins the tale of a slave called Belle

23 October, 1999

My name is Belle. It has not always been Belle. Only for the last two weeks.

Margaret Jones, the name given me by parents, expired then.

Belle is the name He chose for me. So here I am, Belle.

He is General Motutu, the Butcher of Africa as he is known in the West. In this diary I prefer to call him The Pig. It's a more appropriate name.

He calls me Belle.

I can hardly remember the previous me, the ambitious young journalist aged twenty-six who once dreamed of interviewing him and becoming famous.

He killed that me.

I can hardly believe everything that has happened so quickly, in just two weeks...

I can hardly believe my life has taken such a horrendous, brutal turn...

I am surprised too to find that I have not gone mad, that I can write about all this and can do it coldly, objectively. Maybe there are two "me's" still. Maybe Margaret Jones is writing Belle's biography. Maybe it's the

writing that keeps Margaret alive.

The Pig chose me to chronicle his time, his achievements, to be his scribe and glorify his name. He dictates, as befits a dictator. I take it down, as befits a slave.

Letter by letter. For posterity, he said.

I think I am alive thanks to my job.

I am also alive because I speak English, because The Pig is busy and illiterate and cannot read my diary...

I am afraid of him. He is primitive and violent and totally unscrupulous. He would skin his own mother and eat her. He would eat his own baby brother if his mother was pregnant when he killed her.

The strange thing is that he has never touched me. I wouldn't be able to stand it if he did, but in a way it would simplify things, make things clearer. As things are, I am left here waiting...

Each day that passes I know I am nearer to being raped and torture...

24 October, 1999

I cannot stand this cell.

It makes me claustrophobic. It gets on my nerves.

It's so small there's hardly room for me and the mattress and the bucket where I have to do my business.

I have to write up his glorious "achievements" in here. I smuggle the diary in.

I am very tired, too tired to sleep...

It's the suffocating heat, the damp, and the terrible smell in here.

And it's the blood-chilling screams that come from somewhere near here, all the time...

I am shut in here. The only light is from a naked bulb. The guards switch it on and off when they like, or when they want to look at me.

I have no contact with the outside world except when I hear someone pleading for mercy, or shouting in agony, or someone else laughing... The cell is full of the echoes of torture. The head aches, my hand shakes...

I am going over the story he ordered me to write down last night.

He attacked and burnt a village at the head of a group of his own guerrilla fighters. He described the details for me with great coldness: he gave the

order to open fire and to shoot to kill; he gave his troops carte blanche to burn the wretched huts made of adobe and straw. The government forces turned up and prevented the final massacre.

He told me about the school mistress too, but he told me not to write about it. Spanish I think. I would not like to be in her skin. If she's been lucky, she'll be dead by now. He went crazy talking about her, hitting the table with his fist, breaking a chair, cursing and swearing...

I thought he was going to kill me.

What he actually did was worse. Sickening. And the reason I can't sleep I suppose.

He made me stand up and he asked "Have you ever wanked a negro?"

I blushed like a schoolgirl.

"Show me your hands!"

I obeyed.

There was saliva running out of the corner of his mouth. He was panting like a pig.

He took my hands and put them to his lips.

"Writing is good. But there are more interesting things to do with your hands," he said. He licked my hands, leaving them all sticky.

I shuddered. I froze. I felt very small, very defenceless... I am normally an extrovert. I always react, always find something to say or do. Not this time though. Life hadn't taught me what to do in these circumstances...

He looked me in the eyes, smiled and lifted his robe. I saw his penis, half erect.

He grabbed my hand again and put it down there, right on his genitals.

"You are a woman. You will know how to appreciate what you are touching," he said.

I did not know where to look. I could only see his big fat face, his stupid smile and his sadistic, psychopathic look. His mountain of black flesh filled the room. His genitals felt as big as an ox's.

He put his great ham of a hand around mine and made me squeeze his erection.

It was flaccid and fleshy.

It was burning hot.

It was smelly.

"Squeeze me dry, white woman. Squeeze me the way you squeezed your boyfriend."

I remembered Paul. I had tried not to think about him too much. Where was he now?

But the palpating mass of flesh demanded all my attention.

It was enormous, and getting bigger.

And bigger.

Trying to keep a clear head, I decided to keep him happy with my hand. It seemed the easiest thing and the best option for me. So I stroked softly around the tip with the tips of my fingers.

He gave a yell which made me shudder.

He was really erect now and the sheer size of the fleshy object horrified me. It was like a horse's penis. It was out of proportion even to a big human body...

For a moment I wondered what would happen to me if he tried to...

No. I cannot imagine such a thing. It would be physically impossible. It would break my insides...

"Squeeze, you slut!" he ordered, shouting at me and insulting me.

I obeyed, gritting my teeth.

I stuck my nails in.

I wanted to hurt him.

I heard only another growl, of pleasure...

"Come on, be a good girl. Give me a good wank with your nice white hands." He put his hand round my waist and pulled me to him.

Repugnant is the word...

His elephant's trunk was pressed against my stomach, trapped between his body and mine.

I rubbed the monstrous thing with my hand as best I could.

"Look into my eyes when you pump me," he said, lifting my head by pulling on my hair.

For a moment, I was afraid he would kiss me.

But his penis exploded and that saved me. A hot, sticky, endless stream of semen wet my only shirt and my only pair of pants...

It was as if someone had spilt a cup of hot white coffee over me.

He let me go and I fell to knees crying like an idiot.

He ordered me to go back to my cell.

And here I am. I have not been able to sleep, I am dirty and I have no change of clothes.

I can still smell him.

I cannot get him out of my mind.

I hate him.

And I hate this dirt around everywhere. It will be the dirt that drives me crazy, before anything else...

I have not been able to shower or change clothes since I was arrested.

I stink. I have to do my business in the same bucket they bring food in. The water is for drinking and washing...

God! I have to do something.

I have to get out of here...

26 October, 1999

I have no news of Him.

I have no way of knowing, but I think I have been in here for over two days.

What's going on?

Has he forgotten me?

Is he going to let me rot in this filthy cell?

Now I'm beginning to wish he'd send for me!

Come and get me, you bastard! Get it over with once and for all!

Didn't you like the way I pulled you off?

I can't take any more, I swear.

I am still wearing the same pants and shirt. I daren't take them off. Not unless they switch the light off...

I know they're there, spying on me through the peephole. I can hear them masturbating sometimes. They're filthy pigs. Filthy bloody pigs. Bloody cowards.

And I'm still sweating, wasting the little water they give me.

And I still stink...

And I'm still buried alive in this hole, buried with my own shit...

And I'm terrified. I live in terror. I think they're going to kill me, I think it all the time...

Every noise, every shout, every insect scuttling across my cell frightens me. I shake. I am shaking now.

Yes, I am sure. Being friendly to Him is an option I have. It's not the worst. Worse things could happen to me in here...

1 November, 1999

Finally he sent for me. This lunchtime.

I had been shut in for a week.

A whole week!

I cannot explain, even to my diary, what a week in this hole is.

Seven days! Seven days and seven interminable nights!

A week without seeing anybody, not even the guards. They change the buckets every two days through a hatch.

A week without knowing if I would ever get out of here.

Today that changed. He called me. He hadn't forgotten all about me, which was one of my fears.

So far, so good. At least something is going to happen. And if he makes me an offer, I'll accept it.

I can't say no to anything. It would be suicide. I would sentencing myself to a slow death in this stinking cell.

"Look at yourself," he said when he came in, carrying a blotchy full-length mirror. I hardly recognised myself. No shoes, a torn shirt, dirty, thin, baggy eyed... I looked awful.

"Do you want to come out of your cell, Miss Jones?" he asked, going round the back and putting his arms round me.

He had not called me Miss Jones since the first day, in the school hut in Mukuoni, when he body-searched me.

I shook my head but did not pull away from him. I looked him in the eye through the mirror.

"I like you dirty," he said, kissing my ear. He put his tongue right in, which I hate unless I am sexually excited already. "I like a dirty women, Especially a dirty white woman. You have a different smell. Mmmmmm ... nice..."

I was nearly sick.

His hands went up to my breasts.

"Don't touch me!" I shouted. I had not planned to, but it just came out.

"I don't like it!"

He let me go.

I realised I was shaking, watching his movements out of the corner of my eye.

He sat at the table as if nothing had happened.

I had not realised before but he was eating.

He carried on chewing, as if I was not there.

I didn't dare move. I just stood there, without saying anything, watching

the pig eating with both hands, chewing with his mouth open and burping each time he swigged his cheap spirits.

He ate until he was full.

"I could rape you," he said, fixing his eyes on my buttocks. "I could have you chained to the bed with your legs apart, showing me your cunt, and I could fuck you till you burst."

I shuddered.

It was clear he could do that and I was pretty convinced he would do it...

He stood up and came over to me. He took me by the shoulders, still behind me, and looked at me in the mirror.

"And then I could hand you over to my soldiers ... a little present, for a couple of nights. And the third night," he said, stroking my neck, "I could have your throat slit, or I could roast you alive and have your tits for supper. I like tender meat and your big tits look tasty..."

I slipped away from him and took refuge in a corner. He sat on the sofa, smiling cynically at me.

"I see I have persuaded you ... I know how to talk to cunt like you. In fact, I know exactly what you would like to do now." He pulled his robe up and showed me his genitals.

I put my hands to my face. I did not want to see all that flopping flesh again.

"Now listen carefully. I am going to say something important. Then I will leave you and you will be alone and you can think about it. Are you ready?"

I nodded. I couldn't speak.

"From now on, as well as describing the glorious achievements of the FLMA, you will work for me as my whore. I always wanted a class whore and now I've got one. In exchange, I'll take you out of this cell, you'll have new clothes, you'll get better food, you'll be able to have a shower, and – most important – you'll be able to enjoy this!" He showed me his huge erect penis, big as an ox's.

16 November, 1999

I can't stand it in here any more. I'll go mad. I'll be his whore, I'll do whatever he wants. I have to get out of here.

Two weeks have passed since his "generous" offer and he still hasn't

come to see me. Two weeks in this stupid light of this stupid bulb, and the only thing I've seen apart from rats and cockroaches is the guard's hand changing the buckets through the hatch.

I just hear noises. People being beaten, insulted... I hear other people laughing...

I'm going mad.

19 November, 1999

Still no news...

23 November, 1999

It happened. Three days ago.

I haven't been able to write anything for three days. I couldn't.

I feel so miserable, so ashamed...

No. I can't write about it.

25 November 1999

My hand is still shaking but it will be good for me to write.

I couldn't take any more. The light that never went off, the shrieks from other cells, the loneliness, the claustrophobia, it was all too much for me.

Days went by and I just lay on the mattress, thinking nothing most of the time, just numb...

I was very weak and starting to ramble...

I was having hallucinations, I'm sure. I thought I wasn't there any more. I thought I was in the country or in a town shopping, or swimming in the sea. I heard voices that didn't exist, I had visitors, relatives, friends, people who didn't even know I am in Africa. I even spoke to my mother, who is dead.

When the door opened with a sinister creak, I thought it was another hallucination.

It wasn't.

They injected something into my vein and carried me out.

"This is to give you energy. You're going to need it!"

A jailer I'd never seen before handed me a plastic bag with clothes in it.

"Take those rags off and put this on," he ordered.

I looked at him, puzzled. Not because of what he said. It was just the first time in a long time I had heard anyone speak without shouting or

insulting.

In any case, he slapped me in the face twice. I fell to my knees. I was surprised that a slap should hurt so much.

I also felt humiliated that a stupid, ignorant black should hit me in the face without any provocation.

I took the rags off and stood naked. My panties were revolting and I'd hidden them under the bed weeks ago.

I was standing stark naked in front of a stranger but it did not seem to matter too much. I had such a layer of dirt on me that I didn't feel really naked. I didn't feel really me.

"Get dressed!" he ordered, pointing to the plastic bag.

"I want to..." I stammered. "I would like to ... can I have a shower first?"

"No. The General likes the way you smell."

I swallowed nervously. The General! For a moment I had forgotten why they took me out of the cell...

I picked the bag up and looked into it. My heart sank. All the benefit I had got from the injection disappeared.

It contained a dog's collar and a strap about a foot long, ridiculous high-heeled shoes with heels about eight inches high, some tiny little panties in red elastic with the most indecent object I had ever seen attached to them!

A dildo, an imitation phallus about a foot long and two inches across! And it had a switch. It was a vibrator too!

A huge, monstrous object!

I looked at the jailer and saw that it would be useless to plead with him.

I was going to pay a high price for my decision to leave the cell.

I left the panties till last and put the collar on. I left the little strap hanging between my breasts. I put the painful shoes on.

What with my state of health and the heels, I had a lot of difficulty standing up.

The black smiled for the first time, showing me his green teeth...

I bent my knees, which hurt, and managed to pick up the panties...

They were dirty. There were hairs stuck to the huge vibrator. It had dry blood on it and other substances that I preferred not to guess...

I tried to put it on, crouching down as if it was a huge tampon...

Then I did feel embarrassed...

I was completely dry inside, so I tried to relax and concentrate on something that would make me feel randy.

Useless.

It went in slowly, scratching me. Just as well it wasn't turned on...

In the end I got it all in and pulled up the red rubber panties.

I realised I was crying.

I had committed an outrage against my own person.

I was trembling with fright.

I still felt dirty and untouchable. I knew I was in for a bad time in my interview with the General.

I am sorry, I can't carry on... I can't tell the story...

Tomorrow perhaps...

26 November, 1999

He was waiting for me, lying on the bed.

Naked.

It made me sick to look at him

Black, old, fat, dirty, disgusting, revolting, sickening...

He called me over.

"Turn round so I can see you properly," he said. He was masturbating as if it was the most natural thing in the world to do it in public.

I obeyed. I felt I was demeaning myself, degrading myself, humiliating myself in front of him. I felt like a piece of meat hanging in a butcher's shop.

"Don't stop. Keep going round until I tell you."

My head dropped and I carried on going round, letting him see my smelly body from all angles, struggling in the high heels...

"Lift your pretty little whore's face and look straight ahead."

I obeyed.

Another complete circle... And another...

Interminable...

Slow...

"Arms out, like a cross!"

Arms out. My breasts came up higher...

Another circle ... and another...

And another...

My arms were hurting now.

My humiliation was hurting too.
Another ... and another...

I could feel the cork vibrator profaning my most private parts, I could feel the pain in my ankles, in my pride...

Another ... and another...

"Come over here."

I stopped the embarrassing turning and went over to his bed.

A black hand.

Rough, fatty, soaking wet with sweat, a revolting hand ran up my calf and moved up higher. Very slowly. Until it came to the top of my thighs.

I was trembling.

All my body was trembling with fear, repulsion, disgust at the greasy contact of his sweat on my dirt...

But the bastard had planned to humiliate me and he had hardly started yet...

To my surprise, he switched the vibrator on.

I did not expect it. I had not really thought what that thing stuffed into my vagina could do.

I nearly fell to the ground.

The thing shook and vibrated and jerked around inside. It had different movements. It didn't just vibrate, it turned and twisted unexpectedly and thumped away at me in different ways...

My legs started to shake. My vagina shook, and my hips and my breasts...

He fixed his eyes on the tremble in my breasts.

My arms were hurting and I lowered them gradually.

He shouted at me. "Put your arms up!"

The pumping and thumping deep inside me was driving me crazy. I bent forwards, still holding my arms out straight to my sides, then I tried bending my knees and ended up squatting on my heels. It was worse. The elastic panty-harness and the squatting position just forced the mechanical monster deeper inside me.

I tried everything...

I sucked my stomach in, held my legs together, crossed my thighs at the

top, put one leg in front of the other...

There were positions that seemed better than others, but only for a few seconds...

In the end the mechanical movements got through to my clitoris too, forcing it to react as if it had a will of its own. I hated that more than anything.

I looked at him, pleading with him with my eyes...

His stupid pig's eyes and his sadistic smile gave me little reason to hope for mercy.

He knew exactly what was happening to me, I could see that.

I tried to control myself. I didn't want to give the bastard the satisfaction...

It was no use.

Standing up...

Dirty and naked...

Humiliated, my arms out like a cross...

A dog's collar round my neck...

Swaying dangerously on high heels, prostitute's shoes...

But betrayed by the erection of my own nipples...

Betrayed by the reaction of my own clitoris...

