

The Abducted Bride

Anonymous Author (c) 1991

The smooth trim Marseille Express burrowed its way swiftly through the clear

night of the French country side. A large pale summer moon hung low in the distance.

Kevin Taylor watched its shimmering light moving against the darkened ceiling

of his sleeper compartment. It flickered hypnotically in unison to the rhythmic roll of the train beneath his bunk. Cool air from the open window played across his naked well built body which covered the whole of the narrow

bed. He was alone.

Damn, he thought miserably, what a hell of a way to spend a honeymoon.

He drug deeply on the almost finished cigarette squeezed tightly between his

thumb and forefinger. His brow was wrinkled in deep thought.

He had reason to think. Ahead of him in Marseille his bride was waiting after

running out on him their first night together in Paris. Utter, utter stupidity, he grimaced, the details of their last hour together flickering through his mind like the reel of an old silent movie.

Perhaps he had been a little rough, but by God she had it coming to her. He had fought with her the entire year of their engagement about giving in to him

and had tried to explain that virginity had gone out of style. Two people in love just didn't wait anymore for marriage, they relied on their love and trust and not some legal magic a ring was supposed to bring. She had not listened to him then and had even refused to discuss the matter though they

had come close to making it together several times in the backseat of his car.

She had always drawn the line just at the last minute. This was the part that

had driven him crazy. He had come so close to possessing that luscious body so many times and had been left in frustration so many times that his control

had been destroyed completely. He had even stopped parking with her when they

had gone out on dates for fear of what he would have done.

With her conservative New England upbringing, she would never have consented

to marry him if he had resorted to force and that's just what he would have done sooner or later. He did love her very much and didn't want to destroy their relationship by some uncontrollable act that he may have committed in the heat of passion. She was too fine a girl for that.

He had to admit, in her favor, that he had nothing else to complain about. She

was almost perfection personified in all other respects. In fact, it was that perfection and his piled up frustrations that caused all the trouble back in Paris. That damn body was too perfect!

Things may still have been all right that first night if she hadn't insisted on taking a plane to Paris right after the ceremony. He would have preferred

to stay in New York for a few days and take their time in getting to know each

other. But, Jean had insisted on Paris immediately. That had meant sitting

next to her on that fucking airplane for another seven hours. All that ran through his mind during the entire trip was, where he should have been at that

moment. After all, she had been stressing the ceremony all these months and

that was over. She was legally his now and he still couldn't touch her.

It had just been too much. By the time they arrived at the hotel in the center of Paris he was almost out of his mind--and then--she had appeared in

the bathroom door in that flimsy hip length nighty. He had gone crazy.

He could still see her standing there in the doorway, her body a lovely thing of art. He had seen her before in a bathing suit, but never like this. Every sensuous detail of her nakedness was lucidly clear, from her tiny rising nipples down to the soft triangle of pubic hair that nestled mysteriously below her white virginal belly.

Suddenly, nothing else had mattered but ramming his hard cock into that teasing flesh. She had become just a woman, a woman that he had to have right

now at any cost. All else was forgotten.

"Like me, darling?" He could still hear ringing from her lips though now it seemed to have occurred centuries ago.

There had been no verbal response from him, he remembered dryly. He had just

reached for her, a deep animal-like groan erupting from his throat, and pulled

her roughly to the bed. Her soft covered negligee had ripped away like so much tissue paper.

"Be gentle, Kevin! Be gentle, please! P-Please!" Her voice had resounded through the room in terror as he held her down with one hand and ran the other

greedily over the lush contours of her resisting young body, kneading her ripe

succulent breasts cruelly beneath hands he no longer controlled. Tight fists of flesh protruded painfully in white bloodless ridges between his straining fingers. His head had dropped to the young budding nipples and chewed hungrily at their tips until he had felt the soft resilient flesh give way and the sweet taste of blood seeping onto his lashing tongue.

"No, darling, N-Nooo, please, not this way, not this way!" she had pleaded, but the words had rolled unheeded from her tortured lips.

He still had, in his madness held her wildly straining body tightly to the bed. She was imprisoned there by his heavy tensed chest that weighed upon her

like a giant stone. Her long dark hair had begun thrashing helpless from side to side on the bed, her face contorted with terror. He could still remember bitterly, her dark eyes flashing wide in disbelief that this was happening to her. She had pleaded more until the sounds became nothing but incoherent mumbles of jumbled words. It was then he had fucked her the first time.

Ignoring the low moaning pleas, he had rolled on top her, catching her body as

her long slim legs had scissored out in one last desperate effort to escape his brutal assault. His hips had fallen heavily between the full wide-splayed thighs, pinning her jerking buttocks tightly to the bed. The soft down of her

pubic hair brushing teasingly against his throbbing cock, inciting him to incoherent mumblings of crazed uncontrollable lust.

The slow motion pictures of Jean's ravishment flickered on through his

tortured mind as the express tunneled on ceaselessly through the night...
His

knees were holding hers wide apart now and he was grinding his pelvis hard
into her squirming defenseless crotch. The spasmodic jerkings of the
hollows

of her soft inner thighs drove his hand between them; he was searching to
place himself, striving to reach that goal that had eluded him for so long...
and suddenly, without warning... he had brutally found it. He had jammed
the

blood-filled head between the fleshy moist lips and with a groan, shoved it
all the way forward into her quivering cunt. She had squealed like a stuck
pig and kicked her legs out wildly in the air in a futile attempt to escape
the cruel impalement. It had only worsened her position and he could still
hear the guttural screech of further pain that had come tumbling piteously
from deep in her throat as his rock-hard cock battered deeper and deeper
into

her warm yielding flesh. At last, his pelvis had smacked hard into hers,
signaling the end. His rigid fleshy column lay sunk all the way down inside
of her quivering belly, the warm wet walls of her cunt wrapped tightly
around
it.

He didn't stop. He didn't even give her a chance to adjust to his sudden

presence deep in her womb. He just began to fuck, ramming in and out of her

like a dog gone mad. He had only thought of one thing and that was to spew that hot sticky load of cum deep inside of her where it belonged and where it

had belonged for a year now. He vented his lust against her groaning body time after time, flooding her belly again and again with the hot white liquid of a year's frustrated waiting and hoping... until-finally... it was all gone.

How long or how many times he had fucked her, he couldn't remember. He had

been an unconscious being in another world of complete madness. But, he did remember, after the first great gush from his sperm inflated cock had emptied

into her, a feeling of helpless guilt flooding over him.

He had become more gentle with the sobbing body beneath and had babbled soft

apologies in her unhearing ears as he had rocked over her. He had tried to bring a response that would wipe away the terrible guilt he felt for letting his unbridled lust overcome the patience he knew he should have had with her.

It had been useless. She had lain motionless beneath him, her eyes open wide,
staring coldly at the ceiling above as he had tried time after time to awaken
some response that would show she felt something other than pain and
disgust.

The contemptuous eyes had not wavered from the ceiling.

Kevin remembered rolling from her still body, and unable to speak what he
felt, had merely lit a cigarette and gazed silently down at her. He had
finally mustered the courage to say something.

"Jean, can you forgive me?"

"Please cover me, Kevin," she had spoken coldly after a long seconds delay,
her eyes still refusing to look at him. He pulled the sheet up over her body
and tucked it gently under her chin.

He waited, but there was silence.

"Darling, I know it must have been awful for you. I--I just couldn't control

myself."

Silence.

"You were beautiful standing there."

Silence.

"Perhaps if we hadn't waited so long. Remember? I told you we should have tried before."

Silence.

"Damn it, Jean," he had finally blurted out in his frustration. "You've got to understand a man's feelings about these things. I'm not some robot that can stand being next to a woman like you and not feel something. It's been building up all this time and it's your fault for being so almighty righteous and virtuous."

Kevin had known he had treaded too far when this had slipped out, but it was too late.

Because he had wanted to fight back, to recoup his lost vanity, he had become
cruel. He had blamed his own failing on Jean and accused her of being cold
and unfeeling.

"Christ, I might as well have married a statue. It could satisfy me as much
as you have." He had shouted in guilt and anger. "I don't think you'll ever
be able to make a man happy. Not until you learn to get off that pedestal
you've put yourself on. Or, at least, that your old man's put you on."

Kevin had seen her move and glance toward him with the deepest hatred he
had
yet seen in her eyes. He knew he had hit a sore point and was glad to see
some reaction from her, even though it was of hate, it was better than
nothing. Besides, he felt like hurting her now the way she had hurt him.

"I'm going out and get myself some little slut off the street. I need a good
grind. It'll be a long time before I get one at home."

With this, he had gone to the bathroom and dressed. He left, slamming the
door behind him, not pausing for even a side glance at Jean.

That had been his big mistake, he thought bitterly as he flipped the cigarette

butt out the open window of the racing train. Jean had been in no condition to be left alone at that moment. He should have swallowed his pride and not let his male ego take over. They wouldn't have this mess now if he had done what he should have and not run off into the Paris streets to walk off his own guilt feelings.

He had not gone out after a woman that night.

He had spent several hours just walking and stopping periodically for a cognac. He had thought long and hard about their relationship. It had been a good one and still could be in spite of his miserable failure on their wedding night. The cool Paris night air had settled his mind a bit and he had worked out an apology and explanation of sorts. It might take a while, but he was sure she would get over it.

When he had returned to the hotel the Concierge at the desk had handed him an

envelope. It had been a simple note from Jean saying she was leaving. She needed a few days to think things over and for him not to try and contact her.

She would let him know when and where to meet her so they could discuss things rationally.

That is why he was on this damn train. The cable had come this afternoon for

him to meet her in Marseille. She made up her mind and wanted to talk to him.

He didn't have the slightest idea what the decision had been and was a bit apprehensive, though he was certain they could work something out.

One thing he knew, he could not let her go. He loved her more than anything in the world and could not leave her under any circumstances

He fell into a deep but troubled sleep, anxious for the morning to arrive.

Jean Taylor had been on this same train two nights previously. She had lain in the same bunk that Kevin Taylor did a few nights later, but he had no way of knowing it. Her thoughts also ran over the events that had occurred in the

hotel, her eyes seeing them in a different light.

How could he have been so cruel, she thought, what had turned Kevin so suddenly into the raging animal he had been?

She ran her hands over the raw tips of her swollen nipples that were so sore she could not bear to wear anything over them, even to sleep. Her shoulders trembled when she thought back to the horrible rape of her body and the way he

had used it as a tool solely for his own gratification without even the slightest thought of her desires or pleasures. He had used her like an animal--his own wife the thought sickened her and tears brimmed her eyes.

She had actually looked forward to the first evening with him and had been preparing herself mentally for weeks before to make certain she entered the

marital relationship with the correct attitude. She knew he had resented her

not giving herself to him before marriage, and she also knew that most of her

friends had not saved themselves for that first night either. But, she had vowed that theirs was going to be a classically perfect marriage, in the old fashioned sense. She had wanted, so much, for them to have a mutual

respect

and understanding for each other from the beginning and for him to never be

able to doubt that he, and he alone, was the only man to possess her.

Perhaps she had made the mistake of quoting her father too often in this matter when Kevin had been overly persistent about having her before marriage.

This was why she had cringed when he had thrown it at her back in the hotel room. It was true, perhaps, that he did place her on a pedestal, and also that he was perhaps over-solicitous toward her, but he had a right to be. He was of good conservative New England stock, and as a God-fearing man, had expected his family to be also.

She had been tempted many times, she had to admit, but had always summoned up

her courage and resisted, even though the easy thing to do would have been to

give in to Kevin's demands. She had come so close sometimes that if he had just had the persistence to continue, he could have broken her down. In fact,

she was certain that she was as anxious for the consummation as he was and it

would have been so beautiful if he could have just shown a little understanding and could have prepared her gently for the final assault on her virginity.

She had read so much about how important the first night was in marriage and how beautiful it could be if both partners were understanding of each other.

Well, she had been, she thought to herself, and all she received for it was a broken and bruised body bestially raped like she was a whore off the streets.

Jean clenched her eyes tightly shut at the memory of his last statement. She could still hear it ringing in her ears as the sound of the train lulled her tortured mind to sleep:

"I don't think you could ever make a man happy. I'll get a good grind"

She was awakened the next morning by the knocking of the porter on the compartment door.

"Breakfast call, breakfast call," he repeated in his broken English several times.

Jean opened her eyes hesitantly. It just had to be a good day. She needed some sun; the weather always seemed to dictate her mood of the day and she had enough problems to think about without having that dismal French overcast.

It was shining beautifully. She could see its warming rays streaming over her

head and touching the compartment wall, flooding the tiny cubicle with a lovely radiance that made her forget her problems momentarily. She was famished and brushed her teeth and dressed rapidly. She wanted to make the

first breakfast call so she would have time to do some thinking before arriving in Marseille. The train wasn't due for another two hours or so and it wouldn't hurt to try and organize herself mentally. She still had to worry about a hotel when she arrived there. She had not wanted to let anyone at the

hotel in Paris make reservations for her as Kevin may have bought the information from them and she would not have the time she needed to come to

grips with herself.

Jean settled herself back in the chair in the clean white dining car. She had ordered fried eggs and bacon, which had surprised her when she had seen them on the French menu.

"Ah, une dejeuner, Americain," the waiter had said smilingly.

"Oui, dejeuner, Americain," Jean had repeated, smiling back. She was glad she

had at least remembered some of the words from her College French course. She

supposed that any French waiter would know the word for breakfast, but it was

nice to be able to say some things in the language of the country in which you were traveling.

"It was a beautiful day," she thought, as she watched the green rolling French

countryside roll by. Quaint small sharp roofed farm houses could be seen in the distance adding to the beauty of the setting.

If only things had not happened the way they had in Paris, she might have been

enjoying this with Kevin.

She was almost beginning to regret her hasty decision to leave before he returned when her thoughts were interrupted by a feminine French voice speaking excellent English.

"Excuse me, you are American, aren't you?" a stately, well-groomed woman asked, smiling pleasantly.

"Why, yes I am," Jean answered, surprised by the sudden intrusion upon her thoughts.

"May I join you? I haven't the chance to speak English so often anymore, it would be nice while we are having breakfast," she said nodding at the empty chair across from Jean.

"Yes, please do," Jean replied, a bit perplexed at having her solace interrupted so unexpectedly.

The annoyance only lasted a moment, however, as she turned out to be one

of

the most pleasant women she had talked with in a long time. Perhaps it was good to talk to someone else and get this thing off her mind for awhile, she rationalized to herself.

Madame DuBois had immediately monopolized the conversation, but in a pleasant

manner. She was from the south of France and told Jean many little stories and anecdotes about the area they were passing through that brightened her

spirits perceptibly. She seemed to be an amazing woman. She was married to a

wealthy art dealer in Paris and was going to Marseille to look at some paintings for him that one of his underground contacts had discovered in an old shop. She was certain she could pick several Renior's for almost nothing. The shop owner thought they were copies and Madame DuBois was going down to

discreetly check before they bought them.

Jean felt herself extremely fortunate to have met her. She solved her hotel

problem. Madame DuBois said she usually stayed at one of the more chic places

in Marseille, but did not want any of the other art dealers to know she was in

town. It was a dirty business and if it was known she was there, one of them was certain to have her followed to see what she was up to. Therefore, she was staying in a small third class hotel in the lower part of town where she would not be seen or reported to be in town. She had assured Jean it was clean and had all the facilities of the more grandiose but just a little more French.

Jean was happy with this. She was afraid Kevin might call the police and they

would send out an alert to the hotels. It would take no time at all to find her, as they were very efficient about this, but with a small hotel it would be almost impossible. This was luck and her spirits rose immediately.

Breakfast finished, Jean had rushed back to the compartment and put her things

together. Marseille was coming up. They had talked so long together that both had forgotten about it being so near.

It was also nice to have an interpreter. Madame DuBois handled all the baggage and porters and got them into a taxi without the usual difficulties a

tourist to such a place has. Jean was certain her high school French would not have done her much good here.

The ride to the hotel was pleasant. Monique, they were on a first name basis now, had made the driver go along the waterfront drive so Jean could get a good view of the city. The blue of the Mediterranean looked so inviting that she could have jumped into it that very moment. She almost wished now she had

taken a beach-side hotel outside the city, but still it would be nice to have Monique around for company and perhaps she could help her with some advice.

She seemed so much more worldly wise than herself.

Jean would have been happy with any solution now and perhaps she would confide

in Monique later this evening when they had gotten to know each other just a little better. She was certain the older woman would understand the problem.

She knew she would go back with Kevin, but the only problem was how to do it

with honor, and more important, how to erase away the horrible memory of night

before last.

The taxi turned off from the waterfront drive into the old sector of the city

and the streets became more narrow and crowded. Open markets selling everything imaginable lined the narrow alleyways the driver was picking his way through. It was obviously the sailor quarter for the port as Jean could see every nationality of seaman imaginable, and even at this hour of the day, vulgar, gaudy, looking women were parading the sidewalks plying their age-old trade.

Jean became a bit apprehensive when the car stopped in front of a dirty doorway marked, *Le Pension Afrique*.

"Is this it, Monique?" she asked, obvious concern reflecting in her voice.

"Yes, it is, dear," she answered, an assuring smile on her lips, "but don't worry, the outside means nothing. You Americans are all the same; you expect

the Hotel Ritz everywhere you go. Now come on in and stop worrying."

She paid the driver and signaled to a boy standing in front of the door to take their bags.

Monique led her down a darkened hallway to the stairway and up to the second

floor where the desk was located. She checked them in with the desk clerk, who was obviously pleased to see her. Jean didn't like his looks. He was Algerian with a short clipped mustache and looked as though he belonged behind

a bar rather than working as a desk clerk.

"Jean, this is Shalla," Monique said, introducing the clerk. "He speaks English very well and takes care of all of my needs when I stay here. You'll find him useful."

"How do you do Madame," the clerk bowed toward her with the natural Arab obsequiousness.

She nodded back to him apprehensively. She didn't like the looks of this place at all but perhaps Monique was right, Americans did expect a lot. Anyway

it was quiet and the neighborhood quaint, it may be just the place to reflect on her problems for a few days.

Shalla led them up to the third floor and gave them adjoining rooms. There was a connecting door which made Jean feel a little better. The lock for it was on her side so if she needed anything in a hurry she could always get into

Monique's room. She didn't like the way the Arab desk clerk was looking at her. She knew they were an extremely polite people and overly solicitous at times but still made her nervous the way he looked her up and down lustfully with his sharp penetrating eyes.

"Well, here we are, my dear," Monique said as the clerk placed Jean's baggage

next to the wrought iron double bed. Jean had thought these beds had gone out

with the horse and buggy. She surveyed the rest of the room and it looked as

though it hadn't been renovated since that time either. A single uncovered light bulb hung down from the center of the ceiling and was the only light source in the room. There were no lamps on the table. The cheaply painted plaster was cracked along the walls and small blotches had fallen out of the ceiling, leaving irregular shaped holes that showed through to the lathe work beneath.

Thank God, Monique is here with me, she thought. She seems to know what

she's

doing.

"Do you stay here often?" Jean had to ask.

"Oh yes, my dear, my husband and I always stay here when we want peace and

quiet and, it is quaint."

Jean felt foolish that she had to keep asking questions like this. Monique had assured her several times that everything was all right. She would just have to accept it. After all, who knows a country better than a native. Besides, she liked her and was looking to her for some moral support these next several days. They would be difficult ones and she knew she wouldn't bear to face them completely alone.

"Jean, dear," Monique said, "I've got to run and do a few things before I unpack. Why don't you put your things away and rest up a bit. I think a nap would do you good. I'll be back around six and we can have dinner together."

Jean agreed to this. She was happy to be left alone for a few hours to get

settled and take a bath. She felt gritty from the trip and hadn't been in a tub since her hurried exit from the hotel room in Paris.

"I'd love it," Jean replied, "you wake me up when you finish your business. I'll probably be dead to the world."

As soon as Monique was out of the room, Jean finished her unpacking and drew a cool refreshing bath. She couldn't wait to get into bed, as squeaky and uncomfortable as it looked. She scrubbed herself a bright clean, feeling as though she hadn't touched water in weeks. Afterwards, she rubbed herself with lotion from head to foot, rubbing gently over the bruises left from Kevin's childish assault on her. She closed her mind tightly against the memory for the time being and decided to think about it later. Right now she was too tired to do anything but sleep.

She chose a short hip-length nighty, purposely pushing the torn one she had worn the other night with Kevin into a far corner of the drawer where she had put her things.

There was a soft knock on the door.

"Who is it?" Jean asked lightly, concluding that Monique had forgotten something.

"Iced tea, Madame," she recognized Shalla's voice through the door.

"But, I--I didn't order any tea," Jean answered, surprised and a bit upset about the unexpected intrusion.

"Madame Monique ordered it for you, Madame. She said it would help you sleep.

It's a special mint tea to relax you."

"Oh, all right, just a minute," Jean threw on her thin robe and opened the door to allow him to enter.

Shalla stopped for a moment as he brought the tray through the door. Jean caught his sharp quick eyes as they glanced the length of her body. She automatically drew the top of the robe tightly around her throat and stood holding the door open waiting for him to put the tray down and leave.

"If Madame needs anything else, just ring the buzzer and Shalla will come."

He

bowed as he slowly backed out the door, his penetrating eyes boring straight through the robe Jean was wearing. She gave him a cold stare and shuddered as

she drew its flimsy material more tightly around herself locking the door behind him. She was glad Monique would be returning in a few hours. She knew

she was safe here with the door locked but still felt a little insecure. She didn't like the clerk and the way he had looked at her. He had stripped her bare with his glances and she knew it wouldn't take much carelessness on her

part to have him get out of line. She had never seen such a raw animal lust in a man's eyes before as they had locked on the cleavage showing between her

large ripe breasts. Her hands inadvertently covered them as she trembled repulsively at the thought of his hands on her.

She picked up the glass of tea from the table by the bed and sipped it thirstily. In spite of the lewd appraisal of her body by the clerk, she was glad Monique had sent the tea. It was cool and refreshing, though it had a slight bitterness to it. Must be from the mint, she thought, as she

stretched

her long smooth body down the length of the bed, draining the last drop from

the tall refreshing glass.

She stretched languidly, relaxed sweetly by the hypnotizing bitterness of the

drink and pressed the switch by the bed that turned off the light hanging above her. The room faded into a pleasant semi-darkness as her eyes fluttered

closed into a strange floating half-sleep. Her mind seemed to remain in an almost waking state as she could feel the nerve ends of her body floating below her into a deep, deep, softness that seemed like a gentle fleece-lined cloud beneath her. The pleasant intoxicating mint odor curled strangely through her nostrils bringing dreams of sun and roses and Kevin the deepest warmth she had ever known, descended from somewhere above, and dropped gently

the alluring veil of near sleep over her.

›From a broom closet next to the room of the American girl, the Arab peered

hungrily through the small hole bored through the wall. He could see her slowly remove the thin robe she was wearing, exposing the flimsy night gown

that covered her firm luscious body only down to the tops of her full well-rounded thighs.

He smiled in anticipation when he saw her lift the glass of tea to her lips and drink deeply from it. He held his breath as she winced slightly from the initial bitter taste; then breathed freely again as the puzzled look disappeared from her face and she drank again. Small beads of perspiration broke from his forehead as she reclined back on the bed, her feet facing directly at the hole through which he was observing her. The sparse nylon gown snaked its way up over the white flat plane of her belly, exposing the dark soft silkiness that covered the junction of her slightly spread legs. The thin red hair-lined slit was temptingly visible running the length of her open crotch.

His bulging eyes followed the contours of the hips up over the rising and falling rib-cage to the large white rounded spheres of her breasts. They were set slightly close together and through the thin covering, he could see their turgid nipples rising into tantalizing little buds. His mouth watered. He could hardly wait to get his hands and mouth on those and to twist and churn them into the rock hardness of passion. He had never had an American girl before and he had heard they were passionless haughty things who ruled

over

their men with an iron-hand. He would see soon. His potion never failed. He had used it often on the women Madame Monique had brought here and not one had been able to resist its maddening aphrodisiac effect.

He would show this proud little American bitch who had everything and who had

dismissed him as so much dirt when he had tried to be friendly. It wouldn't be long now as she had turned the glass up and drained the last lethal drops for it. He clenched his fist tightly as she squirmed around on the bed before

him and pushed the light switch, plunging the room into semi-darkness. It took his eyes a moment to adjust to the change but he could still see her slim

form stretched sensuously down the length of the bed. Her thighs had fallen

apart a little more now and he could make out dimly the dark wisp that covered

the mound of her lower belly. His tongue ran inadvertently around the moist edges of his lips as he fingered the master key in his pocket. He would have to wait a few more minutes. He wanted no crying out, the potion must have time to reach its full effect. His body was soaked in a sweat now from the

thought of that haughty young bitch squirming in helpless surrender beneath his excited body. The seconds of waiting ticking by seemed like hours... til finally he could stand it no longer. He returned to the hallway, carefully tiptoeing down to the room and fitting the key quietly into the door. He opened it slowly, pushing his head into the darkened room, to see if there was

any sound. There was none but the soft breathing of the motionless form on the bed. He closed the door softly behind him, locking it to insure there would be no disturbing them.

The Arab looked intensely through the darkness at the bed. The head of the

sleeping girl was facing straight ahead at the ceiling. Her eyes were clenched tightly shut as if in a deep hard sleep, yet she moved slightly from time to time as though dreams were coming to her from the haze of the other

world she had slipped into.

He moved cat-like around the foot of the bed, not taking his gaze from the reclining figure sprawled limply back on it. She had drawn one knee up flat on the bed even with her hip, the smooth white flesh of the inner thigh gleamed faintly in the darkness. The soft dark hairs covering the exposed,

still tightly closed lips of her vagina, were plainly visible now to his beady eyes as they adjusted themselves to the darkness of the shaded room.

He involuntarily drew in his breath at the unbelievable sight before him. He had fucked many drugged young women before on this same bed, but never anything like this. Never anything so pure, innocent, and proud. Never anything that he would enjoy humiliating so much.

The thought of helpless mewling grunts of pleasure coming from those untouchable lips, that had scorned him before, goaded his organ into rock-hardness. He could feel the blood throbbing painfully into its large expanded head, tiny droplets of thick white seminal fluid had already begun to seep from the sensitive contracting gland at its tip, smearing wetly against his thin thigh. He silently opened the fly of his pants, easing the pain slightly.

He slowly massaged the heavy thick foreskin back and forth over the jerking head as he advanced around the bed toward the proud young bitch who now lay totally at his mercy. The drug had done its work well and he now intended to teach this haughty young American to scorn him as she and all of her kind

had

when he tried to be nice to them. This rod he held in his hands was the great

equalizer and he'd see if she treated him like a cur dog when rammed deep between those open thighs and buried the head far up inside her aristocratic

little belly.

His pants dropped heavily to the floor as he opened the last button at the top

and fully exposed his long thick member. It stood out in proud menacing erection over the spread eagle body on the bed beneath. He slowly unbuttoned

the soiled sweat covered shirt and threw it to the chair in the corner. He left his shoes and socks on in case the French woman, Monique, returned and he

had to get out in a hurry. He had locked the downstairs door so she would have to ring to get in. This would give him plenty of warning. He didn't intend to leave this delicious young bitch until he had drained them both dry of every ounce of strength in their bodies.

He stood for a moment longer over her motionless body, stroking himself into a

rigidity that threatened to explode into streaming white hot spurts at any moment. For a second, he considered it. It would be a beautiful sight to see his hard penis throbbing out its load into the helpless girls face and down over her soft white tits. He lewdly pictured it dribbling down over her chin to the hollow of her throat and forming warm sticky pools between those lush

soft breasts. But no, he had better not. He had to clean it all up. She must never know she had been fucked. If she did, and told the French lady, he

would lose his job and maybe his life. She was connected with the big boys in

the racket and they might not like his sampling the merchandise every time they brought it in.

He couldn't resist one thing before he climbed on her. He knew the risk was great of losing his load, but he had to see those proud little ruby lips around it just for a moment. He had thought so much about it while he was downstairs waiting until she was alone. He kneeled down on the edge of the bed by her head and turned it gently toward his erected penis. When it was several inches away, he pushed his hips slowly forward toward her upturned face, laying the wet sticky underside of the throbbing head between the small

valley formed by her closed pink lips. He placed one thumb under her nose

and

the other on her chin, pulling slowly out until the underside of the heavy head dropped slightly through the stretched lips and rested against her white

bared teeth, the soft flesh of the pink puckered lips forming a furrow along its length. He flexed his hips slightly back and forth until several small droplets of cum oozed from his throbbing gland, and lubricated the mouth that

was half surrounding it. He could feel the warm air from her nostrils pushing

hotly against it as she breathed in and out restlessly.

Looking down directly into her face, he could see small rivulets run slowly down the corners of her mouth on either side, dribbling like tears down the sides of her cheeks. God, he would like to shoot his hot stream down that soft palpitating throat and see the adams-apple bob up and down as she gulped

it into her. Maybe later, if she was left alone again and he was sure he had more time.

He reached one hand down to the hem of the flimsy negligee, pulling it up slowly over her rounded snow-white belly, over the large globular magnificence

of her tits, until her whole naked body was exposed. He had seen it through the peephole when he was watching her undress but it hadn't excited him nearly as much as having it here now, spread helplessly beneath him, where he could touch and fondle it to his hearts content.

With the thumb and forefinger of the right hand he reached over and pushed her

lips tighter against the purple veined member between them, gently continuing

the slow sawing motion. The other hand moved over the magnificent breasts tweaking the nipples between his fingers until he could feel them mechanically hardening under his caressing.

The girl shifted slightly beneath him, moaning softly as though aware of his presence. He held still--frightened for a moment that the potion had not done

its work completely. His rod fell from between her loose lips down over her chin, leaving thin threads of warm white stickiness trailing behind it.

"Kevin, darling," she mumbled thickly through the fog of the drug. "I've been

waiting, waiting so long. My darling husband--come to me--come to me."

Jean had been aware of the movement in the room and Kevin's shadowy figure

coming to her. She felt as though a great weight had been lifted from her and

that now things would be all right. He would be gentle with her now and take her as she had always dreamed he would. She could feel her blood begin to stir deep within her body. A body he would possess in a moment. She wouldn't

fail him this time.

The Arab smiled to himself above her. The mixture had worked its magic as it

always did.

The bitch thinks I'm her husband, he chuckled lewdly to himself, she'll see the difference before I'm finished.

He stroked the giant throbbing penis slowly, reaching down and running his other hand over the awakening mounds of her tits and down over her belly to the soft fleshy folds of her cunt below.

"Ohhh, darling, darling, I'm sorry," the girl droned beneath him. "I didn't want to leave, I didn't want to leave. Be gentle with me, Kevin, be gentle with me."

Jean dreamed on, her body becoming alert now to the caresses of the magic hands that were stroking her flesh into a hot sheet of desire. Tiny goose-bumps sprang out over the whiteness of her sensitive flesh.

God, how she wanted him, her body ached to be touched gently and with understanding as he was doing it now!

She pushed the mad rape he had subjected her to from her thoughts and just

wanted to make up for all that time she had denied him and herself the joys of

merging their bodies as one. She wanted him to crawl up inside her, to possess her and quiet the thunder that was building up deep, deep, inside from

his maddening fingertips playing over her defenseless nakedness.

Maybe he would understand her now, understand that she had suffered as

much as

he had and that she had wanted him too. Now it was different, her thoughts flickered on hazily, he was here with her and they were married and she could give herself to him without fear of guilt or God's punishment. God would understand now, they were man and wife.

Her tongue ran slowly around her moist lips, savoring the sticky pungent taste

of the strange moisture that covered them--the odor wafted through her flared

nostrils, breathing it deep inside her body. It did strange things to her, the odor and taste coursed through her entire being like a sweet soothing balm

lighting tiny fires in her growing nipples and causing a throbbing in the nerve ends inside her tight hot vagina. She could feel dew-drops of moisture

rising there between her open legs as the exposed hair-lined lips began a slow

spasmodic contracting, throbbing wetly against each other.

"Ohhh, Kevin, Kevin, darling, take me now, touch me, rub me, Ohhh, yess, yessss, like that, like that," she moaned, helplessly caught up in the sharp

deep pricks of lust that were dancing through her.