Penetrated by a foot of vibrator...

Losing control as it thumped away at me...

I came.

I came as I had never come before. I could not help it.

I threw me head back and shouted out...

"UGH! ... UGH! ... OOOOOOOOOOH!

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!"

The orgasm came like a horse lost in the night, galloping over my body, switching off every cell in my mind. It was brutal. I twitched and jerked and my breasts flew around, hitting against each other, flying in all directions. I was losing consciousness... I was jerking. It was so absurd! I couldn't help it. I yelled again.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!"

The huge orgasm used up the last of my energy and it left me more dead than alive, drained...

My knees buckled and I fell forwards. The high heels...

I ended up prostrate in front of him, like a worshipper in some strange sexual sect.

He had beaten me. I did not care.

I only cared about the vibrator that had not stopped when I had my orgasm. It carried on torturing me.

The second orgasm was worse than the first.

The third was pure agony.

I had never imagine I would hate orgasms. But I did.

I pulled myself up onto my knees. I could not get up.

He pulled me by the hair and dragged me to his bed, waddling along, pulling me between his fat black legs. His genitals flopped against my head.

I was nearly sick from the stench.

He switched the vibrator off...

Silence.

Emptiness.

Suddenly I felt as if I had a vacuum inside. I gave a long groan. I was still trembling and I had not got my breath back yet.

He held my face in both hands and moved it nearer to his genitals.

He pressed my face against him.

I tried to turn away but he was holding me too hard.

His genitals were everywhere, all over my face. He pressed his testicles against my mouth...

I was gasping for air...

I opened my mouth but what I got was not air but a revolting mass of hot meat, palpitating, covered in big swollen veins and smelling sickeningly...

He began to push it into my mouth. I could taste the old sweat and the old semen...

I was still gasping for air. I tried to push him away, I even punched him, I kicked my legs around with all my strength, I bit him...

It was all useless.

I still had that foetid wad of stale fat in my mouth.

In the end I managed to move back slightly.

I managed to get some air in...

Then he started slapping me hard, sometimes in the face, sometimes on the breasts, slapping them. He was soon going crazy, working himself up with his own violence...

Until I surrendered...

Until he penetrated not only my lips but my throat...

Until he shot his thick semen straight down into my stomach.

Until I pulled my head back just when he was coming and I was sick over him.

Until he started hitting me and cursing me and his voice suddenly faded away and this time everything went really black and stayed black.

30 November, 1999

I hate him. He's a bag of stale fat, a big smell, a waste of space. He's the most repulsive man I've ever met, the most repulsive man who's ever existed.

And I belong to him.

My body is his, the words I speak are his and the rules of my life are all his. I do not even own my own false smile.

His orders are strange, obscene, unreal. His continuous acts of physical and mental abuse are unreal.

I am a slave. I am his sex slave. There is no other name for it, no other way of describing my situation.

I am the slave of a black cannibal, a sadist, an unscrupulous, violent man. It's hard to believe this can happen to anyone so near the third millennium.

And there's nothing I can do about it, no one I can turn to for help.

I'm trapped. I'm at the mercy of his every whim. Am I alive? Hardly. I'm buried under my own indignity, depressed at the loss of my own personality, at the mercy of a despotic human-flesh-eating killer whose mind is full of sex and cruelty.

I am in the hands of a sexual psychopath.

But I have vowed to do everything possible to stay alive and not to go back to solitary confinement in that dark cell.

I will not go mad.

I will stay sane.

1 December, 1999

I swear it. I will not go back to that cell. Never.

2 December, 1999

He has just left...

I have just vomited.

Luckily he was in a hurry. I held out until he left.

How can I understand all this?

Why is he doing it to me? Is it because I have a nice complexion, white skin, green eyes, fair hair, and a pretty face? I shouldn't say pretty, but it's true. I have always known I was pretty. If you are a woman it's the first thing you learn.

And I have had a good figure since I was about fifteen.

I'm quite tall and slim. A slim waist makes men notice your breasts. I was embarrassed when I was younger, and I wanted to hide them. But you can't and I got used to them. It may not sound very modest of me, but I like my breasts. I've never seen better breasts than mine. I know what they do to men.

It's doing me good to write it all down.

I have to remember what I was.

I was the kind of woman you noticed. Men noticed. It didn't matter if they were young or old, single or married, they noticed. Sometimes it made it difficult for me. I never knew if I was really having a conversation with a man or if the man was just thinking, what do I have to do to slide my hand down inside those pants? That's what they were thinking.

I was beautiful. It helped me in my previous life. I got what I wanted more than other women.

It's been my downfall now.

In my new life, it just means I get raped and tortured and humiliated all the time.

Or does it keep me alive?

3 December, 1999

I can't sleep.

He's next to me, snoring like a pig while I write this.

His filthy semen is oozing out of me, dribbling down my leg.

He has so much semen! It comes out like urine.

And he never lets me wash.

I am literally flooded. It's the same very time he uses me.

That's the word for it. He uses me.

He shoots his interminable load into me, sticky, very, very hot. It burns me. It makes me sick. It makes me want to die.

It's not just his fat and his smell or his snoring that keeps me awake. The main reason I can't sleep is that I've got my left wrist handcuffed to my right ankle. That's the way he's been fucking me recently. Another reason is that I've got "Assbuster" stuck up in my anus. It's another huge vibrator. He puts it in because he wants me to "feel something" when he rapes me, he says.

I need to sleep. I'll go mad if I don't sleep soon. It's torture.

And it's disgusting...

I can still feel his sperm running out of my vagina.

I can still feel my face, his hair, shoulders and breasts, all sticky with his smelly saliva...

I can smell the bitter-tasting sweat on my skin.

Not being able to sleep is torture, different kinds of torture.

I can stand it.

I can stand it and I will.

I will stand anything not to have to go back to that cell. I nearly went mad in there.

The Citadel of Kisangani Headquarters of the FLMA

The road from the concentration camp to the old Citadel of Kisangani was a real nightmare. Thousands of refugees were walking along the dirt track pushing carts, carrying things...

The massive exodus raised a cloud of dust that covered them all, turning their property and their robes and faces a dusty red. Nursis fleeing Totsis.

Laura was travelling with Neomi and Princess. The three of them were naked and chained together once again. Laura wore a chastity belt, once again.

Princess had seen ethnic hatred before. She was in her own country and she was the least surprised of the three by what was happening. Neomi was thoughtful. Her native America was so far away, so distant culturally, even if her skin was dark. She had not expected any of this.

Laura was quiet but hopeful. Any change had to be for the better, she told the others.

She looked out of the truck. She forgot her own tragic personal history. After all, it was only hers. This country was different. It was tragic in a different way. It was History. It was social, general, systematic. It was genocide.

There was massacre everywhere. You could feel it in the air, see it in the eyes. It would happen and then be forgotten like so many others. Those responsible would not be brought to justice, like so often in the past.

These people, fleeing in the scorching heat of the day, would be gunned down by bloodthirsty Totsi from the safety of American military vehicles and helicopters.

Women, old men, children, all with the same wide-eyed dull look of fear on their expressionless faces, all looking out of the corners of their eyes for their invisible enemies...

"Spanish?" the sergeant asked.

Laura nodded. He was the only one of the four officers escorting them who spoke Spanish.

"I had a Spanish girlfriend once. In Guinea. Long time ago."

Laura looked at him. Maybe this one was different... But no, he would not help her escape. He had the same eyes as the others. Lust. Bloodshot from the desert sand and desert murder.

"She was very good in bed. We had a good time. She liked my big dick, she said."

Laura said nothing. She was looking down. She felt naked at that moment. It happened sometimes. Even if she was alone, she sometimes felt naked.

"You hear me? You listening to me, you big tits?" he said.

Laura nodded again. She would have liked to speak some Spanish, but it was dangerous to get them too interested. If they got interested they got aroused.

"You ever been with a black man, big-tits?"

She shook her head.

"That's funny. Girls with big tits, they come here for a big fuck. Don't worry. You gonna get plenty of boyfriends!" he said, smiling. "They got nothin' to do but fuck girls where you're going. I don't know what they

do with them. I've taken them truck-loads. Arabs, Nursis, even some Totsis, all of them young and pretty. Even some old prostitutes with white skin like yours. I've never seen any of them again."

There was a clap of thunder and heavy drops fell.

Torrential rain followed in seconds.

Hours later, the four girls stood in the main patio of the Citadel of Kisangani. Their collars were chained together and their hands cuffed behind their backs.

They stood waiting, chained together by the neck and with their hands cuffed behind their backs. They were a pitiful sight, laden down with chains, shivering in the rain, their feet sunk into the mud. They were weak and depressed.

Neomi and Princess could hardly stand up. The American girl lay on the ground, her body covered in ugly bruises and raised welts from the severe beatings she had received.

Laura looked better than the others despite the grotesque chastity belt that protected her still-surviving virginity.

There was a long wait. Then the scarlet limousine that belonged to The Butcher of Africa came into sight, the same car that Laura had seen the fateful day he visited her school hut in Ngogo.

She started trembling...

Not again! Not him again!

The General waddled pompously over to the group of naked girls, smiling broadly and smelling badly.

The rain would have done him some good, but a servant protected him from it with a huge umbrella.

Laura thought he looked more repulsive than normal, stuffed into his slightly small field kit. He wore a pair of old but shining Nazi boots.

Behind the General she saw a white woman getting out of the car. The woman had dark hair piled up on her head in a style that looked cheap and nasty. She looked like a prostitute.

"Come along, I need some female advice," said the General.

The prostitute walked over to him and stood by his side.

No one offered her an umbrella.

Laura was curious about this woman.

She was older than the General. Under the thick layers of make-up

there was a suggestion of a face that was probably beautiful once. She did not look happy, but then who did except the General?

Laura was surprised to see that the woman had green eyes, out of keeping with her hair.

She wore a daring top with thin straps that held it just above her nipples, but only just... It did not seem appropriate for walking in the street. Especially in Africa.

"This is the little one I told you about," he said, picking the American girl up from the mud. She's the daughter of Reverend Jackson, the one I burnt alive. I swore at the time I'd set fire to his daughter too, for supper! Ha! ha! ha! What do you think of her?"

The prostitute, if that was her profession, looked down but said nothing. The General let the girl fall back into the mud. He put his arm round the white woman and pulled her under the umbrella.

"I asked you what the fuck you think of this piece of cunt! Did you hear me?"

"Good ... it's very good," the woman replied. She looked confused.

"The meat's a bit tough, but a couple of weeks hanging up will soften it," he said, bending down and feeling the girl's ribs and breasts. She's a bit thin too but we can do something about that. Lieutenant!"

"Yes, Sir?"

"Take her downstairs and check that she doesn't move anything except her eyelashes. And feed her up a bit. I want her nice and fat for my son Abdul's birthday."

Yes, Sir."

Two guards dragged away the Reverend Jackson's eldest daughter.

"Well, dear, perhaps you know this one! She's famous. Do you remember her? Neomi, the model?"

The woman nodded.

"Now this slut is a fucking Nursi. Aren't you, love?" He put his hand over her pubic hair.

Neomi reacted violently. She brought her knee up and hit the General between the legs...

Two guards ran over and grabbed her.

The General stepped back.

"Wild, eh?" he said, turning to the woman.

The woman nodded.

"Lieutenant, take her downstairs and shut her in." He turned to Neomi. "When I have time I'll work on her personally. And you won't like it very much, I can assure you," he added, addressing the girl directly.

The guards dragged her down the steps.

"And these two, my dear, are the school teacher and Obiongo's daughter."

It was then, for the first time, that Laura from Seville and Margaret from Minnesota looked at each other.

FOURTH INTERLUDE

5 December, 1999

Not much time to write today, but it helps me to keep the diary going.

I met the Spanish girl this morning. She's pretty. Very pretty. And I like her hair, nearly blonde but not quite. You expect Spanish girls to be have raven hair, but they don't always. She's got blue eyes too. Not the typical dumb blonde look though. And certainly not the helpless-little-girl look. This one has character. Good features too. High cheek bones, a big sensual mouth, sexy lips and a lovely nose. She's an exotic beauty all right, this blonde from the south...

It was strange. She was Spanish and looked American. And I was the one with the Latina look!

She was stripped quite naked, like the three black women with her. And I have to admit that her body was absolutely spectacular. She's athletic, about my height, with high, well-turned shoulders. Her breasts are sensational. They're big and firm and they go well with that slim waist. And round hips, the sort men go for... Her thighs are full and strong, her calves a little bit too athletic maybe, but she's got nice slim ankles. It all looks shapely. I can see what he sees in her.

It seems strange to me when I write about it, but I felt jealous of her beauty the moment I set eyes on her.

Poor girl. She can't be much more than eighteen or nineteen years old. And she's a virgin. I know she's a virgin because she's wearing a horrid chastity belt. I always think it's the most humiliating thing a man can put

on a woman...

The whole conversation was terrible. Terrible for the four girls and for me. I felt so stupid, standing in the rain dolled up like a prostitute answering his obscene questions, laughing at his indecent jokes, smiling when he put his filthy hands on me...

He's a killer, a criminal. He deserves to be dead. A depraved cannibal. A sexual psychopath. He's shit. Pure shit from top to bottom. He's shit, he talks shit and he smells like shit.

Shit, shit, shit.

I can't write any more now. He might come or send for me. I've got to get dressed for Him.

My hand is trembling.

Getting dressed means putting on the absurd transparent top, the pink one, and the miniskirt with a bow on the side of it.

The bow drives him crazy. He likes untying it.

That's the way he always wants to see me, showing all my legs and not quite showing my private parts.

I have to use wax on my legs and my parts and put makeup on every day, not just on my face. He likes lipstick on all my lips. Including my vagina, just a thin line of it.

My lips always have to be ready, waiting for him to play around with them or lick them or penetrate them, or whatever he fancies at that moment.

The rules have changed today. Normally he orders me to walk barefoot when I am dressed, and he orders me to wear shoes when I'm naked. Today, however, I have to put the stupid high-heeled sandals on, the red ones, the ones that hurt my ankles when I walk, the ones that make it difficult for me to keep my balance.

And I have to have "Assbuster" in. The awful vibrator is almost part of me now. I hate it for its size and because the batteries last for ages.

I can't do anything when I've got it in. I can't even talk properly. Walking is agony and it's practically impossible to sit down or crouch down.

And after half an hour or so it starts getting through to me. It vibrates everything, including my vagina, and in the end it becomes aroused whether I want it to or not.

It's degrading.
I feel like a doll with batteries, a toy doll.
I feel like shit.

Horror in the Citadel of Kisangani

General Motutu was having supper. He took no notice of "Belle", as he had decided to call his Yankee slave. She was sitting at the table, eating with him, dressed up in erotic underwear, looking like a whore as usual.

He never used cutlery. He chewed with his mouth open, licked his fingers constantly and belched as loudly and as frequently as he could.

Suddenly, Belle stopped eating. She had a worried, concentrated look and began to rock slightly. She crossed her thighs together at the top and began squeezing her thighs together, discreetly. She was fighting the waves of different feelings that came over her as the vibrator worked away relentlessly, tirelessly, on her vagina.

She could not fight. She would lose the battle. Now she was trying to squeeze her clitoris without using her hands. She knew she could only masturbate if he told her to.

She knew that he was aware of what was going on.

She had stopped eating completely...

"Get up on the table," he ordered.

Belle knew exactly what was expected of her. She would have lunch on her knees, with her bottom resting on her ankles, her back straight and her breasts high and well exposed. She had to be near Him, within reach of his hand and within reach of the fork. He never used the fork to eat, but he often pricked her thighs with it, or lifted her chin if it was dropping, or lifted a nipple with it. It was the nipple that made her most nervous of all.

"Open your legs."

Damn! He would not let her squeeze her thighs together at the top. She gasped as he ran the fork over her clitoris...

At that moment Lieutenant Mansur arrived with Laura, the Spanish girl. Laura's fair hair and provocative, sensual kind of beauty had made

her famous in the camp.

Belle flashed a look of hatred at her. Even slaves can be jealous of other slaves.

Laura was naked, which was not unusual. Belle had never seen her dressed. But she looked different now. She looked like a prostitute who specialised in wall jobs, Belle thought, very cheap and nasty. It was the make-up, she realised. The Spanish girl looked more like a clown than a teacher.

She had a thick blue line round her eyes, black eyelids, and heavy mascara on her lashes. And she'd been crying onto all of it, down onto the rouge too. The rouge was bad enough itself, a pale shade that made her look like Dracula's bride. And bright red lips of course, blood red. She had a ball gag in too, this time a black ball to show off her lips. It was a big one. It looked big enough to dislocate her jaw.

She had red on her nipples too. They were erect from the oil he mixes in with the rouge. It stung if the skin was broken.

To set it all off, he'd given her a horrible pair of bright red earrings that hung down to her shoulders.

For the rest, Laura still had the chastity belt on, high-heeled shoes as ridiculous as Belle's, and she wore a dog's collar with two chains hanging from it. There was a ring on the end of each chain, one half-way down her back to secure her wrists and another over her bottom. The lower ring held the chains that went down to her ankles.

She had another chain in the front, hanging between her breasts.

And in case there were any doubts about her role as a mere sexual object, there was a key between her breasts. It was the key to the disgusting device that preserved her virginity. Her owner found it more amusing to preserve it, for the moment...

The General, the Butcher of Africa, did not bother to look up. He carried on eating and licking and spitting out his food and burping. Sometimes he looked at Belle as if she was his dessert.

"Ah, Lieutenant, I must congratulate you. You've done a good job on her." He looked Laura up and down.

"Turn round please, let me have a good look at you."

Belle watched enviously as Laura turned round to show the soft waves in her fair hair as it hung down onto her shoulders. She saw the slender

wrists cuffed high up in the small of her back, and the gentle feminine curve over the hips leading down to the tight, firm buttocks. Belle looked at Laura's bottom in admiration. The skin was taut as a drum.

Belle looked too at Laura's impressive legs too. They were slim and sensual and probably stronger than they seemed. They were trembling, but that was the shoes. She understood that. She was wearing them too.

Belle felt the prod of the General's fork under her chin. He turned her face to his.

"What do you think of the schoolmistress, my dear?"

"She's .. she's beautiful, Master," she replied respectfully.

"And she's younger than you."

"Yes, Master."

"And I'm sure she likes sucking me and cleaning my asshole with her tongue. More than you, I think."

"I don't know, Master. I ... don't know what to say." Belle looked anxious.

The schoolmistress could take your place, you see. I could name her my favourite slut, my favourite piece of cunt, my favourite wet, dripping pussy..."

The General tugged on one of her chains as he spoke, to emphasize the words.

"Yes, Master. I understand..." "And what would you do then? What do you think I'd do with you?"

"I don't know, Master. Perhaps I ... I could leave."

"Ha! Leave! Did you hear that, Lieutenant? Did you ever hear anything so stupid?"

The General lowered his fork and rubbed it lightly over Belle's left nipple.

He put the fork in below the nipple and lifted the whole breast. Belle gritted her teeth. She dared not move away.

"No, my dear. If I get tired of licking you and sucking your cunt, I'll enjoy the taste in a different way." He licked his lips.

Belle started shaking all over. She had no doubts about how this sex-crazed cannibal would enjoy her taste...

"Bring our young schoolmistress over here, Lieutenant."

Mansur pushed Laura forwards, causing her to trip over her chain and fall headlong in front of the pig who owned her.

"It's an important day for you, schoolmistress. You will receive a great honour today. Your cunt, which until now has only sat uselessly on school chairs, will be used for the first time. I will make a woman of you! Do you understand?" the Butcher of Africa asked.

The Butcher of Africa did not wait for an answer. He grabbed the key that hung in the crack between his slave's lovely breasts.

"What I mean is, I'm going up your cunt. I've been waiting long enough! It's time to get in there. You never thought you would lose your virginity to a black, did you? A black with the key to your chastity belt?"

Laura shook her head. Her heart was racing. She was breathing too fast. She was panicking.

"Who would have guessed it? Destiny has preserved your cunt for a real General! Ha! ha! ha!"

The Butcher of Africa put his key into the lock. Laura looked down in astonishment.

As the belt came off, the General's eyes opened wide. He saw a delicious mons veneris, with its soft feminine curve, its downy, fine hair and the secretive little slit of her sex lips that promised so much pleasure.

"Hmmm ... what have we got here?" he asked, pulling out a handful of hairs. He put them in his mouth and chewed them.

Laura gasped. Only a stifled sound escaped from the large black ball in her mouth.

"Turn round again, dear, and show me what you have to offer."

Laura looked around the room, disconcerted.

The General gestured to Lieutenant Mansur, who grabbed Laura by the hair, turned her over and pressed her cheek against the ground.

"Lift your ass! Show me your bumhole! Show me your big wet cunt!" shouted the General. "I want to see them both at the same time! And get those knees apart!"

The Lieutenant sat on Laura's face and put his arms round her waist.

The General opened her buttocks with a hand on each buttock and stared into the deep, dark crack between her cheeks...

Belle looked away...

The Butcher of Africa enjoyed his first taste of his new sex slave.

He ran his hands everywhere, exploring all her cavities, every fold and intimate wrinkle of her sex lips...

Laura shuddered as his rough, cruel hands moved into her most private parts and each of his fingers penetrated her, one at a time, finger by finger, from the little finger to the thumb, in some strange, obsessive private ritual.

The Pig, the Butcher, sucked thoughtfully on his fat black fingers. "Take her up and get her ready!" he ordered.

FIFTH INTERLUDE

7 December, 1999

Each hour, each minute, each second that goes by since that blonde Spaniard came my situation here has got worse.

It seems impossible, I know, but there are worse things in this country than being The Pig's favourite sex toy. There are worse things than sharing his bed, his supper and his little rides in the limo.

One of them is the cell in the dungeon.

That's worse. That's worse than anything.

I swore I'd never go back and I never will. I'll die first.

I had to make her up for him. He made me do it. He made me put cheap perfume on her so she stank like a whore. He made me rub oil all over her body so her skin would shine for him. And he made me serve her up to him like a hot dinner. I had to put the key to her belt round her neck. The guy's just sick and twisted.

Then he sent her up to his room, to his dirty bed, to wait for him. I know that bed well. I've seen it all on that bed.

The Beast and I sat down for dinner. The main course was voyeur sex, as always. I had to pose for him, to show him my breasts and my vagina from all different angles. I had to smile. I had to kiss him on the mouth and massage him where he likes it most.

But this time it was different because the blonde was there.

What will happen to me if he takes a fancy to her?

He started drinking. I started shaking and lost my appetite. The nerves went to my stomach and I couldn't eat much. He's dangerous, even more

dangerous, when he's drunk. This time though, I knew I wasn't the victim. I was just there to get him horny.

"Take my clothes off, slave!"

I got down from the table. I took his boots and underpants off and I kissed his stinking feet. I loosened his belt, opened his flies and pulled his pants down...

His underpants were filthy of course. The only wash they get is when I have to lick them. I took them off. His great big stinking penis was there as always, sitting on top of his balls. Like a toad on a stone, I remember thinking as I kissed it...

The toad puffed itself up as soon as I ran my fingernail over his big fat bollocks.

I took it in my hand and put my lips around the end, looking at him. He likes that.

No response this time. He was miles away, probably thinking about the Spaniard and her big tits.

I sat back on my heels and stuck my tits out for him. I wanted to did a good job. I undid his shirt buttons.

The shirt was soaking wet. It had an acrid smell that made me turn my face away.

"Get on top of me, slave!" he said. I obeyed, but I remember thinking how I cursed the day I crossed the border to interview him.

I stepped over him and stood for a moment with one leg on each side of him.

Then I bent at the knees and squatted over him.

I took a firm hold of his erect penis and slowly lowered myself down onto it.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

He hardly reacted. The shout was mine.

His penis was enormous. I thought of Paul and wished I was doing it with him.

I went down onto the fat slob ... further ... and further... Until I had it all in. I felt like a piece of meat on a skewer. I felt sorry for the Spanish woman. She had never done it before.

I put my right leg forwards a little to get my balance better and started swaying, gently.

I took things gently. I didn't want to hurt myself inside.

He grabbed my by the hips. I could feel the tip of his penis pulsating in me.

"Let me get the feel of your big wet cunt. Let me soak my prick. I'll give you a try. I'll take a decision about you tonight." He had a sickly smile on his big lips...

I squeezed him. I degraded myself. I did my best. What worried me was, he didn't want an expert. He wanted a virgin. He wanted someone who would suffer. He wanted to be disgusting.

I bent forwards and swung my breasts in front of him. I know they drive him crazy. I gave him a deep kiss on the mouth...

"I'll decide tonight. I'll choose the best cunt. An old whore's like yours or a young virgin's... You're an old whore. You've been on the game. I can tell."

I was astonished. I stopped moving. Was he joking or provoking?

I smiled and carried on. Nothing else to do.

"What would you do if you were me?" he asked.

I didn't answer. I dug my nails into his shoulders. I don't know why, but he likes it.

"You've got character, journalist. That's good. It means I fuck you twice, once in your cunt and the other one in your head. I don't know which of you to choose. Your body is good, but in this country you're old. A girl has kids when she's your age. There's nothing left to fuck."

I dug my nails in even harder. I tried to get off him, as much as I could because he was holding me tight on the hips. I looked at him in disgust.

He registered the look. It was hatred as well as disgust.

His eyes flashed for a split second. He was angry. He slapped me so hard that I fell back, onto the floor. He got up, his erection flopping crazily, and he kicked me hard right between the legs.

"You've got a lot to learn about violence. And I know it all already."

He lifted me up by the hair as he always did before he hit me...

"On second thoughts, I'll take you upstairs with me. You can help me with my young blonde. Get up there, quick!"

I went up ahead of him and paused outside the room. He put his foot on my bottom and sent me flying in with a push.

The Spanish girl was there, in bed. In the same bed that the sadistic oaf used to rape me every day. He must like her blonde hair, I suppose.

She was waiting for him in a posture I knew all too well, lying on her back with her arms and legs crossed over and tied behind her. Her right wrist was tied to her left ankle. The other wrist and ankle were also tied together. Seen from the back, her arms crossed over like the letter 'X'.

She was obliged in this position to arch her back and stick breasts out. I know how it feels. You feel very exposed like that. It also makes you open your thighs wide so you present your vagina to him, with the lips open...

It was difficult to imagine a more sadistic and humiliating way to lose your virginity.

The blonde looked on in terror as the great mass of erect penis came near her. She turned her head away. But the ropes don't let you do very much. It's a cruel position. The ropes give you just enough movement to let you hurt yourself. It's hell.

"Come here, slave."

I obeyed, moving on my knees. I didn't dare stand up.

When I was in reach he grabbed me and pushed my face into the girl's vagina.

"Prepare her. She's not ready. I want her juicy. The way you go when I'm going to fuck you."

He's right. I make myself horny before he lays hands on me. It's the only way I can do it, and if I didn't get ready for him, his great stick of a penis would probably kill me.

But this situation was new to me. I had never kissed a woman before except on the cheek to say hello. I had never kissed one on the mouth even.

I brought my mouth down onto her vagina and kissed it. The first thing I noticed was her hair. I didn't like the way it felt on my lips. I wanted to spit it out.

I gave her four or five little butterfly kisses on her sex lips.

"Tongue!" he shouted.

I put my tongue in, tentatively, ran it up between her lips until I found her clitoris and then I licked it very softly.

She did not move.

Little by little I got the feel of it. I liked the way she gasped when my tongue worked on her. I like the way her woman's oils came down to lubricate her. I got more and more excited as she moved in a more jerky way. I felt in control for a change. I did different things to her, licking slowly and then suddenly taking a bit long lick, pressing onto her, and then kissing her all over her lips and then sucking her clitoris in and biting it gently...

I heard her first groan...

I responded by putting my tongue in as far as it would go.

Why was I doing it? I asked myself.

To get her excited and help her?

Why did it excite me?

Was it just fear of being punished?

I don't know...

The fact is, I didn't take her all the way because he didn't let me. When she was pushing and thrusting herself onto my tongue, The Pig pulled me off and felt onto her so violently that one of the ropes broke.

He put his huge penis in and banged away at her from the first thrust. I think watching us together had turned him on...

The big rubber ball in the blonde's mouth prevented her from shouting...

He told me to kneel beside the bed. I saw the great black piston thumping away, tearing through her virginity. It was more like a road drill than a penis.

I knew exactly what the blonde was suffering.

The usual chorus of grunts and groans, gasps, oohs and aaaghs and a big final shout

"AAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

signalled the usual orgasm.

The Butcher of Africa emptied his balls into the poor girl.

And then he just flaked out.

He fell forward, exhausted, and went to sleep on top of the blonde. She still had her body twisted back and her head on one side. She looked at me for a moment. It was as if she wasn't there, as if she didn't understand anything. Her blue eyes were rolling round the room. She looked dazed.

She still had the gag in.

She still had The Pig in too.

She was oozing his sperm.
She looked at me again but I knew she didn't really see me.
She was crying.
Her heavy make-up started running.
She groaned.
From around the black cork of her ball gag came a terrible groan, long,
low, as old as humanity, as sad as this country...
She groaned for all of us.
I felt sorry for her.
I felt sorry for all of us.

Horror in the Citadel of Kisangani

Part Two

General Motutu woke up refreshed and hard as a rock. He was still inside the foreign girl.

Laura was crying, her head turned away and her tears concealed by her tangled blonde hair.

The General sat up on his elbows and looked at his white victim for a long time.

She was exquisite...

He pulled her hair off her face, stroked her hair, and ran his hand slowly down over her neck to her left breast.

He gave a little push with his pelvis, making his huge erection more comfortable in the girl's suffering vagina. Laura winced. She felt very sore.

She cried like a child.

He pulled her hair, twisted her face sharply towards him and looked at her. He saw how much she was suffering and it turned him on.

He took a firm handful of her other breast too and squeezed them together. And he started pushing into her again.

He enjoyed her bleeding vagina. It was so small, so tight, she squeezed him so hard...

He enjoyed seeing the European face with its bright make-up smudged by tears. He enjoyed it all...

Her lovely body...

Her white skin...
Her youth...
And her groans of desperation.

He pushed in again and again until he came again.
Until she wanted to die, a terrible wish at the age of twenty-nine...

Finally, he rolled off.

His penis was covered in blood.

Her vagina was leaking a pinkish liquid, a mixture of blood and semen.

A minute or two later, General Motutu was on her again, kissing her face, licking her, squeezing her, pinching her, biting her, slapping her breasts left and right, and shouting the filthiest obscenities into her ear...

He slapped her breasts again and watched in a trance as her large breasts quivered from the blow and took the marks of his sausage-like fingers.

Laura tried to defend herself with her free hand, but she only succeeded in making him more sexually excited.

She cried and shouted. It was difficult to breathe because her nose was blocked by tears and mucous and the ball in her mouth shut off all air...

Suddenly the General pulled out and sank his face between her satiny white thighs. He dived desperately, urgently, into her open lips, gasping like a madman, as if was last chance, kissing her six lips with his own lips, rubbing her vagina with his chin, his nose, his whole face, round and round, sucking, slurping, drinking her juices, rubbing his big wide nose over and over again onto her clitoris...

When he lifted his head Laura looked down and saw his face was covered in her blood and his sperm.

He turned her over and buggered her as cruelly as he could.

She hardly had the strength to cry out in pain. She hit the bed with her free arm and kicked with free leg. It was terrible. Her attacker was too busy to know what was happening. He grabbed her ankle and twisted it up, hurting her arm and leg and giving himself clear access to the woman's tight young buttocks. With his other hand he pressed her face onto the mattress, cutting off most of the air that was going in.

The American journalist now known as Belle crouched nervously in a corner watching the young Spaniard being sodomized. She gnawed nervously on her own fists, biting the knuckles. She did not want to remind The Pig that she was in the room. She could not take her eyes off the huge bloodstained penis that was that was tearing into the blonde's open anus.

It was a savage crime.

If he didn't suffocate her first, Laura would die under his penis.

But Laura did not die, and perhaps unfortunately for her, she did not lose consciousness either. She suffered all through a long night of pain, in which the General pumped more and more semen into her vagina and anus.

He seemed insatiable. At one moment she was on her back, the next he turned her over and pulled at her breasts and slapped them back and forth, the next he pulled out and went into her anus again...

And then he turned her over...

And over...

And over...

Again and again and again.

Until he nearly took the skin off his penis.