The Arab grinned, his yellow teeth showing through the unshaven stubble around

his lips---his greedy eyes feasting lewdly on her unconsciously squirming nakedness.

He moved around on the bed, crouching on all fours over the white moving body,

pushing her unresisting milk-white thighs wide apart. He crawled between them, his knees pressed between her ankles and his face panting a few inches

above the hair-covered vee of her open crotch. His mouth watered as his eyes

looked down at it rotating sensuously, expectantly, just below his lips.

Saliva dripped from his open mouth, mingling with her juices in the delicious narrow split that started at the bottom of the smooth white belly and trailed

down through the rounded creamy spheres of her buttocks pressed tightly against the mattress.

Through half slit eyes, Jean could see the shadowy form of her husband crouching between her open legs. She could feel the flat palms of sweating

hands pushing against the softness of her inner thighs, holding them wide apart. Her secret treasure was open to him to do as he willed. She watched with baited breath as his head lowered slowly--slowly--slowly--then!

"Ohhhhh!" she jerked, as his hot moist lips closed over the soft mound at the

base of her belly. His hazy face disappeared from her view into the soft fleece as he planted wet tickling kisses on the still closed aperture, his tongue flicking lizard-like at the quivering opening.

Her own hands moved sensuously down over her throbbing breasts and slid slowly

down her smooth, flat stomach, coming to rest on either side of his lips. Her

fingers stroked softly for a moment at the flexing hollows of her inner thighs--then, slowly spread the fleshy hair-lined lips of the moist wet furrow

apart, allowing his hungry devouring lips complete access to her moist secret being.

Her elbows pressed tightly against her ribs and her head lolled uncontrollably

from side to side on the pillow as the hot searing tongue shot out, its soft

flicking tip circling the quivering erected clitoris- the lips sucked, drawing the warm soft folds deep into the hot cavern of his mouth, the tongue continued its maddening licking against the straining pink bud of her sex she groaned huskily from deep in her throat as the hot probing tip worked its way

up and down the length of the narrow wet slit, starting at the lower belly and

pressuring its way down, down over the elastic rimmed opening of her clasp

vagina and into the crevice of her flexing buttocks where it stopped momentarily to do a wet probing homage to the tight brown throbbing hole. Her

hips ground uncontrollably into the squeaking bed now, soft mewling animal sounds escaped pitifully from between her passion clenched teeth.

'The Arab worked hungrily, feeling the soft wet pubic hair brushing tantalizing against his cheeks. A feeling of power was in him. Never in his wildest dreams had he ever expected to have such a proud pure bitch like this

squirring under his tongue and completely at his mercy--and she was loving it--her groans drove his tongue faster as it worked its way up and down the steaming hot crotch. He wanted her begging for it when he was ready to ram it

to her and she was almost there. He had never seen anyone so hot, even with

the potion. She needed it bad and she was getting it--and this was just the beginning.

He knew she was too far gone now to fight anything he did to her and his mind

began to form weird erotic pictures of the positions he could put her in and the things he could do at will to her limp desire wracked body.

He chuckled obscenely as he felt her hands desperately clawing at his greasy black hair, guiding his face to the palpitating opening of her cunt. He ran his tongue into the soft rimmed flesh, flicking at it for a moment--and then quickly withdrawing it to tease again around the ragged pink edges.

He let her force him this time pressing his mouth, directly over the tight little hole in her squirming crotch.

As his lips rounded and covered the clasping viscous opening, he thrust his tongue deep down into it, bringing a low guttural groan from the girl whose soft warm thighs closed convulsively around either side of his moving head. He could feel the wet flesh slip moistly around his long extended tongue as

the walls of the invaded vagina opened and closed in a sucking motion, attempting to pull it deeper and deeper into it. It felt as though the nibbling hair-lined mouth would pull his tongue out by the roots, devouring it alive. Her heels pushed down against his back pressing his body into the flesh

trap until he couldn't breath, his nose was smashed tightly against the tiny hard clitoris above, breathing in the pungent odor of the lust juice that was now flowing in abundance from it. It incited his penis to a hardness that he could no longer control--he had to fuck this little bitch now or he would explode all over the mattress.

Jean's body was lost in the fire of the moment. Every muscle in her body was

tensed as she strained her hips upward toward that maddening probe between her

legs. Kevin was a god. She had never expected it could be like this, that he could bring such things from her body.

Her love for him incited her further. Her up-drawn legs opened and closed around the tormenting head that was licking gluttonously at her flame seared

hole. The cords of her neck stand out as she pulled with all her strength

against the tangled hair of his head.

"Oh! Ohhh! Agggghh!" she moaned, splaying her legs wider and wider to give

him greater access.

The Arab could stand it no longer. He grabbed her flailing legs behind the knees and shoved them roughly back against her shoulders, slithering up her sweat soaked body at the same time. His rigid stiff cock brushed against the

wet dripping pubic hair. He planted his hands on either side of her shoulders, her ankles locked tightly behind his neck. He could look down between their bodies and see her upturned ass completely exposed to him.

The expanded narrow cunt-slit was visibly throbbing its lips in invitation, the wet moist furrow held wide apart by the pressure of his thighs pressed tightly up against hers.

Jean could see Kevin hovering over her through her passion and drug dimmed eyes. She could feel the hugeness of his fleshy hardness lying the full length of her quivering open slit. The jerking head of his cock rested throbbing between her wide-spread buttocks; insinuating itself up and down,

up

and down, in a maddening tease that caused her to twist her hips down toward

it, her hungry cunt searching desperately for its hard blood filled tip.

She had to have it in her! Her belly screamed for it!

She reached her hands in panic down underneath the grinding cheeks of her ass

and grasped the full length of the stone-hard member. Her tightly closed fists stroked it softly in reverence. She could feel the spasmodic throbbing against her soft palms and the sticky fluid that oozed in dribblets from the blood inflated head. She guided it up the valley of her buttocks, not letting it lose contact with her flesh until it was poised between the mucous covered

flanges of her vagina. She held it there with one hand and placed the other on her husband's buttocks, drawing with all her strength to pull it into her and let it drown the gnawing hot heat that burned out of control in her belly.

The Arab grinned obscenely above her. It was all he could do to keep from shoving forward now and impaling this squirming little bitch on his aching cock, but the desire to punish her and her kind for all the times they had

shit on him by their disdainful looks when he had spoken to them, overcame the

desire. This one typified them all, she was everything he wanted to

humiliate. Proud, innocent, spoiled by the condescending young men of her kind

who did her every bidding. If one ever needed punishing, this one did. Well, he would do it, he would fuck her till she couldn't walk.

He received ever greater satisfaction from the knowledge that he would know

afterwards and she wouldn't. She might treat him the same as she did before

but he would know that he had plowed her good and left his white hot sperm deep in her cunt. He might even make her pregnant. This though excited him

even more, a lowly immigrant Arab, refugee from his own country, desk clerk,

making this proud haughty bitch pregnant. Filling her belly with a child and she wouldn't even know the father. The lewd thought caused him to involuntarily flick his hips forward.

Jean felt the lips around her throbbing vagina pushed open. The elastic rimmed tightness resisted for a moment, then gave way before the hard

cruel

pressure. The pain was harsh and she mechanically resisted for a moment, emitting a long low groan from deep within her throat. He liked that, he liked hearing her hurt.

He shoved again--a deeper groan--he wanted to hear her scream for mercy. And

suddenly, he could stand it no more. He rammed forward with everything he had, sinking the lust inflated cock all the way to the hilt. He could feel his balls slap tightly against her jerking anus that screwed itself deep down into the mattress attempting to escape the cruel sudden impalement. Her legs

jerked out wide on either side of his thin emaciated body, splaying over either edge of the beds kicking futilely into the air.

"Kevin! Ke-Kevinnn! Nooooo! Nooooooooo!" she screamed, her impaled form pinned helplessly to the bed. With each jerk, the huge head seemed to burrow

deeper into her. The Arab's outstretched arms pinned her shoulders tightly to

the mattress, his wide-spread knees held her thighs split far apart. She felt

as though her body was being torn down the middle and that she would be

ripped

in half from this giant instrument imbedded deep in her middle. The fiery plunging rod felt as though it was coming out her throat as its blood-filled head pressed hard against her cervix, buffeting her head back harshly against the headboard of the bed.

He watched her from above with a lascivious grin on his lips. Her face was contorted with the pain of that first vicious stab. Her lips curled back from her teeth, pleading, incoherent whimpers coming from deep in her throat. Her

arms were outstretched, palms against his hips, attempting to hold back the blunt hard head pressing against her womb like a great hard stone.

She's never had it this deep, he gloated to himself, as he held her pinned in the lewd humiliating position. He looked down again and could see his curly black pubic hair tangled tightly with hers, the base of his thick fleshy rod buried deep into the pink throbbing furrow that his tongue had licked to moist

receptiveness a moment ago. He could see the tight lips of the cunt stretched

almost to the bursting point, the rubbery outer pink rim clasping tightly

around the dark skinned base of his cock.

He held her there for a moment, savoring the spectacle of this proud little bitch impaled helplessly under him, with his huge rod buried deep in her white

little belly. He wished her husband could see her now, spread-eagle this way with a lowly Arab servant making her scream and yell. He was going to give her a fuck she would never forget as long as she lived.

Jean squirmed helplessly beneath him. She could feel the hot searing pain of

his sudden blunt entry tearing cruelly at her insides. She flexed her crotch muscles tightly together to attempt to ward off the huge invading cudgel, but

the throb of her internal sinews seemed to incite it more and it plowed its way deeper and deeper into her vainly resisting passage. The walls of her cringing cunt clasped around it like a glove. She could feel its every fleshy ridge as her nerve ends transmitted its monstrous form in minute detail to her

muddled mind like a telegraph line.

It was alive inside her! The hard rubbery tip pressing against her cervix,

the thin folds of flesh along its length, the tickling hairs of the balls dangling in the crevice of her ass were part of her. She was one with it and in spite of her pain her tongue began a wild licking at the wetness of her lips. He had smeared them well with his cum and her nostrils flared again, drawing the pungent odor deep into her body, mingling it in strange marriage with the feeling of the throbbing cock lodged deep in her white soft belly. It all seemed to roll together into one great fiery ball of aching hunger for more. Her cunt contracted involuntarily as the lascivious thoughts raced through her mind.

The Arab felt the slight throbbing pressure exerted against his buried penis.

He had waited for it, hovering motionless over her prostrate form patiently until she became accustomed to his thick presence rammed so deep in her belly.

He flexed the member gently, expanding it inside her, but still not moving his

body.

"Oh," she whimpered, through bared teeth, fighting the fine line of pleasure-pain.

He waited a moment, and flexed again, watching her contorted face below.
The

mouth hung limply open, the eyes clenched tightly shut.

"Oooooohhhh!" She held her breath as the buried cock expanded more,
stretching the narrow passage walls farther apart.

He flexed again, this time setting a slow teasing rhythm to his throbs. He
watched her nostrils begin a slow hesitant flaring in time to the beat. Soft
mewling sounds of pleasure came from her open mouth in time to his gentle
ministrations.

"Oooooohhhh--Darling, darling."

He could feel her urgent answering throbs began around the head of his
penis.

The wet clasping cunt flesh began a soft opening and closing around his
pulsating member.

He did not move, but continued the slow rhythmic throbs into the skewered
girl

beneath him. He could hardly contain himself as her grunts of pleasure

resounded through the otherwise still room. Her head lolled from side to side

unconsciously on the pillow as her hips began a slow involuntary roll beneath his impaling rod. He clenched his teeth tightly together as he felt her hungry nibbling crotch screwing itself up tighter against his hair-covered pelvis.

Jean's body felt itself coming to life now. The pain was receding and was slowly giving way to a maddening electric tingle that began deep within her womb and seeped relentlessly through the raw nerve ends of her flesh. It rippled through her cunt and out the fleece-lined lips, dancing like fire across the milky-white thighs, up the full length of her splayed legs and circled around inside her toes, curling them tightly against the bottoms of her feet. It worked its way up from her contracting belly through her rib cage and out to the tips of her pink palpitating nipples, which peaked into hard tiny buds, sensitive to even the touch of the stale close air about them. Thin rivulets of sweat rolled down the sides of the full pulsating mounds, wetting the mattress beneath her.

She rotated her hips from side to side around the fleshy impaling member, her vagina, dilating in time to its rhythmic beating. It felt as though it had a

heart imbedded in the papitating head whose heat against her inner passage was

becoming a part of her being. She was one with it. She and her darling Kevin

were one fleshy mass of sensation, merged magically together by their love.

He had crawled into her! He was a part of her!

The Arab could hardly contain his glee as he felt her pelvis begin screwing up

against the length of his rock hard penis. The tiny contracting muscles inside her cunt were nibbling hungrily at the inflated head. The dilated lips between her hair-lined pink slit pulled tantalizingly away, sliding moistly down the rod for several inches and then nibbling slowly back up buffering her

soft down tightly against his pubic hair embedding the full length of him deep

into her warm white belly. He stayed immobile, resting still above her with his hands on either side of her shoulders, his knees pressed tight against the

mattress. He let her quivering body pump up and down at will on his rigid piston that fused them together.

He could see its slow withdrawal between them pulling thin soft ridges of

her

pink flesh out with it as she screwed her pelvis down into the mattress and the entry--pushing the soft folds back into her and the moist shiny length was

swallowed whole back into the salacious opening. He let her strain against him for a while, watching the utter abandon of her labors, a half-crazed ecstatic smile playing across her lips. Her motions became faster by the second, the tempo of her thrusts up against him became more urgent--her teeth

bit hard into her lower lip. He knew she was straining to come--the juices of her milking vagina were beginning to flow and he could hear the wet sucking sound of the in and out sawing movement as she suddenly thrust sharply up his

cock, burying it deep inside her, her back arched a foot off the squeaking bed, her feet planted flat on either side of his knees tightly against the mattress. She bucked against him wildly.

"Oh, God, yes, yes. I'm coming darling, I'm coming, Aaaggh!"

Suddenly, with a deep throated groan, her body began vibrating uncontrollably--wet white cum oozed from the throbbing passage, drowning his

impaling member with its sticky warmth and trickling down the crevice of

her

white globular buttocks over his balls that pressed hard against the tiny brown puckered anus.

The Arab went berserk as she grunted out the last of her juices against his matted pelvis, her body still jerking spasmodically up against him. He reached back, grabbing her ankles and pushing them brutally back over her shoulders until she was rolled up into a tight round ball of helplessness beneath him. Her knees were pushed back tightly over her shoulders against the mattress on either side of her head, the wide-spread split between her legs completely open to his desire.

He withdrew the deeply imbedded instrument until just the tip of the head rested in her. Then, he rammed forward with all his stored up bitter strength. He had waited to destroy this little bitch. She had had her fun and

now it was his turn. The full throbbing length of the incited member sunk cruelly into her helpless exposed vagina. He could hear the wet flat smack as

his belly thudded against her crotch. His body dropped down heavily on her, mashing her full ripe tits tightly against his chest. He locked his saliva

covered mouth over hers, thrusting his wet dripping tongue deep in her throat,
stifling the low animal grunts fanning there. His shoulders pushing against the backs of her full rounded calves kept her locked in that helpless position as he rammed it to her. Reaching around beneath them, he forced his hands between the mattress and the white full cheeks of her ass, cupping them in his spread fingers and palms, kneading the warm soft flesh, pulling the white rounded cheeks far apart.

He began long hard strokes into the streaming passage that was now wet and slippery from her climb withdrawing the head until just the tip was inside the hot clammy opening and then thrusting forward hard with his hips until his balls were screwed tightly against the wide split crack of her buttocks.

Jean groaned helplessly as her exposed cunt was plundered again almost beyond endurance. He was driving her head hard back against the headboard of the bed with each jack-hammer thrust and she couldn't fight from her hopeless position. Her arms were pinned down at her sides by her own up-drawn legs. She could feel the giant head sliding up and down inside her warm viscous

passage like a feathered piston and the hot slap of his soft hair-covered balls against her anus as he jerked forward on the down stroke. Cool mad rushes of air rushed between her thighs as he withdrew.

Her womb flared and the resisting lips of her hair-lined furrow flowered open

to receive the delicious rape of her secret genitals. Her hands forced themselves desperately from under her legs and snaked around his back. The

nails clawed a red streaked path down to his flexing buttocks. She pulled him

deep and thrust her fleece covered belly up hard to skewer herself deliciously

on the driving hot flesh of his pumping rod. She sucked voraciously on the thick wet tongue that was shoved deep in her throat through the yellow teeth

of the Arabs obscene grin. She swallowed greedily the droplets of his saliva that ran down it in her lewd excitement. The foul pungent odor of his breath,

incited rather than repelled her drugged senses. Her body began to match his

pounding lunges with her own rhythmic thrashing.

The rusty bedsprings squeaked loudly in time to the two tightly entwined bodies struggling wildly against each other. The sounds of deep straining grunts and groans filled the hot stifling air of the room, mingling with the noise of sweat soaked flesh smacking sharply against sweat soaked flesh and the wet viscous slurp of his pile driving cock going in and out of her mucous lined cunt.

"Hot bitch, hot bitch, hot bitch," the Arab mumbled over and over to himself as he ceaselessly rammed the blood filled cudgel deep into her white round screaming little belly with long cruel jabs. He could feel the hot white cum building up inside his heated balls as they beat hard against her upturned ass. It was ready to explode. He wildly shoved his tongue far down her throat and with harshly kneading hands pulled the wide-spread cheeks of her white little buttocks hard up against his grinding pelvis as he rammed his spewing cock all the way to the hilt in her soft unresisting cunt.

Jean could feel her insides splitting painfully as the head of the deep sunk tormenting instrument suddenly flared into a hugeness that threatened to tear her womb wide asunder--it began to spurt--and she could feel the delicious hot

white liquid r hooting into her like burning fire, ricocheting around inside her dilated stomach like streams of molten lava. The pores of her cunt clasped around it, erupting in answer and again spilling her own white hot cum into the already drowning cavern of her pink quivering passage.

It drove her insane!

She couldn't let it stop!

She reached frantically around under her squirming buttocks with both hands

and began to desperately milk at the balls pressed into the split of her behind. Her legs kicked out, quivering uselessly in the air on either side of the bed. The huge member continued to jerk its completion--white hot spurts

still spewed from its head, filling her womb and foaming out the contracting fleshy lips around the base of his cock, soaking the soft matted pubic hair it was buried in.

"Oh, fill me, fill me, darling," she groaned incoherently around the swabbing tongue still sunk deep in her mouth. The hot walls of her jerking cunt sucked

at the throbbing cock hungrily, until it gave one final spasmodic jerk, the last drop sucked from it.

The Arab collapsed across her body, feeling her insides still gushing forth around his deflated limp prick. It seemed endless, until she too suddenly gave one last jerk and quivered to a limp stillness, her legs protruding lifelessly out on either side of his fatigued body. Her arms outstretched, one dangling doll-like over the edge of the bed. Her belly was filled to the bursting point with the mixture of their hot sticky- white cum.

He lay still for a moment to recover his strength and then slowly pulled himself off the unconscious girl's still form, his cock sliding slowly out of her battered cunt. He could see the wet matted hair of her well fucked furrow

glistening wetly in the faint light. The insides of her thighs were smeared lewdly with the white-sticky juice. It dripped in tiny rivulets down the crevice of her ass, forming a dark wet circle on the mattress beneath.

The Arab smiled down at her, pulling his clothes on quietly. He'd like to fuck this hot little bitch again right now, but he knew he had better not. He had been there for over two hours now and he knew the French lady would be

coming back soon. He couldn't take the chance now but he promised himself he

would get her again later. He couldn't let this hot little American off this easy.

He took one last look at her lewdly splayed form, her mouth hanging loosely open in contented sleep. She must still be dreaming of the fucking he had given her, he smirked obscenely to himself. Maybe I had better help. He reached over her body between her still wide-spread thighs and ran his middle

finger up the glistening cunt-lips moistening it with the mixture of both their cum. He rubbed the finger then around her open red lips and under her

nostrils. This should give her something to puzzle over when she wakes up.

The thought amused him and he laughed softly to himself. How he would like to

see her face when she awoke, trying to figure out what happened.

The thought of his hot full load sloshing around deep in that unknowing little belly stirred him again as he closed and locked the door behind him.

"God, I hope she's pregnant," he muttered half aloud to himself as he

descended the stairs to the reception desk, his steps a bit unsteady. He could hardly wait to look her in the eye later tonight, knowing that he had fucked her silly for over two hours. That would be revenge enough for the scornful looks she had given him but he hoped he would have the chance again.

Next time he would really throw it to that hot little body. He whistled happily to himself.

Monique smiled complacently to herself as she had entered the taxi several hours earlier in front of the hotel. She had reason to be satisfied. After all, she mused, this was the fourth girl she had brought to Marseille in the past month and the market for them was good. Since the tourists had stopped

going to Algiers because of the Arab takeover, the demand for young white girls to fill the Arab brothels was almost unlimited. They were bringing up to two or three thousand American dollars each, particularly the young fresh

unused ones like the girl she had back at the hotel. She was certain she could get a premium for her. She was her best catch so far and she had to play her cards just right and get the right buyer. She thought she had him in

Gamal. He liked the innocent ones and was willing to pay well for them. He

would get his personal pound of flesh and then ship them off to Algiers for the Arab market. She almost hated to see this sweet young American turned over

to a sadistic beast like him but money was money and his perverted depravity

should be no concern of hers. She had to be cold and calculated about it, after all, she was a business woman and if she played her cards right could retire in a few years on a substantial income from her earnings.

The cab followed the Rue Marianne outside the city along the coast for several

miles and pulled into the grounds of a large ocean front villa. The iron filigree gate was guarded by several dark Algerians with pistols strapped to their sides. Upon recognizing her, they waved the car through without trouble. She was well known by them as a frequent visitor so did not have to go through the usual formalities required to get into the fortress-like walls.

The cypress drive leading to the main villa was almost half a mile long and they passed several of the familiar patrols that roamed through the estate.

The patrols all traveled in twos and had a pair of viscous looking black Alsatian dogs with them. They were trained to kill and Gamal had confided to

her that they had done so several times when Interpol agents had tried to penetrate the grounds. They, of course, had disappeared without trace and Gamal had allowed the local police to enter and search the premises. This was

a token search and all evidence of the various illegalities he was engaged in had been removed to a secret subterranean cellar. Besides, he had also confided that the police chief of the area was a frequent visitor of his and kept him dutifully informed of any official action that might be brewing against him. The system had obviously worked well as Gamal had been doing this since the end of the war and had become a very wealthy man. It was rumored that he had connections in the higher ministries in Paris and even among the staff of Interpol itself. Monique believed this, due to the immensity of his operations. No one could exist so long and on such a scale unless he was receiving important political protection from somewhere higher up than the local police.

The cab rounded the curved drive and pulled up in front of a huge white stucco

house. It had a typical Mediterranean red tiled roof and was surrounded by the most beautiful tropical gardens Monique had ever seen. She enjoyed doing

business with Gamal just to be able to pay these periodic visits to this fabulous villa. It must have cost him at least five million new francs to build it in the old days. At today's prices, it would be impossible to calculate the true value.

Monique was met at the door by one of his burly guards and escorted to Gamal's

study. She knew she wouldn't have to wait to see him as he was always anxious

when she came. She had made it a point early in their relationship to bring him only the best of the young females she lured to Marseille. She had never

disappointed him yet and did not intend to now. She knew he would be overjoyed with this tender young Jean because of her almost unbelievable innocence and the fact that she was an American. There was something about

Americans that seemed to appeal to the Arab nature. Perhaps it was because

they were so much more naive than European women and always seemed to have

such an untouched clean appearance. This gave them something to soil and humiliate. They all seemed to enjoy this and gave them something upon which

to unleash the full vent of their natural base nature. Monique was only too familiar with the degradations they would force upon their own women much less

a poor foreigner that was completely defenseless. She had seen some of the

poor wretched girls she had sold them after a few months in their hands and had she not been so desperate to be financially independent, she could not have had the stomach for the business. In fact, as of late, she had found herself becoming more and more like them. Perhaps, she would make it a condition with Gamal that she would get to see the initiation of this Jean into her new life. This thought coursed warmly through her as the guard held

the door open for her to enter.

"Hello, my dear Monique," the short fat obsequious looking man said, rising from behind the large oaken desk. "It's so good to see you again. You haven't paid me a visit in such a long time."

"Oh, Gamal, you silly man, it's only been a month since I've been here. You know it takes time to find the right ones for you. Your tastes are so special and refined that it takes a lot of screening. You wouldn't want me showing up

here with just anything I run across, now would you?" Monique flashed her warming coyish smile at him, fluttering her eyelids slightly in a mock scolding manner.

"Of course not, my love, I understand your concern for my welfare," the Arab

said, drawing his arm around her waist in a friendly hug, his dark balding head reaching barely to her shoulders. "If I didn't know this so well, I would think it was just my generous presents to you that caused your deep concern."

"Now, now, Gamal," Monique admonished as she pulled his creeping hand from behind her buttocks, "save yourself for the little bird whose wings I've clipped for you. She's just what you've been after."

Gamal's eyes lit up perceptibly at the mention that Monique had something for

him. He knew her well enough by now to know that she, unlike most women or people who had something to sell him, didn't exaggerate. If she was enthusiastic about it, then she was worth listening to.

"Come, my dear, let us sit down with a small aperitif and discuss this little

bird. I've tired of the last one you sent."

"Gamal," Monique kidded, "you mean you didn't like her?"

"Oh, yes my dove," he cooed. "I liked her very much, but one month with the same girl is a little too much. You know they tire so quickly when left in my care. A pity too, just when I have them trained well to appreciate my little playful sessions, they seem to lose their fire.

"I suppose you have passed her on to your playmates in Algeria as usual," Monique said.

"Yes, she went rather reluctantly, but I am a businessman and can't let my investments sit too long without making a return on them. Must keep the money

moving, you know," he said slyly. A secretive grin directed at Monique. "I have some excellent movies made of her that will go well on the British market

though, you'll have to see them later."

"I'd love to some other time, Gamal," Monique replied, sipping at the whiskey he had poured her. "Right now, I think we had better discuss my new little

donation to your pleasures. I think you will be very interested."

"Tell me about her, my dear. When I see so much enthusiasm in your eyes, I know it must be something special," the Arab chided, his face brightening at the thought of what was in store.

"First, Gamal, you know I only bring you the best, correct?" Monique asked, looking at him over the edge of her upraised glass.

"Yes, I feel you do well for me, but I have had problems with some of them," he added the last sentence quickly, sensing that the bargaining was beginning.

"You know, they are young and so unworldly, I must do much training to prepare them for my clients."

"Why you old lecher," Monique laughed, "you know very well that's why you're in this business, so you can sample the merchandise before you pass it on to your friends."

"My dear, my dear," the Arab objected, raising his hands, "it is not for I,

Gamal, that I do these things. I must do them to make certain my reputation

as a businessman is respected. My clients are the wealthiest in Algiers and I dare not send them something that I myself have not trained to perfection."

"Yes, Gamal, you train them until they lose their fire, you said?" Monique chided, raising an eyebrow toward him.

"Ah, but there are ways of restoring that to them. This is where my drug business assists me."

"Like doping race horses, my dear," she replied. "They have enough for one last dash and then useless."

"Monique, my dear, you are unkind. Let us stop this silly bickering," he said sadly. "You know I am a sincere man and honest. I am in a very competitive business and profits have not been good for the last several years. Do not take advantage of my helpless position, I beg you."

"There, there," Monique consoled in a motherly tone, laughing inside at the show the Arab was putting on. She knew him well by now and knew she would

have to sit through his weeping sessions each time she came. All Arabs are the same, she mused to herself. They never grow away from the rug-sellers mentality. It doesn't matter if they, are dealing with one franc or one million, their approach is always the same. Business is bad and your price is too high but because you are a friend they will sacrifice and give you half the price you ask, even though they cry it will drive them to bankruptcy. Well, Monique knew enough by now to ask exactly double the price she expected

to get and many tears later they would arrive at that figure. Strange that they weren't more original than this, but they weren't. Perhaps the practice

was instilled too deeply in their heritage to ever change.

"Gamal," Monique paused after speaking his name and then said casually, "she's an American."

There was a moment's silence as she let the thought sink into his mind. She observed a slightly perceptible twitch in the corner of his mouth as he grasped what she was saying.

"Ah, that is too bad, my dear, I thought you had something special for me.

You know they have no native abilities for the finer passions. It is a long expensive process to train them well. My investment would be tied up for several months. It would mean such a strain on my meager finances." His face

had contorted into its usual piteous plea and he had placed his hand against his forehead in classic sufferance.

"Gamal, my love," Monique purred, "this is no time for theatrics. You know as well as I do that you could buy the Eiffel Tower and it wouldn't dent your purse in the slightest. Besides, you must think of the expenses I have incurred and the danger in bringing her to Marseille." This was all part of the game and they played each time she came. The Arab knew she hadn't spent a

franc and would only have to pay the hotel bill when the poor unfortunate girl

disappeared, but he had respect for the protocol of bartering and played his part with her.

"I know, my love, and I am willing to help you in this matter but I must watch my expenses. The last one cost me a great deal and I did not receive nearly as much as I paid for her. It was a sacrifice."

Monique knew that he had at least doubled his money after taking a months pleasure for himself and including all expenses of smuggling her out of France

and into Algeria. She also could detect that when she had dropped the statement about her being an American it had won her battle. She would get her price and perhaps more. A plan began forming in her mind as she watched

the concerned look on Gamal's face. He wanted this girl and Monique now just

had to put him in the position where his decision would be made under more emotional circumstances. She knew his weakness of desire to humiliate and if

she could arrange it so that the girl would be in a helpless position defenseless against his lust, she could sell her on the spot for a goodly sum.

"I understand your concern, nay dear Gamal," Monique said, still turning the thought over in her mind. "One should never buy without seeing the merchandise first. I think I can arrange this."

This was a new approach and the Arab suddenly sensed that this clever French

woman was up to something. He changed his tone and spoke more softly.

"Now, now, my sweet Monique, we needn't go to all that trouble. You know how valuable my time is to me. We can just settle for the same amount we did for the last one, even though she was rather weak. I trust your judgment explicitly."

"No," Monique said, sensing his eagerness, "I want you to make the decision after you see her. She may not be worth that much to you and I want only your happiness. I won't accept a franc more than you think she is worth. Unless, of course," she added slyly, "your opinion does not suit the true value, but I don't think a man with your good eye will make that mistake."

Gamal knew the bargaining was over for the day as he detected a note of finality in Monique's last statement. He knew she had something this time or

she wouldn't be so certain of her position. He knew also, that he would probably have to pay dearly for whatever it was she had. Well, he would take

a look. He had been doubling his investment on the others she had brought him

and perhaps he could do even better with this one. He might even get her

down

to a lower price than before. At any rate, he gloated to himself after Monique had left, he could hardly wait to get his hands on an American bitch. He hadn't had one in almost a year but he could still remember the pleasure he had in converting her reluctant mind to accept his perverted acts. In fact, he had been forced to almost destroy her mind first. He hoped this one would not be so difficult.

The voluptuous young girl stirred restlessly on the rumpled bed. Her eyes fluttered open and fought with the darkness that permeated the thick stale air of the shabby room. Strange odors wafted through her nostrils, causing her brow to wrinkle slightly as though in deep concentrated thought. Her tongue circled her lips, tasting the slight pungency of a sticky moistness around them.

Her eyes adjusted quizzically to the darkness and followed her form lying on the bed below. It was a strange position she thought to herself through the haze that still dimmed her half-sleep mind.

Her negligee was bunched almost around her neck and she could see the twin peaks of her breasts lying loosely between her eyes and the rest of her body.

Her legs were spread wide apart as though in invitation to some phantom lover

standing at the foot of the bed.

After a moment it came to her through the dimness. The dream! The dream she

had; it had seemed so real!

The vividness of it began flickering across her mind as though she were watching a slightly out of focus television screen. Her body ached terribly.

She smoothed her hands carefully up to her breasts, touching them gently in guarded exploration. Ohhh, she moaned, they were tender. Her hands explored

farther, coursing their way down over her stomach to her still open thighs.