Until he had no more breath left.

Then, without warning, he collapsed onto the bed next to his young victim once again.

Her sobbing did not wake him up this time.

Laura had given up trying to understand the reason for all this.

She was too busy suffering.

If she had been brave enough, Belle would have killed the savage there and then.

But what use would it have been?

She had nowhere to go.

Laura took over a week to get over it physically. Mentally, she would never get over it.

She trembled when she saw a man, or even heard one.

It made her physically sick to think about sex.

She spent the week chained up in a kennel in a training camp for army dogs. General Motutu gave orders that she was not to be disturbed. He had a chastity belt put on her to be on the safe side and he kept the key personally.

Belle remained his favourite sex slave...

SIXTH INTERLUDE

23 December, 1999

I could not write all week, which is hard for a journalist. A horrid week shut up in his room.

A whole week with my wrists tied to my ankles.

Luckily he didn't tie them behind my back.

I think that's the most humiliating way to tie up a woman. She has to offer her breasts, perhaps to be tortured... It's terrible, always pushing your breasts up, always waiting to be raped, always doubled up, forwards or backwards, always showing him your vagina or your anus...

And then, when he's finished and left you full of his sticky, smelly semen, you can't even use your hands to wash yourself.

And the indignity of eating on your knees, using your mouth and licking the bowl they leave on the floor.

The indignity of not being able to walk except with your breasts flopping around for him and your buttocks open.

I always show him everything, when I go to the door to let him in, when I lick his boots with my bottom high in the air, or when I take his pants off with my mouth, or suck his penis and catch all the sperm. Sometimes he comes in masturbating and can hardly get across the room to shoot it into my mouth.

And I have to swallow it all.

I hate being used as if I was just three holes for him to shoot into. I hate being used.

Used until I'm exhausted...

Used until I wish I had never been born.

And then come his little sex games...
Chasing me with the handle of his whip...
Putting out a candle in my vagina.
Cleaning his underpants with my mouth...
For God's sake! Enough is enough!

Christmas Eve in the Citadel of Kisangani.

On the eight day Laura was taken to the kennels in the place known as the Theatre, the most sinister spot in all the bloodstained Citadel of Kisangani.

Centuries before, it had been the torture room where prisoners and infidels were tortured to death.

Now, near the beginning of the 21st Century, the name had changed, but little else...

The sex of the victims had also changed. They were now exclusively female.

Laura saw Princess there.

And Neomi, the Reverend Jackson's daughter, although she hardly recognised her...

The girl was groaning, hanging from the ceiling. She was in a cage that was not much over a foot high. She fitted in with great difficulty. Her breasts were crushed against the bars on the floor of the cage and her legs were tied painfully apart, wide open like a frog's legs.

It was a tremendously cruel posture that opened her buttocks wide.

Her arms, which did not fit in the cage, were tied behind her. Each arm was tied to the other by thin wire, which went all the way up the arms. Even her fingers were wired together.

Another wire with hooks on the end pulled her nostrils up, staining her face with blood and twisting her head back. Her face was crushed between two more bars.

Other wires joined each of her toes to a huge ring that held her mouth wide open.

The only thing the Reverend Jackson's daughter could move was her eyelashes. Those were the orders of the Butcher of Africa...

Laura took some time to recognise her too because of her corpulence. In two weeks without moving and being force-fed, the girl's weight had doubled. The slim creature Laura met in the tent of the depraved officer was now fat, and through no fault of her own. Every half an hour, one of the torturers stuck a tube with a funnel in it into her stomach and pumped in two kilos of some revolting substance, the way they force-feed geese to make foie gras.

The ground below the cage was covered in vomit and excrement...

A few yards away, the splendid Neomi was on her knees in a niche in the wall, shut in by iron bars. Her hands were tied to the bars and a huge vibrator was torturing her insides.

Like the other girl, she had been here for two weeks. Two weeks waiting for the Butcher of Africa to come and "visit" her as he had promised.

Behind her, with her knees up against her breasts and suspended by the wrist, Princess was paying for the crimes committed by her father, President Obiongo. She was crying bitterly. Laura saw that she had a wooden phallus in her anus. Her buttocks were marked with tremendous red welts.

And Laura herself was put in the middle of them all. She was stood naked against a column with her hands tied behind her back. Her body was obliged to hang forwards by the rope that held her ankles to the column.

Her arms and shoulders hurt.

Her back was touching something that frightened her a lot. A wooden phallus with splinters on it!

General Motutu went over to the Revd. Jackson's daughter.

"Will she be ready for Abdul's birthday?" he asked, his mouth hanging open in hungry anticipation.

The guard said yes.

"Put some chilli pepper in the feed. I like spicy meat," the sadistic butcher said.

Laura was sick.

The General did not even notice. He was standing in front of Neomi's niche now...

"Are you getting horny, you big slut? Do you want a good hard fuck, you stupid cunt?"

The girl was suffering so much from the vibrator that she hardly heard him. She turned slowly to him with tears in her eyes. The mechanical phallus was destroying her...

The General pulled her wrists and pulled at her, crushing her breasts against the iron bars...

"Answer, you big wet cunt!"

The girl spat at him.

The General wiped his face slowly and turned to the jailer.

"When you take the Reverend's daughter out of the cage, put this one in and feed her up..."

The girl looked at him. "You stupid bastard! You'll pay for all this! You'll end up swinging from a lamp-post. You're going to lose this war. And people will fight for bits of your body, not to eat. They'll tread them into the dirt!"

Motutu smiled.

"Cut her tongue out tonight. I'll have it tomorrow morning for breakfast. To get the flavour..."

The girls eyes opened in horror.

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!" she screamed.

The General went up to the Princess, indifferent to the insults, the pleading...

"Nice work. Do you like it up your ass?" he asked, wiggling the wooden phallus around inside her...

The girl came out of her trance and started shouting

"Yes, I can see you like it!"

He did it again. He did it for over a quarter of an hour.

Laura was in a state of total panic. She turned away from the sight of the Reverend's daughter being force-fed with a purée of food and fat and chilli pepper. She tried not to listen to Neomi, who was pleading for mercy, suddenly sorry for her outburst that seemed likely to cost her tongue. She promised him everything he wanted. She offered Paradise

on Earth. Laura tried too to cut out the noise of Princess shouting hysterically, her insides burst by the machine...

She knew she was next.

"Are you enjoying your honeymoon, schoolteacher?"

Laura's arms and shoulders seemed to be in flames. She looked him in the eye.

"I love it," she said.

He looked at her. He did not catch the tone. Was it a joke? He was not sure.

"I can't stop thinking about it, Master!" she said quickly. "I need sex." She opened her mouth and sucked the air obscenely. She had decided that it was not possible to go over the top with this madman. He needed words, his words, the right words. It was part of his madness. "I want to suck your prick! Please! Give it to me! Give me your big, hard prick! I want it up me! I want it up my cunt! I want it up my ass! Give it to me, please! NOOOOOOOOOOOO!!! I'll do anything! PLEEEEEEEASE! NOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

General Motutu had taken out his knife.

Laura feared the worse. She would lose something, perhaps a nipple...

He smiled at her as he cut the ropes from around her ankles.

"You are very wise, schoolteacher."

Laura breathed a sigh of relief. She stood up, taking some of the tension off her arms.

He put his arms round her and groped her all over her body.

He licked and sucked and bit...

And worst of all, he kissed her...

His gorilla lips kissed her everywhere. They moved near her mouth.

Laura was trembling all over. Her stomach began to heave. She must not be sick, she thought! She could smell his breath...

He kissed her on the mouth for a long time, exploring her mouth with his tongue...

She made a tremendous effort and kissed him, putting her tongue into his mouth too.

She thought she might be released now.

Instead, he slid her up the column like a doll.

He lifted her over the rough wooden phallus, until her bottom was just

above the end of it.

"If you really like fucking," he said, "I'll teach you how to do it properly..."

He lowered her onto the phallus.

"AAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

He stepped back to get a better look.

The girl was kicking around in the air. She was trying to hang onto the column, trying to get some leverage and lift herself off the monstrous object that was piercing her.

It was a good show for the Butcher of Africa.

He watched until he could stand it no more. Then he went closer. Laura put her legs round him, desperate to take the weight off her body, off her anus...

He put his penis in and pushed hard.

"AAAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

"Hmmm! You've got a tight little cunt, schoolmistress!"

She shouted out in pain.

"If you behave yourself, I may name you my favourite. Isn't that what you want?"

Laura managed to find the words and mumbled through her pain...

"Yes ... Aaaaaaaaaghhhhh! .. Yeeeeeeees!"

"Clever girl," he said, thumping away into her. "You know what's good for you. The truth is, I don't eat the ... ugh! ... favourites!"

Ha! ha! ha!...

Ha! ha! ha! ha!...

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!..."

SEVENTH INTERLUDE

25 December, 1999

Christmas Day.

And here I am, crying like an idiot, as usual.

I think too much. I think about home. I think about my mother. I'm



Hmmmm!
You've got
a tight little cunt,
schoolmistress!

glad she died, not to know about this.

What are the rest of them doing now?

Are they sad?

Do they think I'm dead?

My life is shit. I've got to do something. But what?

He came for me in the afternoon and told me to follow him.

I started shaking like a leaf.

It was the way to the cell!

I followed him, naked, terrified, trying not to notice his stink...

We went down the steps, along a long tunnel.

My heart was racing. I could feel it hitting my chest.

We went by the cell.

The door was closed. Was there anyone else there?

He stopped in a kind of circular hallway with six heavy doors in it.

I started trembling again.

"Put this on, slave!"

For a moment I did not understand and I tried to put it on my waist, as if it was "Assbuster."

He slapped me and he stuck a fist on my forehead. "Here, you fool."

It was a thick cork penis tied to a harness. I put it on my head and it hung forwards like a unicorn's horn.

A second phallus, his, loomed large in front of me. It was not so thick as the imitation but it went in deep, right into my throat...

"Turn round."

It was brutal, as always when he's very randy. He tied my wrists back and then he slapped my breasts for a long time, front of the hand, back of the hand with the return blow, slap, slap ... slap, slap...

He knows how I hate it. It stings.

And it humiliates me.

I feel like a big pair of breasts when I've got my hands tied behind me.

And on top of it I had his penis in my mouth and another one strapped to my head.

"For a change, you're going to give it me up the ass! Ha! ha! ha! You're going to fuck me with your face, slut!"

He dragged me over to one of the doors and opened it.

She was in there. The blonde...

I must be an idiot. I felt sorry for her. It's no good feeling sorry for your rival! You have to win. This is a life and death business.

She was on her feet, trying to keep her balance on two piles of bricks, with her legs apart. She was standing over an trestle that had an enormous vibrator set in the top of it, full on.

And full in too, right inside her!

"On your knees, behind me!" he ordered. I knelt down and he took the lead that was attached to my collar and pulled it between his legs, pulling my face close to his fat, smelly buttocks.

I found myself staring at them and trying not to breathe.

"Give it to me in the asshole, slave!" he said, pulling his cheeks apart.

His meaning was clear enough.

It's difficult to describe what I felt. I can't put it on paper.

Let's just say he stank. And I had to look at his flabby anus. It had apparently been rubbed sore on some previous occasion, or more probably on lots of previous occasions... I had to penetrate it until my face and my nose were right in his stupid, stinking crack.

He pulled the lead tighter and held me there.

I could not move my face away!

I couldn't breathe. It was the only air I had, the air from his smelly buttocks.

I had to watch his buttocks twitching and moving as if they had a life of their own. And I was the one giving him that pleasure, if pleasure is the word for it.

I couldn't see what was going on, but I could hear it all right!

He was whipping her!

And she was shouting and screaming...

"Move your hips, schoolmistress ... fuck that thing! Don't tell me you don't like it?"

SWIIIIIIIIIIISH!

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

NOOOO!!! ... PLEEEEEEASE! ... STOP! ... NOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

"Pump your cunt, move those big floppy white tits!"

SWIIIIIIIIIIISH!

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

"Move your white whore's thighs up and down till you come! I wanna see how you come!"

The poor girl had her arms tied up to a kind of clothes hanger. I know how you feel tied up like that. They can hit you hard on the breast like that. Your arms don't get in the way.

SWIIIIIIIIIIISH!

THWAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!

"OOOH! ... UGH!

AAAAGHHHHHHH!!!

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

I could tell from the sound that he was using a leather belt or leather strap of some kind, and I could tell that the last one was right on her breasts!

"Who the fuck do you think you are, schoolteacher? You're shit! That's what you are! High-class shit! Now rub your cunt and come! Come like a train!"

SWIIIIIIIIIIISH!

THWAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!

"AAAAGHHHHHHH!

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

Breasts again.

SWIIIIIIIIIIISH!

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

That one sounded like her thighs.



Move your white whore's thighs up and down till you come!

CRACK!

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!
NOOOOOOOOOO!!! PLEEEEEEEEEEEEEASE!! NOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

The bastard flicked that one on her vagina, I bet. He made it crack, like a whip.

The sod!

I couldn't see but I more or less knew what was going on.

SLUUURP!

"UGH!"

She was pumping herself on the phallus now, trying to please him.

I could hear her vagina slurp as she came up, sucking in air.

SLUUUURP!

"AGH!"

I could imagine her lovely legs bending on those impossible heels.

I could imagine her swaying dangerously on those ingenious bricks of his.

She would be trembling all over now. Her arms would be dropping off, there would be pure panic on her face, her breasts would be red from the strap. They would be covered in red strap marks and shaking around and her nipples would be erect from fright and all the stimulation. He would hit her on the nipples when he saw them erect...

Meanwhile, here I was still, with my face in his ass. I was just the finishing touch...

I was the icing on the cake, his Christmas cake...

Oh God!

"OH! ... UGH! ... AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

She had come. But wasn't enough for him. He told her to come again, and again, and again...

He forced her to humiliate herself a dozen times at least.

I don't know where the poor girl got the strength from.

Finally he opened his mouth and roared as if he'd had an electric shock, and came like a train himself.

Then he kicked the bricks away...

"AAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

And he dropped the lead that was attached to my collar. Finally I could see her.

She was suspended by the arms and held only by her cunt on the vibrator. Just the tips of her sandals were touching the ground...

The Pig went round the other side of her. I knew what was coming. He wanted to use his right arm with all its strength. He pulled it back and...

SWIIIIIIIIIIISH!

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

He caught her fully on the unprotected breasts, causing them to shake and wobble. He licked his lips in satisfaction as he saw them settle into place, carrying his mark, the deep welts raised by his belt.

He hit her on the breasts again.

SWIIIIIIIIIIISH!

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

She screamed.

He went round the back of her.

He hit her again and again, all over her back and buttocks.

SWIIIIIIIIIIISH!

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

Her head fell to one side, the blood drained from her face, and she was silent.

I was pleased for her. It was better to be unconscious.

He was angry. He hit her again and again, all over the body...

I was pleased for me. If she was alive, I might be dead.

The Pig turned round angrily, grabbed my harness and threw me over the trestle with my bottom up high.

And penetrated me in the anus...

He raped me until I burst...

And I cried like a child.

My face was full of shit, I still had the grotesque penis attached to me and my mouth was still full of his filth.



He hit her again and again, all over her back and buttocks

I cried. I cried because it was Christmas.

Horror in the Citadel of Kisangani Three

Abdul's fifteenth birthday party was a big event in Kisangani.

All the officers of the General's guerrilla force were invited, together with two representatives of each large company and one or two prominent foreigners.

The guests started to arrive at the concentration camp when it was already dark.

The party was to be held there, next to the pit with the youngest female prisoners.

General Motutu and his son Abdul stayed in the Citadel.

The General had invited his son to have dinner with him. They had to talk man to man now the boy was no longer a boy.

The dinner was special.

It consisted of two white women served up on a big tray along with the cold meats. They were both naked and handcuffed.

One was the American journalist Margaret Jones. The other was the Spanish volunteer school teacher Laura Gonzalez.

They were both on their knees in a submissive posture, frightened, and fortunately for them, they were both uncooked. But they knew the General was a cannibal.

"What do you think of them, son?" the father asked, taking his clothes off.

Abdul's eyes popped out of their sockets. He had never seen anything like it before...

Two naked whores! And both white! He had never seen a prostitute in his life, and here were two, each with a radish stuck up her ass and her mouth full of food – a sausage and an apple.

What do you think of them, son?



Laura did not know what meat was in the sausage and did not ask.

They fell to eating like two pigs, prodding the girls from time to time with the forks. Now it was a buttock, now a thigh, or a breast, or the sole of a foot...

It did not seem to matter. It was all female meat, tender young white meat.

The two girls put up with it all. They knew their lives were worth little. They could lose them at any moment.

"Do you like them, son?"

"They're fantastic, Dad!"

"Which do you prefer, the one with fair hair or the brunette?"

Abdul licked his lips. It was a hard choice. The brunette maybe had bigger tits, and he liked the green eyes, but the blonde was younger. She was like the girls round the Sorbonne that just ignored him. Or even worse, laughed at him or swore at him when he tried to pick one up...

It made Abdul angry to think about it. He stuck his fork into Laura's calf.

"AAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

She deserved it. She deserved it for all he had suffered at the hands of the snobbish blondes at the school which was allegedly preparing him for university.

It did not matter to him that Laura was Spanish and had never been to France.

"Think about it, son, because one of them is your birthday present. You can have whichever one you like. Choose carefully."

EIGHTH INTERLUDE

30 December, 1999

He has a killer's face, like his father. Crazy eyes too. And he's bitter and twisted, like all the little rich boys that study in Europe. They're nobody outside their country and they can't take that. Their white schoolmates are at best polite but cold.

It all frightens me...

And now I think about it, what was all that food about?

Christ, he made me eat a raw sausage.

The Pig raped the Spanish girl
on the table and made me watch.



He's a walking definition of depravation and perversion. He's corrupt. He's more like an animal than a human. If there's such a thing as a corrupt, perverse animal, it's him. He's ... he's ... God, I don't know what he is.

I am very depressed...

I can't see the way out of all this. Things are just getting worse...

He treats me like shit and he hits me, fortunately only with his hand for the moment. And he ties me up. I hate being tied up...

It's undignified. It's a violation of my fundamental rights. It makes me less than a person.

Tying a woman up to rape her!

And he does it every day.

And now there's Abdul, the little monster.

He's always humiliating me, forcing me to prostitute myself for me, to degrade myself...

The Pig raped the Spanish girl on the table and made me watch.

The son watched too, masturbating all the time.

He makes me sick. He took one of the girl's feet and sucked it all the time until his father finished. It was dirty and repulsive.

He held me by the hair right next to the girl. He kept making obscene comments. "You see how our little schoolteacher comes? Look and learn!" He said it to make me jealous.

He made me jealous all right.

Both of us women are on the edge of a pit here.

The blonde will end up taking my place.

And I'll go back to the cell.

The horrible cell...

1 January, 2000

There was a party yesterday. I don't know who they were or how they got to Kisangani, but there were a lot of guests. Over two hundred.

Mostly men, but some women too. Free women, not prisoners or slaves. Maybe someone reported all this savagery to the authorities!

It was in the patio of the Citadel, under the stars.

We said goodbye to the Millennium...

I was naked, except for the absurd red sandals and the glaring make-up he likes...

I also had a red collar and a lead on. My hair was tied back it made me look like a dog as well as feel like one.

And I had two little bells that were clamped cruelly onto my nipples. My earrings were in the form of two little phalluses. My function in life was clear enough.

We were the star attraction...

Him and me.

All eyes were on him because he was an important person and on me because I was naked, chained to his belt.

The chain was short and made me stand next to him, or on my knees at times, or crouching down...

It was horrible...

He was talking excitedly in the middle of a group of party-goers. There were blacks and whites, men and women.

I had to crouch down because of the belt and I kept my head down and my eyes down too, but I knew they were all looking at me, especially my breasts...

A woman with a Texan accent, a silly bitch, asked him "Aren't you going to introduce us to your friend, Excellency?"

All eyes turned to me. At least, those eyes that weren't already on me...

"This is Belle. She's American, I think," he said.

It would all have stopped there, but the bloody Texan carried on.

"Is she your fiancée?"

"Good heaven, my dear lady! She's a prostitute. And very expensive too!"

The jokes and humiliations started.

"Where did you get her, Excellency?"

"Could I borrow her for a while, Excellency?"

"May I speak freely, Your Excellency?" the woman asked, swaying with her wine glass.

"Of course, dear lady."

"I always wanted a whore like that to eat my cunt, your Excellency..."

The Pig laughed. Some guests looked surprised, but others quickly caught the spirit of the occasion.

"And my ass, too, while she's at it, Excellency."

"I'd quite like to put my hand, my open hand, into her cunt, Excellency."

"Could she wobble her breasts for us, Excellency?"

On and on...

I dropped my head...

And said nothing...

I prayed to Heaven for the Millennium to end quickly and for the announced end of the world and the end of all its inhabitants to swallow us all up.

The Pig released the chain from his waist and I was able to stand up. I recovered a little dignity.

He slapped me. "Are you horny?"

"No ... Master," I said quickly.

The guests looked surprised at the way he slapped me and at the way I addressed him.

"That's a pity because I'm going to give you the last fuck of the Millennium..."

I could feel my forehead sweating.

"Thank you, Master. It will be an honour for me," I said.

The guests looked on in astonishment as the beast took his clothes off, as coolly and naturally as if he was alone...

He pulled on my hair and made me kneel in front of him.

"You fancy a good suck, don't you? Answer me, you big slut! Your cunt's dripping, isn't it? Do you want to me put my prick in your big wet pussy?"

I swallowed.

"Yes, Master." I was trembling.

"I know you want a good fuck!" he said, groping my breasts obscenely.

"A whore like you needs at least one good fuck a day! Don't be shy now! Ask me for it! Ask me to fuck you!"

"Master ... please ... please fuck me."

He hardly let me finish.

He pulled my hair and he pulled my face into his testicles. His penis was not fully erect, but it getting there fast, all twelve inches of it...

"Just asking's no good, you dirty slut. You have to show me you want it..."

"I do, I want it, I want it," I repeated. I was terrified. I degraded myself and kissed his penis and licked it.

He let me go unexpectedly and I sat on my knees. My face was covered in his foul semen. I didn't know what to do.

Everyone was very excited now. Some seemed unsure if all this was some kind of party "joke", to judge from their comments. Others took it seriously. A lot of the men couldn't take their eyes off me. They all had erections.

I turned to him, put my head to the ground and lifted my bottom as high as possible.

"Fuck me, Master," I said. "Fuck me. I need it."

Something unexpected happened then. The Pig went round the back, lifted me by the hips as if I was a doll and stuck his face in between my buttocks. He started working on me between the legs, licking and sucking me with real passion.

I shouted and kicked...

It made sick. It was repulsive...

But as time went by...

It started to get through to me, little by little...

And my voice took on a different tone.

What was happening to me?

It wasn't possible! In front of all the guests!

But I couldn't stop. His tongue was thick and long and tireless. It was overcoming my natural resistance...

"Yes ... Yes! I want to ... I want to" I found myself shouting. Next, and illogically, I started shouting "No, nooo, no, please, nooooooooo!"

He let my bottom fall to the ground...

I was face down, with my legs drawn up. I could only see lots of boots and shoes, men's and women's.

He grabbed my by the hair and picked me up again. I found myself on my knees looking at his penis. He hurt me so much I had to grab at his legs, at his waist, at anything...

And he was pushing his huge "thing" onto my face...

He let go of my hair and I grabbed him by the neck...

He penetrated me with a quick thrust of his pelvis that caught me by surprise.

"AAAAAAAAGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!" he shouted.

I could feel my breasts flying round in all directions as my body jerked out of control...

I fell to the ground. I think I fainted.

Exactly at the moment the Citadel clock was chiming twelve.

It was the end of the Millennium.

I sobbed.

Horror in the Citadel of Kisangani

Four

Belle and Laura looked at each other out of the corners of their eyes.

They were, as usual, naked except for the red high-heeled shoes they both hated so much.

"I promised the boy he could have one of you. Does one of you want to volunteer?"

There was total silence in the room.

"If there are no volunteers, you'll have to fight for the right to choose."

Lieutenant Mansur had prepared the two girls. Back to back like in the old duels, the two prisoners of war waited to fight for a dubious prize: Him.

They were going to fight to be the sex slave of the Butcher of Africa.

As appropriate, they were going to fight with their sexual parts. Tied up like two beasts of burden, and severely gagged with the harness and the cork ball, they waited to pull on opposite ends of a rope which passed deep between the lips of their vaginas. The rope held a large wooden phallus inside the girls. It the rope was tensed, the phallus went in deeper, right up to the end of the cervix.

The first one to cross the line on the ground would be the winner. She would serve The Pig and endure constant rape and humiliation.

At least until he grew tired of her.

And then... Who knows? She might end up in a stew in one of his banquets.

The loser would be Abdul's pet bitch.

It was not an easy choice, but both girls had decided to try to win.

They both wanted to pull the other one over the line and condemn her to the kennels.

Laura had already been there, a whole week chained by the neck in the middle of rabid dogs and sadistic guards who only wanted one thing...

To train her.

Belle did not know the kennels but she had heard enough about the place to convince her it was not a good place to be...

NINTH INTERLUDE

3 January, 2000

I lost. But I swear they'll never turn me into a dog. I don't know I'll manage it, but I won't let them do it.

I had never felt so humiliated before. Not even when he body-searched me the first day in front of his men, or when he rapes me and makes me clean his ass with my mouth.

All the officers were there. A select group of sadists and sexual psychopaths like Him.

And there we were, the two of us pulling like wild beasts for the privilege of being the sex slave of a beast we hated with all our souls...

Pulling in the hope of becoming the sex slave of a repugnant cannibal.

And we did it in the most degrading way possible, with our cunts.

Let me make it clear, at least to myself. Maybe I'll understand it. Maybe's it's all simpler than I think. We were competing with our cunts for the privilege of putting them at the service of our Master's dick and bollocks!

It's that simple, but I'm still not sure I understand it all.

And now I'm sore. It hurts, a long way inside...

I did what I could. I pulled with all my strength. It dug the cruel phallus deep inside me.

They were laughing at us. Placing bets. Shouting. Cheering us on. Like a cockfight. Like a dogfight. Like a cuntfight...

I bit on the ball-gag to take some of the pain off my vagina...



The shouting made me pull harder.

I nearly had her...

If I could just get my right foot forward and touch the line, I would win.
But if I lost balance and I'd lose everything.

Inch by inch, I pulled the bloody blonde to her destruction...

I bit on the ball to take some of the pain off my vagina...

It must be hurting her more than me. She was a virgin until recently...

The men shouted louder.

The betting was faster.

The son of a bitch cracked the whip at our feet, I suppose to offer a better show to his gorillas. They liked it when we jumped and our breasts flopped around.

And we pulled on. We lifted first one leg and then the other and kept pulling, fighting for the pleasure of serving the negro's dick.

Two whites decked out like horses, with foam on their lips, pulling away stark naked at a rope that went into their cunts. Two girls afraid of the whip...

Yes. It probably was a good show for the pigs who saw it.

Then it happened.

The whip bounced off the ground and hit me on the calf. I twisted my ankle and broke the heel off my shoe.

The fucking Spaniard had won!

I had lost!

I'm in a bad state...

Is there any point in carrying on now?

I can't take any more.

They'll shut me up in the kennels and I'll be a pet, a bitch, for his wretched idiot son.

No. I swore I won't let them turn me into a bitch and I won't.

I don't know if I'll be brave enough to do it, but I think I'll kill myself.
Or Him. Then they'll kill me...

4 January, 2000

I'm reading what I wrote last night. I can't believe it.

Everything has changed since then. I'm not the loser after all! She goes to the idiot son! She's the bitch now!

Well, as far as I'm concerned she can get stuffed, the slut...

It happened this morning. He had us taken to his room, naked and handcuffed...

He was shitting in the bath and we were standing next to his bed, hearing and smelling him.

The blonde was glowing. She was just smug.

She gave me a winner's look.

She was the queen now, the favourite.

And I was the fucking dog.

The negro came out of the bath. He looked ridiculous as always, naked and wearing his cap.

And he stank.

I had to take a deep breath, as always, to control my stomach, but it let air in my nose...

The blonde smiled at him and offered him her breasts. She even moved her hips playfully and bent at the knee...

She was teasing him!

She's a real slut, it must be in her blood. All these Latins are the same.

She didn't look much of a slut the night he raped her! I felt sorry for her! Not any more though. It's her or me now.

The Pig beckoned to her.

The little tart obeyed, swinging her hips. She had her hands on her hips, thumbs back, fingers forward, tits out, the come-and-get-me look!

She's just a cheap, fucking slut!

The Pig got down on the bed on all fours and opened his legs. She got a close view of his big, heavy balls hanging down to the sheets and his dick like a hosepipe and his ass filthy and full of piles...

The blonde took a step back.

"What are you waiting for, slave?" he spat out.

The girl froze.

"Come along, dear," I whispered into her ear. "Didn't you want a black one? Well, here it is, a great big smelly one too..."

Something was wrong. I could see it in the Spanish schoolteacher's face.

It's true he was smelling worse than usual even. Maybe he had stomach problem. Maybe a bit of meat upset his delicate stomach, who knows?

"What the fuck are you waiting for, Spanish cunt?" He was getting impatient.

The girl put her hand to her face and burst into tears.

The Pig stood up. He looked furious.

I stepped back. He's dangerous when he's angry...

I thought he was going to kill her.

But he didn't.

To my surprise, and disappointment, he bent down and picked two vibrators up. He gave us one each.

"I want both of you here," he said, "bending over."

I knew exactly what he wanted. I had been with him for several weeks now and I knew the ropes. I knew all the details of all his degenerate perversions.

I bent down where he pointed. I squatted on my heels and opened my knees wide.

I kept my back straight to offer him my breasts..

The blonde looked confused and then did the same.

This was my opportunity.

"You're going to come, both of you. You're going to show my prick what you can do!"

I didn't have to be asked twice. I put my vibrator in and started touching myself with both hands, looking him in the eye. I was really thinking about Paul. I was also thinking about the sexy young Spanish girl next to me...

I was thinking about anything except Him.

I looked at Laura. She was imitating me...

We gave the worthless pig a good show.

Two emancipated white women masturbating just for him.

Two women in handcuffs, crouching down with our knees apart, showing him our vaginas. Trying to get off on dirty, well-used vibrators. Both masturbating furiously like sex addicts having an attack of anxiety.

I came the way he likes, quickly, with a lot of shouting and groaning.
The Spaniard couldn't come.
She dropped onto her knees crying like a child. Like the first day.
The Pig got up, picked the telephone and said something in Swahili.

Lieutenant Mansur appeared shortly afterwards, carrying a chain and a thick dog's collar.
I was trembling. It was her or me.
It was her.

6 January, 2000

I never dreamt that revenge could be so sweet..
I always thought it was a primitive feeling, not worthy of a civilized being.
Was it really revenge though?
Maybe it's the wrong word.
The Spaniard hadn't done anything to me personally.
It was sadism. Sheer sadism. It's a kind of power.
Sadism is enjoying fucking someone up when you're fucked up yourself.

I was carrying out His orders, I know, but I put everything into it. I enjoyed it.

The blonde was waiting for me – for me! – tied up with her arms high and her legs wide apart. She was wearing a black basque, incredibly tight, stockings that matched and the inevitable high heels.

I showed her the chastity belt.

"Look what Father Christmas brought you." She looked at me, frightened. I smiled.

"Do you recognise it, darling? His Highness ordered me to put it on you. I'm sure you wouldn't want to have puppies. Not so soon anyway!"

She was shaking like a jelly.

"You know something?" I said to her. "I had a good time eating your cunt the other day." She looked at me in astonishment.

I kissed her on the mouth.

She was passive. She let me kiss her, but she didn't respond.

I carried on kissing her. It was a funny feeling. I desired her and I hated her.

I explored her mouth with my tongue, sucking on her lips, licking her... She tasted good. I wet her face with my tongue. I kissed her again on the mouth. My cunt was going to catch fire...

I spat into her mouth. Marking territory, like a dog.

I stepped back and slapped her. No reason. No explanation.

The blonde went red in the face. Her eyes were flashing.

"There's a new bit for you this time, darling," I said, holding up the straps. I showed her the huge vibrator. I had to be careful how I handled it. It was made of some kind of rubber that irritated the skin, or maybe it had been sprayed with something. I kept my hands away from it, letting it flop heavily from the belt.