She groaned again, as her fingers touched tenderly the slight bruises lining the soft edges of her vagina. Her finger probed carefully around the red sensitive opening, the tips becoming moist from the white sticky liquid that oozed viscously from it, wetting the split of her buttocks and the bed beneath

Had Kevin really been here? The shadowy form that remained in her memory and

had probed and tasted every secret part of her being had seemed so real. It

had all seemed so real. Had she done it to herself?

Thoughts raced through her mind one after another. It was possible that she

had. She had done it before in extreme moments of frustration but never like

this. She had never gone to this extreme even in her wildest moments of desire. Could her own hands have probed so deep into her stomach and left this hot wet pool that seemed lodged there now? Could they have made her gush

forth so many times in climax to soak the bed beneath her the way it was now?

It had to be. There was no other explanation. She had gone completely out of

her mind in her dream and had fondled her own body to the point of believing

it was actually Kevin. She had done those things with her own hands and her body had reacted like that of a dirty animal in heat.

A feeling of shame came over her. She had denied her own husband the right to

do those things to her, a right that was his, and then sought her own release by her own hands playing upon her body. How selfish she had been. If she hadn't left Paris perhaps the dream would have come true, perhaps Kevin wouldn't have gone insane the next time. She had been too prudish in their sexual relationship she now realized and his brutal attack on her had been brought about by her lack of understanding of his needs. The dream had proved

it. Hadn't she herself turned half animal, even to the point of wantonly satisfying herself with her own probing fingers and hands.

Her thoughts were suddenly interrupted by a gentle knocking on the door. A voice called softly from outside.

"Jean, Jean dear, time to wake up."

She recognized Monique's voice and suddenly panicked.

"Oh, my God," she mumbled to herself, stumbling to her feet. "I mustn't let her see me like this. I just mustn't."

"Just a moment, I'm getting up now," she called back.

"Never mind, dear, I'm going to my room and get ready. I'll see you for dinner in an hour. Dress pretty, I've a surprise place for dinner tonight."

"Alright, Monique," Jean answered in relief. "I'll knock on your door when I'm ready."

Jean turned on the light and looked at the rumpled bed. Well, she thought, as

her eyes saw the large round wet spot where her buttocks had lain, I really had myself a time. I guess there's no need in crying over spilled milk. I did it and I can't change that. After all, it was only a dream, I shouldn't feel guilty about something I couldn't control.

The warm spray of the shower felt good cascading down over her body. She washed carefully the insides of her thighs and buttocks, almost reluctant to wash away the sticky still-warm fluid from her soft pubic hair. As her fingers moved up and down the warmth of the narrow slit between her legs, cleansing it of the viscous almost dry liquid, the visions of Kevin's shadowy face smashed tightly between her yawning thighs ran through her mind. Her

middle finger duplicated his lashing tongue that had flicked through her throbbing cunt lips so many long minutes before. Jean had to catch herself with her strength to withdraw her probing finger from between her legs.

The feeling of guilt returned. Good Lord, she thought to herself, what's happened to me. One small dream about sex and I'm turning into a shameless nymphomaniac. I do need Kevin, and badly.

She combed out her long dark silken hair before the mirror, letting it drape loosely down over her shoulders.

"Mmmmm," she mused to herself, that looks provocative enough. Monique said to

dress well, and after my little self-inflicted orgy, I guess this is the best I can do. She noticed suddenly that the curl that usually hung down on her left shoulder was missing. What a careless nit, she scolded herself. How could I have cut that off? I thought I had been careful when I trimmed my hair last night on the train. Before she could pursue the thought any further, she heard Monique's familiar voice outside the door, calling to her to join her downstairs at the desk when she was finished.

"Well, dear, you look just ravishing tonight, I must say." Monique beamed at her as she descended the steps a few moments later. This made Jean feel wonderful. She needed something as a morale builder now and a compliment from

another woman was just the thing. She always felt it was more sincere coming

from another woman as they had nothing to gain by lying to you. It was good to start an evening with this kind of feeling. She handed her key to the obsequious Arab clerk, not even looking at him. The look he had given her, up and down her body, when he had brought the tea had not been forgotten and she

decided that ignoring him completely was the best way to handle this.

The Arab grinned to himself as the American girl disdainfully passed the keys

to him. The last time he had seen that pretty face, it was contorted in passion and she was begging him to fuck her. He wondered, smiling to himself,

how those lipstick-covered lips had tasted when she had awakened.

Arrogant

bitch, she probably hadn't ever sucked a cock so didn't even know what it was.

Well, he would take care of that little oversight before she got out of the

hotel.

I wonder what she would say now if she knew she was carrying my hot load in that untouchable little belly of hers, he mused as he watch them descend the

stairs to the street floor. She might just come back for more, he laughed to

himself, fingering the curl of hair he had cut off as a souvenir just before leaving her room earlier.

Jean sipped contentedly on her second martini. She was happy, sitting high above Marseille overlooking the lights of the bay in the delightful restaurant Monique had chosen for them. She had wired Kevin before they left the hotel

to come down immediately. The upsetting dream she had so realistically experienced this afternoon had made up her mind for her. It had even given her a feeling of confidence. She knew now she could enjoy bodily pleasures and if Kevin could ever become the kind of lover he was in her dreams then a whole new world was open to them. She took another deep sip from the smooth

martini contemplating excitedly the full complete life they could have sharing

each other.

"You look preoccupied, Jean," Monique said, smiling at her across the table.

"I hope my company isn't boring you."

"Oh, no, no, Monique," Jean said apologetically, "I love being here with you.

In fact, you may not know it but this trip with you has changed my whole thinking about life."

"That's quite a statement, my dear," the older woman replied, an amused tone

in her voice, "I think you're being a little dramatic about it."

"No, no, I'm not. I mean it. I truly do," Jean defended. She didn't want to hurt Monique's feelings. She had done so much for her just being around to help. The small things she had done, like getting her to a hotel and being there to talk to on the train, had taken her mind off her problem long enough

for her to relax and look at it again with less prejudice than before. And, of course, leaving her alone this afternoon had been the turning point. If she hadn't been in such a relaxed mood, she probably would never have had the

dream and consequently never realized just how much she did need her

husband.

"Then you must tell me about this great change that I've brought about without

even knowing it," Monique said lightly but with understanding. "My impression

is that you've everything already that life could offer someone so young and pretty."

Jean was grateful for the sincerity in the older woman's voice and felt that she did owe her an explanation. Besides, she was bursting to talk with someone about it and there just couldn't be a more understanding person in the

world than Monique. She felt so close and so dependent on her at this moment.

Jean hurriedly gulped the rest of her drink, wondering how she could explain without going too far. After all, she didn't want even Monique knowing everything. It was too embarrassing and made her feel like such a child.

"May I have another martini," she asked. "I think I'll need it to be able to even tell this silly story to you."

"Of course you may, I'll join you." Monique signaled the waiter who returned within moments with their refills. Jean took a large sip, feeling the smooth liquid hit bottom and bolstering her courage. They were beginning to have their effect. She could feel the light-headed sensation calming her inhibitions even before she had finished the last one, otherwise she would not

have had the courage to even mention her problem. This last sip had dampened

them completely and she was feeling as though she could at least tell Monique

a few things about the ridiculous mess she had gotten herself into.

"Dear, you seem hesitant," Monique said, reaching across the table and touching her hand warmly. "If it's something you had rather not talk about then don't. I just thought I might be able to help."

"Oh, no, it's not that important," Jean said blushing slightly, not knowing quite how to begin. "It's just about a dream I had this afternoon while you were gone."

"Well then tell me, Jean, you know it sometimes helps to talk to someone

else

about your problems. I think we know each other well enough by now to share

our burdens."

Jean began from the beginning, telling Monique about her courting days with Kevin and how she had sometimes hoped he would force her into submitting to

him but would never encourage it. About her father and his instilling the ideas of purity until marriage into her young mind and the guilt complex it had left her with about sex even now that she was married. The horrible rape

she had been forced to submit to in Paris by Kevin, though she made excuses for him to Monique, blaming herself for her puritan attitude toward intercourse. Finally, toward the end of the dinner, she had come to the dream.

"It was beautiful, Monique. If making love were always like that, I know I would never feel guilty again. It just seems as though everything he did to me was right and I felt so wonderful and so free to return his love. I gave him everything I had and I still wanted to give more."

There was a long pause, until Jean finally said with a shrug of her shoulders, "Well, that's all, you've heard the story of my whole love life. I guess it seems so silly to a woman like you who's lived as much as you have."

"Quite the contrary, my dear, I think it's a beautiful story and I hope it turns out the way you think it will."

"I just know it's going to be wonderful, Monique. When Kevin arrives tomorrow, everything will be alright again."

"You mean your husband is coming here tomorrow?" Monique asked, concern suddenly showing on her face. This could drastically interfere with her plans for this naive little American.

"Why, yes, I sent him a cable before we left the hotel. He'll be taking the train tonight and arriving tomorrow. Is there anything wrong?" Jean was afraid Monique had suddenly become ill, she looked so strange.

"No, no, my dear," Monique choked, "just a slight wave of nausea, it happens sometimes when I eat rich food this way. Don't you worry. I'll be alright in just a moment."

It was difficult for Monique to finish her dinner. She knew she had some fast

thinking to do if she was to save her investment. She had not counted on this

complication even though she had known the American had been married. It was

going to be doubly difficult to accomplish her purpose with Gamal. Somehow she had to destroy this little innocent in the eyes of her husband and at the same time incite Gamal to the point where he would be willing to pay almost anything to have her at his mercy.

They finished dinner almost in silence. Jean said a few words of consolation to Monique about her discomfort but also could see she did not feel like talking at the same time. It appeared as though she had problems also and she

would have given anything if she could have helped the woman as she had been

so kind and understanding to her. She did not want to bring it up as she felt so young and helpless compared to the maturity of Monique and knew that if there was anything she could do, Monique would tell her.

Later, in the taxi on the way back to the hotel, Monique apologized. "I'm so

sorry, my dear, that I feel this way. I had intended to take you out and show

you some of the night life of Marseille after dinner but I just couldn't do it now."

"You've been so kind already, Monique," Jean answered, still feeling helpless that she could not help the older woman. "Perhaps if you feel better tomorrow

night, we could all go together. You would love Kevin and I know he would like you."

"Yes, I think that would be better. I'm certain I can get away tomorrow evening. These spells seldom last more than one night. But we had better go now."

Jean noticed the obsequious grin of the Arab behind the desk as he gave them

their keys for the room. His look had a knowing familiarity about it that she didn't like. Worse, he had rubbed his hand closely over hers when he had given her the key and his beady eyes appeared to undress her again as they had

when he had delivered the tea that afternoon. She shuddered thinking about

his greasy dirty appearance as she bid Monique goodnight and locked the door

of her room behind her. How awful it would be to have those oily dark hands crawling over your body, she thought to herself. How do the women he makes love to stand it.

She thought about the cleanliness of Kevin and how good his smooth, well developed body would feel against hers tomorrow night. She had thought about

their moving to a better hotel when he arrived, but had changed her mind. It

would be good to have him here where the dream had occurred and on the same

bed that her body had come to know for the first time the joys of physical union, even if it had only been in her mind. Besides, what could be more romantic than spending a few days in the old part of Marseille. She fell into a deep and dreamless sleep, looking forward with all her being to her husband's arrival tomorrow. It was going to be good for both of them, she just knew it would.

Monique had formed a plan. She had thought carefully about the things the American girl had told her during dinner, particularly the part about the

dream. Several other of her young initiates had told a similar story about such dreams. They always occurred when she had left them alone at the hotel.

That bastard Shalla has been sampling my wares, she thought angrily to herself. Under normal circumstances, she would have reported him immediately

to Gamal or another of her contacts and they would have taken care of the matter by quietly dumping his body in the bay, but with this new development

of the American girl's husband coming, she would need his help. He wouldn't dare refuse when she confronted him with her knowledge of his assaults on her

girls. She might even let him have a little more fun with her. That should keep him happy.

She pressed the service button by her bed and waited patiently until she heard

his light knock at the door.

"Can I help, Madame?" he said as she opened it wide, motioning for him to enter.

Shalla sensed that something was wrong when the French lady invited him

inside. She had never paid much attention to him before and he stepped into the room reluctantly, taking the seat she pointed to.

Monique stood in the center of the room looking down at him for a long moment.

The Arab lowered his eyes. He did not know how to deal with such a woman.

She was far above his class and her very presence unnerved him. She must know

about his little afternoon parties with her friends. This would be the only reason she would be looking at him like this.

"Was she good this afternoon, Shalla?" she said coldly, still staring straight down at him.

There was a long silence and the Arab did not speak. He was frightened. He knew the people she was connected with and what could be done to him if she

just gave the word. He would have no one to turn to, he was Just an immigrant

without friends. He kept his eyes lowered to the floor, afraid to sneak.

There was no one to defend him.

"I asked you a question, Shalla. Was she good?" Monique repeated, almost enjoying watching the Arab squirm. He deserved it, the bastard, having such a good time with her property. He might have damaged it irreparably playing his little games.

"I--I do not know of that which Madame speaks." he finally answered slowly, raising his eyes slightly from the floor but still not looking directly in her eyes.

"You sniveling little, cochon," she spat at him vindictively, "you know very well of which I speak."

"But I do not understand," Shalla defended, "why does Madame become so angry and talk this way. Have I not always been of good service?"

"Yes, yes, you have," Monique's tone changed to one of soft understanding. She knew she would have to be more gentle with him or he would never admit to anything. She was frightening him too much and this would never do, she

didn't have much time to put her plan into operation and this would require his help or she would never succeed before the girl's husband arrived.

"I'm not angry with you, Shalla," Monique continued, speaking slowly; and addressing him now in respectful tones as she would another business associate. "In fact, I need your help."

The Arab looked up at her, not certain whether he had heard correctly. Surely

this was some kind of trick she was playing on him to get him to confess.

Then she would turn him over to some of the toughs who worked for her and he

would be finished.

"Madame, Shalla knows his place, he does not do the things of which you speak.

I have my duties to perform here, I have no time for other things."

"Shalla, my dear man, you must understand that I am not going to have you harmed in any way. I just need your help. How would you like to have the little American girl again?" Monique smiled at him and said this last sentence slowly so that it would sink into his mind deeply. She was certain

he had enjoyed it, otherwise, Jean would not have given such glowing descriptions of the sensations she had experienced in her so- called dream.

"How do I know that Madame does not play a trick on me, to get me to confess

to something I have not done?" Shalla also spoke slowly. His Arab intuition told him that this proud French lady really did need his help and she needed it badly. Otherwise, she could turn to any number of very important people here in Marseille to do the favor for her. She must have to keep it a close secret that was not to be known outside the hotel. Perhaps, just perhaps, if he played it right, he could benefit well from her obviously difficult situation. He was a lowly immigrant, but not a fool.

Monique could see the change of expression on his face. He had looked up at her and studied her eyes.

He knew she was in desperate trouble and needed his help.

This was bad. She knew the Arabs well by now and if they knew they had an advantage they would press it for everything they could get. They were the best hagglers in the world and quick to perceive a weakness in their adversaries. Perhaps she had just better put her foot down now before he

got

too far out of line.

"Listen you desk clerk! I can have you thrown to the fish anytime I desire.

I know now what you've been doing to these poor defenseless girls while I've

been away from the hotel and I think you had better admit it to me before I lose my temper." Desperation was apparent in her voice and Shalla sensed this. Whatever it was that she needed was extremely important and she needed

him to help her accomplish it. He eyed her more confidently.

"Madame is wrong," he spoke with feigned hurt in his voice. "I think I must leave."

"Shalla, stay where you are," he could almost detect a pleading note in the tone of her voice now. "I need some assistance and can make it well worth your while to help me."

"What does Madame wish me to do?" the Arab asked slyly. He would find out

how important this favor really was and then negotiate the price.

Monique outlined to him briefly the part she wanted him to play in her little scheme, leaving out the most important factors that would give away the true

reason for her plan. She didn't dare to divulge it all to him. She knew he would demand a price that would cut her profit down considerably, and she envisioned quite a sum from Gamal if her plan worked well. It had to work, it was her only chance.

Shalla listened intently to the outline of his part in this venture of the French lady. She tried to sound casual as she described to him the details of

the actions he was to perform but he knew now beyond all doubt from the discernible concern in her eyes that there was so much more to it than she was

divulging to him. She was going to a lot of trouble to merely humiliate this girl. There must be something else to it, it sounded much more complicated than she described.

"How much will this man pay to see her raped?" he asked, attempting to draw

more of the story from her.

"He will pay a great deal if you and your friend follow instructions well. He likes this kind of thing and is willing to pay for it."

"But it is dangerous and if the police find out, it will mean a long prison term for myself and the friend I will need to help. We also will have a witness in the girl. She will know who all of us are and be able to identify us for the authorities."

"Don't worry about the witness, my dear Shalla, our friend who wants this little exhibition will take care of that part later. All you and your friend must do is to hold her here tomorrow and then deliver her as I instruct--but your timing must be absolutely perfect--and, of course, you may have your little fun like you did before, but no rough stuff, I want her fit tomorrow night."

"And how much does Shalla receive for this?" the Arab asked, knowing in advance that whatever figure she first offered would be a pittance compared to what she would receive. He knew she was selling these girls and that the correct timing had something to do with a sale.

"You will get half, and the gentleman is willing to pay two hundred American dollars. That would be one hundred for you which is more than you make in a month working here."

"A girl like that is worth three thousand American dollars to some in Marseille." Shalla watched her expression change as he made this statement.

He knew by the sudden frustration that crossed over her face that he could almost name his own price now. She wanted this done tomorrow night and he knew it would be impossible for her to arrange it with someone else in that time. He had sent the cable for the American girl and knew when her husband

was arriving. This would mean the plans would have to be completed tonight or

he might take her away with him. Obviously, the French lady had already arranged the sale and this would destroy her plans completely.

Monique had been afraid of this. Damn Arabs, they would take the very clothing from an honest woman's back if they had the chance. She also knew she was in no position to argue with him too much and that speed was of the very essence if the plans were to be completed before the husband arrived.

"All right, you bastard Arab, five hundred American dollars and no more."

Monique spat at him in desperation. "This is my final offer and you had better accept or I'll make you wish you had stayed in Algeria and let the revolutionaries string you up!"

Shalla smiled to himself as he heard the frustration rise in her voice. He knew the price was open now and that he had gained the upper hand. This may

be the chance he was looking for. He had worked as a lowly hotel clerk too long already after losing his family shop in Algeria during the revolution.

It was time he became a business man again and this was an excellent business.

He had to play his hand carefully in order not to upset the fine balance of things as they stood.

"You are too kind, Madame, to a lowly hotel clerk. The price sounds too high. I think we should wait until the deed is done before we make the bargain. I do not want to be overpaid for my services."

"Then I have your agreement?" Monique asked, a smile of relief showing discernibly on her face.

"Yes you have my dear woman. I will do your bidding, asking only that I be treated fairly after the affair is finished."

"Agreed," Monique beamed. This had been easier than she had expected. She

would give him a small tip after it was over and if he gave her any trouble, she was certain Gamal would take care of him for her.

"A drink to seal our bargain," the Arab said, looking at her with his penetrating stare. He knew exactly what she was thinking and counted on her

overconfidence to reveal the entire set-up later on to him. Right now, he had

to equalize them. It would be taking a chance with this haughty bitch who considered him slightly above the social level of a pig but he had to try now while she needed him. There was only one way to do this, and that was to fuck

her senseless before he left this room. There was no better equalizer in the

world than to debase her by shooting a hot stream of his sperm up into that hot belly of hers. That would convince her she was no better than he was.

Monique suddenly detected the other, more bold change in his voice. It emitted a certain unmistakable suggestiveness that suddenly curled her stomach. It took several seconds before the full impact of what this cur's voice had so subtly implied, but one look at his face and there was no question what he had meant.

He wanted her to submit to him!

This sniveling Arab wanted her, Monique DuFour, to submit to his base touch.

The thought of rubbing bodies with this filth sitting before her nauseated her no end. His despicable pock-marked face and yellow decaying teeth sickened her stomach, and now he had the nerve to expect her to submit to him. She held herself back from screaming at him to get out. He had agreed to assist her and she couldn't afford to lose him now.

"I'm tired, Shalla my dear, perhaps we can have one another time when we've

completed our agreement," she smiled sweetly, hiding her contempt as best she

could under the circumstances.

The Arab looked at her and she knew her ruse had failed. She felt as though

he were looking straight into her mind and was sensing every thought. Perhaps

she shouldn't have called him into this, she had misjudged him. He was a clever one and she knew she wasn't going to get out of this as cheaply as she had thought.

"We had better have it now, Madame," he said, rising from the chair and pouring them two large glasses of the Courvoisier cognac she had sitting on the dresser.

Monique stood frozen in the middle of the room, not taking her eyes from him

as he handed her the glass.

"Drink," he commanded, raising his glass to his lips that were now curled in a contemptuous half-smile. Monique found herself lifting the glass to her lips almost in a daze, her superior bearing lost. She was shaking slightly, fully aware of the fact, that she had lost control of the situation and that she had

to put up with his insolence or lose Gamal, her best customer, and this was impossible as all her future business plans rested upon his acceptance of her girls. She drained the glass, feeling the hot liquid sear down her throat softening for the moment the impact of the sudden change of events.

Shalla reached for the bottle and poured her another.

"I think Madame will need this, we have many plans to make if we are to succeed in our little venture. It will not be easy without total cooperation between us. Do not you agree?" he smiled triumphantly.

Monique nodded numbly in assent, taking the glass as he passed it to her, and pouring another large swallow into her throat. She felt as though she would scream in revulsion if this pig touched her but she knew it was coming and had

to deaden her senses. Things had gone too far now to turn back and she just could not afford to lose Gamal's loyalty as a client, in spite of what degradations she had to submit to in order to save it. It meant her reputation and that was all one had in this business. Either you delivered if you had promised to do so or suddenly found you had no customers for your girls. It was that simple and she knew it too well.

Shalla knew at the moment she nodded her head that the battle was won.
He was

going to fuck this high-class bitch and there was nothing she could or would
do to stop him. He had drained all fight from her because she needed him
and

would do anything he demanded in order to insure his help. He smiled lewdly
as he stood in front of her unbuttoning his pants and letting them drop
slowly

to the floor. His hardened cock stood out from his body throbbing straight
at

her. It looked like a giant oak growing up through the black underbrush of
his thick pubic hair, as with one hand he stroked the foreskin back and forth
over the expanding head. It grew jerkily in size each time it disappeared
and

reappeared through the thick flap of flesh covering it. He watched the
loathing in her face as her eyes remained involuntarily locked on his dark
growing member. His excitement flared as he saw the helpless fear rising in
her eyes. It would be more fun than with the American.

This one would be conscious of the things he was going to do to her!

It would be he who was bringing forth the moans of pleasure and pain this

time

and not some distant lover that would receive the credit for his caresses.

It

was he, Shalla, who would be felt when he drove it deep into the soft unprotected belly of this desperate bitch.

"Strip," he hissed at her. "Or should I do it for you?"

Monique moved, she couldn't stand the thought of this beast touching her yet.

She undid the buttons of her dress at the back, wriggled it off her shoulders,

down over her lush full hips and stepped out of it. She could feel the Arab's lewd eyes devouring her ripe mature body but she didn't dare look at him. She

was still well built and solid for a woman of forty and kept herself in good condition by daily exercises. She pulled her slip up over her head and let it limply slither to the floor at her feet with the dress. She suddenly for the first time in years felt extremely defenseless and naked. Thank God, for the

cognac that had deadened her nerves.

The Arab had removed his clothes except for the dirty green socks that

had

large holes in the heels. His yellow pallored skin clung tightly to his thin rib cage; his long sinewy cock jutted menacingly out from his belly.

Monique shuddered visibly this time, thinking back to the horrors of another evening so many years ago when she had been ravished brutally by a gang of his

kind in the same room where the broken body of her husband had lain grotesquely spread in death on the floor. They had been farmers in Algiers before the revolution and had been caught in their home by surprise one evening by a roving band of Arab guerrillas. They had tortured her husband to

death before her eyes and then had taken turns committing every kind of indecency imaginable on her then young defenseless body. Her mind still bore

the scars of that night and its horrible memory had prevented her from ever

having a man since that time. Most young wives of the slain settlers had come

back to France and out of desperation for money had ended up on the streets.

She had not. She had worked hard in developing her little trade, using the contacts she had with their Algerian friends that had survived the

revolution.

She had prided herself in the fact that she had survived and had not given herself to anyone in respect for the memory of her dead husband. And now, this. This horrible creature was standing before her ready to perpetrate the

same indecencies on her helpless body again. The thought revolted her of that

thin emaciated body slivering across hers, using her for its own obscene pleasures. She couldn't do it... she just couldn't...!

Shalla stepped toward her, his mouth open, his eyes drinking in the long full roundness of her silk cover legs, the globular protuberance of her breasts that formed a fleshy valley above her brassiere, the whiteness of her flat smooth belly above the tops of the sheer nylon panties. His gaze nauseated her and she gasped: "Don't touch me, you filthy animal! Don't touch me!"

"It's too late, Madam," he slurred the "Madam" contemptuously, grasping her

shoulders with his hands, the strong sinewy fingers digging harshly into her skin. "We have our plans with this American girl to consider."

"I don't care, I'll find someone else!"

He loomed above her, his eyes void of pity. They shone into hers coldly--lust, cruel and unyielding, boring into the very depths of her soul. The pressure of his hands permitted no escape from his hateful gaze.

"No, no, I mean it," the helpless woman whimpered. "I can't do it, I just can't!"

Her pleas fell on unhearing ears as his arms enveloped her, his lips crushed tightly down against her. The long thin cock pressed hard into her soft yielding belly below. His tongue snaked its way between his yellow decaying teeth wetly into her mouth. She tried to struggle but fear and the cognac had drained her strength to fight. The thick probing tongue and the heavy smell of garlic and aged sweat gagged her into helplessness. The thin emaciated body glued itself to hers tightly, arms and legs flowing over her like a giant spider-web from which there was no relief.

"Please, please don't," she groaned, the savage rape of an earlier time whirling through her mind, the room spun crazily as he pushed her backwards toward the bed. The edge of the mattress caught her behind the knees and

the

force of their momentum sent her sprawling flat on her back, his body pinning

her tightly to the swaying bed. She pressed her thighs tightly together, attempting to hold back the squirming body trying to lodge itself between them. His cock was trapped there, forcing itself up and down against the thin

nylon strip of her panties that covered her crotch. She could feel the wetness of the hard thick rod sliding in its own lubricating fluid against the soft inner hollows of her thighs. His head pressed forcefully against hers, suddenly dropped, and she felt the sharp excruciating pain of his teeth biting

savagely into the lobe of her ear. She kicked out automatically with her long smooth legs attempting to dislodge the painful teeth. His body sank triumphantly between the legs as they splayed open, the fleshy instrument safely imbedded against the protective nylon band. Its hungry head throbbed

down between the white, round globes of her full white buttocks. His knees held her thighs sadistically apart.

The battle was over, the thought somehow came to her dazed mind. And now the

pain and humiliation are all that's left.

The ceiling whirled above her until suddenly it too was blotted out by Shalla's leering face moving over hers, the mocking eyes laughing at the glazed look of defeat and hopeless acceptance of his victory. His pelvis began a slow grinding motion against her upturned crotch, rubbing the sheer nylon band into the red slit of her cunt. The huge rubbery head traced a sticky wet path up and down the length of the smooth wet nylon, pressing gently against it until the full outline of the fleshy hair-lined lips could be felt impressed clearly through it. He ground slowly, slowly against the restraining band, watching the changing expressions on the face below him. He

knew she couldn't stand up to this torment forever. She was the proud kind who could control herself well as long as there were other external realities to guide her. He had destroyed those other realities and now there was nothing for her but his body twisting above. He had dreamed of having her like this since he had started working here several years ago. She had always

been cold and stone-like and was hiding something deep inside her that had to

explode someday given the proper circumstances. It needed some kind of spark

to ignite that fire that lay buried mysteriously beyond the reach of the

outside world. He was patient in his probings and gloated to himself that he would find this key, he was going to ignite this body as he had the others--only this time it would be he, Shalla, that did it and not phantom lovers that played upon drugged minds.

Monique felt as though she were suffocating. Her long smooth form was pressed

tightly into the mattress. She could feel the hot rotating rod forcing itself against the flat smooth plane between her legs. Silky tingling hair of the Arabs legs played against the tender backs of the up raised columns of her thighs. It was beginning again as it had before, only more gentle this time, more real. Her husband was lying on the floor again, a body was rocking over her as it did then, but there was no sudden ripping entry. Instead it moved teasingly against her, probing and flicking at her like a giant bird of prey playing with its helpless quarry who has become so tortured and tormented that

peace lay only in being devoured by it.

Her unconscious mind fought the torment of the teasing hot probe, fighting against surrender to it. "Nooo, nooooooooo, please," she groaned beneath the grinning yellow teeth, her hips suddenly betraying her resisting unconscious mind. They moved in small circles, hardly perceptible at first, but moving.

Moving like they did before with the broken body lying so close by, but no longer a real thing. The only reality was the searing fire that burned deep in her scorched stomach, the flames licking out between her legs, crying to be drowned by the tormenting monster slithering lewdly between their wetness.

Shalla felt the victory.

The thighs that had been pressed tightly against his hips in defense suddenly fell loosely away. Her heels hooked behind his knees and with a low animal-like groan her arms snaked around his neck pulling his mouth tightly down to mash wetly against hers. She sucked his tongue voraciously into her lips, soft mewling sounds escaping through the wet sucking noise. She ground her crotch tightly up his rock hard cock attempting to draw it through the thin flimsy material still guarding the wet moist entrance of her cunt. It was hopeless and he lay for a moment savoring her frustration until he too was beyond delaying longer.

He reached between them, ripping the mucous soaked band viciously open and

guided the throbbing head of his cock between the now unprotected fleshy folds

of her cunt lips. He could feel soft crisp pubic hairs parting before his unimpeded onslaught. The blunt tip met resistance for a moment at the entrance to the hot searing passage and then he felt the elastic mouth suddenly give and his long blood-filled member slithered deep, deep inside with a sudden fury that brought a scream from Monique's contorted face. His

balls slapped flatly against her upturned ass, she was wet and wide open for him and the impact of his thrust drove her thighs even farther apart.

She thought he was going to split her open and the battering instrument was coming up out her mouth. She gurgled crazily suddenly wanting it to hurt. She wanted to be punished like the dirty bitch she was for loving it this way while her husband lay in a pool of blood on the floor. He had lain there for three days while they kept her tied to the bed and fucked her a hundred times

or more and when they'd stop, she would scream for it again to blot out the ugly sight in front of her. She could still hear their laughter and taunting remarks as her body bucked and rolled endlessly under one after another and

sometimes two or three of their dirty perspiring bodies. She could smell the

same smell now, of garlic and ancient dried sweat and it brought back pictures

of the degrading things the beasts had made her do when she had begged for

more of the conscious killing ravishment.

She had done them all and more and the long rampaging cock that was now buried

unmercifully in her belly, was all those cocks that had fucked her into madness, merged into one. She screwed her cunt up and down it with wild vengeful strokes attempting to destroy it as it had her. She pinned her legs back, her knees touching her shoulders, wanting to take it all the way to the hilt. The maddening slap of his balls against her anus drove her to wilder frenzy.

The Arab gloated above, he had ignited it!

Whatever it was he had found the key. He braced himself on his knees and elbows above the wildly thrashing body letting the hungry clasping cunt slither itself up and down the rigid length of his cock at will. He bucked forward on her up stroke several times, driving the growing head almost through the walls of her womb.

"OOOoooh, OOOoooh," she groaned as the whole length fucked into her, the momentum of his thrusts driving her ass deep into the squeaking mattress.

"Aaaaagggg, Aaaaagggg," she screamed as Shalla reached back underneath her

grinding buttocks and finding the wide spread crack open wide, thrust his middle finger up to the second knuckle in her puckered little anus, causing her feet to jerk erotically in the air above them, her toes curling spasmodically against the bottoms of her stockinged feet. Through the thin wall of moist flesh separating her asshole from her cunt, he could feel the sperm bloated ridge of the bottom of his cock sliding smoothly in and out like

a well oiled piston of a racing car.

She began streaming words out at him between panting gasps from the pain in

her rectum.

"Fuck me you Arab, bastard! Fuck me good! Split me! Split me!"

Shalla gloatingly shoved a second punishing finger in, sinking both all the

way to the palm of his hand. He dug them cruelly into the soft fleshy anal passage. Monique jerked up, her buttocks rising several inches off the bed, to escape the sudden second intrusion in her backside. But the Arab had timed

it well, and rammed his pelvis forward with a vengeance, driving his cock deep

into her cunt. As she bucked down to keep the rock hard instrument from ripping straight through her, she skewered herself down hard on the up-probing

fingers. She was hopelessly impaled between the fingers and cock and groaned

helplessly as he ground them both deep inside her. The juices of her dilating

cunt ran down over his hand, lubricating wetly the fingers now sunk fist deep up her straining asshole.

Monique strained back under him, arching her loins against the grinding assault on her cunt and anus. She moaned incessantly, her head flailing from side to side on the crumpled bedspread, her body a mass of electric tingles that shot through it half in pain and half in pleasure.

Shalla moved the fingers around inside her, she jerked and then screwed her

buttocks back on them, grunting incessantly as the pain slowly subsided. She gradually became accustomed to the dual ravishing of her genitals. A masochistic pleasure slowly replaced the searing firebrands of pain that raced from her totally filled crotch to the top of her head.

"Uuuughh!" she grunted as he began buffeting her in rhythm between his hand and giant growing cock. He could feel it expanding with each thrust down the wet hot passage, it's lust fed by the very hopelessness of the woman squirming incoherently beneath him.

Monique could feel the monster growing inside her battered vagina. The giant head seemed like an unrelenting fist pummeling into her mercilessly. The fingers tore inhumanely at her raw torn backside, giving her no respite from the growing pleasure building--building--deep in her belly.

"Harder, harder, fuck harder, you pig, fuck harder," she chanted in rhythm to his long hard strokes. She wanted to be torn apart. She wanted to be

ripped.

Great huge waves of delicious feeling raced through her. Her entire body was

like an expanding balloon, growing--growing--ready to burst. Burst into a thousand colored pieces like it did before when two of them had fucked her simultaneously like they were now--they had sandwiched her between them like a

piece of raw meat, one on the bottom and one kneeling behind her driving their

hot red members into her at the same time and shooting their unclean sperm into her until her belly thought it would burst open. They had filled her cunt, her mouth, and her raw pink back passage time after time with their white hot sperm until every inch of her body was covered with the pungent stickiness. She sucked wildly on the tongue flicking into her mouth, she was filled again, every entrance to her tingling body was being raped again, driving away the horror of the sightless eyes staring up from the floor. This

was all that was real, there was nothing else, as suddenly with a grunt from deep in her throat, great floods of hot juice began throbbing from the walls of her vagina, streaming out in gushes over the balls and trapped hand skewering between the split of her ass. It felt as though her very insides were coming out with the flowing liquid. Monique gave one long low scream,

splaying her legs high into the air and as wide apart as they would go to give the still pistoning cock and hand greater access. She thrust her loins at him with brutal force, screwing herself up hungrily on the still pumping rod.

Juices flowed still from the quivering vagina as her nostrils flared and one long last gasp of breath escaped raspily from her lungs as though she had been hit in the stomach with a powerful fist. She collapsed under him, her body quivering uncontrollably as the after sensations floated her down gently

from the peak she had reached.

The Arab sensed her climax and drove his cock deep inside as her legs splayed

out, waving on either side of his body. He could feel the hot jet stream begin in his inflated balls and race headlong down the length of his pulsating member, spewing wildly out the glands into the depths of her womb, filling her

completely and overflowing with her own juices out the hair covered lips of her contracting cunt. He gave one last low gasp as with a jerk he emptied the

last of the sperm into her still quivering belly then he too collapsed across her spent body.

They lay still, a loose tangle of arms and intertwined legs, their breathing slowing after a long moment of quiet.

Shalla arose from the unmoving body of the woman, his deflated cock slipping
with a sucking noise out of the liquid filled furrow between her open legs.

"You will make an excellent partner, Madame," he said simply, smiling obscenely down at her still lewdly spread body. "We will discuss our plans in the morning."

He dressed quickly and left the room, turning at the door and directing a triumphant grin at her. Monique knew she was in no condition to consider anything now. She would think of some way to get back at this Arab pig after she had taken care of the American girl tomorrow. He would not escape punishment for the indignities he had heaped upon her tonight, she would pay him back a thousand-fold for every drop of his ugly sperm that lay in the hot pool in her belly. She didn't even have the strength left to wash herself of this filth. Sleep came quickly in the same position as she lay. There were no dreams for Monique tonight.

About an hour before the Arab had closed Monique's door and stealthily stole

back to his bunk downstairs, Jean had suddenly bolted up in bed to a sitting position. She had been awakened by a noise in the adjacent room. It sounded

like the muffled squeal of a pig being put to the slaughter. She had been sleeping soundly and had thought at first it was a dream but it came again, jarring her to alertness.

Something was wrong in Monique's room. Other muffled sounds were echoing

through the thick wall also. Sounds that were not familiar to her but seemed

to be cries of terror and pleading. She looked at her watch. It was only a little after midnight. She had not even been asleep an hour though it had seemed like a full night.

She sat still on the bed listening. She didn't want to make a fool of herself if nothing was wrong. It could be that Monique was having a nightmare. There

was silence for a long moment and then another sound, this time of movement.

It sounded as though something were being thrown bodily on a bed. She could

not be certain. The walls to the room were of solid stone like all old buildings in Europe and the connecting door was of heavy oak. It made them almost soundproof.

Without turning on the lamp, she groped her way through the darkness to the

door, pressing her ear tightly against it to see if she could hear anything.

There was the unmistakable sound of movement making its way through the thickness of the wood. She thought also she could hear whimpering but it was

impossible to tell. She hesitated for a moment, not certain what to do.

Certainly if something were drastically wrong, Monique would scream. She would certainly hear that. Her hand was frozen on the door knob as she waited

silently, unable to make up her mind what to do.

A long low moan suddenly was discernible from the other side. This convinced

her, Monique might be ill and unable to move. She hadn't been feeling too well when they had returned from dinner and it might be serious. She would just take a quick look quietly so as not to disturb her if nothing were

seriously wrong.

She silently turned the key in the door and opened it carefully, just a crack.

She scanned the room, her eyes adjusting to the dim glow of the bedlamp.

Then

her heart leaped into her throat!

It was Monique--and a man was on top of her.

He was trying to rape her! He had her pinned to the bed and was trying to pry

her legs open. Jean was frozen into immobility. She almost let out a scream but choked it back with the palm of her hand. It was unbelievable. She started to shake uncontrollably and bit down hard on the back of her hand to

keep from crying out in fright. She was shaking too hard to close the door and just stood there helplessly trying to regain her composure. She knew it would do no good for her to attempt to help physically. He might kill them both.

She watched horrified, unable to move, as Monique struggled beneath the man.

She had a good view of them. Their feet were pointing almost directly at

her,

not more than fifteen feet away across the room. She could not see who the

man was except that he was naked and wearing only a dirty pair of socks with

holes in the heels. He was darker than most.

Monique had her ankles locked tightly together and he was trying to get his feet between hers, but she fought bravely. The man's head suddenly bobbed

down and a squeal came from Monique's throat, her legs involuntarily splaying

out in the air. Jean could see the man's body fall heavy between the long white columns, pinning them wide apart. From this position she could see his huge hard penis insinuated tightly against the wide open crotch of the struggling woman and rub lewdly against the white band of her panties that she

still wore.

It was huge. She had never seen a man before, even Kevin. She had felt him

when he had brutally raped her but she had not seen his penis. How could a woman take such a thing, it seemed it would split Monique open. It lay

menacingly like a great log along the slit of her crotch, the two round globular balls dangling down wickedly at the upper base. She could see the foreskin slipping back as he slid it down along her wide-spread buttocks, the red blood-filled head bursting forth like some primeval monster crawling evilly from its lair.

Jean stood transfixed, she was unable to take her eyes from the lewd spectacle in front of her. She could not understand. Monique had suddenly stopped struggling so violently. Her body was now churning in a different manner. It almost seemed to be searching for the giant penis. The man suddenly reached down and she saw his hand grasp the flimsy silk band of the protective panties, ripping it away like tissue paper. She could see clearly the exposed hair covered furrow between her splayed thighs. The narrow red slit glistened in the dim light and she could make out mouth-shaped lips of her vagina that seemed even from this distance stretched so cruelly apart. She thought she could see it contracting, opening and closing like the mouth of a gasping fish out of water.

The man's hand reached down between them, grasping the long hard

instrument

and raised his buttocks high in the air, poising its bulbous head between the sucking mouth of Monique's cunt. Jean watched horrified as the muscles of his

behind suddenly tensed heavily and drove brutally downward, sinking the sinewed shaft all the way into the wet gaping channel until only a tiny little stretch of it showed, moist and glistening, beneath his balls. She winced as she heard the smack of his pelvis against hers it hit with such force.

Monique's unearthly scream pierced through her ears like the cry of a wounded

animal, her stocking feet curling in pain.

Jean's heart pounded like a jack-hammer until she was certain they could hear

it clear across the room. She pressed one hand tightly to her breast as though to dull the sound.

The figures on the bed were still for a moment, that seemed to the entranced

girl an eternity, then the man began a slow rocking motion over the impaled woman below him. He withdrew slightly, the thick fleshy column sliding out for several inches then thrust forward again, holding it there. He withdrew again until the underside of the head was visible to the hypnotized Jean.

Her

mouth dropped open in disbelief as she watched Monique's long full legs wrap suddenly around his hips, her heels tight against the cheeks of his ass, straining to pull him back inside her. The cords on the inside of her thighs flexed tightly as she pushed her soft down covered crotch back up over the glistening prick. Her hollowing buttocks lifted several inches off the bed as she struggled upward desperately trying to absorb the entirety of the thick cock back into the fleshy pink folds of her hungry cunt. A wet viscous sound drifted across the room as she slithered up its full length. Her flexing buttocks began a rhythmic beat up and down the long smooth pole, the soft hairy balls slapping in time against the faintly puckered little anus below.

Monique mouthed obscenities at the man as she squirmed lewdly in the throes of

passion beneath him, words that Jean had only heard spoken in whispers as a girl. Forbidden words that still brought a guilty tingling to her as they did then, merely, because they were forbidden. They drummed ceaselessly into the

watching girl's mind who was beyond understanding the sudden change in the woman on the bed. The quiet reserved Monique that seemed too aloof from this

kind of thing, her friend who was her strength since they had met on the

train. God, if it could happen to her, if she could be driven into insane submission to a man she had fought so strenuously a moment before, it could happen to anyone. She felt a slight electric tingle dart menacingly between her own full thighs.

She watched thunder-stuck, as again the man's hand curled beneath Monique's pumping buttocks and the tip of his middle finger circled tantalizingly the rubbery ring of the tightly puckered anus. It played there for a long teasing moment and suddenly brought another tortured groan from the twisting body beneath as it slipped through the protective fleshy ring and disappeared inside. Legs kicked out again, another tormented squeal with toes curling, and then the legs locked again, pumping viciously against both probing instruments.

Jean was shaking violently now and with all her concentrated effort slipped the door closed silently and groped her way in panic back to the bed. She pulled the covers tightly up over her head to attempt to shut out the depraved sounds coming now in streams through the thick walls. It was hopeless, gasps

of pain and pleasure filtered through, permeating her tortured ears. The squeak of bedsprings merged with the pictures of the struggling tangled limbs

in her mind, igniting again a tiny smoldering spark between her own legs. She clamped them desperately together trying to choke it away.

As if in a dream her own hands began to involuntarily massage the straining whiteness of her breasts, trapping the trembling nipples between her fingers,

kneading and pulling it until it felt as though she would rip them loose from the white quivering mounds. She groaned and turned over on her stomach, pressing the mound of her clitoris tightly into the mattress, attempting to relieve the fire that was suddenly raging out of control there.

Her hands, against her will, burrowed down between her body and the bed and

groped at the throbbing mass of her pubic hair. Her legs scissored open, a foot dangling on either side of the wide bed. She could feel her own moist slit now palpitating against the tips of her fingers which drew the narrow furrow open, exposing the lips of her pulsating cunt to the warm air underneath the covers. With a groan, she sunk one of her middle fingers deep

into the viscous moistened mouth. She held her breath, relieved for the moment, but it was only a short moment. The fire burned more intensely, demanding more to feed its lewd hunger. She inserted another finger, drawing

her knees up to a kneeling position, with her buttocks high in the air. The squeak of the bedsprings became more violent through the wall and she crammed

her fingers into the moistness of her vagina in time to the maddening rhythm

of the couple fucking in the other room.

The pictures in her mind of their locked bodies drove her on and she rocked back on her knees against her fingers, screwing them deeper into herself. She

could see his huge thick glistening cock ramming its way into Monique's claspng cunt, sinking through the soft pubic hair like a greased telephone pole. Her hands became At pole and her gasps began to match that of the racing bodies in the adjacent room. She wanted everything Monique was getting, she wanted to be split too, she wanted to be fucked. Oh, how she wished Kevin were here now pumping his own cum filled cock into her hot searing passage. The fingers weren't enough as her thoughts centered on the

thick member ravishing Monique, she had to have more but there was

nothing,

nothing but the fingers. In desperation she reached up over her buttocks with

her other hand, searched the wet crevice, and rammed a finger deep into the

puckered asshole between her moon-shaped buttocks. She gasped as in her haste

a fingernail dug into the soft fleshy walls sending a sharp jolt of pain

through her quivering body. She stilled for a moment and then took up the rhythm of the bedsprings again, her upper body braced against the top of her

head digging into the mattress. Her white full tits hung down, the nipples brushing sensuously against the sheet as they swayed beneath her kneeling body. Electric tingles of darting pleasure raced through her nerves as she pictured herself under the nameless pounding body with the dirty socks. Her

face colored crimson as she felt it coming--coming with a great roar--she hung

for a moment teetering on the edge of release her whole body vibrated and then

the white hot juice gushed from around her rummaging fingers covering her hand

and ran onto the mattress below. She could feel it running in tiny prickly rivulets down the inside of her quivering thighs to her bended knees. A

piercing scream reverberated through the wall followed by a low male groan signaling that the fury of the couples savage orgasm had matched her owns
Then, there was utter silence.

Jean stayed on her hands and knees for a while, her buttocks still swaying in the air. She couldn't bring herself to withdraw her fingers from herself until the last dying throbs had stilled her body. At last, she heard the door slam next door jarring her back to almost consciousness. Her fingers slithered wetly from her satiated cunt and she rolled limply over to her side, the ever-present feeling of guilt crawling over her. Tomorrow, tomorrow, Kevin would be here to take care of her. Thank God, the way she was now, she didn't know what she might do. Her spent body curled into a tight womb-like ball and welcome sleep glided smoothly through her tortured and confused mind.

"Monsieur Taylor, Monsieur Taylor," the loudspeaker blared through the shouts of the porters and the cacophonous noises of the crowded railway station.
"Message for you at the information desk."

Kevin motioned for the porter carrying his bags to follow him and walked

toward the booth displaying the "Information" sign in English, French, and German. Kevin identified himself, and the small squat Frenchman behind the desk pointed toward a woman standing about fifteen feet away.

"The Madame standing there has requested we page you, Monsieur Taylor. Would you please speak with her."

Kevin thanked the clerk and quizzically walked toward the woman waiting for him. She obviously did not know who he was as she glanced past him without recognition as he approached her. This was strange, to be met by an unknown person in a city where he had never been before. It must be connected with Jean and he felt a lump of fear rising in his throat.

Had something happened to her, an accident, had she taken ill? He was almost

afraid to speak to the woman for fear of being confronted with news of some

horrible disaster. It just couldn't happen. He had raised his hopes so much on the train that things would straighten themselves out between them in Marseille and it frightened him to think that something may have happened to

prevent their getting a second chance at it. He had a lot to make up to her and found himself praying silently now that she was all right.

He spoke hesitatingly to the woman. "H--Hello, I'm Kevin Taylor, the man at information said you had me paged."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Taylor, I should have recognized you from Jean's descriptions but then you Americans are all so handsome," the woman said, smiling at him as though she had known him all her life.

"Th--then Jean did send you?" he asked hurriedly, anxiety apparent in his voice. "Is something wrong? Where is she?"

"Just a moment, young man, don't get carried away. Jean is fine and waiting for you," she assured him. "I'll explain it all to you on the way to the hotel. A crowded train station is no place to discuss the problems of newlyweds."

Monique instructed the porter to get them a taxi and they followed him out of the station. After they were comfortably settled in the back and wending

their way through traffic toward the hotel, Monique spoke.

"Please let me introduce myself before I explain why I'm here to meet you.

I

am Monique DuFour, a friend of Jean's. We met on the train coming down from

Paris and took a liking to each other so I have been staying with her. She

certainly needed someone to look after her after your little mistake in

Paris," she gave Kevin a friendly reproachful look, indicating she was teasing

and for him not take her admonishments too seriously.

"Has--has she told you everything?" Kevin asked, unbelieving. He just

couldn't accept the fact, so suddenly, that Jean had run to a complete

stranger and told her that her own husband had raped her on their wedding

night.

"Yes, you naughty boy," Monique chided, "she has done just that. And you are

the one to blame for all this so don't look too harshly on her for discussing

your short-comings with me. You should be grateful that we met. I've been

able to convince her that it is a common thing among newlyweds to go through

this. That's why she cabled you to come so soon even though she didn't want

to
at all."

"Well," Kevin answered, looking at the woman with a new found warmth. "I appreciate what you've done. I've been worried sick sitting in that hotel room not knowing where Jean was. I would have gone to the police if that cable had been another half an hour. I was afraid she may have done something desperate. She was quite upset when I stormed out of the room the other night."

"Don't you feel she had reason to be?" Monique said, turning to him in the seat. "It seems I detect a self-righteous tone in your voice. Or is it one of wounded pride?"

"I don't think that is important, Madame DuFour," he answered defensively. "The important thing is not who is right or wrong in this matter, but that we get together and solve it. I've done a lot of foolish things and so has she. We should be about even on that score now."

"Please call me, Monique," she corrected.

"All right, Monique, please call me Kevin. Now tell me why Jean didn't meet me, she said in her cable that she would be there." Kevin was a bit perplexed about this and had to say something.

"She was just a little hung-over from last night," Monique smiled intimately at him as though confiding a deep secret to him. "And she didn't want to come."

"Hung-over? Why, she never drinks," Kevin sputtered, ignoring the last statement.

"Oh, she does now," Monique said. "We had quite a time on the town last night. I thought she would never stop."

"But what brought this on? She said in her note she was going away to do some serious thinking, not to live it up."

"I think it was just the pressure, my boy, now don't you worry," Monique patted his knee next to her consolingly. "After all, it's not every girl who

gets frustrated on her wedding night. They might react strangely to it."

"Frustrated!" Kevin almost shouted even though he was only sitting a few feet

from the women. "Is that what she told you?"

"Why yes, of course," Monique answered, surprise in her voice. "You mean you

couldn't tell--that night?"

"Well," Kevin answered slowly, a tinge of anger beginning to grow in him. "I suppose I didn't satisfy her if that's what you mean, but I haven't even considered that. I thought it was because I was too rough."

"That should be the first thing you do consider, young man, when you make love

to a woman. I don't care if you ravish her like a slave, it's making her enjoy being ravished that's important. Jean wasn't nearly so concerned about

your forcing her, she just was disappointed that you knew nothing about the finer points of making love."

Kevin crimsoned beside Monique. Anger rising in him at the older woman's words... So this is what he had come all the way from Paris for, to find out his bride says he's a lousy lover. This was one thing he would have to talk to Jean about the first moment he saw her. He could take a lot of things but having your wife tell perfect strangers something like this was almost too much.

Monique could see the color of his face changing out of the corner of her eye.

Her plan seemed to be working well so far. His masculinity was being insulted, and if there was anything a man couldn't stand, it was having that questioned. She knew men well enough by now and they were the same the world over in that particular respect. You could control their anger or love completely by praise or insult to that one god of theirs, masculinity. She intended to use it well on this young immature American as he was just at the age when it was so important. He was so vulnerable it almost made her laugh. This was going to be easy if that damn Arab, Shalla, was doing his part as well as she.

She smiled to herself and looked over at the clean cut young American, wondering musedly to herself what he would think if he knew his sweet pure young wife had been screwed within an inch of her life by that pig. He probably would go completely crazy and start tearing things apart like all of his kind. They were so proud and naive, it would never occur to them that a woman might want to try something else also as men always did when they got

the chance. This might be a good experience for him. At least, it would teach him one of the basic lessons of life, that even without love, people would simply multiply from lust alone, it felt too good to ever go out of style. Even she had succumbed last night, after all these years. True, she had been forced into it but her body had made the most out of its chance even

though her mind had fought it, and it had brought back the horrible memories

of her brutal ravishment at the hands of other Arabs so many years ago. Yes,

the body was a strange uncooperative thing and under the right circumstances

would go its own way regardless of the high sounding moral principles the mind

might harbor.

Monique finally broke the silence that had persisted for several miles now. She knew she had hit the sore point and would make the most of it in furthering her little scheme. "I gather you've not had much experience in making love, Kevin. Don't you know a man owes it to his wife to learn these things before the wedding night."

Kevin thought for a moment before answering. He hadn't wanted to explain anything to her. It was something between he and his wife and no one else he

had thought, but obviously, Jean had confided more in her than she had her own

husband. Perhaps he could learn a few things from this straight forward woman. She certainly was unlike any American woman he had ever met. They would never think of discussing a subject like this with a person even if they knew them well, much less a total stranger. Her friendship might be worth cultivating, it might even be the key to recapturing the respect of Jean. As a lover, he obviously had sunk pretty low in her estimation and he knew their love could never work unless it were built on mutual respect, including respect in bed.

"Do you think there's a chance, Monique," he said, a questioning tone detectable in his voice. "I've a lot of making up to do."

"Why, of course, there's a chance. It's never too late or anything," Monique purred, sensing that soon she would have him in her power and he would follow

her advice to the letter. The key to her success would lie in gaining his trust and she felt she was winning it even at this early stage. He was such a pup and almost a shame to have to destroy his illusions about the purity and fairness of life at such a tender age.

"What should I say to her? I've been worried sick about this thing and to be

perfectly frank, I don't even know where to begin."

"Why don't we stop and have a drink and discuss it quietly before we go to the

hotel," she suggested. "Jean won't be awake for several hours yet and I think

I can give you some valuable advise, young man. After all, we French are supposed to be experts at this sort of thing."

"Good," Kevin replied, obviously relieved. It would give him more time for preparing himself for the meeting with Jean, and Monique just might have some

excellent ideas.

Monique directed the driver to take them to a small quiet bar not too far from the hotel and instructed him to wait across the street with Kevin's luggage.

The bar was dark and cool inside and Kevin was happy to get in from the hot sun that was beginning to bring the outside temperature up to an unbearable level. He had never liked heat and had argued with Jean about coming to Europe in August. He had heard it was impossible this time of year but, as usual, she had not listened to him. He pulled his handkerchief from his pocket and began wiping the sweat from his brow as they sat at a small intimate table in a darkened corner.

Monique ordered two tall cool drinks from the waiter who brought them almost

immediately. Kevin took a long hard sip, sighing at the same time.

"Mmmmmm,

that was good. I think I needed it." The cool liquid ran refreshingly down his throat, relaxing him from the tension he had built up on the train worrying about what he would say when he arrived. He felt fortunate. Monique

seemed to have developed Jean's confidence and also seemed to have given

their

problems a lot of thought on her own. She just might be able to help him as her understanding of another woman's emotions would probably be much more

concise than his own. In fact, he had just about given up trying to understand his wife at all. Perhaps, this French woman was a god-send from above. At any rate, it could do no harm discussing it with her.

"Now, Kevin, let's get down to your problem," Monique said, after taking a long drink from her glass. "We've got a lot of thinking and planning to do."

"I don't know quite where to begin," Kevin reflected. "It goes all the way back to the time we first started dating and covers all the details in between

that time and now. There were a lot of frustrations on both sides, I suppose."

"Well we don't have a year, my dear boy, you had better just give me the outline so I can understand it a little better from your view point. I've already heard the other side and it doesn't sound too favorable to you."

"Monique, I'm not going to try and defend myself, if that's what you're

expecting. I'm willing to concede that I was completely wrong. I just want to apologize to Jean the best way I know how and promise it won't happen again. It's too complicated to try and unravel in such a short period of time. We've the rest of our lives to adjust to each other and I'm just going to beg for another chance."

Monique shook her head, an obvious impatience with what he had just said reflected in her tight lips.

"My dear young man, if you do that, then you've conceded your position as master of the house for all time to come. No man should put himself in that situation, nor would any woman want it." She was working the subject subtly to his pride in masculinity and smiled to herself as she watched his eyes absorb her words. He took another long swallow from the glass and waved to the waiter for another. Monique knew it was merely a question of time now.

"A slave in my own home, is that what you mean?" he said, looking straight ahead across the darkened room.

"If that's the way you want to put it," Monique answered, placing her own

hand

warmly over his on the table. "You seem so much stronger than she thinks you

are, Kevin. I feel your only hope is to prove you are."

"Did she say that too?" he asked wryly.

"Well, yes she did. After all, you had many chances before you were married but never pursued them. Jean said she always felt like a china-doll and that you were afraid of breaking her."

"I suppose I did, there were times when I almost took her bodily, I guess I should have."

"Yes, you should have, my dear, but not like you did in Paris. Women like to be ravished sometimes, but ravished tenderly, or at least, not hurt too much.

As I said in the taxi, however you do it, you've got to make them enjoy it.

Strength alone doesn't do that. You've got to be able to understand when a

'No' means yes and also, when a 'Yes' may sometimes mean no."

"And just how does one fathom the depths of women like Jean's mind, I'm

not a

psychiatrist. If someone says no, I'm accustomed to it meaning no, and not something else. She's angry now because when she said, No, I didn't take her.

In Paris, she said yes, and I did take her. How in the hell am I supposed to know what to do and when."

Monique felt that now was the time to drop her little bomb. He was ready for

it and sufficiently worked up that he wouldn't stop to think too strongly about it.

"You could learn what to do when you do take them, my boy. That's the secret.

No woman minds being had if she's had correctly."

"And just where and with whom am I to get all this on the job training," Kevin said without thinking. "And what about the time? She's waiting for us now,"

"I think I can arrange these things," Monique answered quickly. "I like you and Jean so much that I can't bear to see your happiness spoiled by a little thing like this. The important thing is that we must have time. I think one

night should be sufficient."

"And how am I going to explain not arriving when I said I would?" Kevin asked skeptically.

"I have an idea about that, but you must be strong about it," Monique said slyly. This was the key to her entire plan and he must accept it.

"Okay, let's hear it. I'm open to suggestions."

"Well," Monique said softly, almost holding her breath, "I'll go back to the hotel and say there was a message from you saying you were having a wonderful time in Paris and would be down in several days. You would cable her the time."

"That's probably the best plan I've ever heard for losing her completely. You don't know Jean like I do," Kevin objected, shaking his head hopelessly.

"No, I don't know Jean like you do, but I do know her like a woman and

that's

more important. Didn't her little run-out act bring you crawling down here?"

Kevin reflected on this for a moment. Monique's argument did have basic logic. Jean had done it to him and it had been extremely effective. In fact, she had always been doing this to him. Perhaps, a change in roles would be good for her. Maybe she should squirm for a while.

"Let's do it," Kevin said, making a snap decision. He was desperate now.

From the things Monique had told him, he knew something drastic had to be done or he would lose Jean sooner or later. It was better to take the chance now while he still might gain some respect in her eyes.

"Good boy, I knew you had more strength than she gave you credit for having.

She'll be eating out of your hand in several days, I promise that."

"Let's hope so," Kevin said with resignation. "This is going to be an all or nothing try."

"Don't you worry, Kevin, it's going to work beautifully. Come now, let's get

you a hotel and I'll work out the details. I'll call you later this afternoon." Monique smiled happily to herself as they left the bar. The plan was working well and Monique's chest swelled a little in pride at her resourcefulness. She couldn't fail now. She tucked the little note she had the naive American write in her purse, patting it lovingly. This would be the final blow that would destroy any spirit of resistance the girl might have left after the Arab finished with her.

Jean awoke early. Kevin's train should arrive within a few hours and she wanted to get all her things packed and meet him at the station. They could move to another hotel directly from there. This way, she would not have to face Monique. She couldn't look her in the eye again after last night. She could still picture Monique's firm full body pumping crazily beneath that man, whoever he was, and could still hear her impassioned pleas begging him for more. She shuddered each time the thought came into her mind. It could have even happened to her. She didn't know how the man even got into Monique's room but it obviously had been against her will. At least, the beginning had anyway until her body had run away with her and turned her into an obscene mass of helpless sensation.

The thought worried Jean of what had happened to her also. She had been as bad as they were and a deep shame hung over her for allowing the picture of her friend being ravished so brutally to overcome her own civilized principles. She had acted like a common whore, using whatever means were closest to reach her own fulfillment. What if that man had come to her room instead of next door. Would she have reacted the way Monique had done? The possible answer frightened her and she had to get away from this evil place as quickly as possible and into the protective arms of Kevin. She would never be angry with him again and understood fully now how he might have let himself get carried away under the circumstances in Paris. Her faith in her own strength was now shattered and she needed him badly to lean on, to wash away the horrible sensual feelings she had let her mind give vent to in the last two days.

She finished her morning shower, washing gently her genitals. Her anus was still slightly sore from the finger she had attacked it with in her uncontrollable depravity last night. She soaped it tenderly hoping to wash

away the humiliation of her lewd surrender to her own demanding body. Her reactions still puzzled her. Had she discovered something about herself that

she hadn't known before. Had these sudden exposures to raw sex ripped away a

facade of respectability that had been made of paper. She certainly had acted

like it. It hadn't taken much to set her off, a dream, a few sounds next door

and she had become a raging maniac. She had to admit though, that watching

two other people make love was a tremendous stimulation. She had never even

thought about it before and had always felt it was something to be done quietly under the covers with as little noise as possible. Well, it certainly hadn't been done that way last night by Monique and that man. They had gone

at it like they had been performing for General DeGaulle himself.

Jean looked at her watch. She still had forty-five minutes to check out of the hotel and get down to the train station. It should be just right. She closed the suitcase on the bed and rang for the porter. Thank god, it would be the last time she would have to look at that Arab. He had undressed her

enough with his eyes during her stay here. Well, she hoped he took a good look this time, it would be his last chance. She thought wickedly for a moment, of letting him catch her in her panties, that would teach the lecher a

lesson he probably wouldn't forget for a long time. If she only did have the courage to do something like that, she sighed, but she knew she never would. She would always be just plain Jean, even afraid of her own husband.

She opened the door to the Arabs soft knock. He stood there with his perpetual grin, looking in through the open door.

"Please take my baggage downstairs," she motioned toward the bed, "and prepare my bill."

"Is Madame checking out now," he asked, a note of surprise registering in his otherwise still obsequious tone.

"Yes, I am, and please hurry. I am late now and can't waste any more time," Jean said sharply.

"But Madame has not had her morning tea," he objected, feigned concern in his voice.

"I do not want my morning tea," Jean said, impatiently. "I told you I was late and must leave the hotel within five minutes."

"I will have the tea in one," the Arab smiled, and without waiting for her answer, turned quickly and disappeared down the stairs. Jean started to say something but she was left standing with her mouth open, noiseless sounds sputtering out at the empty hall in front of her.

She paced the room impatiently for several minutes, fuming over the insolence

of this desk clerk. Who did he think he was, deliberately delaying her this way. If there were a management, she would certainly report him but he seemed

to be the only one she had ever seen here.

Her angry thoughts were cut short as he suddenly returned, entering the room

without knocking. Jean started to object again but with resignation shrugged

her shoulders. She was too late to start an unpleasant tirade against him now.