It made me sick just to look at it. It was transparent, made of some see-through red material that made it look like a penis that had had the skin rubbed right off.

It was flexible. It looked like hard jelly. If you just rubbed it with your finger it irritated the finger. As if that wasn't enough, it had a crest like an iguana running all the way down it.

I rubbed her left nipple with it to give her some idea what we were talking about.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

She glared at me. Then she changed her mind. It went on stinging longer than she expected. She looked at me and begged me to stop.

You can imagine the sort of arguments: "No, please, we're both in this together, you're a prisoner too, please, no, NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

The rubber or whatever it was went down on the other nipple.

Then I held it right back to get the full force and flexibility and I brought it down hard on her left breast.

SLAAAAAAAAAAP!

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

Her whole breast wobbled. The nipple caught the full force of the blow and it reacted immediately. It went bright pink and swelled up to three times its normal size.

I crouched down between her legs, a little bit behind her...

I felt good. I felt like a Queen. A despotic, tyrannical Queen about to punish a rebel slave.

I had a nice view of her lovely breasts as I looked up.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!
AAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHH!
AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

I thrust it right where she wasn't expecting it. Right in the back passage. I've never used this thing before but I've been on the wrong end of it so many times I know exactly how to use it...

I never said a word. I can't imagine what was going through her mind. Nothing, probably, with all that inside her back passage

I put the belt on her and stood in front of her.

"This is to make sure you don't shit yourself, you slutty bitch!"

When I finished, I put my knee right into her cunt and she was sick.

Kisangani. Horror in the Alcazaba kennels

Laura had been waiting for an hour, tied by the neck. The dogs were barking everywhere.

The collar dug into her neck and she had cramp in her calves and feet from the unbearable muscular tension. Above all, her anus stung. She still had the obscene vibrator in. Belle had stuck it in deep.

She was waiting in the dark. She couldn't see anything that was going on around her. A strip of leather covered her eyes, shrinking her world to a one of feelings, of pain...

And dogs barking and fighting and bad smells.

Panic and terror.

Time passed slowly. There were moments when wave after wave of panic swept over her and she wanted to die.

She only had to draw her legs up quickly and she could probably manage to...

She heard footsteps and smelt a distinctive smell. Her wait was over.

It was the same smell that nearly made her sick that first grey day when the troops came into the school in Ngogo. A long time ago, it now seemed.

This is to make sure
you don't shit yourself,
you slutty bitch!



She couldn't see him but she knew who it was. Him.

He stood in front of her naked and erect, wearing only the military cap covered in stars, and his boots.

Laura held her breath. She had a terrible cramp in her left calf.

Motutu stood behind her and tied her shoulders together, brutally, silently...

"AAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

She let out a yell.

Then she stopped herself. She didn't want to lose control. She knew that if she did, things would get worse. She had been taught that, at school and then later in Education for the World. Keep calm if you're attacked. Don't excite your attacker. Don't give him that pleasure.

It was difficult. She listened hard. He was in front now. She knew from the smell that he was naked, his huge penis erect.

Motutu was in fact carrying something. If Laura had seen it, she would have had difficulty identifying it. It was a thin washer, as wide as a big peach. Two straps hung from it, one with a buckle and the other with holes like the holes in a belt.

He pulled the strange device tight, checking that it gave slightly under pressure.

"Open your mouth! Open your big bitch's mouth!"

Laura shook her head. She was trying to work out what it could be.

Motutu pulled her head back by the hair and put his fingers over her nostrils. Laura had no choice. She opened her mouth. He forced it in, pulling the corners of her lips and forcing her jaw open.

He tightened the strap as much as he could, so tight it threatened to open her cheeks.

It took Laura a long time to discover what it was that was hurting her so much it nearly drove her crazy.

The strap, made of strong elastic, was tight round her head and hurt most in the corners of the lips. The giant washer fitted vertically behind her teeth. It hardly fitted in her mouth. If she pressed it lightly, it acted as a spring and forced her mouth open and her jaw down even more.

The pain was simply unbearable.

So unbearable that she almost forgot the pain in her arms and legs.

"This will help you to bark like a real bitch," he said, hitting her in the

face and drawing blood on her lips.

Laura was totally defenceless and she felt it. She was giving him access to all her body, and she could not see what he was going to do with it.

Apart from the pain that was everywhere now, arms, legs, and neck especially, she had to cope with the washer in her mouth that did not let her swallow.

The saliva dribbled endlessly out of the stretched corners of her mouth.

The young Spanish school teacher was a picture of misery.

She was reduced to little more than a piece of meat. Exquisite meat, hanging at the mercy of a butcher's groping, exploring, hands.

She shuddered as they worked over her breasts, ran down her side, found her hips and buttocks and mons veneris and thighs. Inquisitive, fat, sweaty hands that insisted on going everywhere, exploring every nook and cranny, every intimate orifice of her lovely body...

Was he going to eat her?

She was sure he was...

She felt something sharp and cold on her ear. A blade.

She started praying.

Nothing happened.

The point of the knife ran down, over her superb breasts, and stopped under her left nipple.

A drop of blood ran down the cold steel.

He had not eaten white meat for a long time.

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOGGHHHHH!!!"

Laura screamed through her painful gag.

She was panic-stricken. The sadistic, murderous, anthropophagous bastard was going to eat her piece by piece, starting with the ears. Then he would eat her nipples. And then her clitoris.

And he would make her cook her own flesh!

No, she wasn't making it all up. She had heard it in the warehouse in Ngema!

"Don't worry," Motutu said, guessing her thoughts. "I don't like dog meat. Do you know what that means?"

Laura shook her head.

"It means that if you behave like a houstrained dog, I won't eat you. Do you understand now?"

Laura shook her head urgently. Yes, yes, she thought, yes I will be your bitch, I'll do whatever you want, but take that knife away.

"OK," he said, undoing the chastity belt that was hurting her waist. And now I don't want you to crap down your own legs. Housetrained dogs crap in a little box."

There was a damp PLOP!

And Laura felt her stomach move around. But she held most of the excrement in. A dog just doesn't go around doing his business everywhere!

Motutu held the vibrator to her lips. It was dirty...

"Poke your tongue out and lick your own shit. That's what you young bitches do!"

And so Laura, an educated young white woman with an extroverted character, a determined, independent girl with her whole life in front of her, was trained to be a pet, a dog. She belonged to a negro who was three times as old as she was.

She learnt to eat and drink from a dish on the floor, licking it up. It was the only way with the elastic washer between her teeth.

She learnt to run on all fours in a variety of different styles which offered different views of her bottom: on her hands and knees, on her elbows and knees, on her hands and feet, and also – this was the most humiliating way of all – on her elbows and feet.

She learnt how to communicate by barking or groaning.

She learnt how to urinate like a bitch, opening her legs and lowering her vagina almost to the ground.

One thing that made Laura feel especially ridiculous was her tail...

She had a long, thick cork in her anus. Attached to it was a tail made of her own fair hair that she had pulled out and plaited herself. She was strictly forbidden to remove this tail.

So she often had to wait for a worker in the kennels to take it out for her. Then she had to do her business in front of him, in the box provided for that purpose.

She had her own kennel, where she rested in the rare moments when she wasn't being trained.

In this way hours and days went by. Laura was always naked,

Poke your tongue out and lick your own shit. That's what you young bitches do!



humiliated by her tail and gag, and restricted by the punishment collar that held her neck rigid.

A week went by and then General Motutu appeared.

Laura was the last of his dogs that he visited that day.

He greeted her by pulling her ear and instructing two of the workers to tie her down with wire.

A few minutes later, General Motutu's white bitch was unable to move. Her ankles were wired back against the backs of her thighs. Her elbows were wired together with her arms forced back over an iron bar. Her wrists were also tied to her ankles. And her head was held rigid by the collar, and also by a length of rubber tied to her hair. It pulled her head right back.

And as if all this were not enough, one of the workers put a rope around her waist, tying her tightly to a post in front of her.

Laura ended up hanging from the bar and touching the floor with her knees. The General stepped round to the side to view her. Her body almost formed a perfect circle.

The worker then tied some thick fishing line just above her breasts, on the base of them, and they swelled up with blood until they looked about to explode.

Then he began to pinch and twist her nipples until they were twice their normal size. Laura thought she was going to pass out. Saliva ran uncontrolled out of her mouth.

She screeched and grunted like a suffering animal.

"Do you know what this is, bitch?" the General asked.

Laura looked at him. And she screamed louder.

"I'm going to pierce your tits," he said, holding up a pair of riveting pliers.

He pulled hard on the end of a nipple with his fingertips and nails, held the pliers in place and squeezed hard.

CLACK!!!

Laura lost consciousness.

A bucket of water brought her round...

The blood ran down with the water and coloured her stomach and pubic hair.

The girl looked down in confusion at her breasts. She looked at the General again.

Only one breast was bleeding!

He held up the pliers again and put them over her other nipple.

CLACK!

Laura fainted again.

And was brought round again, but this time it took several buckets of water.

But the sadist had not finished yet.

He pierced her nose. A dog can be controlled better by the nose, like a bull...

Lieutenant Mansur had the strategic mission of training the white bitch for General Motutu. Many other officers had hoped they would be chosen. But this was a delicate job and it went to his most trusted officer.

Mansur went to work on Laura that same night after supper.

Laura was half asleep on the straw floor of the kennels. She was exhausted by the torture, by panic, and by the emotions of that terrible day.

Around her, dogs were howling, snapping angrily at each other and mounting the bitches on heat.

"On your knees!" shouted Mansur, giving Laura a kick on her bare buttocks.

She opened her eyes. Saliva was running out of her mouth, forced open by the savage gag and the elastic harness. It hurt horribly. Like her newly pierced nipples and nostrils.

Another kick on the base of the spine made her look up. She saw the black officer. He was naked. Six feet six inches of muscular black psychopath with an enormous erection and a smile that chilled Laura's blood.

"Knees!" he shouted, kicking her again.

Laura rolled over, put her cheek to the ground, and got up on her knees

with some difficulty.

"Master!" he said, pointing at himself.

"Bitch!" he said, pointing at the girl.

Laura said yes with her eyes, which were brimming with tears. She was only dimly aware what was going on. Her mind was too full of the agony in her nipples, nose, arms and head to take much notice of this idiot.

Mansur seized her by the hair and pressed her face hard against his genitals.

"Bitch lick Master!" he shouted, holding her tight against him.

Laura kicked and struggled but he was too strong for her. His member throbbed against her mouth, was soon wet with her dribble flowing out of the elastic ring, and with her sweat, and with the seminal fluid that seeped out of the giant phallus. His huge testicles were working overtime.

"Tongue!"

Laura was almost suffocating. She realised that if she obeyed him she might be able to breathe.

She stuck out a timid tongue. The mixture of saliva, tears, stale and sperm filled her mouth and caused her to cough. Her stomach started heaving. But the young white woman with the lovely breasts licked and licked. Her life depended on it...

It was the first lesson for a new bitch...

Mansur explained to her how she should greet him when she saw him. He got his meaning over with the help of gestures, slaps on her face and breasts, kicks, and a few words of Spanish.

She was to behave like a happy dog. She was to go down on her knees and lick his balls, then lick his ass, then his boots or naked feet.

Laura practised the strange ritual well into the night. Until Mansur masturbated and spat his heavy load of semen right into her beautiful face. There was a lot of it.

Laura ended up a pathetic sight. On her knees in a kennel, down on all fours with her breast swinging painfully, her face covered in sticky semen and her eyes full of tears.

An educated white girl down on her knees in the heart of black Africa,



"Master!" he said, pointing at himself.
"Bitch!" he said, pointing at the girl.

her elbows tied back, her breasts swinging to accompany the pain, to the accompaniment of low, desolate groans...

It was a terrible sound, appropriate to her living hell, the stinking kennels full of angry dogs howling in their chains, howling out their repressed desire...

The beautiful young Spanish girl begged Heaven to wake her up and show her it was all just a bad dream. She was humiliated. She felt totally, utterly miserable.

It could only be a nightmare. The attack on the Ngogo school, Mamy and the Government Detention Centre, the slave dealer Ngema's warehouse, the orgy in the village, the Citadel of Kisangani and the repulsive General Motutu, the rape, the torture, the pierced breasts, Lieutenant Mansur and his slapping hands and kicking feet, Mansur and his stinking genitals and his humiliating orders... It was an endless list of horrors.

And always this nakedness, this showing of her most intimate feminine parts, this pain in her nipples and nose, the collar that held her neck rigid, and the diabolic harness that was oppressing her head and holding her jaw wide open...

Yes, she would wake up and find it was not true...

God, wake me up!!!

TENTH INTERLUDE

Sunday 16 January, 2000

Why did he do it? Why did he have me mutilated in such a vile, obscene way?

I'm afraid. More afraid now than ever before.

How far will he go? Will he ever stop?

I woke him up exactly when he ordered me to. I woke him up as a sex slave wakes up the man who owns her... Kissing, licking, sucking on his penis, wetting it with my lips, tongue and throat, opening and closing my mouth gently on the tip again and again...

He waited to have his orgasm and then he called Lieutenant Mansur.

"Take her down and put the earrings on her."

Down meant to the Theatre. I had heard the name, but had never been there. It had a sinister reputation, based no doubt on the screaming that came from inside. Those were the screams that kept me awake at night in my horrible cell...

There were dozens of women there, some of them white. Arabs probably. All of them were young, attractive, naked and in chains.

Who were they?

The Lieutenant tied me to a column and left...

I panicked. I did not know what they were going to do to me down here. I was afraid it was not just to pierce my ears...

All the girls were being sadistically tortured!

A black jailer, stark naked, with a primitive animal face, was working on them all in turn.

He whipped a dark-haired girl on my left, again and again. Then he moved on and burnt the soles of the feet of a girl tied to a rack. I could only see her legs. Next he buggered a girl who could not stop groaning in despair, and when he finished, before he even got his breath back, he put his truncheon in a girl who was cruelly suspended by the wrists with her knees tied up to her neck.

I was left to watch this terrible spectacle for several hours, wondering what exactly they planned to do to me.

When The Pig finally came down, he was holding the riveting pliers.

He came and stood in front of me.

He stroked my breasts. He is obsessed with them, I have known this for some time.

I don't know why, but I tried to smile. Then I remembered that ordinary human reactions mean little here.

The dark-haired girl next to me had been under the whip for an hour. The bastard had flayed the skin off her.

The Pig signalled to him to stop.

He stopped but the girl did not stop screaming.

The jailer took her head off with an axe and I wet myself...

The Pig watched my reactions closely. Then he smiled at me and kissed

me on the mouth.

My head was spinning. I nearly fainted.

He showed me the pliers. They had a hollow nail that fitted in a hole.

I shook my head instinctively. I did not say anything.

He took my right breast and pressed on the base of it, causing the nipple to swell up.

He put the pliers in place and squeezed.

The pain nearly knocked me out. And he had not gone through the flesh yet.

"Keep still, slave, or you'll fuck up your tits."

I bit my lip. Why didn't he just do it?

"I'm going to pierce them. Do you know why?"

I shook my head. I was getting hysterical.

"Very simple. From now on I'm going to lead you by the collar like a dog. I'm going to lead you by the tits like a slave. Are you pleased?"

I pleaded with him, I begged him...

He humiliated me. I will not write the words he used...

He squeezed harder and harder.

And I humbled myself before him...

And then he grabbed my hair, pressed me against the post as if her was going to rape me, and he squeezed the pliers.

The blood flowed out, right down my thighs. The pain was terrible...

Unbearable. My nipples have always been especially sensitive, more than most women's I think. I thought I was going to die.

But I did not. I had to watch as he took out the small piece of my breast that had stayed in the pliers. He ate it in front of me, watching me as he chewed.

"You taste good, slave..." he said, licking his lips.

I lost control of my bowels. It is horrible to describe, but it shows clearly what I was going through.

"I'll have to block you up," he said, smiling. He liked it. He always gets excited when I shit myself.

He took hold of the other breast.

I begged him to stop. I did not think I could take it again.

Oh God!

I'm sorry...

I'm sorry... I can't carry on writing...

17 January, 2000.

I'm not going to take up the story where I left off.

I don't even want to read it again.
I don't want to see my own breasts!
It's humiliating, just looking at them.