Shalla sat the tray on the small table and Jean noticed he had brought two glasses this time, both filled with the mint green tea she had drunk before. He handed her one, taking the other for himself.

"It is always a custom for the concierge to drink with a departing guest," he said, "Particularly one who has been so pleasant to the staff."

Jean suddenly, for a reason she couldn't explain, felt a warning signal flash through her mind. Perhaps it was the tone in the Arab's voice. There had definitely been a subtle sneer to the last sentence he had spoken. His eyes were again boring through her, but not as before. They didn't rove the curves

of her body in a questioning manner, wondering what was there beneath the dress. They seemed to know this time and lewdly sparkled their approval. She

raised the glass to her lips and drank, almost as if in a trance. She was suddenly frightened of this strange man whose eyes seemed to lack the slightest spark of humanity. They bored into her, cruel and unyielding, causing small goose bumps to ripple along her skin.

The tea was cold and the cool mint flavor relaxed her a bit. She was grateful

for it. It would get her through this ordeal of being alone with this horrible man. She only had to bear it for a few more moments until the tea was gone. She sipped more heavily on the refreshing liquid anxious to finish it.

Shalla watched her over the top of his glass. He could see the slight hesitation as she reached to take the tea he offered. The sudden recognition,

though silent, that he knew her better than she thought was also apparent flickering through her eyes. He savored the slight tinge of fear that he could see building up. He knew he had surprised her and that she hadn't expected him to be so bold. It was good to have this power that he had so recently gained by fucking that French lady half to death last night. He had been made to squirm so much during his life and now it was going to be a pleasure paying it all back. It was particularly satisfying taking it out on the haves, like this bitch that had never known the depths of humiliation before. Well, it was his turn to do the humiliating! He had a score to settle with the world and he had begun last night. He was through being a mat

for others to trample on to quench their need for superiority. He would now do the trampling.

"Thank you, that was very nice," Jean said nervously as she drained the glass and replaced it on the tray. "I--I think you had better take the baggage down now."

"Just a moment, Madame," Shalla replied, "I have not finished mine."

He watched her carefully. He wanted to delay a few minutes longer until the potion began to take effect. He had prepared it carefully. It was not as strong as the first he had fed her. He wanted her completely conscious this time so she would feel every minute of the degradations he had planned. There

was just ought to drain the strength of resistance from her fresh young body.

Yes, he thought complacently, now he would begin to get his pound of flesh back for all the years these kind of people had treated him like a lowly cur.

The great god Allah taught that there would be satisfaction for the oppressed

of the world. He, Shalla, would collect his now. He wanted to pluck the

wings from this little fly slowly so that she would remember it all the rest of her life.

Jean watched him standing before her. He was making no move to finish the tea

as he had said. He was just staring at her, watching as though he expected her to suddenly disappear or something. There was a detached interest in his

eyes that locked on any slight move she might make. What did he expect her to

do? Why was he staring like that?

"Really, I think I must go now. You can finish your tea after you've taken my bags down," she said nervously, moving at the same time toward the door. He

still watched her intently and she knew she had better get out as quickly as she could. He was no longer the poor obsequious desk clerk but had somehow

changed overnight. There was a cruel, unflinching confidence in his eyes and movements. Jean no longer felt the superiority that she first did over him, instead, she felt the cold isolation of fear.

Shalla sensed her thoughts, and moved quickly between her and the door,

blocking her path. There was no way out for her now, he chuckled to himself.

What would she do. He knew this was totally unexpected to her. She hadn't dreamed the worm would turn this way. It would be interesting to see what she

did to cope with this new situation confronting her, if she could last that long before the potion took effect. It should be any moment now.

"Please, Mr. Shalla, my husband will be waiting for me at the station," Jean said, her tone changing to one of almost pleading. "I must leave now or I'll miss him and he'll come here."

She wanted him to know this in hopes it might frighten him away from whatever

he had in mind. Certainly, he was clever enough to realize that he couldn't do anything with Monique sleeping next door and with Kevin expected shortly.

She hoped he was no fool.

"I see you have remembered Shalla's name. Madame has not used that before.

It pleases me that you do remember."

It was apparent to Jean that he was stalling her now. He was leading up to something. She couldn't believe that he had any intentions of making a pass at her. Surely he couldn't believe in his wildest dreams that she would even consider accepting a proposition from him. He must be a madman. She watched

him closely, afraid that he would make a movement toward her, to try and touch

her. She shuddered at even the thoughts of those filthy greasy hands coming

near her body. Suddenly, her knees felt weak. She reached for the post at the foot of the bed to steady herself.

"Please Mr. Shalla, I must go," she repeated, her breath coming in labored gasps. It was so difficult to breathe, the air in the room was stifling. Her clothing felt as though it were elastic around her body, choking off the supply of blood that ran through her veins. Tiny beads of perspiration began forming along the hairline of her forehead.

The Arab stood motionless, watching the metamorphosis take place gradually before his eyes. A puzzled look crossed the girl's face. She knew something was wrong but couldn't quite comprehend what it could be. Her legs swayed slightly indicating to him that the evil liquid had hit its mark.

"Is something wrong, Madame?" he smiled through his yellow teeth. "Can Shalla be of help?"

"No, no, just stay a-away f-from me," she stammered, holding on to the post to

keep from falling. The smell of mint again wafted through her nostrils, ringing a familiar bell of another time that her fading mind struggled to recall. She could feel her strength slowly leaving her body and she knew if she were ever going to make it to the door she had better move now.

Shalla watched the girl lurch toward him. Her eyes rolled uncontrollably in her head and her legs wavered as though supporting a body ten times her size.

He did not move from her path and as she tried to pass him, reached out with

his arm and held her back. She struggled weakly for a moment and then all resistance ceased. Shalla guided her backwards to the bed and pushed her limp

body back on it where she lay, arms and legs askew, looking glassy-eyed straight up at the ceiling. Her dress had snaked up over the tops of her nylon stockings, showing the white firm flesh of her full thighs. The white

nylon band of her panties was visible between her loosely spread legs. Tiny dark threads of soft pubic hair could be seen coming out the elastic leg bands

that were stretched tight from the pressure of the position in which she lay.

"What's happened to me, What's happened to me," she moaned incoherently. She

tried to move but she couldn't. Her body refused to follow the dictates of her mind. She could see the Arab standing over her, an evil grin etched obscenely on his face. It was strange, she was fully conscious and yet could not move. Her eyes could see and her mind could understand and yet she was helpless

She watched him move about the bed, her eyes rolling after him like a helpless

bird cornered by a hungry cat. He removed her suitcase from the other side of

the bed and reaching under his robe, withdrew a short piece of rope. The rolling eyes widened in terror as he tied one end around one of her wrists and

pulling her up on the bed, ran the loose end around a brass rod in the middle of the top bedstead and tied her other hand to the end. She was secured

helplessly, both arms over her head.

"There my proud little one. You make a beautiful picture like this. If Shalla didn't have better plans for you, he would save you for himself."

Jean's dress had hiked up over her hips now and the full ripeness of her upper

thighs and belly were visible to the gaze of the Arab. He ran his tongue around his lips wetly, enjoying the torment the poor girl stretched out before

him was going through. He could feel his cock hardening under his pants as the girl began struggling weakly against the bonds that held her tight. Her legs scissored open and closed weakly as her body fought the deadening effect

of the potion. He could see the dark triangle visible through the thin sheer material of her panties, he promised himself he would get more of that later after he had put his plan into effect. He would make some money today from

this little American girl. The men on the streets would pay well. The initial shock of the potion had worn off and she could move now. This was good, he had planned it so that she would only be immobile for several minutes

at the most while he tied her down. He had timed it well. The French lady

must not find out, she might object and do something drastic but she would be

gone most of the day. After last night, he felt confident he could handle her

anyway.

"Please, please," Jean whimpered, "what-what have you done to me?" She suddenly felt as though she were descending from a cloud. A moment ago, she

was watching all of this through detached but seeing eyes, she could feel nothing. Now the feeling was returning to her nerves and the full horror of what was happening to her tumbled through her unbelieving mind. This couldn't

be happening to her. She had heard about such things, about being raped in hotel rooms in Europe but she hadn't in her wildest thoughts ever considered

it happening to her. It just couldn't happen, not by this hideous creature leering down at her with those horribly cold and unbending eyes. She would die if he touched her, she clenched her eyes tightly shut as if she could blot away the scene and make it not exist. But it did exist. The taunting voice of the Arab came through the darkness of her closed eyes.

"We shall have ourselves a time today, my dear girl," he said, "and we shall

make some money. Have you ever worked before, my dove?"

Jean lay silently, unable to speak for the shame and humiliation of the helpless position she was lying in. She wanted to reach down and cover herself but the ropes binding her wood only allow her hands to come down to shoulder level. She could not reach her dress to pull it down and cover her exposed thighs and stomach. She clamped her legs tightly together and drew

them up, attempting to hide her precious treasure between them. She could not

see but she could feel his eyes burning into her there. She squirmed on the bed against the bonds until they felt as though they would cut through her wrists. It was hopeless.

The Arab sat on the edge of the bed and reached over to her bare thigh, running his long fingernails along the inner softness. He suddenly pinched, making a red whelp rise beneath the fingers.

"When Shalla asks a question, you must answer. You belong to him now, at least for the moment."

"Oooh, Nooo, Please-e, Please don't," Jean pleaded, "It hurts. It hurts."

"Then do as Shalla says, and things will be much easier. You will enjoy it, Shalla shall teach you how to enjoy it."

"My husband is coming, Kevin is coming, he'll kill you if you touch me," she whimpered in desperation.

"Yes," the Arab cooed softly, "he's the one you spoke of the other night when we made such beautiful love."

Jean's heart stopped for a moment as the words sunk into her awakening mind.

The dream!

"I see you remember just as I thought you would," he taunted, reaching over with one hand to stroke at the nylon covered mound at the base of her rapidly rising and falling belly. He could feel the crisp dark pubic hair through the thin material, and the sudden jerk of her hips at the unexpected probe to her secret parts. Her eyes fluttered open in disbelief.

"No, no, it's not true. I had a dream," she half screamed at him, her mind unable to accept his vile accusations Her hips screwing down against the mattress to escape his indecent stroking.

Shalla reached in his pocket with his other hand and brought out the small dark curl, dangling it above her face. "I think you lost this. Have you wondered about it."

His evil grin widened in triumph as he detected the horrified impact of recognition on the thunder-struck girl's face. Her mouth gaped open helplessly as the thoughts of that evening rolled through her mind: the taste of mint, the smell of garlic, the rumpled bed in the morning!

It was true! He had raped her in her sleep! It hadn't been Kevin, it had been this filthy beast who was daring to touch her again!

"Get away from me! Get away from me! It's not true, it can't be," in spite of the certainty, her dazed mind fought on against the acceptance of the grotesque thought.

Shalla slipped a finger under the elastic of the leg band between her clenching legs and moved his finger up and down the sweat moistened slit.

"Remember this," he taunted, "remember my fingers opening your cunt and finger
fucking you?"

"No, no, I don't remember," Jean lied, her torso squirming against the horrible indignity.

"And I fucked you with my cock, remember, I fucked you until you screamed for
more," he hissed at the tortured girl. "I fucked you good, admit it!"

"No, no, you didn't, it was a dream," she groaned. "It was a dream!"

He dug his finger cruelly into her dry unready cunt, bringing a moan of pain from Jean's tortured lips. Her inner thighs relaxed involuntarily to ease the excruciating hurt.

"Admit it, admit I fucked you good!" he breathed, digging the fiery finger deeper.

"Yes, yesssss, you did, you did," she whimpered to escape the cruel hand ravishing her vagina.

"I did what?" he demanded lewdly. "Say it!"

"You fucked me! You fucked me good!" Jean spat out the words in pain, the shame and humiliation, too much to bear. She clenched her eyes tightly shut again to close out the sight of his perverse triumphant smile leering over her. Oh God, if only Kevin would arrive or Monique would hear them to save her from this awful man and his tormenting words. She thought of the thickness of the walls and screamed at the top of her lungs, hoping it would penetrate through as it had last night.

Her vagina received another cruel thrust from the Arab's finger, choking the

scream back down her throat.

"No one can hear you, my little pigeon," he gloated. "The French lady has gone. You are now Shalla's slave for the day and shall do his bidding. We shall make much money together today, you and I. If you perform well for my

friends perhaps I shall buy you something nice. Don't you think that's fair?"

"You wouldn't dare to touch me again," Jean gasped, between squirms against

the finger still inserted deep in her vagina. "My husband will kill you."

"If he comes," Shalla chided.

"He will come, he will! I just know he will!" she spat at him. He loved her and he wouldn't leave her alone if he knew where she was and she had told him

in the cable. He just had to come in time to save her from this maniac who had already violated her pure clean body once. He was her only chance and if

he didn't arrive in time, she would never be the same. She might recover in time from the horrible rape of the other night because she was hardly conscious when it occurred but if she had to submit again with her full senses

aware of it, she knew it would destroy her self respect forever. She would never be able to face the world again. The thought nauseated her and she suddenly felt as though she would throw-up. It took all of her remaining control to keep from it.

Shalla slipped his now moistened fingers from her cunt. It had become slightly wet from its natural reaction to the pain. He pressed it under Jean's nose. He felt like taunting her again and couldn't pass up this last remaining opportunity before he threw her on the open market.

"Does that smell familiar," he asked, wiping the viscous fluid against her upper lip. Jean moved her face from side to side to escape this further humiliation, the familiar smell seeping into her nostrils.

"Oooohhh, don't, don't please," the odor blocking out all other thoughts but of the other night. Horrible memories streamed back of her body bucking against the mattress the shadow of this beast hovering over her like a huge bird of prey and--and she had thought it was Kevin and had given herself completely. She had begged him, begged him, and the memory of the hot searing

eruption in her stomach nauseated her. He had emptied himself in her, shooting his sperm into her every open pore, sperm she thought belonged to her

beloved Kevin--Oh, how could she ever face her husband again, the memory of

that would always be with her. He must never know, he must never know--

There was a sudden rapping on the door. The Arab quickly reached over and drew Jean's skirt down over her exposed thighs. He straightened his robe and

leaning his head against the door asked in a quiet voice:

"Who is it?"

"It's me, Madame DuFour, open the door."

He slid the bolt back and allowed it to swing open, letting the woman enter.

Monique took one look at the bed and rushed to Jean's side.

"My dear, my dear, what has this horrible man done to you? What has he done?"

"Oh, Monique, thank god it's you," the bereaved girl sobbed. "He was going to--to--" The remainder of the sentence was drowned in the tears that flowed profusely down her cheeks.

"You filthy Arab, I told you not to harm her," Monique almost screamed at

him.

"Now you get out of here, right this minute." She grabbed him by the arm and

shoved him toward the door, winking slightly as she pushed him outside and closed it.

"Oh, my dear, Jean. If I had known they were going to hurt you, I would never

have left this morning. They promised they wouldn't touch you." She rushed

over to the bed, stroking Jean's perspiring forehead.

"You--you knew they were going to do this?" Jean mustered the strength to say

through her sobs.

"It isn't what you think, my dear," Monique said in a low confidential voice, sitting beside Jean and wiping the tears with her handkerchief.

"You must listen carefully to every word I say, it will mean both of our lives."

"But--but where is Kevin?" Jean interrupted, "he should be here by now. I told him the name of the hotel in my cable."

"They sent me with another man to meet him this morning but he didn't arrive.

Instead, he sent this note with the porter on the train." Monique drew the note she had Kevin write a few minutes earlier from her purse, holding it so that Jean could read it from the position in which she was lying. She watched

with a secret satisfaction as she saw the stunned look of hopelessness flicker

across her eyes.

"How--how could he do it? I thought he loved me," Jean's body broke into tortured sobs again. She couldn't believe it. The note was in Kevin's handwriting but someone must have forged it. He wouldn't desert her. He just wouldn't!

"Dear, remember, he doesn't know we are in this trouble," Monique said as though anticipating her thoughts. "He's probably met some pretty French girl

in Paris and has decided to teach you a lesson. I'm sure he would have come

if he had known we needed him so desperately."

"Then untie me, please, before that man comes back. We must get out of here,"

Jean pleaded to Monique.

"Dear, I can't. They are holding us both prisoner," she said in a whisper, holding a finger over her lips for quiet. "They're white-slavers who followed us to the hotel from the restaurant last night. They saw we were alone and decided to kidnap us. They've hired this desk-clerk to watch you."

"But what about you? He can't watch us both, can't you get away and call the police?"

"No, they are watching me closely with another man. I told them if they would

give us our freedom, I would give them ten thousand dollars but it's only to stall for time. I don't have that much money."

"Kevin could help, my father would gladly pay it."

"I hope so, dear. I have cabled him this morning when he was not at the train station and told him it was urgent for him to come here. He is to contact me the moment he arrives. Until then, we must do everything they demand of us or they will kill us. You will never see Kevin again."

"Oh Monique, there are some things I just can't do, even if they do kill me. I had rather die than to have another man touch me," the poor girl whimpered.

"It may not come to that. I'll tell that desk-clerk to keep away from you, but it might raise suspicions if I untie you. You must have faith in me, Jean, it's our only chance."

"I'll try, but please hurry. Please," she moaned, "I can't stand it much longer."

"I promise I'll have us out of here tonight, my dear," Monique smiled confidently. "Now you just be brave. I must go and see if I can't really do something about that money in case Kevin doesn't arrive before tonight."

"Oh, no!" Jean cried, "please don't leave me alone. Something awful will happen if you do. I just know it will. I can feel it."

"Nonsense, my dear, you must not get hysterical and show your weakness. I told you I would talk to that Arab and tell him if he touches you, no money. He won't dare risk offending his superiors."

To Jean's horror, Monique rose and went to the door. She was going to leave her alone.

"Remember now, chin up," she smiled confidently as she closed the door behind her.

Jean had never felt so alone in her life. Monique was her only chance to ever see Kevin again and make up for all the awful things that had happened to her.

It would never be the same, she knew that. He was probably with some French girl in bed now as he had threatened to do when he left her that morning. But

she had made a mistake too and now all she had to depend on was Monique.
She

would forgive Kevin when she was with him again, he had no way of knowing
what

she was going through. It was all her fault now, and all she had to depend on
was Monique--she had to get them out of this.

The Arab had no intention of letting this chance of making fast money
escape

him. He had the girl completely under his control and he could turn that into
quite a sum in a matter of hours if he kept the customers turning over fast
enough. By tonight when he had to deliver her to the address the French
woman

had given him, he could have amassed a small fortune. He smiled to himself
when he thought of the French woman's warnings to him about not hurting
the

American girl.

Great ghost of Allah, didn't she know it was impossible to wear it out!

She could perform just as well tonight after a hundred fucks as she could
after one. Perhaps even better. She would be more experienced. He,
Shalla,

would see that her education was carried out properly.

He had planned it well. As soon as the Madame had left, he called his cousin.

Mufta, and promised him one dollar for each customer he brought in. He warned

him to be careful in those he chose and make certain they were foreign sailors

and would keep quiet as it might be dangerous with the police if one of them talked about it afterwards.

Shalla was happy and pleased with himself for his cleverness. At least, he would have the days profit if anything went wrong with the rest of the plan tonight. He did not like to place all his eggs in one basket. Besides, he would not have to share this with the French lady. All of it would be his, except of course, the commission to his cousin. He might even take part of that back at the end of the day by selling him a turn.

Mufta should be coming back with the first customer soon, he thought happily,

he had better go up and prepare the girl. There were not many hours for this

little side business and he couldn't afford to lose time by any of her

childish objections.

Jean's body jerked to life as she heard the rattle of the key in the door.

This was the moment she had been dreading. The moment she would have to face

the Arab again. She was totally helpless like this and she knew from the cruel eyes that no words Monique might say to him would stop him if he really

wanted her. She had remembered his reference to her and his friends this morning. It had almost been forgotten but during the period in which she was

alone she had time to ponder their entire conversation. He had spoken of her

performing well. What did he mean by those things? She didn't like the tone

of them and she hoped Monique would be back before the afternoon. Perhaps she

could hold him off for that length of time. Well, she would fight as she had never fought before if he did try anything. She still had her feet to kick with and she vowed to herself she would use them with all her strength.

The door opened and the Arab entered, locking it behind him. His eyes flickered over Jean's form stretched down the length of the bed. Her body

was

tense and some of the bravado she had seen building up deserted her as she saw

the cold business-like look on his face. He walked to the foot of the bed and looked down at her.

"Well my pigeon, we must open shop. Our first customers will be coming soon

and we want to be ready for them."

"What--what do you mean?" Jean whispered in a low unbelieving voice.

"You--you mean someone else is coming here?"

"Why, of course. I told you we would make much money together today," he answered walking around the bed. "But we must hurry. Mufta, my cousin, will

bring our clients in a few minutes."

Shalla reached down, lifting her dress and began pulling it up her full thighs. Jean had lain motionless in a momentary state of shock from the horrible things he had just said, but as he reached down, her body reacted. She lifted one leg back suddenly and kicked up, catching him full under the

chin. Shalla, caught by surprise, let out a sick gasp and tumbled backwards against the wall. He slid slowly to the floor, dazed and with a slight trickle of blood coming from the corner of his mouth. He sat still for a moment, his mouth hanging open as though not comprehending what had happened to him.

Jean watched him, her heart in her throat. Then she saw his eyes flicker slowly up to meet hers. She had never seen such cruel hatred registered in a human face before. She knew by his expression that any compassion he may have had for her as a human being was now totally destroyed. Deep fear gripped her body as she watched him bring his hand slowly to his mouth and wipe the blood away. His gaze dropped to the smeared streak on the back of his hand and then quickly back to her.

He stood up slowly, not taking his eyes from her. His hands went under his robe and withdrew a long black belt from his pants. Without a word, he advanced on the bed eyeing her like an animal trainer advancing on his prey.

Jean huddled frozen in fear, her legs drawn up in a tight ball in the center of the bed, her arms held tightly by the ropes above her head. She stared in wide-eyed terror as he raised his arm and cracked the belt through the air, the tip biting into her left breast with a sickening slap. She groaned from the sudden excruciating pain, kicking her legs out in automatic reaction. The belt sang through the air again, this time catching her full between the open thighs. She groaned again, this time deeper as the cruel leather cut its way into her flesh again and again, leaving tiny red welts rising on her skin behind its cruel path

"Aaaaggg! Aaaggg! No! No! Please! No more, no more, I'll do anything!" she blurted out after several minutes of the sickening torture. The pain was unbearable and she knew if he hit her again she would faint dead away. Her mind was beyond logical thought, the only thing that mattered was to escape this horrible punishment. She couldn't stand it again.

"Has Madame had enough?" Shalla glared down at her, the whip raised for another blow.

"Yes, yes, oh please, don't hit me again!" Jean cowered into the mattress,

tears streaming from her eyes.

"Shalla shall not be so gentle the next time. Let's hope you remember well."

He placed the belt on the table and came to the bed again. Jean closed her eyes tightly as she felt the humiliation of his hands moving over her, stripping her clothing away. He didn't bother to untie her hands, but ripping her thin summer dress from the neck down to the hem, peeling the pieces away

roughly and throwing them haphazardly to the floor. She clenched her teeth

tightly together, fighting off waves of nausea as he drew her thin nylon panties slowly down her rounded full thighs, lifting her buttocks with his free hand to let them pass. Her brassiere came last as he took each cup in a hand and tore it away brutally, her firm full breasts popping out like ripe succulent grapefruit ready for harvest. The tiny red tips hardened involuntarily as they hit the cool air and stood up like dainty pink buds of a spring flower ready to quiver into bloom.

Shalla stood back from the bed a few feet, viewing his handiwork. This should

be a most profitable day, he thought happily, as his gaze wandered over the

voluptuous body spread naked and defenseless before him, its spirit broken. She would cooperate now, he thought, or he would have to teach her a real lesson. He couldn't risk any of his customers being dissatisfied. He knew the brutality of the seamen that came into port here and if they paid money for something, they expected to get every penny's worth. He could not afford to have trouble with them. They might ruin the hotel.

Jean lay docile in the center of the mattress. Her thoughts were a jumbled mass of humiliation and helplessness. Monique had promised she would keep the

Arab away from her but she had not. He was now going to turn her body into a

receptacle for any man that was willing to pay for it. How could she live through this? How could she ever face Kevin or anyone again after she had been used as a common whore with the dregs of the earth using her young almost

untouched body to satiate their warped desires. She had no idea what to expect but her imagination ran wild. What would they do to her? What would

they expect her to do? Great tears of self-pity swelled through her clenched

eyes and rolled silently down her cheeks. Her mind suddenly rebelled again,

the pain of the belt was forgotten. She couldn't go through with it!

"I won't do it," she suddenly screamed, opening her eyes and looking straight at the Arab. "You can beat me, but I won't do it."

"Shalla has other ways, Madame," he said looking at her coldly. He did not intend to have his plans spoiled now. He had not really wanted to harm her too much as he would have to argue later with the French woman but it was beginning to appear that he had no choice. Time was growing short and he couldn't risk an outburst from this little bitch if one of the customers were there.

He calmly lit a cigarette, watching her from the corner of his eye as he did so. Jean stared back at him arrogantly, refusing contemptuously to drop her eyes from his almost amused gaze.

"Madame realizes, of course, that the belt is an orthodox way of convincing ones property to do its bidding. We Arabs are noted for the more subtle methods of gaining obedience. Do you wish to test them?"

Jean glared at him through hate filled eyes, refusing to speak. She was

afraid her voice would crack from the fear that dwelled underneath. She was

determined not to show it. He might conquer her body but he would never conquer her spirit again as he had the other night with drugs. She would never consciously submit no matter what he did to her.

"You leave me no choice, my pigeon," Shalla said, as he unlocked the door and disappeared down the hallway.

Jean's spirits sagged and she felt her body shaking violently. What horrible thing was he going to do? She had heard of the terrible tortures they used on

each other in their wars and her faith in her resolution to fight him at all costs began to falter. She prayed that her strength would hold up against whatever it might be. She couldn't give him the satisfaction of total submission. She would resist if it killed her.

The Arab returned, carrying a cage in his hand with a huge black carnivorous rat squeaking inside, his long monstrous nose sniffing inquisitively through the wire bars.

Jean felt her stomach turn and a deep piercing scream escaped involuntarily

from her throat. It was the most grotesque thing she had ever seen, it's evil

little eyes darting about the room as though searching for something to fasten

its tiny needle-like teeth on and rip to shreds.

"I see you like my little pet," he chuckled harshly. "He likes meat but only if it's flavored to his special taste."

As Jean cringed tightly into the mattress, the grinning Arab took a small piece of raw meat from his hand and dropped it into the cage. The rat scurried for it, sniffed it carefully and then backed away without touching it.

"You see, not to his liking."

Shalla took another piece and rubbed a liquid from a small bottle on it and dropped that into the cage. The rat leaped upon it, gulping it down greedily and then stood on his hind legs against the side of the cage squeaking wildly for more.

"You see, my dear, he is well trained in his tastes."

Shalla advanced on the prostrate girl who was frozen into immobility by the horror of the sight she had just seen. She tried to move but couldn't. Her body refused to answer. Shalla rubbed small droplets of the liquid smoothly around the nipples of her upturned breasts as she watched helplessly. Then, he opened the cage door and pulled the evil little animal from it, attaching a string around his neck. He dropped him on the bed, holding the loose end of the cord in his hand. The rat struggled against it, sniffing his way on the mattress along the side of the fear-frozen girl's body. She jerked spasmodically as Shalla gave him a little more line and he leaped to her naked belly, his tiny feet making slight imprints in her soft yielding flesh.

Jean shrieked in terror as suddenly the rat smelled the liquid. She could feel the horrible creeping claws dig suddenly into the flesh of her stomach as

he struggled to get at her scent covered breasts. He squeaked wildly, fighting with savage desperation to crawl his way to the coated tips of her quivering nipples. Jean could see his tiny evil eyes down between the valley of her breasts, his teeth bared like a giant snarling dog. She wanted to scream out again but the paralyzing fear held her motionless, her flesh crawling in abhorrence from the touch of the vile little animal. Her body struggled to sink deeper into the mattress in escape but it was useless,

there

was no sanctuary from the cruel defilement. Shalla, taunting her proud full body, loosened the string again and she could feel the warm nose sniffing hungrily at the underside of her left breast, the sudden moist contact bringing back her voice without warning. Low whining pleas droned almost incoherently from between her clenched teeth.

"Ugggggg, get him off of me! Get him off of me! Please, please," her head churned from side to side, her wrists fighting against the bonds, "Oh God, get him off of me!"

"Say fuck, shit, cunt," the grinning Arab demanded. He would break her spirit completely before he let her go this time.

"Ooohh, fuck, shit, cunt," the words spat from her mouth without hesitation, there was no thought of resistance left, only the revulsion of this horrible beast struggling to devour her unprotected breasts.

"Say it again," he smirked, loosening the cord another hair.

"Ooohh! fuck! Ooohh! shit! No-Nooo, Aaaahhhggg! Cunt!" she shrieked, feeling the wet sniffing nose touching farther up the underside of her quivering breast, the sharp tiny nails straining against the flaccid skin of her ribs.

Shalla held the string tight, keeping the squeaking black rat less than an inch from the throbbing nipple for what seemed an eternity, and then, pulled him slowly from the churning girls body.

Jean was next to unconscious when she felt the vile hairy animal withdrawn from her flesh and the liquid wiped from her breasts. His hand dwelling longer at the task than necessary. Her body shuddered. She knew she was at

his mercy. She could fight against pain or even humiliation-- but not this--not this horror--it was asking too much Only death would be better and

she would gladly have killed herself this very minute to escape the degradations she knew were to be heaped upon her helpless body now, but there

was no way. There was only hopeless submission or the rat and she knew her body would betray her again if she were subjected to those horribly cruel teeth straining to tear viciously at her flesh.

There was something else, something else that would help her through the grotesque ordeal coming, it had helped before--it was the only hope of coming through it sane.

"Shalla," she said lifelessly, her voice steeped in resignation. "Give me some strong tea."

"Madame is learning well, I see," he answered. "I will get some."

He had wanted her to have nothing, as seeing her conscious humiliation and submission meant almost as much to him as the money he would make but it was

getting late. The first customers may be coming through the door downstairs

even at this moment. He would leave out the sleeping potion when he mixed it

and add some extra aphrodisiac. This would be almost as good, at least she would be fully conscious. Her drugged enjoyment of it might even be as good a

show as her being forced to subject herself to it out of fear. It would certainly please the clients better. Perhaps he should have done this from

the beginning and saved himself all this trouble.

He added the extra pinch of the lust producing powder, whistling softly to himself. It was a bit much but he hoped for many customers today and she must

please them all. After all, what man wanted a limp piece of meat under him, especially when he had paid good money for it This would put some fire into that proud little white ass. It would shake as it never had before or probably ever would again

He returned to the room and presented the glass to the naked girl, loosening one arm so that she might drink.

"We shall leave "Chiga" here just to make certain Madame. I want him close by

in case we need him hurriedly. He is very hungry. I have not fed him in three days," he chuckled.

Jean shuddered again, looking at the horrible creature with unabashed loathing

and took a deep swallow of the dark mint tea. Its warm refreshing flavor coursed through her emotion scarred body, a welcome sedative to the pain

and

soul searing torture her mind and flesh had been subjected to. It was almost

a relief this feeling of surrender. She had done all that was humanly possible to avert the inevitable and now the burden of responsibility was lifted from her. She had no other choice and when one has no other choice their responsibility does not exist. Unless, of course, one is made of the stuff that martyrs are and there aren't many of those left in the world.

"Cover him please, Shalla," she said simply, taking another long swallow from the glass. "I'll remember he's there."

Shalla covered the cage with a towel from the rack in the bathroom. He could

already detect a note of fatalistic acceptance in the girl's voice. The tea and the presence of the rat were working better than he had expected. He had

anticipated some further form of resistance but it hadn't materialized. Now

it was too late. With the amount of aphrodisiac he had put in the drink, she would be a churning mass of raw lust in a matter of a few minutes. He wanted to see that. He would like to stand at the foot of the bed and watch her go

into heat. He had seen it before with others and it was an inciting thing to see an unwilling woman turned into a raging sex-crazed mass of flesh in a matter of minutes. He would, besides profiting well, also enjoy the day ahead.

Jean drained the glass and lay back against the mattress waiting for the conscious-killing sleep that she remembered from before. It did not come. She waited expectantly, praying the dream producing drug would begin its work before Shalla's cousin returned. She couldn't bear to be conscious and face the man who was to possess her body for money.

The Arab hovered over her suddenly.

"We have a long day, Madame, and Shalla does not want his investment ruined.

We must make certain you do not tire." He took her free wrist that she had been drinking with and retied it to the top of the bed and then pulled a small jar from his robe pocket, holding it above her face. She recognized it as a Vaseline type substance. He removed the cap and took a swab on his middle finger. Jean automatically clamped her thighs tightly together as he looked down between her legs.

"Open them," he commanded.

Jean lay still, the fear rising again.

"Would Madame prefer "Chiga!" he nodded impatiently toward the covered cage.

Her eyes widened at the mention of the loathsome name and she drew her legs

quickly apart, closing her eyes tightly to hide the shame of her exposure.

She jerked abruptly as his hands came in electrifying contact with the fleshy

lips of her vagina. He pulled them gently apart, until the hair-lined slit was wide-open, exposing the tightly clasped entrance to her cunt. He inserted

his finger, massaging the lubricating salve all around inside the walls and opening. Jean's shame knew no bounds as his finger circled around inside her,

unhindered by any resistance on her part.

"Oh God, if I could only fight," she groaned incoherently to herself. "If I only had the courage."

Shalla's humiliating rummaging between her legs was suddenly interrupted by a knock on the door.

"Mufta is here," he said, excitedly, looking down at the stricken Jean as though she should share in his joy. "He has our first client."

Shalla's face sobered for a moment and he placed his hand on top of the covered cage, casting a menacing glance at the prostrate girl.

"Remember, if there is one complaint from a customer, then I shall give "Chiga" your left breast. You have my word by Allah."

There was absolutely no doubt in the cringing girl's mind that he would do it. There was no such thing as mercy in his animalistic world, and she was fully aware that her survival as a whole human being depended on how well she accepted the hopelessness of her situation. Kevin had deserted her, and now Monique, she was alone and defenseless.

Jean cowered in the center of the bed, her arms still bound tightly above

her

head. She felt her nakedness as a great shame covering her like an evil blanket. One that couldn't be dislodged no matter how hard one struck out against it. And now, that blanket was going to be replaced by something even more evil, the bodies of strange obscene men. Men, who would not even know her name or that she would not know, except as great shafts of indecent flesh

drubbing into her helpless body. She would be the receptacle into which they

would spew their lewd sperm as they had into thousands of other whores in other places at other times.

The vile squeak of the rat penetrated through her thoughts into her inner conscious mind. It too was part of the evil picture. It was the conqueror, the thing against which she could not fight. She knew she would have submitted to any demands, no matter how depraved, to keep that evil creature

away from her, to keep its monstrous teeth from tearing at her body. This she

would have done with or without the deadening potion she was now awaiting to

lift consciousness from her tortured brain. It would only make it bearable, like Novocain when one had a tooth pulled, it didn't eliminate the horrible

tearing at one's flesh, only hid it from the mind of the patient.

The door opened.

Oh God, she thought, Not yet. I'm not ready. I can still feel. Wait, wait please!

She prayed in fevered anguish for the drug to work, to cover her nakedness with the invisible cloak of unconsciousness.

But it didn't.

"Remember, my friend, fifteen minutes for your two dollars, no more," the voice of the Arab reminded cheerfully from the hallway. "And do not mark the girl."

The squeak of the rat resounded through the room as it heard its master's voice from the distance. It was hungry and the harsh scratching sounds of its paws clawing against the side of the cage silenced a cry building deep within Jean's fear-quaking body.

A short fat man, dressed in the sweat-soaked clothes of a dock- worker, entered and closed the door behind him. His eyes flickered in appreciation when he saw the delicious young feast spread defenseless on the bed. Jean had

hoped, somewhere deep in her mind, that the bonds tying her to the bed would

stir his conscience and he would call the police. One look at his lust-filled face dispelled this hope. The Arab was too clever. He would not bring men who say eye to eye with the law. He would choose his clientele well, probably those wanted by the law themselves. The quarter around the hotel was filled

with them.

The dock-worker removed his shirt, silently staring at her with undisguised rapaciousness visible in his eyes. His huge barrel chest covered with ape-like hair, rose and fell in short puffing gasps as he dropped his pants to the floor. His short fat cock jerked into view beneath an overhanging roll of fat from his white belly.

Jean's eyes bulged in terror. The tea! The tea! Why didn't it work?"

And, suddenly, it did, but not the way she had expected.

The first piercing warning of Shalla's betrayal came as the man leaned gleefully over the edge of the bed and began running his rough callused hands over her smooth cringing flesh.

Her reaction was violent!

A deep indescribable electrifying shock shot through the frayed nerve-ends of her body like a thousand tiny sharp needles. Laughing red devils danced wickedly along the inner softness of her thighs. Her buttocks ground desperately into the mattress to quench a searing hot flame suddenly licking hungrily at her nakedness. It was futile, the fire roared headlong out of control. She lay immobile for a moment, her mind struggling hopelessly against the pin-pricks of sensation following the path of the coarse fingers digging into her flesh

He played cruelly on, unaware of the hopeless battle raging within the tortured girl beneath his kneading hands. He placed his thumbs on the fleshy

lips of hair lining the outside of her cunt and pulled slowly apart. Jean lay holding her breath and fighting with all her moral strength

It was not enough, her resistance shattered.

She groaned, the exquisite feeling of air rushing over the rising bud of her exposed clitoris. It rippled up her now quivering belly and out into the nipples of her throbbing tits, drowning out the debasing humiliation of the strange hands roaming over her nakedness. The straining muscles of her thighs

relaxed loosely, her white ivory breasts rose and fell heavily with her labored breath.

The man's tongue licked nervously at his thick mouth, small beads of sweat formed over his upper lip as he watched the gradual transformation of the girl

beneath his stroking fingers. He did not understand and did not care, he would not question a gift like this--only a fool would.

He could not wait. He pushed her unresisting thighs wide with the rough palms

of his hands and crawled eagerly over between their lush fullness. The

devils

danced faster around the rough pink edges of Jean's naked cunt as she felt the

bed sag from his weight. It felt like a wet hot tunnel, and it had to be filled. Her eyes locked greedily on the fat thick cock dangling from his kneeling body above her. Suddenly forgotten was the evil animal lurking in the cage on the table; forgotten were the fears of humiliation. She needed but one thing now; she needed that cock! More than anything else in the world!

Even as her mind fought the repulsive sight of the kneeling fat body hovering

between the slimness of wide-stretched thighs, her legs kicked out uncontrollably and her heels curled around his hips. She jerked forward wildly, pulling him with a grunt, heavily on top of her writhing body. He guided the thick blood-filled head straight into her throbbing cunt, his heavy

weight smashing her with a deep moan far down into the mattress. He levered

up, ramming his rod as deep as it would go into the hungry clasping pussy.

His balls smacked heavily against her upturned ass, his fat hairy stomach bored hotly into the yielding softness of her belly.

Jean strained against the ropes but they held, cruelly cutting into her wrists and causing her teeth to gnash tightly together to drive back the pain of her tortured muscles. She wanted him deeper. She wanted to pull him deeper into

her hot quivering cunt but the bonds held her back.

"Fuck deeper, Fuck deeper!" she screamed at him in desperation.

He grasped her ass cheeks in both hands and drove his cock to the hilt. It was too short!

She groaned in frustration, splaying her legs wide out over the bed to give him greater access. But it did not help.

As if in apology, the sweating fat man rammed his tongue deep into her wide-open mouth, the saliva drooling down into her throat. She sucked at it in wild frenzy, her body caught up in a whirlpool of naked raw lust that she had never known before. His jerking cock pistoned into her mercilessly, bringing gasps of pain as his pelvis smacked against her crotch, a brutal thud resounding through the room with each pile-driving thrust. She moaned again,

he was bringing her to the peak with the brutal pounding of his body alone.

Then--suddenly--as she bucked uncontrollably beneath him, she felt his plunging cock stiffen without warning and spew its white-hot liquid far into the hidden recesses of her tortured womb.

Jean groaned in frustration. It was too soon, too soon. She was almost there, the peak was but a hair away. She strained crazily for it, but the man's dead weight collapsed heavily across her still driving body. The useless deflated prick hung spent between her churning thighs.

She buffeted her wet crotch up against it angrily, tears of frustration running down her passion inflamed cheeks. But the soft rubbery tube gave way limply before her anguished last upward thrusts. He rolled from her body, breathing heavily in satiation, he had gotten his two dollars worth. He smiled happily.

The fire burned on in Jean, even as the man left the room, she was waiting for the next, grinding her buttocks into the mattress in anticipation.

Oh God, she sobbed, the hunger coursing through her like a narcotic. I'm going crazy, crazy. Send me someone! send me someone!

Shalla's head appeared through the partially open door, a grin of satisfaction

on his lips as he saw Jean's drugged body writhing out of control on the bed. He must raise his price and cut the time to ten minutes. Mufta had many clients waiting downstairs and the potion would last for hours. The girl was beyond objecting to anything now. In fact, he thought happily, she would welcome it.

Jean's eyes were glazed in frightened uncontrollable desire. The thoughts of

unconsciousness had faded. She wanted to feel. She wanted to feel the deliciousness of a man fucking her. She wanted her belly filled by great pools of cum and feel it shaking around wetly inside her--

Hurry, Shalla, hurry, her mind droned drunkenly. Bring me one, bring me one or I'll die!

She did not have long to wait. The door opened and an old man on crutches hobbled in, his eyes shining in lust. He had only one leg and his clothes

were those of a street beggar. They looked as though they had not left his body in months. Jean's passion was beyond caring now, he was a man! A man with a cock that could slice into her burning pussy. That was all that mattered.

Hurry, you bastard, hurry, raced through her mind desperately. She opened her

legs wide, pointing the dripping hair-lined slit of her cunt directly at the lewdly grinning cripple, grinding it up with her tightly clenched ass in an equally lewd invitation to spur him to speed.

He lost no time in tearing his ragged clothes from his unwashed body. He hadn't believed the Arab on the street when he had described this women he had

for sale. Nor the price. All that would buy on the street was a fat old hag who had been used up years before and who would lie drunkenly under you thinking of the wine she could buy with the money from this trick. But this was different. The Arab had spoken truly. She was young and her flesh was firm. It had been many long years since he had fucked anything even approaching this. He could not afford the young ones in the houses and even if he could they would turn him down because of his nauseating appearance. He

could not believe his luck with this one, begging him for it with her obscene gestures and groans. He would use his ten minutes well.

He hobbled to the bed and without ceremony, threw the stump of his missing leg

over Jean's squirming body. He straddled her stomach heavily. The soft whiteness of it brushed tantalizingly against the wrinkled sac of his dangling balls causing his ancient prick to jerk in anticipation. He moved forward along her writhing torso, laying his still semi-soft penis between the valley of her full fleshy tits. He cupped a hand on either side of the quivering mounds and pushed them together, trapping his awakening cock softly between them. He had

always wanted to do this but none would ever let him. Now with the girl's hands tied over her head she could not object. Besides, the Arab said anything as long as he didn't mark her.

Jean, beneath him, could feel the bones of his thin buttocks pressing painfully into her ribs as he rocked forward. He had straddled her so suddenly that she had been taken unaware. She needed him in her--not like this. She tried desperately to wriggle up the bed under him but he rode with her body.

"No, no, please, not that way, not that way," she cried in frustration as she looked down her nose and watched the red bulbous head growing between her

tightly held tits. She could feel it begin to throb against the sensitive tissue of her skin, sending further sheets of hot licking flame racing down to

the quivering slit of her palpitating cunt.

"Oh God no! Fuck me, please! Please!" she begged as he began a rocking motion, sliding his blue veined cock faster and faster between her straining breasts. Spit dripped from his puffing lips, moistening the narrow valley and making the passage easier for the rampaging instrument that ignored her pleas.

He continued his desperate thrusting--faster-- faster--his breath coming in quick labored gasps, until before her horror- stricken eyes, its long stored cum began spurting in sticky hot streams over her naked breasts. It ran down

over her shoulders and throat in wet white rivulets, soaking the mattress beneath.

"Get in me. Get in me. Now! Now!" she raved, her head thrashing from side

to side in bitter defeat.

"Why didn't you? Why didn't you?" she shouted up at him through hate-filled

eyes, her arms straining at the binding ropes like a mad woman. She cursed his impotency with all the foul words that came to her lust deranged mind.

"Send me a man! Shalla you son of a bitch! Send me a man!" she screamed at

the top of her lungs. Her cunt was a steaming hot cavern now that twitched like a nerve out of control. Her body was going to explode into a million fiery particles if someone didn't stuff a cock into her soon--she sobbed hysterically, crying out for deliverance.

The crippled dressed and hobbled hurriedly from the room, fearful that this lunatic might break loose from her bonds and do him bodily harm.

As Jean watched him disappear through the door, she suddenly gasped and held

her breath. His form was replaced by the shadow of the biggest man she had

ever seen. He stooped as he entered to keep from hitting his head against the

frame.

He was jet black!

Her pleadings froze in her throat. Desire, suddenly replaced by fear, withered in her body. He would kill her!

"I've brought you a man, my pigeon," Shalla's voice cooed from behind the giant Nubian. "I've given him a discount to let some of the others watch. You must perform well," he chortled happily. "They are paying one American dollar each for a good exhibition and we can't disappoint them, can we?"

"Ohh, please, no," Jean whimpered, a battle raging between her mental revulsion and the fire raging inside her drugged body. "I can't, I can't, not in front of other people. N-not with h-him. Ohh, Please, please, Shalla!"

Without speaking, he reached for the towel over the caged black rat and withdrew it slowly, his cruel grin directed straight into her eyes.

"Chiga would like to watch also. I'm certain you would not like to disappoint my little pet. He offends so easily."

The starving rat clawed and struggled against the restraining wire of the cage, his beady eyes hungrily searching the room for some sign of food to quell his ravenous appetite. Jean shrank back into the mattress, the terror again crawling over her as his tiny wicked eyes locked on her naked white flesh

Shalla watched the servile acceptance register on her terrified face. He was contented that she would not give trouble with the threat present of her breasts being ripped from her body. He patted the top of the cage lovingly and motioned for Mufta to herd the crowd into the room.

Jean was dimly aware, through drug glazed eyes, of the leering faces crowding into the small closed room. Would they ever stop coming? They were lining the walls and hanging over the iron rail at the end of the bed, packing the small chamber until the air became hot and almost unbearable from their sweating unwashed bodies and heavy excited breathing. They were horrible grotesque faces peering down at her. Some toothless and unshaven, some marred by terrible diseases, but all wide-eyed and eager for the cruel ravishment

of

the quivering white body staked out before them to begin

When the room was jammed with at least twenty straining men, Shalla motioned

for Mufta to lock the door, cutting off the last entrance for air. The odor was heavy and pressed down on Jean like an invisible musty cape. She struggled for breath, her lungs sucking in great gasps, fighting to maintain consciousness.

Shalla nodded his head at the painting Nubian who began eagerly stripping his

clothes from his glistening black body. His pants fell to the floor causing a murmur of fevered approval to ripple through the excited crowd. His giant ebony cock reared out from his black muscular stomach like a third arm with a

huge tightly balled fist at the end. It was at least ten inches long and two inches wide and the two great sperm inflated balls hanging at the base gave it

the menacing appearance of a cannon ready to fire.

Jean jerked her tightly clenched eyes open at the ripple of noise running

through the room, her shocked gaze locking on the monstrous shaft pointing directly at her. She gasped in terror, drawing her thighs tightly together in anguished fear, her mouth dropping loosely open in astonished disbelief.

It couldn't be true. He would split her open! Horrible visions of her ripped torn body flickered wildly through her cringing mind. They couldn't do it. They couldn't do it!

The Nubian stepped to the bed, the crowd closing behind him to get a closer look at the unbelievable spectacle about to take place before them. Helpful hands from the sides of the mattress grasped harshly at Jean's tightly clasped

ankles, pulling them brutally open. Her delicate pink slit nestling in the soft pubic hair burst into full view of the spectators at the end of the bed. The others strained closer around the bedside to get their look at the palpitating treasure of the struggling girl. Over-anxious hands reached out to pinch quickly at the white full tits above, digging harshly for a stolen moment, and then disappearing anonymously back into the crowd.

The giant black climbed between her wide-spread legs. The restraining hands

on her ankles levered them up off the bed and back over her head until the

soles of her upside down feet were touching the headboard in a great vee about

four feet apart Jean's face contorted in anguish, every muscle in her body felt as though it were stretched beyond all human endurance. The flat plane of her soft hair covered pussy was presented up to the kneeling Nubian in defenseless sacrifice. It was his, his to plunder at will.

He grinned down at it, his lips bared back over the white ivory of his teeth in unbridled lust. He stroked his immense cock with both hands in greedy preparation for the assault on the helpless up-turned cunt in front of him His

body swayed on his knees like a stalking cobra, the glistening ebony skin shining in the dim light of the single bulb hanging above. He shuffled forward slowly, his pelvis and great bulging black cock shoved out and quivering like a savage limbo dancer caught in the hypnotic throes of a primeval jungle ceremony.

Jean, up through wide-split thighs, watched in awed terror, the writhing torso

advancing toward her helpless aperture. She could not turn her eyes from the

vile instrument that was in a moment to cleave through her warm body in

vicious rape. She was mesmerized into abject stillness.

Suddenly, without warning, the swaying Nubian jerked his pelvis back and his head came forward and down in a dark blur, his gleaming ivory teeth fastening

into the soft flesh of her belly. A tiny nip at her navel and his tongue began a slow tantalizing exploration of her whiteness, following the soft path

of light fuzz down into the flanges of her cringing pussy. He spread its young fleshy lips with his fingers and with a maddening liquid suck of the lips, drew the tiny pink bud of Jean's throbbing clitoris wetly into his hot moist mouth. He nibbled at it with the sharp tips of his teeth, feeling it jerking back to life from the softness that fear had brought.

Jean clenched her eyes tightly shut against the whirlpools of sensation that were shooting out of control again through her loins. She fought with all her inner strength against the betrayal of her body. Thoughts of Kevin and the life and children they would have after this nightmare was over coursed through her mind. No, No, she must not let them win. She mustn't! She mustn't!

But suddenly, the Nubian's tongue snaked forward, burrowing up her

straining

cunt like a racing lizard. The shock rippled crazily up her spine to the base of her skull where it shattered in a cascade of wildly shooting colored stars.

The hot meteors rained down tauntingly over her whole body. Her crotch jerked

involuntarily forward, burying the flicking tongue to its roots. Fire replaced fear and all else.

She was that cent! Oh God, she was that cant!

Her entire being was suddenly a great open cavern that had to be filled, that had to be gorged and stuffed with hot fiery flesh. Nothing else mattered now;

not Kevin, not principles, not humiliation, just the flicking reality of the probing tongue that had crawled from between her hot steaming furrow and was

tracing tiny round wet circles up her body.

"Ohh, ohh, yes, yesss, suck my tits, yes, like that, like that! Bite me!

Aaaaagggg!"

It moved on up over her throat, licking at her nose and eyes and cheeks, the

hot thick saliva soaking her skin. She rotated her lust contorted face around

searching with her open mouth for the wet fleshy mass. She found it and sucked it deep into her throat with a low animal moan. His saliva gushed into her in unimpeded torrents, she swallowed greedily, mewling for more.

Her crotch ground frantically around below, searching with her gaping hot pussy for that monstrous pole that was going to rip her belly asunder. The lust incited crowd around the bed gasped as the great bulging head found its pulsating opening. It jostled for a moment against the pink ragged edges of flesh, insinuating itself gently between them. Then, with a flick of the hips, the grinning Nubian forced the blood-filled tip brutally into the throbbing lips of the hair-lined cunt, stretching the resisting rubbery flesh almost to the bursting point.

Jean threw her head wildly to the side and screamed

"Aaaagggg!"

It sunk a cruel inch, the struggling girl trying desperately to kick her legs free and escape the punishing impalement. The eager restraining hands held them tightly back against the bedstead. In her wild passion a moment ago

she

had overestimated herself. The cock was too big. She could never take it in a million years. It was splitting her cunt lips terribly, the pain unbearable, rocketing through her stretched body like tiny sharp probing needles.

The Nubian levered up on his hands in the push-up position and flicked again--his grin widening--the relentless monster sliding another excruciating inch.

"Uuuuuugggg!"

Another inch--

"Aaaagggg!"

Hot stale breaths coursed over her naked sweating body as the men crowded

closer. Their faces hung over the bed within inches of her straining nudity, watching hypnotically this young white beauty being fucked and skewered like a

medieval slave by the giant glistening Nubian. She was dimly aware of hands

tearing at her breasts from the leering crowd and fingers clawing over every part of her flesh until it felt as though she were covered with tiny crawling animals trying to enter every pore of her helpless body. The room had become

a giant octopus with thousands of grasping tentacles reaching out obscenely to

crush her in her helplessness.

"Nooo... Noooooo!" she sobbed hysterically, tears gushing like fountains from her open but almost unseeing eyes.

Her sobbing, struggling protests and resistance brought a sudden crushing thrust from the Nubian that plowed the giant black cock deep into her tight resisting passage, pushing great ripples of pink soft flesh in rolling waves before it. Jean jerked convulsively as the huge rod raced into her belly like a runaway freight train smashing all resistance. It was an uncontrolled monster crawling around inside her, filling her every crevice and pushing her inner organs into tiny tight balls that could not breath or move. It was coming out her throat, out her mouth, curling around her shoulders and neck to

crush her life away. It was ripping her soul from her body and devouring it in great gulps of depraved sensuality.

Suddenly, it stopped. With an earth-shattering jolt, the Nubians pelvis thudded heavily into her upturned crotch The monstrous sperm inflated balls insinuating themselves with a smack into the wide-split crevice of her ass.

The huge ebony cock lay imbedded to the hilt inside Jean's shivering cunt like an ancient impaling torture device.

The Nubian held still above for a moment until the bereaved girl beneath him adjusted to the presence of the huge member planted in her white soft belly.

He watched as her pain contorted face began a slow relaxation, the tightly gnashed teeth opening in surprised adjustment.

"A-Aaaaah," her lips breathed in welcome relief.

He flexed the giant head, bringing a deep groan from her lips, her teeth re-clenching. He flexed again--another groan again--a lesser groan, as her hot passage grew accustomed to the increasing size. Then he began a slow revolving motion with his pelvis, grinding his cock tightly into her naked

crotch, expanding the still cringing walls of her vagina until it fit like a well tailored glove.

Unbelieving eyes peered lustfully within inches of the huge buried member, amazed that the tight tiny cunt they had seen before was capable of swallowing

the whole of it Hands from the crowd rubbed lewdly over the moon-shaped cheeks

of her skewered buttocks. From both sides of the bed, fingers pulled cruelly

at the fleshy hair covered lips surrounding it. A fingertip probed under the dangling balls at her tiny puckered anus, flicking teasingly at it like another tongue. She winced as it suddenly popped Rough the tight surrounding

nether ring and dug deeply at the soft rubbery flesh inside. It moved around,

expanding the tight tiny hole until the palm of the intruding hand lay flat against her ass cheeks, the whole finger sunk safely inside the dry throbbing tunnel.

Now the Nubian began a painful sawing motion in and out of Jean's moist stretched pussy, thrusting forward mercilessly from the apex of his

withdrawal

and battering her pain-wracked body back hard against the mattress. The finger imbedded in her ass joined the slowly pistoning cock in a rhythmic fucking duo that brought groans of pain and gasps of pleasure gushing from the lips of her moaning mouth in time to their simultaneous tempo.

The pain was easing and a weird sensation of happiness tingled through her helpless body. The outrageous debasement and subjugation brought strange masochistic pleasures flooding through her blood stream. Her hips began unconsciously gyrating in an abandoned rhythm with the increasing speed of the cock and finger fucking into her. A thousand helpful hands groped at her from the leering faces surrounding them.

"Ohhh yes, yessss, fuck me like this. Oh shit yes, fuck me like this," she crooned, squirming her body lewdly around among the myriad of hands and fingers that crawled over her tingling flesh. She opened her eyes. Cocks were everywhere. The men around the bed had pulled them out and were stroking them over her in time to the black and white flesh smacking together before

them. Long ones, short ones, fat ones, she was in a great cock heaven, surrounded by them--a prisoner of them--and all the time while the great black

glistening pole fucked into her, expanding with each stroke like a giant balloon, the finger drubbed into her asshole like another cock--she was a prisoner, a helpless prisoner to the delicious rape of her cunt and asshole--trapped between them like a helpless insect.

"Oh god, don't stop! Oh fuck, don't ever stop!" she grunted into the thick stale air, gyrating her upturned ass faster and faster, trying to keep up with the monstrous poles of flesh and finger that drubbed into her like tireless fucking machines. She felt long fleshy objects dropped into her tightly bound

hands on either side of the mattress and other hands press her fingers tightly

around them. She knew they were cocks and began a hard vicious stroking in time to the communal rhythm, as she felt the shaft of flesh pummeling into her

throbbing cunt expanding almost to the bursting point.

"No! No! Wait, wait," she chanted in desperation, but it was too late. The Nubian's eyes rolled around helplessly in his head and his great balls began

pumping spurt after spurt of hot white cum deep into her contracting belly.

She ground her naked crotch up tightly against his pelvis to stop the flow for

a moment but her very eagerness defeated her desperate purpose. The nibbling

clasp of her pussy milked it clean, the last drop of his hot load sloshed around deep inside her dilated womb.

The giant rolled useless and drained from her still squirming form, helped by a hundred eager hands clawing to take his place. A thin string of white sticky liquid trailed from his cock over her leg to the floor where he collapsed in exhaustion.

"Three dollars, my friends, three dollars," she could hear dimly through the muffled confusion of the noise and caught a glimpse of Shalla desperately reaching over heads for the freely offered bills like an excited circus barker.

Her hips jerked up automatically to receive the hurried thrust of a short fat

man who had replaced the Nubian between her legs. He rammed into her like a

jack-hammer, needing no fore-play to incite him. The spectacle had been enough. They raced wildly together for the climax Jean had been so cruelly deprived of when the Nubian had deserted her. It hit her suddenly, like an angry fist in the stomach. Great waves of searing indescribable joy coursed through her fanatically aroused body with the power of a thousand lightening

bolts, curling the tips of her toes and fingers like burning twigs on a bonfire. The fat man's cock spat uncontrollably into her as the palms of her bound hands were flooded too with the hot sticky fluid simultaneously. Great

pools of cum clung stickily to her as she saw other cocks spurting at her body

from the sides of the bed. She wallowed lewdly around in it, punishing and debasing herself in maniacal arousal, the odor rushing through her nostrils, as her own cum gushed hotly from between her legs, soaking the mattress beneath her wildly grinding buttocks.

The bodies came on and on, spurred by her screaming supplications for further

and further humiliation. Her hair was matted thickly with the pungent fluid now and her body was covered from head to foot. She squirmed wetly on her

back in it as she was buffeted up and down the mattress by one rampaging

man

after another. It seemed it would never stop.

Suddenly, Shalla grinned to himself. It was going too slow. There was a better way to handle this volume of business. After all, the American bitch was screaming for it. He would make sure she got more.

He held back the next men in line and reaching over the bed, cut her bonds.

"Turn over," he commanded.

Jean rolled her battered body over in the slippery pools of cum, resting heavily on her stomach.

"Now kneel," he commanded to the half conscious girl again. He grabbed impatiently at her hips and helped her to her knees. She rested panting for a

moment on all fours, her buttocks high in the air and her face pushed into the

bed. Her eyes were glazed thickly from the ravishment her body was enduring.

Shalla directed the waiting traffic like an experienced policeman on a busy intersection

Jean felt heavy hands on her hips from a nameless body suddenly kneeling behind and between her open thighs. She waved the stretched moons of her buttocks back at him, feeling the blunt end of his cock pressing into the now dripping slit in her crotch. With a grunt, he shoved cruelly forward, burying the long thin instrument deep up her crevice, causing her to jump forward in surprise at the sudden lunge. Her face ran head on into another waiting hard

erect cock that rammed without warning into Jean's gaping mouth. The man was

kneeling on the bed in front of her grasping both sides of her head vice like between his strong callused hands and holding it firm. He sawed into her face

viciously, like it was a second delicious cunt. Jean gagged, as he rammed it half- way down her throat, the full length disappearing into her ovaled lips almost to the hilt. His balls slapped harshly against her chin, the soft fuzz covering them tickling like a light airy feather. She struggled to breath, catching small gasps of air on the out-stroke.

"Oh God," she groaned as they buffeted her back and forth like a rag doll

between them, using her helpless body as a great receptacle into which they would pump their burning sperm. She was no longer human but a great mass of flaccid flesh, unable to think or feel.

But then, the very helplessness of her position flickered through her mind.

The mental picture of her body being fucked between two excited men incited

her. The hunger in her belly began raging out of control again. She began to undulate her buttocks in tiny circles, squeezing with her cunt muscles at the fleshy staff boring into her. She wanted to milk it dry, to fill her belly again until more of the hot sticky fluid ran down her already thickly covered thighs. She wanted to wallow in it again. She sucked voraciously at the cock in her mouth her cheeks hollowing and filling with his cruel thrusts. She had never tasted a cock before and she explored its every pore. Her tongue licked

wildly at the blood-filled head, the tip probing hotly into the gland on the end. She wanted it to shoot in her mouth. She wanted to swallow it and feel it running down her throat until her stomach was filled as her cunt. She wanted it to run through every pore in her body in great torrents of joy.

Her wish came true a moment later.

Simultaneously with the rising tide of her building orgasm, she felt the cock fucking into her from behind, inflate and begin spewing its white hot load deep up her clasping cunt. It ricocheted wildly around inside and dripped from the hair-covered lips into the matted hair of his belly. His balls pressed tightly against her exposed clitoris, causing her body to jerk convulsively forward, burying the rod in her madly sucking mouth to the hilt. It too exploded, flooding her throat with the delicious pungent liquid, her cheeks expanded like a balloon to keep from choking on the great gushes that spurted without stopping deep into her throat. She swallowed in hungry crazed gulps fastening her lips like an elastic ring tightly around the ejaculating rod, fearful of losing even a drop of the precious fluid. Small droplets ran from the corners of her mouth as he collapsed in front of her and his deflated penis flopped lifelessly from her still sucking mouth, thin narrow sticky strings of cum hung from her lips connected still to the deflated cock several inches away.

She screwed her buttocks back tightly against the still squirting cock in her cunt and with a scream from between clenched teeth felt her own body

explode

into what seemed a thousand tiny sparks. Her strength was suddenly gone and

she collapsed on the bed as the cock slipped limply from her drenched pussy, gushes of cool air rushed refreshingly into the unplugged opening.

Time, after that, became meaningless and merged into a blur of strange and different cocks, fucking her as they would and where they would. Jean was beyond emotion. Her body still reacted with orgasm to several of the more inventive males that bent her to their will but her strength was gone and she followed mechanically the directions Shalla would scream at her when she lagged in her duties to the clients.

"Get those legs up! Move that ass! Suck harder!"

She was nothing now but a robot at his command and weakly moved her limbs to

comply with his shouts.

Many long hours later, the room was finally emptied and she fell into a deep exhausted sleep on the soiled sticky mattress that was forever to be her shame.

Monique smiled sweetly across the table at Kevin, lifting her champagne glass

in a toast.

"Well, here's to the conquering hero. Honestly Kevin, she was absolutely crushed. You should have seen her face when I showed her the note. She couldn't believe you would turn into a tiger like this."

The words eased Kevin's worried mind. He had walked about the city all day worried to death about Jean's reaction to the note he had written for Monique.

Several times, he had almost gone over to the small hotel she had indicated in

her cable and begged her forgiveness but each time, he thought of Monique's

advice about being strong and had desisted. It had taken all his courage but now it seemed it had all been for the best. He would have blubbered out something stupid if he had seen Jean and probably made things more of a mess

than they already were. The champagne was relaxing him now and he felt better

than he had since walking out of the hotel several days ago in Paris.