The Butcher left me as I was, my blood on his hands.
He left me with a ring in each nipple. He left me to suffer.
Everything carried on as usual all around me. The black jailer whipped, burnt, buggered, and raped with his truncheon.
Then a woman appeared at the top of the stairs, down on all fours like a bitch.
It was the blonde Spaniard. Mansur had her on a lead.

The girl was a shadow of her former self. I felt sorry for her.
What I noticed most was the way her mouth was forced open and saliva ran out. That, and the tail sticking out of her anus...

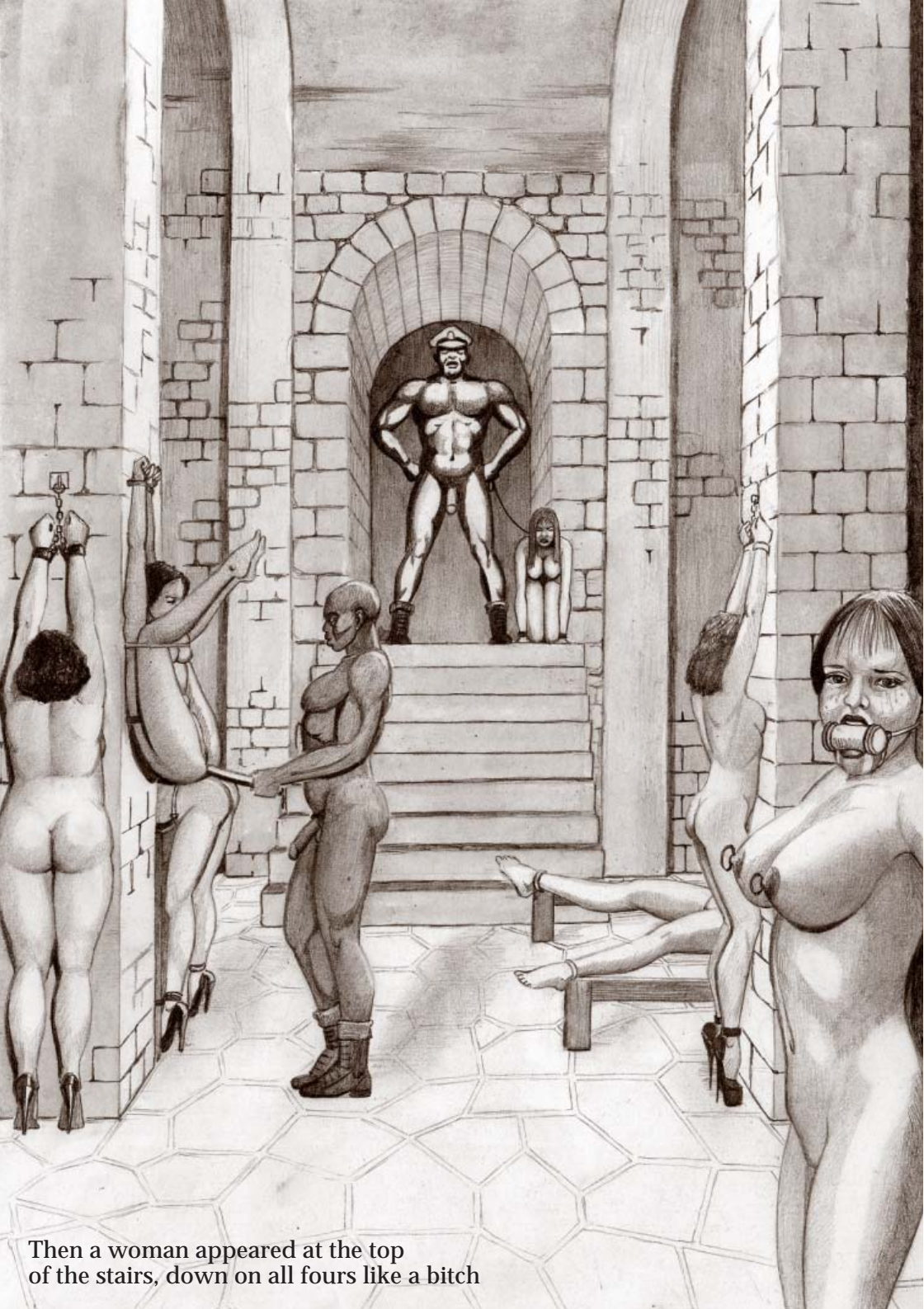
Lieutenant Mansur led her around the sinister Theatre and the girl followed, sniffing things that he pointed at. Until they came to one of the columns. She lifted a leg and pissed like a male dog.

They came over to where I was. Mansur pointed at my feet.
She did not hesitate. She sniffed them and then licked them.
I could hear her bells tinkling. So they had pierced her nipples too.
There was a terrible moment when she lifted her head and looked at me. She had a ring in her nose!
A huge ring, as big as the one in her mouth.
"Up! Up!"

She sat back on her ankles and put her arms up, imitating a dog.
The Lieutenant put his penis through the ring in her mouth.
Right in front of me...
He put it down into her throat. I could see how the thick penis stretched the skin of her neck every time he thrust in.

The girl, or the bitch, or whatever she was now, didn't try to defend herself. She accepted it all, sitting back on her ankles like a well-trained dog.

Lieutenant Mansur came into her face. A minute or two later he peed into her, peeing through the ring.
She did not turn her head away. She drank his urine.
I saw that her nose was bleeding badly from where he had raped her



Then a woman appeared at the top of the stairs, down on all fours like a bitch

mouth...

He led her away. She walked clumsily on her elbows and feet, lifting her bottom and showing all the crack. She had great difficulty going up the stairs, swinging left and right, showing her most intimate parts...

Then I saw it. A brand. On her right buttock. She carried the brand of the FLMA.

For a moment I looked down at my nipples. At least I had not been branded.

I did not feel lucky, exactly, but I saw that things could be much worse.

FIRST EPILOGUE

Kisangani seemed to have recovered a certain normality. The Nursi had fled and the Totsi had replaced them. Nothing suggested there was a war on.

The red limousine pulled up outside a restaurant. It was the only luxury vehicle in the capital.

A group of onlookers gathered around it.

Lieutenant Mansur emerged, concealing his face behind large sunglasses.

He held a dog's lead. On the other end of it was a woman's neck.

A white woman came out. The onlookers gasped. Male members began to swell and throb and were soon fully erect.

It was the American journalist Margaret Jones...

The white slave who belonged to the Butcher of Africa!

The image was surrealistic...

The wretched houses, the dirt track, the red limousine, the luxury restaurant, the onlooker, the Lieutenant, and the white woman...

She wore a pale pink gauze that clung to her magnificent body. Nothing else. The crowd had a good view of her and were able to see that she wore no bra or panties.

She wore nothing else except the thick leather collar that prevented her from lowering her chin, a sleeve made of shining leather that held her arms behind her back, a steel ring on each ankle, a pair of patent leather

shoes with a long, slender high heel and two gold rings in each nipple.

Her head, needless to say, was down. She felt bad.

The Lieutenant pulled her by the belt to the door of a house.

A young black dressed provocatively, laden with expensive jewels in doubtful taste, opened the door.

"Would you like to leave anything in the cloakroom?"

Margaret would have spat in her face.

The Head Waiter – a white man with a French accent! – came to greet them.

Margaret's heart started racing. A white man! She had to make the most of this opportunity to ask for help...

But she did not react in time. The waiter was already through the door leading to the restaurant and she was following the Lieutenant on the lead.

It was crowded.

Margaret blushed as she had not blushed for a long time.

The Lieutenant had to tug on the lead twice...

There were black men with their hair well greased down, there were black prostitutes and there were a few white couples. She even heard someone speaking English with an American accent. But they fell silent when they realised she was there, half-naked.

The Lieutenant tugged on the lead again and Margaret almost fell to the floor.

The diners soon recovered from their surprise. An American woman laughed out loud, then another, and soon everyone laughed as Margaret was led through the room.

She heard some of the comments as she passed the tables: Carnival, fancy dress, tits, ass, wow, pair of beauties! shocking, coming in here showing her big floppy breasts in public like that, kinky, bitch, some people will do anything for black dick...

Was everybody man?

She wanted to shout out, to ask for help, to run...

But she was slow to react again. Before she knew it, they had gone through a service door and were in a warehouse. They could not hear the diners any more. She had missed a chance to ask for help, missed a chance to escape...

A soldier came in...

"Orders from His Excellency, Lieutenant."

"Carry on."

The soldier ordered Margaret to crouch down and he tied the end of the leather sleeve to the ring around her right ankle.

The rope was only a foot or two long...

It pulled tight in her crack and made it impossible for her to stand up.

Lieutenant Mansur laughed. The

"Get marching, slave. Your Master is waiting."

Margaret wobbled as best she could on tiptoe, obliged to push her magnificent breasts forwards for all to see.

They returned to the restaurant and sat in a corner, behind three or four columns in a semi-private section. It was discreet but it was not absolutely private. Other guests could see them from some of the tables.

Margaret looked up from her difficult crouching position and saw His Excellency General Motutu, an old Arab sitting at table with Him, and a spectacular young blonde.

The girl said hello to Margaret. She seemed surprised to see her, and perhaps even felt sorry for her. Margaret was shuffling along, shrunken up like some strange injured animal.

When she finally reached the table, Motutu introduced everyone.

"This is Belle, my white concubine. Lieutenant, put her up on the table so my guest can see her."

Mansur picked Margaret up like a feather and put her in the middle of the table.

Margaret did not know where to look. She felt as if she was expected to open her bowels and defecate on the table for them.

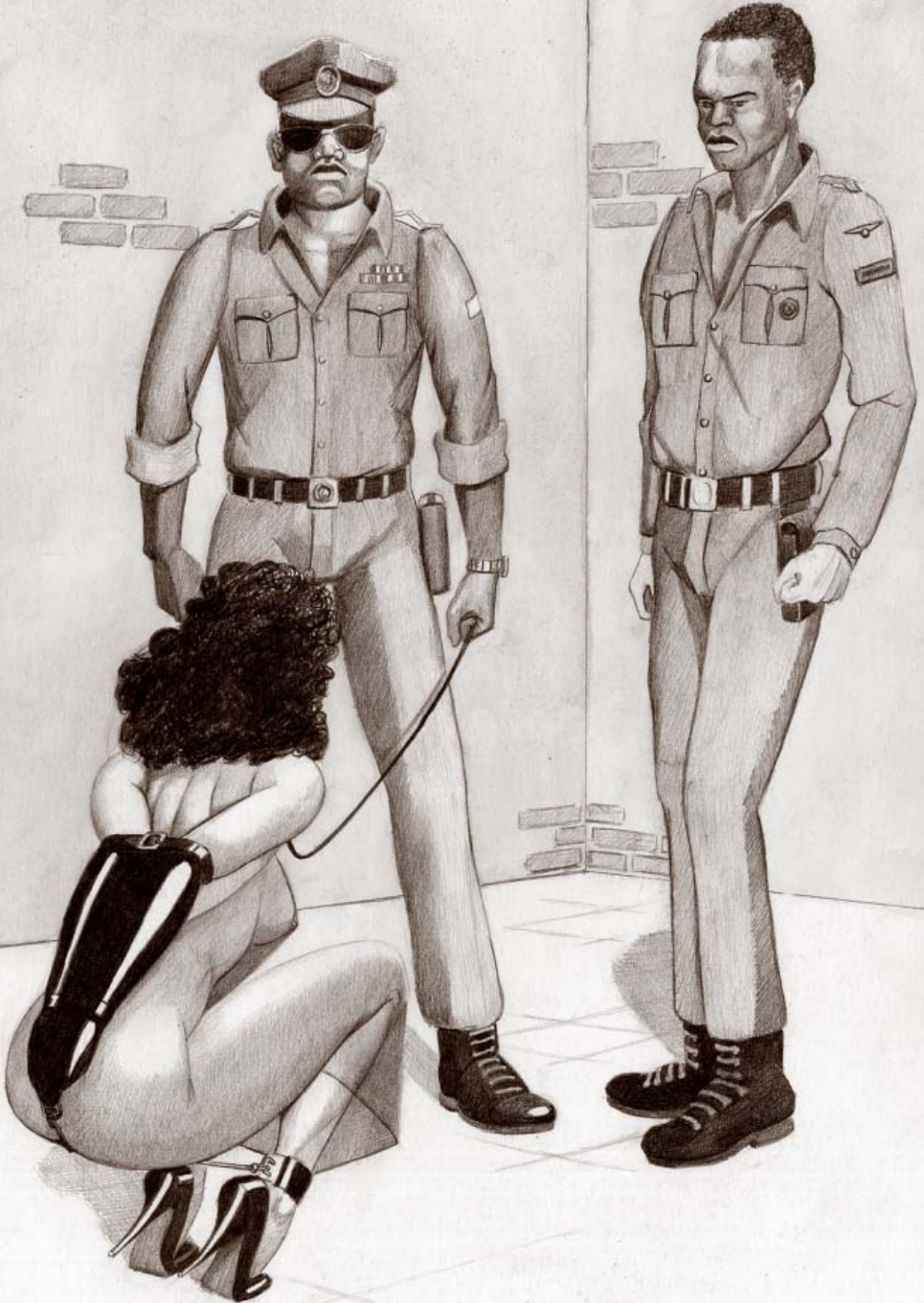
"I was not aware that you negros have such good taste in white women. Where did you buy her, Your Excellency?" the decrepit Arab asked, feasting his eyes on Margaret's lovely curves.

The Pig pushed her, making her fall forwards onto the table.

Margaret's legs were open now, her shoulders pulled back by the glove, her breasts crushed against the table and her cheek on the tablecloth. She found herself looking at the old Arab and his young partner.

And however hard she tried, she could not bring her buttocks down. They were obscenely open, lifted high, showing her anus and vagina at the same time. She knew from the excited buzz in the room that some of

Get marching, slave. Your Master is waiting...



the diners had gone over to look.

The Pig patted her, as he would have patted one of his dogs.

"My dear Al-Said, you know very well I do not buy my women. I capture them. Isn't that right, dear?"

Margaret did not reply and the blonde, who seemed to be sitting uncomfortably too, hung her head.

"I don't waste time hunting," said the old man, irritated at the General's words. "It's not necessary. You can get any amount of cheap Russian girls these days. Look at this one. She cost me fifty thousand. Not bad, eh?"

It was the General's turn to be irritated.

"Don't tell me you pay for them!"

"What do you mean, Your Excellency?"

"You've only got to look at the quality of this cow's udder! I didn't pay anything for these big tits!"

He pulled Margaret's head up by the hair and lifted her torso so the guest could see her breasts.

"You! Stand up!" the old man shouted at his blonde dinner guest.

The girl stood up. Laura could see her better. She was Slav. A Slav slave, Laura said to herself. She had a sculptural muscular body and long shapely legs. She was wearing a very tight plastic micro skirt that showed her curves to perfection and even suited her. She was taller than she looked sitting down, and younger too. She must have been seventeen or eighteen years old, no more...

"Take your skirt off!"

The girl went red in the face, hesitated for a split second, and then obeyed.

Margaret could not help feeling a little jealous when she saw the lovely body. The girl was naked, except for one item that she knew well herself, a harness around her waist that went down between her legs and held two working vibrators. God, at her age..., Laura thought.

"Lift your arms up and turn round. Let His Excellency get a good look at you. Everybody in the restaurant would like to see you too, I'm sure."

Some of the people in the restaurant fell silent and looked in open-mouthed admiration.. Others pretended not to notice and carried on eating.

Margaret could not understand how all this was possible in a public

restaurant, but it seemed to be part of the tradition of the place. People probably came to see slave girls.

The General looked at the Slav girl and nodded. The old man had won.

"And you say she cost fifty thousand?"

"You can get whatever you want for that price. A harem-full if that's what you want. And you'll get a good price if you buy in bulk. You get seven for the price of six.

Can you imagine a dozen blondes like that waiting for every night?"

The General could and did, every night.

He had not completely given up hope of winning his macho squabble with the old Arab. He was like a little boy boasting about some fashionable toy, and so was the Arab.

The General put Laura into position in front of the old man, with her buttocks high.

"Why don't you try yourself?" he asked.

Al-Said smiled.

Margaret bit on the tablecloth as she felt the old man's jewelled fingers penetrate her. She felt his long, jagged nails too. She had noticed them before. For some reason they were painted black.