"I owe you a lot, Monique," he said warmly, "I honestly didn't know what to do

when I arrived here. Jean's such a funny conservative girl that I had no idea

what to say to her."

"Believe me, my dear boy, you'll never have that problem again. By tomorrow she'll be chomping at the bit wondering what you're doing in Paris. Women are

like that. I know, I'm one too, remember?"

Monique was pleased. Things had gone much better than she had expected and

this naive young American had swallowed her story, hook, line and sinker. She

had spent her day arranging things with Gamal for one of his usual parties at his villa and tonight she would clinch the sale to him Kevin didn't know it, she smiled to herself, but he would play a great part in it. He probably would raise the price on his own wife by at least one thousand American dollars if things went the way she had planned it. And knowing Gamal's taste for the unusual, she was certain it would work.

"I've planned a surprise for you," Monique said, interrupting his thoughts of Jean. "Remember the experience we discussed this afternoon? Well, I've arranged for us to attend a very special party tonight."

"A party, what good will that do me? I've been to thousands already and it's never helped yet."

"I said a special party, Kevin, and I mean a very special one. Men and women do things to each other. Good things," she grinned slyly, waiting amusedly for his reaction. It certainly would be one of indignation at first, until she convinced him otherwise. Lord, what one had to go through to teach these youngsters about life!

Kevin's reaction was exactly as Monique had predicted. He blushed heavily and lowered his eyes from hers.

"You don't mean one of those French exhibition things do you?" he said quickly, "I've heard they're pretty raw."

"No, no, my dear boy. This is not a cheap exhibition. This is a very special

affair given by a very wealthy man. You can watch--and participate if you wish," Monique lowered her voice on the last sentence, an unmistakable invitation hidden subtly in it.

"I couldn't do that, Monique. What would Jean think of a man that got his kicks from watching others?" Kevin said, a flat note of refusal apparent in his voice. But Monique knew him better than he did himself and her appeal to his weak point began.

"Well, it isn't important. It's just that you may have learned something about lovemaking. Jean will expect that after your supposed good time in Paris. I don't think you want to disappoint her." Her eyes watched his face change slowly from stern objection to thoughtful consideration of her statement. She pushed him further.

"Remember also, a woman doesn't expect faithfulness from her husband as he does his wife. You've already seen her reaction to the little fiasco in Paris. She would have had a great deal more respect for you if you had known how to control yourself. I'm certain she wouldn't have bothered asking

herself, or you for that matter, where you got your experience."

She could feel Kevin weakening, just as she had anticipated. Like all others in the world, if you could justify something to their conscience, then it was all right, even though it had been latently present all along. No one ever did anything they really didn't subconsciously want to do from the beginning. Just supply the excuse, that was all that was necessary.

"You make these crazy things sound so logical, Monique," he said, looking at her with resigned acceptance.

"I was right about today, wasn't I?" she said, smugly. "If I hadn't headed you off and talked some sense into you, you would have been groveling at Jean's feet right this very minute."

"Yes, I suppose you're right," he admitted, "we can go and take a look, at least that much can't hurt."

"All right then, it's settled. Tonight, young man, you're going to get an education you'll never forget." Monique beamed, chuckling to herself at the double meaning that could be placed on her statement had he known the

actual

state of things. "Let's go have our dinner, the party starts about midnight."

They entered the door to the villa a little before one o'clock. The dinner had been long and pleasant. Monique had purposely drawn it out to make certain Kevin got enough wine and after dinner drinks to deaden his inhibitions. She didn't want him too alert tonight, particularly in the beginning of the party. Her timing had to be very good to pull this thing off and she couldn't afford to have him get too moralistic on her and want to leave before she could put her little plan into action.

An attendant took their coats at the door and Kevin followed Monique into the

large salon. As he adjusted his eyes to the light from the large crystal chandelier hanging from the frescoed ceiling, he could make out a small crowd

of people gathered around a bar in the corner. There couldn't have been over

twenty or twenty-five in all. It was evident that it was a fairly wealthy group as the men were in black tie and coats and the women, all young voluptuous girls around twenty, were in long evening gowns. Certainly they were not the wives of these men, as they were at least thirty years their

juniors in most cases.

Monique led him over to the bar and ordered drinks from the dark appearing bartender. Kevin couldn't place his nationality but it appeared to be Arabic of one form or another. He marveled at his quiet efficiency in handling the group of people without complaint. Some of them had obviously been there for

several hours and were beginning to get a little noisy. Kevin could not understand one word of the French and had to content himself with watching

their animated gestures with their hands.

"It seems those two are coming to blows in just a moment," he confided to Monique over his drink. He was watching two men violently shaking their fists at each other.

"Oh, no. Not the French, it's just that we use our hands a lot like the Italians," Monique laughed, "they are just discussing whether or not it will rain tomorrow."

He laughed with her, now understanding why he thought he had seen so many

"almost" fights in Paris but never the real thing.

"They'll scream and shake their fists until you are certain they are going to kill one another, but I have never seen one yet with the courage to strike," she added. "They will quiet down in a moment when things begin. Just watch."

"Just what exactly is this place," Kevin asked in a low whisper, still not certain he should have come. He would have preferred going back to his hotel and getting some rest for his meeting with his wife. He still needed to build up some courage in spite of Monique's assurance that she would melt like butter into his arms.

"It's a private club," Monique answered in a confidential tone. "The members are all nationalities and just fly in when a special party is being given. It's very exclusive and always has some extremely unique entertainment for them."

"What do you mean by unique?" he asked, his curiosity rising slightly now that he had finished another scotch.

"You'll see, my boy, you'll see before much longer. I guarantee you'll get quite a kick out of it." Monique smiled to herself again. She could hardly wait to see this pup taken down a peg or two. Innocence bored her, particularly from those who had it made all their lives.

"Oh, you must meet Gamal," Monique said suddenly, interrupting something else

she was going to say. "He's coming now."

Kevin turned his head and saw a short dark fat man approaching them from the

center of the room. He disliked him immediately. He looked like just the type to be running a place like this. Kevin's stomach recoiled as Monique introduced them and Gamal pressed his small well manicured hand into his, shaking it like a limp handkerchief. He could smell his thick over-sweet perfume hanging heavily in the air immediately surrounding his presence. It was sickening.

"Welcome to our little get together," Gamal smiled to them. "You could not have picked a better companion. Our little Monique is always welcome here with her friends."

Kevin reached for another drink from the bar as the fat insipid little man took Monique by the arm and squeezed tightly as though he owned her. He felt like pushing his fist straight into his flat oily little nose. He had never met anyone who repulsed him so much at first sight.

"You will be participating in our little games tonight, Mr. Taylor?" Gamal asked with a sly wink, nudging Monique in the ribs at the same time. "We have never had an American here before. I'm certain you would be quite popular with the ladies of the crowd."

"No, I don't think I will," Kevin said, an indignant tone apparent in his voice. "I prefer my love life to remain private."

"Ah yes, a moralist, I see," Gamal said with a subtle mocking smile. "Perhaps you will change your mind later. Now if you will excuse me, may I talk privately with your charming escort for a moment."

"Be my guest," Kevin replied coldly, turning back to the bar. He was beginning to feel his drinks and decided as soon as Monique finished talking

with that slime they would get out of here. He didn't like the setup at all and right now had no desire to see a trumped up exhibition with paid actors.

"Your little package arrived a few minutes ago, my dear," Gamal whispered with

a delighted smile when they were out of earshot of Kevin. "You have done well, I must say. I will add one hundred dollars to the usual price in reward for your excellent taste."

"My dear Gamal you have not taken a close look at the young lady or you wouldn't even consider such a ridiculous offer. She is worth double the usual

price if she is worth a franc. Come, let's go take a quick look at her. I'm certain you have missed a great deal of the quality."

"If you insist, my love," Gamal said with resignation. He knew he was not going to get this voluptuous young thing as cheaply as he had the others, but perhaps with luck, he could keep the price within reasonable bounds.

Monique followed him down the hallway from the Salon and into a room that had

a guard on the door. Jean was lying fully dressed on the bed, her eyes

closed

in sleep. Her dress had hiked up over the tops of her stockings and the smooth white flesh was tantalizingly visible up to her panties. She was the absolute picture of helpless innocence. Gamal liked that, Monique could tell. Her battle was almost won.

"Your desk-clerk friend gave her something to make her sleep during the trip

here in the car. He says she will awaken in a half an hour or so," Gamal explained as Monique purposely registered concern on her face. She had actually instructed Shalla to give her the light sleeping potion so she would make no great fuss when she was transferred from the hotel. She just hoped

that stupid Arab had not given her too much. She had to wake up soon or her

plans would be ruined.

"Oh, the poor dear, I do hope they handled her gently. She's so sweet," Monique poured the compliments on, she could tell by the slight beads of perspiration breaking out on Gamal's forehead that he was very eager to get his hot little hands on Jean's young body. It was just a question of the price now and she was ready to put her plan into operation.

"Why don't you strip her down completely, Gamal, you can get a better idea of

the true value that way," Monique slyly suggested, certain that he had already

lifted the sleeping girl's dress and peeked underneath. The slight guilty blush that passed over his face confirmed her suspicions. She smiled to herself in satisfaction. "I'll get us a drink while you are doing it and then we can discuss the final price with all the merchandise laid out before you. Business should be done like that," she smiled sweetly.

Gamal advanced eagerly on the bed as Monique left the room and made her way

happily back to the Salon. She was going to enjoy the evening. It was nice to be happy in one's work, particularly when the work was lucrative and presented a challenge as this one did. Yes, tonight should be an evening to remember.

She circled her arm through Kevin's, who had not seen her approaching from behind. "Such a sad face for such a handsome young man. Give me a drink and

I'll cheer you up," Monique squeezed his arm playfully.

"What did that creep want? He looks like he should be running a whore house in Tangiers."

"Do I detect a bit of jealousy, my love," Monique cooed, squeezing his arm a little tighter.

"Not of that fat little grease ball," he said gruffly, handing her another scotch.

"Come now, Kevin, that's our host you're insulting. Besides, Gamal can be rather pleasant at times. He does mean well."

"So what was he so secretive with you about?" he demanded, the alcohol putting him in an impatient mood.

"Oh, just to advise him on some new drapes for one of his guest rooms. He has no need for me, dear boy. He has one of your young American girls for the evening. At least that's what he said."

"An American girl. How did he get her here, kidnap her?"

"No, not *Gamal*, silly boy. He wouldn't do that kind of thing. She's evidently here because of frustration. She asked her desk-clerk where she could get some action, pardon the Americanism," she laughed with her pun, "and

he directed her here. There are many like that, you know. Their husbands don't keep them happy at home, so they play when they come to France. Frenchmen do have a reputation as lovers, even you must know that."

Kevin pulled deeper on his drink. "Well, maybe she needs it badly, but I can't understand any woman coming to a place like this."

"You'd be surprised how a woman needs it sometimes too. We're all flesh and

blood, even we females," she laughed. "You'll see."

"I think we had better get out of this place," Kevin said impatiently. "It depresses me."

"Oh, nonsense. Finish your drink and order us another," Monique said, draining her glass. "I want to show you around a bit and then we can leave."

It's quite an interesting house. You might even enjoy it. Gamal is very clever."

Monique took Kevin's hand after their fresh drinks had arrived and led him out

of the Salon. He was amazed at the splendor of the rooms through which they

passed. Arab mosaics and inlaid ivory panels abounded through the house. It

must have cost a fortune just for the interior of the rooms. No expense had

been spared.

Monique led him down one hallway into a theater-like chamber. It had couches

arranged in a circular seating pattern around a large round bed, the largest

Kevin had ever seen. It must have been twenty feet across and had a strange

circular post about six inches across coming right up through the center of the mattress. It stood up about four feet from the surface of the bed and had

a short rope with manacles hanging down that was attached through a ring on top of the post.

"This little room, as you can see, is the theater. Quite a nice stage don't you think," Monique joked with a twinkle in her eyes.

"Yes," Kevin answered grimly. "I see by the handcuffs and rope that your sneaky friend Gamal has many unwilling actors too."

"Yes, they are sometimes, but for the most part they enjoy it, even if they so resist at first. I've seen some fantastic changes come over girls who are being ravished at first against their will."

"Well, certainly no one with the correct upbringing could ever enjoy making a public spectacle of themselves. I think he has them fake it."

"You'd be surprised, my boy, at what hidden devils lurk beneath most of us, even the most conservative. We're still not too far removed from animals, you know."

"I can see your friend isn't, but I think you're wrong about the majority," Kevin objected. "At least, I hope you're wrong. Otherwise there isn't much

hope for the future of the world."

"I think you're being a bit melodramatic, Kevin. After all, what harm does it do if a group of people want to privately amuse themselves this way?
Perhaps

it's a better solution than you Americans with your bottles upon bottles of tranquilizers or stuffed psychiatrists offices. You people go to your headshrinkers and say; "Doctor, I'm sick, I have dreams of seeing people making love, I can't get it off my mind. Then he tells you about some far distant event that occurred when you were two years old that's supposed to explain it and cure you. That kind of thing never cures, it merely gives one the justification they need for thinking about sex without guilt. Here, when we feel like seeing an exhibition, we go see one. It's a simple and practical solution. Satisfies everyone. No doctors or tranquilizers."

"And what about the poor people on stage," Kevin said, speaking a little more harshly. "There are better occupations to earn ones living."

"Like a chimney sweep? No, my dear young man, for every voyeur that likes to

watch there's an exhibitionist that likes to show it to him. Most people end up in the occupation that most suits their talents whether they will admit it

or not. If it happens to be less than their aspirations they blame it on bad luck or circumstances. A slight change of aspiration is much more practical."

"Well, regardless, I think it's a rotten business and I think that pig friend of yours should be shot."

"Let's not fight about it, Kevin," Monique retreated. She didn't want to get him too upset. His state of mind was perfect now for her next step in the plan. Gamal would be quite surprised at their little interruption. She was looking forward with extreme delight at the confrontation that was now ready to take place. "Come I'll show you some of the other rooms before we go. Perhaps you'll change your mind about our host."

Kevin followed her through a series of smaller rooms. They were equipped with every known perverse device Kevin had ever heard of and then some. He was growing rapidly more ill with each new disclosure. Each seemed to be worse than the one before. He could not comprehend how anyone could enjoy having relations with some of the devices. He just wanted to get out of this sick place as quickly as possible and followed Monique more with a sense of duty

for her assistance with his problem than anything else.

They stopped before the door with the guard. Monique had entered with Gamal

before so the guard made no move to stop them.

"This is the room where the American girl was to be entertained. She didn't want to join the crowd outside for her first experience," Monique explained to

the listlessly following Kevin. He stepped through the door and adjusted his eyes to the dim light.

Suddenly, Kevin's heart leaped to his throat!

In the dim light of the bed lamp was a completely stripped girl lying on the bed. Her head was turned away from the door groaning and the fat Arab had his

face buried deep between her wide splayed thighs licking at her cunt like a hungry pig. He was completely dressed and his black suit contrasted distinctly with the whiteness of the weakly protesting girls skin. Kevin instinctively stepped back to leave the room when the still groaning girl turned her face, eyes closed tight, toward the door.

The shock shot through him without warning, like a thunderbolt! His knees sagged momentarily.

It was his wife!

It took seconds for the full impact of the spectacle to hit him. This dirty Arab had his young wife down on the bed slobbering over her naked body lie an

animal! His muscles coiled, and Kevin threw himself at the hated figure like a wild bull, knocking Monique out of the way like a store dummy. She screamed

just as Kevin landed on the totally unprepared Gamal, sending his fat body rolling across the bed like a bowling ball. He landed on the floor with a thud knocking the table and lamp over with a crash and Kevin was right on him,

fists flailing like a windmill. He could feel the soft flabby flesh of the oil face giving way beneath his driving knuckles like so much putty. He wrapped his hands around the stunned Arabs throat and began beating his head

against the floor with all his strength. He was a man gone mad and there was

no reasoning left in him. He wanted to kill this vermin more than anything

else in the world, to destroy him for daring to touch his helpless wife this way.

The guard rushed through the door and leaped across the bed, swinging wildly

at Kevin's head with the club he carried. He connected with a sickening thud

and Kevin slumped over on the floor with a dizzying blackness enveloping him, the light of the room faded painfully from his eyes. There was nothing but a great churning dark sea and he was sinking helplessly down into it, until even that disappeared--

"Want to buy her for the show tonight, my love," Monique cooed down at the Arab who was trying to rise dizzily from the floor.

"Are you mad," he spat at her. "Who is this crazy fool anyway?"

"He's her jealous husband, luv. He might enjoy watching her perform," Monique

suggested coyly. "That would be sweet revenge and would give you something

different for your clients. They are quite particular, I understand."

Gamal rubbed his throbbing head. What the woman was saying made sense for his

clients and it would be a welcome revenge. No one ever touched him and this young punk had dared. Yes, it would be sweet. He obviously was the wildly jealous type. It would be good to make him squirm.

"Done," he said. "It shall be a pleasure to pay such an intelligent woman the additional amount this little trick obviously costs."

"You're sweet to do business with, my dear Gamal. I was going to charge you two thousand American more, but it will be only one thousand if you will give me a car to take me to Paris now and put out of the way a certain desk clerk named Shalla, at the Pensione Afrique. Do it slowly, please."

"Both shall be done, my dear," Gamal answered with new respect for the business acumen she had presented. He liked people that could think well. "I

see we shall be doing much business together in the future, your imagination impresses me greatly."

"Thank you, Gamal. I promise to keep your stables full with the best of the

young foreigners I can find. Now, if you'll give me the money I shall be on the way. I want to reach Paris before tomorrow noon. A new group of British girls are coming through on tour. Perhaps, I will have something else for you soon."

"Wonderful," Gamal smiled, peeling the bills from his wallet. "We shall be waiting."

"Oh," Monique turned back as she started out the door, the money placed safely

in her handbag. "Don't worry about the young girl not giving a good performance. She has received a good dose of aphrodisiac. It should last for

several hours after she is fully awake. You won't need the manacles."

Gamal licked his lips in anticipation of the coming spectacle as he waved goodbye. Yes, this Monique was clever. Who else would have ever thought of

such an original, yet simple idea. He would enjoy it too. This little bastard, who did he think he was? He deserved everything he was going to get.

The room was blurred a dark gray and out of focus. A low hum of voices surrounded him. Kevin groaned, and shook his head to clear the cob-webs that

kept his thoughts from coming through clearly. He tried to move. He couldn't. It felt as though he were wrapped tightly in a cocoon and the glazed

picture of a colorful butterfly escaping and bursting forth into the air to freedom flickered through his mind. He was somewhere whirling in a great vacuum, but where, he didn't know. A dulling ache grew at the side of his head as the whirling slowed and his vision cleared slightly. He could see the white shapes of faces now that seemed to be peering right at him from all around a room.

A room that he suddenly recognized!

It was the room with the round bed and it was filled with people staring at him. The picture became more clear by the second and he could see amusement

in their eyes. He tried to move again but still was held tightly in place.

"Welcome to our little party, Mr. Taylor," Kevin heard a voice sneer softly at his side. He painfully turned his head toward the sound and saw the fat, now

leering Gamal, smiling directly into his eye. He had a white bandage plastered

above his left eye and his nose was swollen slightly. An evil grin lined his lips.

Kevin suddenly remembered! That horrible scene with Jean on the bed and this

pig touching her naked body. His full senses roared back to him and he tried to lunge at the smiling face but discovered that he was bound tightly to his chair from his shoulders down to his ankles. He tried to shout, but the sound

was choked back by a thick cotton gag held in place by a white scarf. Kevin was completely helpless. The bonds held him fast.

"We are happy to have you Mr. Taylor, after your disgraceful little show a while back," Gamal smiled to him from the next seat. "We have arranged something to teach you the etiquette of sharing. You Americans really are a bit selfish, you know. Your sweet little wife doesn't object nearly as much as you do. In fact, she rather seems to enjoy it. I did try it after your silly interruption and I must say, with a little training, she has excellent possibilities."

Kevin strained harder against his ropes until they were cutting into him like wet rawhide. He pictured with anguish Jean's white virginal body squirming helpless beneath this filth. He would kill this son-of-a-bitch if he had harmed her. What had happened to her? What had happened to Monique? His

first question was answered a moment later as he still struggled in his chair.

An announcer stood up from his seat, raising his hands for silence. A hush fell over the room as those present leaned forward to hear his introductory remarks about the evenings performance.

"Tonight my friends," he smiled intimately, "we have a special treat. You know we always strive for the unusual so that you, our members, receive the superior entertainment you deserve. We have had many variations of shows, all

of which I think you have appreciated. But tonight--tonight, I believe we have the most interesting of all. We have seen many rapes here, both male and

female." He paused a moment to give his speech more effectiveness, "but we

have never had the interesting situation of a young bride ravished before the

eyes of her new husband. Particularly one as possessive as this. We have

decided to substitute her in the act as his fair punishment for the unwarranted attack upon our benefactor." A slight ripple of amused laughter ran through the room at this statement. "And she is certain to enjoy it, even if he doesn't. We have chosen an exceptional partner for her tonight. You have seen him perform before and is one of our favorites. I would like to re-introduce to you, "Pierre," our little French friend."

The crowd broke into a light restrained applause in keeping with the social positions of most present. It was apparent they were pleased with the selection. Kevin's eyes bulged in disbelief as a short dwarf-like man of not more than four feet tall entered the room by the side door and bowed before the crowd. His eyes were small and sunk deep in his ugly over-sized head. There was unmistakable cruelty registered in them, the look of a man who had been teased an his life and who enjoyed taking it out on others more helpless than he when he had the chance.

The dwarf, without further fanfare, stripped the robe he was wearing from his small deformed body and handed it to a waiting attendant like a barer

preparing to go into the ring. The crowd gasped at the size of his cock. It was huge relative to the size of his body and hung down almost below his knees

even in the soft state. He was obviously proud of it as he took it in both hands and walked around the edge of the circle displaying it to the spectators. He stopped in front of the straining Kevin and with a small teasing grin, stroked it into a semi-hardness. Kevin could not take his eyes from the growing fleshy rod, unable to believe that it was going to be the instrument that would ravish his helpless wife in front of this depraved crowd. At last, he clenched his eyes tightly shut to close out the horrible sight.

The dwarf moved close to him, his grinning mouth a few inches from his ear.

"I understand she is very young and tender, my friend. They are my favorite

kind. Pierre will show her what a lover is like. You know you must treat them as dirt or they will not respect you. Have you done that to her?" He reached

up and pulled Kevin's ear in a teasing manner that was pleasing to the crowd.

Snickers of amusement raced through Kevin's ears above the taunting voice of

the dwarf. He could not believe this was happening. It was a nightmare and

he would awaken soon and Jean would be lying peacefully next to him in bed. That was the way it had to be. This couldn't be real, things didn't happen this way in the civilized world.

The hissing face of the taunting deformed little creature moved closer to Kevin's, his foul breath nauseating him.

"Have you ever fucked your wife in the ass, my friend?" the dwarf raised his

voice so that the crowd could hear him better. Kevin's desperate shout came

through the gag as a mumble, his eyes flashed hate at the taunting face.

Gamal was almost rolling in laughter next to him, tears streaming from his eyes as the teasing continued. "No, you wouldn't, not you. I can tell, you have absolutely no imagination. I must teach you things about controlling a woman," he laughed, turning his short over developed body toward the bed.

"Bring me the little cunt. I think lesson number one should begin."

With this, the side door through which the dwarf had appeared, opened again.

An attendant came into view, leading Jean by the hand behind him. Kevin was

startled into immobility. He froze, unable to move, his eyes bulging from their sockets like fisheyes. He watched his wife being led unresisting toward the dwarf and the bed like a lamb to the slaughter and he could not help. Tears began to stream from his eyes and he strained against the ropes, but it was hopeless. They had made certain he could not interfere.

He tried to close his eyes as the attendant stripped the robe from her, exposing her luscious naked body beneath it. He moaned as he saw the horrible little dwarf reach up, his hands high above his head, and knead her full exposed tits with his gnarled little fingers. He waited for Jean's scream. None came. Instead, her mouth dropped open in a dazed rapture. She looked as though she was hardly conscious and yet she moved. Her eyelids appeared heavy and her eyes glassy, a slight mewl escaped from her lips as the dwarf pinched the nipples hard and moved his head forward. His face was even with her smooth white belly and his tongue snaked out and teased into her navel, bringing another mewl from her open mouth Kevin watched in transfixed horror

as the slobbering lips traced a path down the smooth flat plane to the soft pubic hair guarding her secret parts. The dwarf's hands dropped and placing a thumb on either side of the fleshly lips of her cunt, he pulled them gently apart. The great slobbering tongue leapt forward burying itself in Wee exposed slit with a wet sluicing sound.

Kevin could not believe the sight before him. Instead of fighting with all her strength against these humiliating acts, his wife had instantly turned into a groaning mass of passion. She moved her feet far apart on the floor like a native dancer and tangled her hands in the dwarfs hair pulling his face tight into her crotch. She ground her hips sensuously in time to the darting tongue that probed hotly up into her wide split pussy. Her eyes were closed and her mouth hung open in undisguised ecstasy.

It couldn't be Jean! It couldn't be the young virginal bride he had just married several days ago!

Kevin's mind whirled in utter confusion as his eyes remained glued to the lewd spectacle taking place in front of him. Monique's words drifted hauntingly

back to him--American girl--wants to try it--frustrated--God!-- is that what happened? She couldn't be here of her own free will, she just couldn't.

Something was wrong. Something was wrong! The words screamed through his

tortured mind. Monique couldn't be right, she just couldn't!

The scene belied his thoughts. It was Jeans It was his bride of a few days but not the one he knew, not the cold frigid girl he had wrestled with in the back seat of cars so many centuries ago. This was a new creature, one that he

did not know. She was goading the deformed little man on with her hands and

pumping hips like a nymphomaniac gone wild. Her muscles strained under the tightness of her skin and Kevin could see the cords of her inner thighs standing out like taunt ropes ready to snap against the pressure as she thrust

her pelvis forward again and again against the munching face buried deep into

her already throbbing cunt.

"You see, my young friend, she does not need your assistance. She does well by herself," Gamal's amused voice spoke beside him. "Relax and enjoy the show. Your bride has just begun to exhibit her talents."

Kevin's resistance was crushed. He had fought with all his strength against the ropes holding him to the chair. He had wanted to tear the vicious little animal attacking his wife to pieces, but it was now she who was attacking. She had pushed the dwarf back to the bed, still holding his face tightly between her crotch and sat full down on it with her squirming buttocks. She was straddling the whipping tongue, grinding his head back down into the mattress until it was only half visible, his hair protruding bushily from between her full thighs, his legs kicking back toward the edge of the bed to catch his breath. It was she who was doing the ravishing, animal grunts of lust coming in torrents from her lips. It was obvious to the crowd, half of whom were now stripped of their clothing, that she was racing for a climax already, her body completely out of control.

The dwarf was helpless in her desperate grip. He was trying with all his strength to throw her from his suffocating body but to no avail. He would have choked in another second had not helpful hands from the assistants pulled the jerking girl's body from him. She screamed in protest, her legs kicking futilely out into the empty air.

He sat up choking and sputtering, his face beet red from the lack of air.

"Turn her over, turn her over," he half shouted, "I'll show the fucking bitch who's master here."

His face was blue with rage. He had lost control of the situation. The crowd

was laughing at him and too many crowds had laughed at him. He had to show them. He had to make this bitch scream and scream good.

Kevin sickened, as he watched Jean's flailing body twisted about on the bed until she was lying flat on her stomach. Her belly ground into the mattress still striving hopelessly for the near orgasm just out of reach.

The dwarf took her by the ankles and spread her long slim legs wide apart. He

crawled up on his knees between her full thighs and spread the cheeks of her

ass with his hands. From Kevin's position, he could see clearly the tiny tight ass hole nestled in the crevice. He thought he could see it throbbing as it anticipated the dwarfs next move. His hand ran up the inside of her thigh all the way to the wetness of his wife's open cunt and his head dropped

to kiss the smooth oval ass cheeks, his tongue trailing down to lick the crevice between then

Kevin could see the skin straining around the hole as the thumbs of the dwarf

pulled at the flesh around it. His fingers probed at the puckered little red inlet like teasing needles. His wife groaned beneath him

"Spread 'em wider," the dwarf commanded.

Jean's legs opened until her toes were hanging over the rounded edges of the

bed behind her. They were almost at right angles with her body. Kevin thought she would split. The dwarfs finger probed and he could hear her groan

as it entered. She jumped forward slightly from the unexpected pain, her mouth wincing in unheeded protest. She strained back at the intruding finger

as the rubbery flesh closed over it in forced acceptance. A flicker of surprised pleasure passed over her face as it dug to the first knuckle.

He moved it around in the tight expanding hole in preparation of what was to

follow, sawing it in and out expanding the tiny anus more and more. Jean wriggled her hips back against it, her hands clawing at the mattress in front of her. He dug another finger in, this time it hurt. A short muffled squeal escaped from her lips as she buried her face into the covers. But the dwarf persisted, placing one hand in the small of her back and pinning her to the mattress. He screwed both fingers into her mercilessly, stretching the tiny puckered anus until she grunted in pain each time he twisted his hand. She was being skewered like a helpless animal on a spit.

Kevin watched in horror at the cruel subjugation of his wife by the deformed

little monster. His mind registered disbelief as her flushed face, the hair strewn down over it, began to register joy. Her mouth opened and began to pant and mewl as the cruel fingers worked around and around deep up her wide-stretched rectum. The ugly dwarf grinned as he prodded at the defenseless asshole like an avenging angel. Jean squirmed beneath his cruel probes in total surrender.

"Fuck me there!" she suddenly screamed, turning her head to the side so that

he could look down on it. "Screw my ass! Screw my ass!"

Kevin's stomach sickened as the dwarf pulled the fingers out of his young writhing wife. They seemed to come out reluctantly, the pink clasping skin clinging to them until they withdrew with a wet vacuum-like sucking noise.

He pushed the cheeks apart again with his hands and dropped his face into the

crevice. His tongue licked at the quivering hole teasingly until the squirming girl couldn't stand it another minute.

"Oh God, fuck it! Fuck it, please!" she breathed in a thick passionate plea.

"Quick, quick, or I'll die!"

"Kneel, you little cunt," he ordered from behind her.

Kevin watched in horrified stillness as his wife struggled to her knees, presenting the rounded white orbs of her buttocks up to the now wildly aroused

dwarf. He stood up between her wide-spread thighs directly behind her, his huge cock standing straight out with the head resting in her split crevice.

He was just the right height with him standing and her kneeling.

"Tickle my balls, you slut," he commanded gleefully. She was at his mercy

and

he intended to take full advantage of it. He was at his best when he could humiliate. His eyes roamed over triumphantly to the tortured face of Kevin who watched his helpless bride reach back under her body like an automate and

gently stroke at the hairy testicles dangling down between her spread thighs.

She stroked at them hungrily, as though they were sacred eggs that shouldn't

be broken.

"Now put it in, bitch," he commanded roughly. Her hands moved hesitantly from

the softness of the balls and grasped his huge rock-hard cock. A sudden expression of fear flashed through her eyes as her fingers wrapped around it

and perceived for the first time the enormity of the throbbing instrument. She stroked it experimentally, indecision apparent on her tortured face.

"Put it in, I said," he snarled again, digging his fingers harshly into the tops of her thighs.

Jean submitted to the cold command and pressure of his hands and placed

the

tip against the tight hairless opening. Kevin could see it begin probing and working against her anus, the muscles of the dwarfs stomach standing out as he

strained forward. It was worming its way into her, looking like a giant battering ram trying to force its way into his bride's quivering behind. He clenched his eyes tightly shut as the straining nether ring suddenly gave way before the pressure and the huge head popped inside with a sudden rush. A slight hiss of escaping air could be heard as it entered.

He watched her hopelessly trying to pull away but the dwarf, grinning lasciviously behind, held her tight.

"Oooooohhh," she groaned from the pain, her face contorted tightly from the first ravishment of her defenseless anus. His pressing thighs forced her forward and she began slipping away.

"Shove it back, shove it back!" the dwarf shouted.

Jean hunched back suddenly in automatic obedience to the loud command. To the

bereaved Kevin her body looked like that of a pet dog straining back on all

fours against his master's leash. The dwarf, spittle now drooling from his lips, hugged her waving hips tight and pushed with all his strength against her futile screams

"Oh God, it hurts, it hurts, it's too big, too big!"

But the hard fleshy rod surged forward battering the rubbery resistant flesh

before it without mercy.

"Oooohhh, Oooohhh," she groaned as his pelvis suddenly smacked loudly against

the softness of her twin white buttocks. The rampaging instrument was buried

to the balls in her nearly split anus. She was hopelessly impaled.

Now gasping with arousal at the voluptuous white body skewered on the end of

his stiff fleshy rod, he began sawing rhythmically deep into the pink inflamed

passage.

And before the unbelieving eyes of her husband, Jean began to move

backwards

to meet the forward thrusts of the dwarfs body. She was reveling _n the lewd

sodomizing of her backside like a slave of old bending before her cruel

master. The dwarf rammed into her with hard cruel thrusts, watching the pink

flesh follow the probing cock out on the backstroke as though it were fighting

its withdrawal. The pain suddenly seemed strangely pleasant to her and she turned her head from side to side, her hair thrashing against the bed so that

the audience could follow her feelings by the reflection in her face. Her teeth were bared back over her lips in a masochistic joy that pictured to the hypnotized onlookers the feelings of the giant cock boring into her.

Kneeling above her, the dwarf watched with sadistic delight his cock pushing and pulling at the pink flesh surrounding her clasping asshole. His eyes locked on Kevin's evilly and he began a series of brutal hard thrusts that sent the still growing member sinking to the hilt in his wife's wide-split crevice. His balls smacked rhythmically against her cunt below bringing further mewlings of pleasure hissing through her clenched teeth. Her glazed

eyes stared unseeingly around the room. Kevin thought he saw them stop on

him

and a flicker of puzzled recognition pass through them, but with another hard

jolt from the dwarf sawing into her anus, they jerked away in reflex to the sudden pain. She had forgotten him. There was nothing left for him. Monique

had been right. Jean had come of her own free will. Her wild uninhibited exhibition with this deformed monster in front of him proved it. And she was

enjoying it so much that she didn't even recognize her own husband. Small wet

tears formed in the corners of his eyes as he watched his bride's total subjugation to the dwarf.

He saw the white vicious penis disappearing all the way up her gyrating ass with each cruel stroke. Not a bit could be seen left as it buried itself into the tight resistant passage, the straining cock reaching far into her shaking belly. Kevin wondered when it was going to explode. He couldn't bear to see that. That would be too much to see someone else shooting his cum far into his wife's defenseless ass. The humiliation would be too great for him to stand.

But even as the tears swelled in his eyes from the horrible thought, he watched Jean's face flushing a bright red, her head turning from side to side,

her long black hair strewn down over her sweating forehead like a mad woman.

She was panting for more.

"Ooohh, fuck it, fuck it, on, on," she gasped as the dwarf pressed tight against her soft buttocks and rotated the head around and around deep inside

her rectum. Her moaning was adding to his pleasure and his hands crawled over

her buttocks and back kneading the flesh like fresh dough. Bright red welts followed his fingers as they dug into her tender milk white skin.

"Oh, yes," she panted, even at the pain, "keep it up, keep it up."

He pulled it out almost to the tip of the blood-filled head so that the audience could see the giant inflated testicles ready to explode. It was apparent to them now that he was just holding it back to torment the squirming

impaled girl longer. This was part of his pleasure, this was his ultimate reward.

He reached down and pulled her ass cheeks wide apart beginning to drive his pelvis into her soft yielding buttocks with hard vicious smacks that resounded

through the room. His sweating face dripped onto her lovely hollowing back making it glisten in the light over the bed. His breath came in short puffing gasps like a runner, his eyes locked down on the whiteness of her quivering body that slipped over his plunging cock like a tight fitting glove. He had lost control of himself as he felt his cock growing like a tire inflating.

His balls hung heavy from the sperm building there and they had to be emptied

soon or burst from the excruciatingly delicious pressure.

Jean mumbled incoherently beneath his pounding hips behind her. She waved her

ass salaciously back against his eager thrusts. She wanted him to cum. She wanted him to shoot his great wad of sperm deep into her belly. She wanted him to split her open and drown her in its loveliness. She could feel a great wetness in the crevice of her ass and there was no longer any pain, only a feeling of being filled, filled as she had never been before. Her shoulders dropped to the mattress so that her ass was now sticking high up in the air and the great plunging cock could fuck her at will. Her eyes gazed at the

side and a hazy figure came into focus for a moment. Was it Kevin? No, the thought that she had been fooled before drifted crazily through her mind. He

was gone, gone forever. There was nothing now but this great fleshy mass filling her with pleasure and pain and the pain was pleasure too. She ground happily back against it as she felt it throb into a hugeness that could mean only one beautiful thing.

He was going to cum! Kevin numbly watched the dwarf throw his head back and

groan as he thrust the cock's full expanded length into his wife's full stretched rectum, his body jerking convulsively, his hands pulling at her flesh like the talons of a hungry hawk. He screamed, uttering strange crazy sounds that mixed wildly with the obscene insults he hurled spitefully at Kevin's vanquished bride writhing on her knees beneath him.

"Ohhh, baby, ooohhh daddy's coming you little fucking bitch, oh, yes. Screw back! Screw back!"

Jean, beneath his pounding body felt the first delicious waves of the hot white liquid creaming into the depths of her rectum. It ran through her body

like the first warning shock waves of a great tidal eruption, smacking into her belly and rebounding around like a great licking tongue sunk deep inside her. She screamed her own release at the same time as it gushed from her open

cunt, drenching the dwarfs hairy balls pressed tightly against the spewing opening. His cum ran down the crevice of her wide-split buttocks and they mingled together in a single stream of thick viscous fluid, attesting to the animal joy of their unnatural coupling.

Gamal's revenge was complete as the dwarf pulled his wet shining cock from the

still kneeling girls forever expanded rectum. This would teach this bastard this bastard American to burst in on him when he was just beginning to enjoy himself. He reached over and put his hand under Kevin's unresisting chin and

turned his face toward him. "I shall take her next in the privacy of my own quarters. I think my little friend has broken her in to my liking. I want to finish her education my way. I am not so gentle and understanding." His beady evil little eyes gleamed at the helpless resignation in Kevin's look.

Tears still trailed down his cheeks from the humiliation of watching his lovely young wife ravished cruelly before him and even participating in her

own humiliation. She did all this without even recognizing him. His spirit was completely crushed by the horrible experience and he made no move to resist when he was led from the room. He did not even look back at the bed where Jean was just beginning to stir again. There was nothing left for them.

He would take the first plane home tomorrow.

There was nothing else he could do for her or himself. She had found her place. Now he had to go home and find his in this rotten world if he could. He had never felt so lost and useless in his entire life.

He was accompanied to the front door by several of Gamal's men and with his

hands still bound tightly behind his back put in the back seat of a long black limousine and driven in a round about way back to his hotel. No one spoke a word until the car pulled up at the curb and his hands had been released

"Monsieur Gamal said to give you this," the thick dark man sitting next to him

in the back seat said handing him a manila envelope. "You will have need of it when you return to the States."

Without speaking, Kevin automatically reached for the packet and placed it in

his inside coat pocket as he stepped from the car. He stood for a solitary moment watching it pull away from the curb and enter the heavy stream of traffic still flowing along the wide boulevard even at this late hour.

There goes my last chance of ever finding Jean, he thought dryly as it disappeared into the blinding cover of the oncoming sea of headlights a block down the street. He half walked, half staggered to the door of the hotel, too

tired and emotionally upset to feel or do anything right now. He would worry about it tomorrow when his senses returned and then do something--if there was

anything to be done. He had a lot of thinking to do before that plane left tomorrow afternoon.

Kevin awoke the next morning to the loud medley of traffic and street vendor

sounds that carried up through his window from the street five stories below.

His head felt as though a pile-driver were crushing down on it and the thick cotton taste in his mouth almost nauseated him. He groaned, and sat up in bed, blinking his eyes at the full bright rays of sun that trickled in through

the breeze fluttering curtains.

It was a short moment before he could recall where he was and what he was doing in this strange European looking room that had the washbasin right out in the open next to the bed. Then, slowly the entire sordid nightmare of the night before flickered back through his fogged mind. He groaned aloud and fell back to the pillow as the horrid vision of Jean's body squirming down on her knees in front of that dwarf who had sodomized her mercilessly bored itself deep in his brain. He clenched his fists tightly together until the whites of his knuckles showed as he recalled the ecstatic abandoned look of joy on her face as she had let herself be screwed like a common whore in front

of all those people. And she had been loving it. He tried to the best of his ability to understand, to make himself understand and find an excuse for her,

but there could be none He had seen her. He had seen her doing it, not once,

but twice if he included the fat Arab that had been licking her in that room when he had walked in unexpectedly. Monique had said the girl was there for

some unusual kicks and she had no reason to lie to him, plus she did not even know it was Jean until they entered the room. She had just been told by that

Arab Gamal that it was some American girl who wanted to taste the seamier side

of French night-life. It was just by their accidental rummaging around through the place that they had burst in on those two.

Well, she had certainly tasted it and in first class style. He wondered how many others present at that little gathering had tried it too after he had been sent away from the place. Jean had looked like she might be in the mood

to show half the room a good time. It was just strange that he had never recognized the nymphomaniac streak in her before or that it had never shown

itself during some of their sessions in the back seat of his car when they had

been dating or at least back in the hotel room in Paris where she had screamed

so convincingly at his advances.

Perhaps Monique had been right. Women are strange creatures and there is no

way of knowing what their reaction to a given situation will be until they are actually placed in that situation. He could have never in his wildest dreams have imagined that underneath the stiff upper New England facade of

respectability in Jean that such an uncontrolled demon of passion smoldered.

And what was more mysterious and difficult to understand, was how it was set

off so violently in the short span of a few days since she had run away from him in Paris. There was so much he could not understand and so many questions

he wanted answered that it caused his head to throb more than it already did.

But, he had to know some of these things before he left Jean here even though

she had done so much to him in the last few hours. He would at least ask a few questions to ease his own mind if he could find the right places.

Later, after he had pulled himself from his bed and shaved and showered, he had coffee downstairs at the restaurant and planned out his days itinerary.

He had called the airline office and found that he could get the plane for Paris with direct connections to New York at seven o'clock tonight. That should give him plenty of time to go to the hotel that Jean had indicated in her cable to him and ask a few questions. He could possibly find out what happened to Monique also. He had wondered where she had gone after he had

been knocked unconscious last night and decided she had probably gotten out of

the place. He couldn't blame her very much under the circumstances after they

had seen Jean lying under that Arab friend of hers, with her legs spread wide

open in invitation. She had probably been so upset with what she had seen that she had gone on back to Paris. He couldn't blame her very much after all

she had done to try and patch things up between two juvenile young newlyweds.

He would at least like to let her know that he didn't blame her for the way things had turned out. She had no way of knowing what Jean was really like or

that she would turn nympho overnight. How could she possibly know if even her own husband didn't. He paid the waiter for the coffee and stepped out of

the hotel to hail a taxi clutching the address of the hotel in his hand. The hall porter had said it wasn't too far away but had had a funny expression on his face when he mentioned the district it was located in but Kevin shrugged it off. Nothing mattered too much now anyway and he was just taking the trip

to satisfy a vague curiosity about Jean's sudden about face. Last night had destroyed any love he felt for her and nothing he found out today would make

any difference in his plans to go home and file for divorce immediately.

Shalla, when he heard the footsteps on the stairs leading up to the second floor desk leaped to his feet in excitement. He had been waiting for Monique

to return with his share of the price for the American girl since early this morning. He had been counting with glee over and over again the money he had

made from her yesterday and it was a considerable amount considering she had

taken on between twenty and thirty customers not including the amount he made

for the exhibition she put on with the African. Now, with his share of her sale to the syndicate, he could start his own business again and be on easy street. He had hoped this time it was her coming up the stairs but as they drew nearer a slight tinge of disappointment crossed over his brow. The steps

were too heavy. It was not a woman, just probably another tired seaman who

wanted a room for the night He was surprised suddenly when an American appeared at the top of the steps looking as though he had just stepped from the advertising section of one of those American men's magazines Shalla had

sometimes seen, old and used, in the barbershop. He must be wealthy and perhaps looking for a woman for the day. Why else would he come down to

this

section of town. Damn, if he only had the American girl here now he could probably get four or five times the price he would have from the customers he had sold to yesterday.

"May I help you, Monsieur," he purred in his best English, hoping to make an immediate impression on him. He enjoyed speaking to them first in English and always getting the query, "Why, how did you know I was American?" It was strange that they didn't even know themselves they always looked so different from Europeans in their neat looking ever- pressed suits and shirts.

Kevin looked at the desk clerk for a moment before answering. He was still stunned by the appearance of the neighborhood when he had gotten out of the cab downstairs. There were nothing but cheap looking bars, sailors, and prostitutes for blocks. Why on earth had Jean chosen a place like this to stay in unless she were really looking for a chance to wallow in filth. Had she gone completely out of her mind. It certainly would appear that way.

"I--I wonder if you might answer a few questions for me," he managed to stammer after an uncomfortable moment.

"Certainly," Shalla grinned, sensing that there was some money to be made here

if he played his cards right. Truly this was his week of "bonne chance" and rebirth. "Anything that Shalla does not know about Marseille, Monsieur, is not worth knowing."

"I would like some information about a girl," Kevin said softly, his voice lowered in suspicion of the unsavory looking character standing in front of him.

"Ah, but you have come to the right place," Shalla answered in a low confidential voice so endemic to pimps. "I can arrange any type you want, Monsieur, or any color. And it will not be too expensive. You have come to the right man."

"I--I didn't mean that kind of woman," Kevin quickly corrected. "I mean a woman that was registered here at your hotel. A young American one."

Shalla's grin suddenly faded as the recognition flickered through his mind. He suddenly recalled the cable the American girl had sent to Paris. This was her husband! Panic seized him for a moment as thoughts of the police following close behind came to him. He had sudden frightening thoughts of the entire transaction being destroyed by an over-zealous husband and with that the destruction of his profits from the deal. This would ruin him and his plans for his business that he had spent the whole morning dwelling on

"H--Have you seen her?" Kevin's voice interrupted his thought. "Her name was Taylor, Jean Taylor."

"I--I don't know, Monsieur, if I can help you," Shalla hesitated, placing his finger against his chin as though trying to recall. "I am not always on duty here."

"It would mean a great deal to me," Kevin offered. "I will pay you well for any information you can give me."

Shalla sensed that he should just deny any knowledge whatsoever of the girl but the mention of money started his mind working again. He could kill two

birds with one stone by misleading the American and still take his money for the information even if it was false.

"Perhaps if Monsieur could describe the young lady," he ventured cautiously, "you see we have so many customers, particularly during the tourist season. I

don't know if I would recognize her."

"I think you would remember her if you saw her " Kevin said. "She was a very

pretty girl with long dark hair. Twenty-three years old and built very well."

The thoughts of the American girl's body thrashing under him in wild abandon

that first day drifted back to Shalla as Kevin continued his description. He felt a slight tinge in his prick as he thought back on it. Yes, he mused silently to himself, she did have a nice body and again a surge of secret power rippled through him as he listened to her husband stand before him and

describe a being that he in all probability knew better than he did. He wondered what his reaction would be if he knew that he had fucked her silly not long ago and then watched while multitudes of others used her body for any

purpose they wanted for hours on end. Yes, it did give him a secret sense of power to listen to this poor fool here who probably was looking upon him as nothing but a dirty illiterate Arab as his wife did when she first came into the hotel. Perhaps he could make up a story that would be half true that would bring him down a peg or two. He would enjoy watching him squirm.

"And, oh yes, she was traveling with an older French woman. Nice looking also

and about thirty-nine or forty years old," Kevin added as he finished describing Jean to the apparently close listening Shalla.

"Yes," Shalla finally said after a long minutes thought. "I do recall such a pair. What is it exactly that Monsieur wishes to know about them?"

"Nothing in particular," Kevin flustered for a moment. "I--I just wondered if

the young one had any v-visitors or went out much at night."

"Ah," Shalla's face brightened as though in comprehension. "Monsieur is a detective, no possibly, for the young ladies husband?"

"Y--Yes I am," Kevin lied, thinking it might be the least painful way to ask

embarrassing questions. In fact he was glad that Shalla had made the mistake

as it wouldn't put him in the position of the jealous husband chasing after an errant wife.

"Well then, if it is a business matter then I think I can be of assistance," Shalla grinned, proud of his cleverness in leading the American on to think that he did not know he was her husband. "How does fifty American dollars sound for my information?"

"Yes, that will do," Kevin said, matter-of-factly, and reached into his pocket and pulled out his wallet. He carefully peeled five tens from it and placed them on the desk in front of the grinning Arab. He didn't like the man's looks at all, but this was the only thing that he had to go on so he had no choice in the matter. His own personal pride dictated that he at least find something out about Jean's activities the last few days before he went home

and filed for divorce. Even if it was all over he would like it verified by someone else too. He still was having trouble believing what his own eyes had

seen last night.

"Good," Shalla said, tucking the bills carefully under his robe. "Now we understand each other "

"Please hurry," Kevin asked "I haven't much time and I want to know all you can remember about her movements while she was staying here "

"Well actually, Monsieur, there is not much to tell. She was just like many of the other young tourists. She came here for a good time because evidently

she had a very negligent husband who could not satisfy her back in the States

or somewhere. It is a very common cause for the women who come here. They

have no fear that their little indiscretions will become known.

Shalla paused for a moment watching with secret satisfaction the blank expression on Kevin's face. He knew this would get to him because he recalled

the groans of passion and relief from the American girl and knew she had never

been screwed the way he had given it to her before. There must have been something lacking in the husband. Shalla had the knife in him, he knew, and he twisted it further as he watched the color of Kevin's skin ashen slightly

as the words he was hearing sunk into his mind.

"She had several lovers here the first day and just did not seem to be able to get enough. She kept going out into the streets for more. Do you believe it, Monsieur, she even tried to get me into her room but I explained to her that I am a business man and not for that kind of thing."

"The Arab was almost bursting inside now with the joy of watching Kevin squirm before his words. It was all he could do to keep a serious expression on his face as he described a few of the lovers that Jean had brought back into the room with her. He had no way of knowing just how devastatingly effective his lies were as he did not know that Kevin had watched Jean being sodomized in apparent ecstasy last night and was at the point where he would believe anything without question. Shalla had his final blow for the spoiled young American now. He had been saving it for the last of the descriptions to make certain it hit with the correct impact.

"And, Monsieur, the last she brought here was enough to make a man cringe.
He

was a giant Nubian black from the south of Algeria. A sailor I think and he
must have been built big enough to kill any ordinary woman but she loved him
I

could hear wild sounds coming from her room for hours after they went
inside.

And it was disgraceful, the way they made noises like animals. I was
tempted

to knock on the door and throw them both out. I was afraid they would
disturb

the whole hotel, Monsieur, and we must protect our clientele from such
inconveniences. Do you not agree?"

"Do you not agree, Monsieur?" Shalla repeated, an indignant expression on
his

face. He pushed the question to force Kevin to answer. He wanted him to
have

to speak and show his emotional weakness. No wonder the girl had been so
hungry with someone so weak for a husband. It was unusual too, he mused.
The

American sailors that came into Marseille had the reputation for being the
most insatiable men on earth and one didn't see the whores of the town out
working for days after the American fleet left. It was joked about the

quarter that there was not one left that could walk after such an ordeal.

Well, this one was different, he was not the common American stock. It would

be good for him to suffer a penance for his cowardice.

"Yes, yes of course, you could not let them make so much noise," Kevin said slowly, his eyes misting. "And what of the older woman?" he queried after a pause.

"Ah, Monsieur, that was the mystery. She was the tower of virtue, which is most unusual for French women. She tried very hard to hold the young girl down. They had just yesterday a loud argument right here in front of me about

the way she was acting but she would pay no attention to the French lady. She

just told her to mind her own business that she knew what she wanted out of life now."

"And what did the French woman say?" Kevin asked. This must have been after

she had returned from picking him up at the station yesterday and he was curious even in his grief about what she had tried to do.

"She just said to the girl that she has a surprise for her and for her to be good tonight."

"And did she?" Kevin knew the answer after what he had seen last night but wanted it substantiated again for some unknown reason in him that would not admit Jean had turned so quickly away from him. "Did she ask you about going to a special place or anything like that?"

Shalla paused for a moment. He could sense that this was a loaded question and knew also that if the American knew about that special place and the fact she may have asked about it, then someone had told him that he had directed her there.

"Is there a particular reason you asked, Monsieur?" Shalla asked cautiously.

"Yes, there is," Kevin replied, innocent of what the Arab was thinking.

"Someone said she was directed to one of those exhibition and orgy places last

night and may have gone."

"Oh, why yes, I do remember her asking about one, but Monsieur, I know of no such places and I explained it to her."

"Most probably in one of the bars on the street. They would all know about them. I understand there are several around the city of Marseille. I am certain she asked as she seemed determined to find something unusual and bizarre in the way of sexual experience. She also said something about finding a happiness she had never known before. We get many strange ones here, Monsieur, and I would say she was one of the strangest. You must tell her husband, Monsieur, not to expect her to ever come home. They always find themselves a lover and stay. I have seen hundreds like her."

Kevin's heart sank. He had heard enough. It was obvious now from what the Arab was saying and what he had seen last night that Jean had played him for a complete fool all this time. He had been a child and nothing more in her eyes. Well if that was the way she wanted it then there was nothing he could do or wanted to do for that matter, it was her life and she had obviously

decided to go about it without him.

"Thank you for your assistance," Kevin mumbled as he turned and started toward

the stairs. "You've been very kind."

"It was nothing, Monsieur," Shalla smiled as he watched him disappearing down

toward the street. "I am glad to be of help to you."

He fingered the crisp ten dollar bills happily in his pocket. He could hardly wait to place it with the amount he had collected yesterday from pimping for the American's wife. It would make a handsome amount in itself and he would

be a rich man when the French lady came with the rest. He was not worried that

she would not come. She needed this hotel to do her business in and even if later she decided to try another he would still find her. Besides, she knew he knew all about the operation and he could always threaten to go to the police with what he knew. No, she would come back this afternoon and he might

even drag her back into the room and try a little more of his new partner. He

whistled happily to himself as he tidied up behind the counter preparing for the days rush of prostitutes and customers that would want to rent the rooms by the hour.

Kevin waved to the taxi from the sidewalk and entered it quickly when it stopped at the curb. Small streams of tears had begun to run from the corners

of his eyes and he wanted to get off the street as quickly as possible so that

no one would see him It was ridiculous for a grown man to be crying on the streets like this. As the cab drew away from the curb, he noticed two dark looking men entering the hotel. They looked vaguely familiar from somewhere

but it wasn't important. In his grief everyone looked alike.

Shalla heard the noise on the stairs and for the second time that morning his

pulse quickened. It must be her this time, the walk was soft like a woman tiptoeing. It drew closer up the stairs and sounded strangely like two women.

He lifted up on his tiptoes so that he could see farther over the counter and down the stairs. Strange, he thought, two more men. Algerians this time.

What could they want at this hour unless it were women. Perhaps this was his

lucky week.

"Your name Shalla?" one of them asked casually as they advanced to the desk.

"Why, yes, it is Monsieurs," he answered slowly. "May--may I help you?"

The last thing Shalla saw on this earth was the silencer end of a snub-nosed automatic that appeared suddenly in the hand of the man who had asked the question. It puffed softly three times straight at his belly bringing a surprised gush of air from his open mouth before he pitched forward stone-dead

across the counter. The man who had pulled the trigger walked behind the sprawled body and reaching under the robe withdrew his hand filled with crisp

French francs and American ten dollar bills. He smiled toothily at his companion, quickly dividing it in half and handing one pile to him before they disappeared silently back down the stairs from which they had entered.

As Kevin finished packing his bags he picked up the suit he had worn last

night from the floor where he had left it and started to fold it into the case. As he shook the jacket to straighten the wrinkles a packet fell from the inside pocket to the floor. It was the manila envelope he had been given by one of the men who had brought him back to the hotel last night. He had forgotten about it in his anxiety today to get to the hotel where Jean had stayed.

In feet, he thought dryly, I've forgotten almost everything about last night. Almost.

He opened it carefully not wanting to tear the thin onion skin sheets of paper inside. He unfolded the thin sheets and began reading a typewritten note on the first sheet. It said simply:

Kevin,

I am sorry about everything and the mistake we have made in our marriage. The

last several days without you have shown me that there are better things in life than the simple mundane existence we accept at home. I have fallen in

love with the life here and intend to stay forever. You will have to explain to my family why I have not returned with you. Please use the enclosed documents for that purpose and do not attempt to find me. I do not wish to be bothered by anyone from my old life again.

Jean

It was her note alright. He would recognize the signature anywhere. She must

have written it last night after he had caught her with that Arab in the room.

Well, she couldn't have put it more bluntly and she certainly had fallen in love with the life if her little exhibition last night with that dwarf was any indication. The Arab desk clerk's little disclosures of her side activities more than substantiated it. Well, if she wanted it that way, there was nothing he could do about it.

He flipped the page to the first attachment. It was obviously a death certificate from the Prefecture of Marseille made out in Jean's name. It also

had all the pertinent data about her. The information could have only come from her. With it was attached a Certificate of Burial again certified by the Prefecture of Marseille. Cause of death was listed as accidental drowning at the local beach. Both were complete with official registration numbers.

Well, she certainly has thought of everything. He knew her old man would raise a stink when he got back and have half the private detectives in France here in a matter of hours if he just said she stayed here because she wanted to be left alone. He knew he could never tell the real story.

He reached for the phone and instructed the operator to get the local Prefecture office in charge of issuing death certificates. He also instructed her to get an English speaking clerk on the line. After several minutes of gibberish in French a thick accented voice boomed into the line.

"Can I be of service, Monsieur?"

"Yes, you can," Kevin answered quickly. "I want to verify the correctness of a death certificate filed the last several days with your department. Can

you

do it for me without much trouble."

"Why of course, Monsieur, we have the files right here. If you will kindly give me the number of the filing or the name of the deceased I will fetch it immediately."

"The number is M64589. Dated yesterday. Do you need more?"

"No, that is fine, Monsieur. Just one moment." There was a muffled noise at

the other end of the line as the clerk laid the phone on the desk and moved away from it. Kevin reached in his pocket and pulled out a pack of cigarettes, taking out and lighting it while he was waiting. He would see how efficient Jean had had her friends be. This would be the first thing her father would have checked. If it was verified then he would do nothing else. What could he do? One had to believe official documents. He tensed for a moment as he heard the phone being lifted back from the desk again.

"Monsieur?" the accented voice came back.

"Yes, I am here," Kevin replied.

"We have the number. It is for a Mrs. Kevin Taylor of the United States. No?"

"Yes, it is," Kevin answered surprised. "What is listed as the cause of death?"

"It is accidental drowning, Monsieur. A sad case. We do not like to lose tourists. It is bad publicity for our city and France is suffering enough from Monsieur DeGaulle's anti-American policy. Do you know Monsieur we have lost over twenty-five percent of our tourists because they refuse to come to a country that turns its back on its savior in two wars. It is a shame Monsieur. It is a shame."

"Yes, yes of course," Kevin replied, cutting him off. He was in no mood for a political discussion now. "Thank you for your help in this matter."

"Not at all, Monsieur, we are glad to be of service."

Kevin hung up the phone and walked to the window. He looked out over the blue

of the Mediterranean for a long moment, thinking back to his arrival here yesterday and the optimism he had had about a reconciliation with Jean. It all seemed an eternity ago and yet only a few short hours had passed.

He folded the certificates and placed them carefully back in the envelope.

Yes, he would use them as an explanation when he arrived home tomorrow. He

had no other excuse. No one would believe him if he told the true story and besides it wouldn't be fair to Jean. She had a right to privacy if she wanted it and he would help her get it. It was the least he could do after letting her dwell in Paris that night when it all began so long ago.

The girl dropped the soft clean white robe from her trim well tapered body on

the command of the short dark Arab standing in front of her. His name was Mahguib and he controlled with an iron hand the sale of all the fresh young European women that passed through the Algiers division of the organization.

He had just received a fresh shipment of four girls from France this morning

and already had them out on the platform for inspection by the prospective

buyers. He could not hold them here very long because of the pressure of the authorities since the revolution. They did not forbid his trade completely as they knew the tribal chieftains who now supported the government would take a dim view of their supply of white girls being cut off and possibly revolt again. But they did require that he do it more discreetly than it had been done when the French were here. After all, this was one of the new socialist societies and must protect their world image as such in the United Nations and before the world press. One never knew when an Interpol agent might penetrate the mother organization and blow the whistle. If this happened, then the Socialist State needed a scapegoat and Mahguib knew very well who that scapegoat would be. A firing squad was the only acceptable penalty for disgracing the state and he did not have the slightest inclination for ending his term here on earth in that brutal manner.

"Now turn for the Emir, my dear," he coaxed sweetly to her. "Let him see the abundance of charms and treasures you have to offer."

Jean followed his commands as a well-trained show bitch. She had learned

over

the last several months that life was much more pleasant for her if she followed the orders she was given. Gamal had groomed her well for the role she was now to play for the remainder of her life. She had resisted his training the first several weeks, still hoping that Kevin would come to free her from the horrible degradations to which she was being subjected nightly.

Finally, after a time, and seemingly endless doses of the aphrodisiac she had been introduced to the drug hashish. That, plus the final acceptance of the hopelessness of her position had made her a willing pupil for all the secrets of pleasure Gamal had taught her. She had learned well and had quickly become

his favorite even up until the time he was forced to finally send her across the Mediterranean because of police pressure on his operation.

She looked down at the Arab chieftain studying her and with a sudden deft movement of her hands brought them up under her breasts, cupping them into

twin rounded peaks of firm white flesh as she had been taught. She tweaked

the nipples between her thumbs and forefingers and teased them into tiny hard

duds that captured his eyes immediately. She could see a gleam of desire

flicker momentarily through his face, and then turning to Mahguib, he raised three fingers in offer, each finger indicating a thousand American dollars. Mahguib shook his head in refusal.

"My dear, Emir, this is a fresh young American girl, almost a virgin. She is worth at least ten thousand dollars the way things are today. Come take a look here."

Mahguib led the old gentleman around behind the small circular stand on which

Jean was standing. It was about three feet off the ground which made her buttocks even with the level of their eyes.

"Now, my dear, bend forward and let the Chief see more of your treasures."

Jean bent over, spreading her legs about two feet apart on the stand. She could hear a slight gasp of approval from behind her as the Chief looked straight up between her slightly spread legs.

"Now reach back and open it for him, dear. Let him see how tight you are."

Jean reached back with both hands around her buttocks, and looking back at

the

Sheik with a sweet seductive smile on her face, spread the lips of her vagina slowly and tantalizingly apart. The moist pink flesh of her tiny narrow slit became visible slowly as she gently parted the soft dark pubic hair covering the plane between her legs. Another gasp from behind and she saw the old Sheik raise seven fingers. Mahguib nodded his head in agreement. Jean was sold for the first time. She didn't realize it in the haze of the hashish they had fed her just before the sale but it was only the first in many to follow. Not all of them would be this easy or this pleasant and the price would drop with each further sale. But now, at this moment she was happy. She had fulfilled the first function she had been trained for, to be bought. Now, she must fill the second, to please her master. This she was also prepared for, the steady supply of hashish would insure that she remained so prepared.

She stepped down from the stand, replacing the robe about her shoulders and

followed her new master from the room toward the exit. Mahguib had ordered

that her things be sent to the car to avoid delay. She winced slightly at the bright desert sun that beat down outside while at the same time a thousand

miles north in Europe a woman named Monique smiled sweetly at another young

tourist boarding the Marseille Express. Soon, she too would be wincing in the

desert sun as she followed her first faceless master off into nowhere.

The End