The tried her, with one, two and then three fingers, first in the cunt and then in the ass.

"And," said the General, sniffing victory in his dialectical debate, "this is a famous ass. Don't you read the news, Al-Said?"

"Who is she?" the old man asked without withdrawing his fingers.

"You heard about the unfortunate incident when two American journalists disappeared on the front?"

"You don't mean...!" the old man exclaimed, turning his fingers into claws and digging his nails deep into Margaret.

Motutu smiled. Arabs like famous people, he thought.

"I'll give you half a million for her," the old man said slowly and deliberately.

Margaret realised she was trembling.

Montutu put his glass to his lips...

"If I sell her, I won't have any white cunt to poke." He looked at the Slav girl.

"A million and a half plus half a dozen Russians. I'll throw this one in too. What do you say?"

The General pulled the Slav by the wrist and sat her on the table in front of him. He groped her and kissed her for a long time. On the mouth, especially. The girl did not protest. She even put her arms round his neck and stroked it with her fingertips. Laura wondered how she had been punished to make her behave like that.

"I don't like these housetrained bitches," Motutu said finally, pushing her away.

"I can let you have half a dozen untrained girls right away."

"OK. A million. A dozen untrained Russians and this one for good measure."

"Wouldn't you get bored with her, Your Excellency?"

The Butcher of Africa stood up, grabbed the girl by the nipples and pulled up until she shouted out in pain.

"There are many ways of enjoying a slave. Especially a tasty one like this..."

SECOND EPILOGUE

Abdul hung up the phone. He was angry. The only girl in the Sorbonne who had not given him the brush-off had just done it. He had rung her to invite her to visit Kisangani, assuring her that rumours of the war there were exaggerated.

What the hell? he said to himself. They had just brought him the blonde bitch. He was holding her on a long leash.

He was also masturbating in a lazy kind of way, and pulling her slowly towards him whenever he got a bit more excited.

The white bitch resisted, but the leash was choking her and she had to go nearer...

A birthday present from Daddy.

He looked her up and down, still masturbating. She was prettier than all of them, prettier than Nicole, Barbara, Louise, Gisele, Brigitte, prettier than all of them... And this one was not going to say no to him.

This bitch was naked. A dog doesn't wear clothes. She did have a pair of sexy shoes on, though. Abdul was a foot fetishist and he had bought

himself a pair in Paris to help him wank. If he couldn't have a girl at his feet, he'd at least have a pair of woman's shoes...

The white bitch was still wearing the "adornment" he had put on her: the elastic gag stuck between her teeth and the elastic harness that was pressing hard on her head. But this time, to prevent the young man from being harmed, the bitch had her elbows tied behind her and her ankles tied together with a short rope that obliged her to walk in very small steps.

Abdul liked the effect of it all.

He pulled her in a bit, like a fisherman with a big catch, just a little bit...

He loved her white tits! They were so big, so swelling, so generous, so different with their rosy pink nipples. He would soon be biting into them.

Her breasts were big and wobbled provocatively with every small step she took...

He liked shaven cunts too. He would soon be putting his fist in this one, he thought.

And he liked her fair hair. He would wipe his dick clean on it after sticking it up her ass.

Yes, the boy had great plans for the night...

He would put French music on and dance with his slave, just the way she was, her arms tied back and her superb breasts lifted high...

They would dance slowly, like two young people in love, and they would press their bodies together... He would put fast music on too to see how she danced with her naked breasts. He wanted to see them quiver and tremble...

Then he would fuck her face. Through the ring of course.

And then her tits. He would shoot off between her white breasts, one of his favourite fantasies.

And then her ass. He had always wanted to give it to a white woman up the back passage...

And then her cunt. It would be good and wet by then.

And then he would force her to masturbate him with her feet. First with shoes on, his masturbatory Parisian shoes. And then with her naked feet, pressing on his aching member...

And then, he would cane her, chasing her screaming and protesting,



He would put French music on and dance with his slave, just the way she was, her arms back and her superb breasts lifted high...

around the room, wobbling her big white tits for him...

He would hit her again and again on her big flopping tits, marking them, crisscrossing them with red lines left by his whippy bamboo cane, and his flail, and his flat hand...

And then...

And then he would think about it. Maybe he would eat her cunt or her ass until he forced her to have an orgasm, and then he would leave her suspended by the ankles till the morning...

He would play it be ear. It was time to begin now, to make it clear who was the Master and who was the slave.

He had an idea.

"You white sluts shit yourself every time you see a black man's balls. So get on with it. Shit yourself. Just as you are, standing up. And look into my eyes when you let the shit out. Don't take your eyes off me. Let it slide out slowly. Don't shut your ass and cut it off. I want to see it come out, nice and slow..."

INTERLUDE (A KIND OF EPILOGUE)

The journalist Margaret Jones was not able to write this interlude.

It all happened very quickly...

General Motutu went personally to Kisangani airport to pick up the precious cargo from the hold of the Arab Fokker. Twelve magnificent Russian girls aged between seventeen and twenty. Super-beautiful super-blondes with piercing blue eyes and super-round, super-muscular athletic bodies and super-firm, super-large breasts had taken a plane to Dublin in the belief that they were going to learn English and live with Catholic families.

As soon as they stepped off the plane, the girls were handcuffed and put on a lorry that took them directly to the Citadel of Kisangani.

The Butcher of Africa welcomed them in the patio, where he inspected them in a military-style parade and explained why they were there and not in Dublin.

He had to sacrifice one of them with a bullet in the back of the neck to keep the others in order.

Then he ordered them to be taken one at a time to the Theatre...

Each girl took her clothes off in front of him, adopted the physical postures that he shouted out, and with tears in her eyes filled in her own form, writing down all the physical details that caught The Pig's eye. Including the use they were to be put to...

"You all look the same to me. I wouldn't like to get confused and pull the clit off a bedroom slave thinking she was a pony or a bitch or some kind of breeding animal..."

Next day, Lieutenant Mansur gave precise orders concerning the breaking-in and subsequent training of each, in accordance with their future use...

The blonde girl who had sat at his table in the restaurant was already in the fattening-up cage.

Meanwhile, in Abu Dhabi, naked in a wrought-iron bird cage next to Sheik Al-Said's bed, sat a white slave now known as Jasmin, formerly known as Belle and before that as Margaret Jones.

Jasmin listened in horror to the string of aberrations and obscenities that he had prepared for her. His wrinkled face lit up as he went through the list. Two Russian slaves licked his genitals as he spoke.

The slave Jasmin, who had survived torments worse than Hell itself in Kisangani, could hardly believe her ears. If the Butcher was a sadistic monster, this old man was Satan himself.

He was going to use her to satisfy his strange and cruel sexual needs, many of which revolved around food fetishes. He seemed particularly interested in the pouring of goat's milk over her breasts, the insertion of grapes and honey into her vagina, and the consumption of dates freshly excreted from her anus...

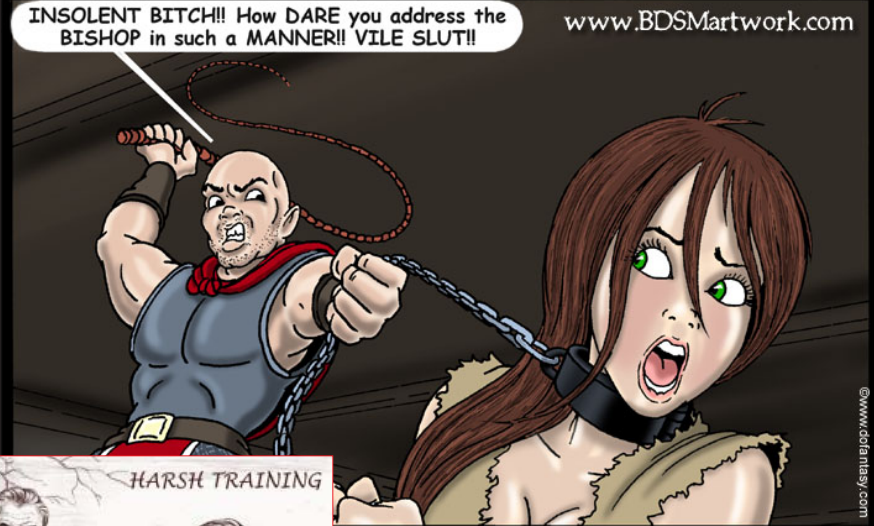
He was also going to use her as a breeding female. With the right genetic controls she would give him a lot of white pups with blue eyes.

Pups that would grow up and comfort him in his old age...

And if syphilis got him first, the white puppies would satisfy his

grandchildren, children, nephews, brothers and cousins, many of whom Jasmin, formerly known as Belle, formerly known as Margaret, would soon have the pleasure of meeting...

THE END



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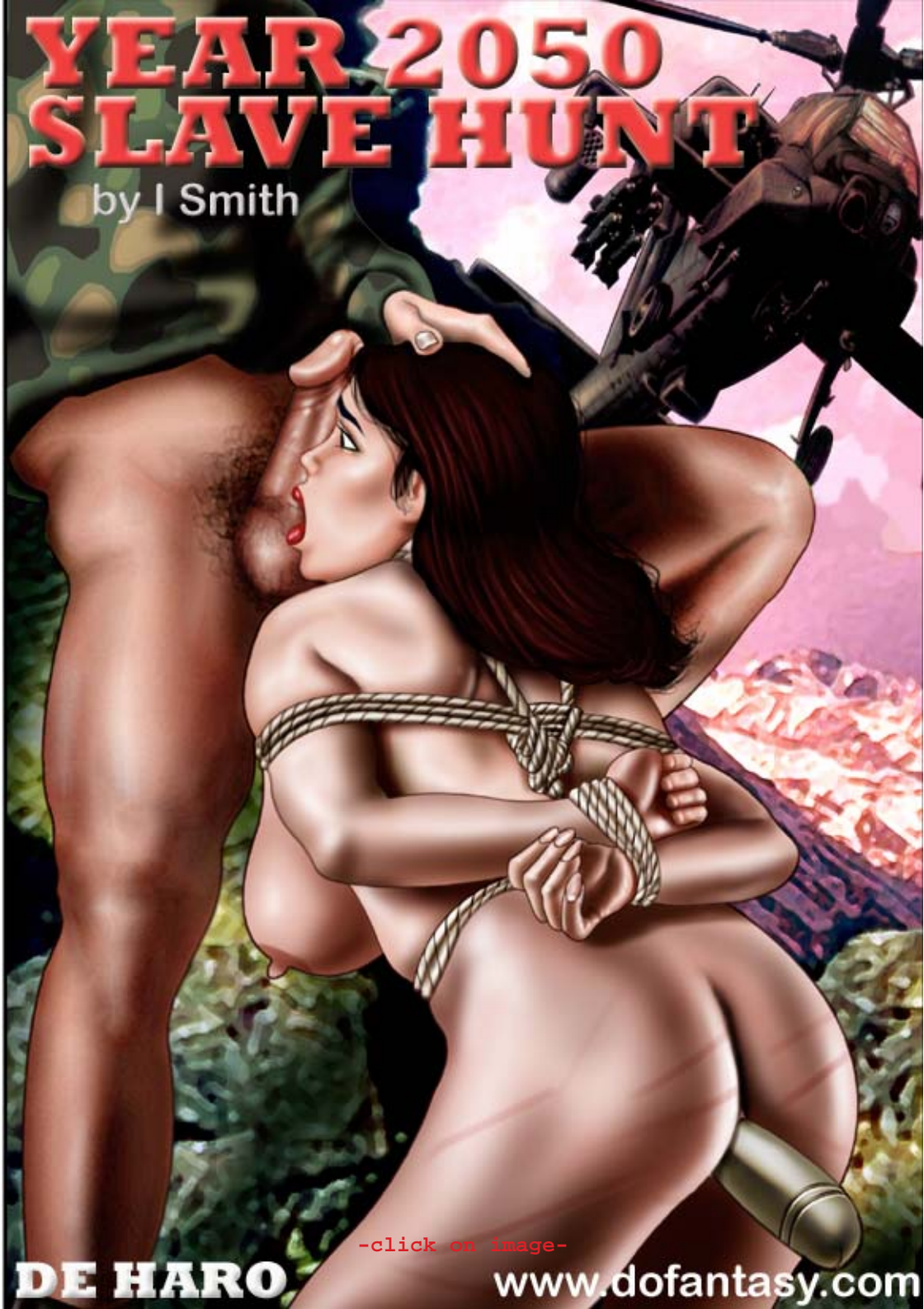


**DEATH
DANCE**

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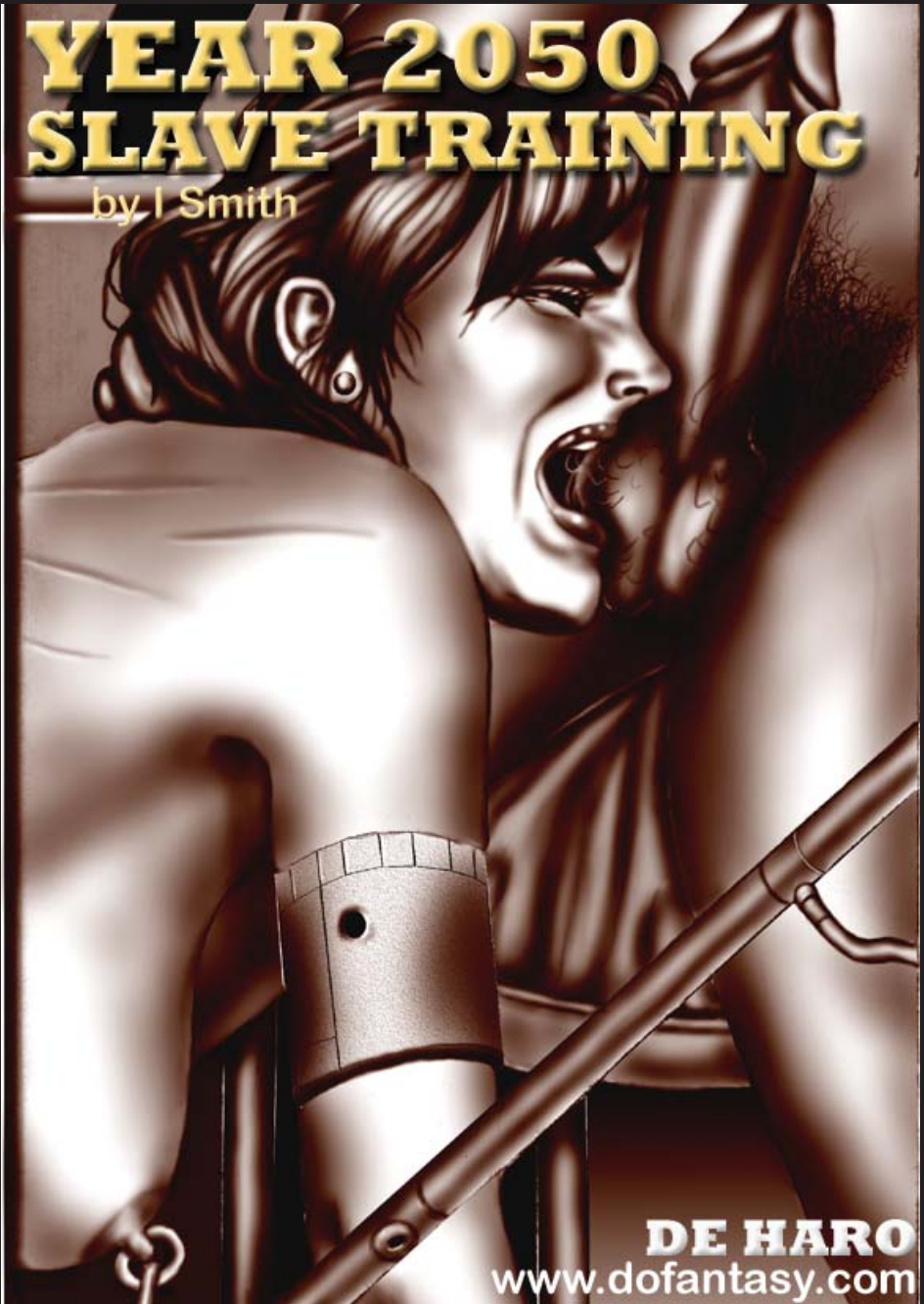
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