

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



## Chapter 1: At The Palace

The Girl screamed. Her hands bound behind her back, she lay, face down, bent at the waist across the wide Iroko table. A rope, tied around her neck, and passed through a hole in the table top was tied to the rail underneath to provide her only restraint. Not that it was doing her any good. She had almost lost all of her skimpy servant's uniform, and the way the brute behind her was wielding the whip, it wouldn't be long before she lost the rest. No amount of waving her butt would bring relief, and she knew it now!

Sitting in his raised chair, Major Ibo Ngoro smiled softly to himself as he watched the girl pay for her refusal to fuck him on-demand. He would not put up with refusal, particularly since he now ran Gujanga's secret police. No-one other than President Mwanda himself had as much unconditional power.

"I see you have not lost your touch Ibo!" a deep brown voice intoned behind him, bringing him swiftly to attention.

"I assume you can afford this little diversion because all the necessary arrangements have been made for the Annual Ball. I don't want any screw-ups." This is the social highlight of the year.

"Indeed sir! All is prepared."

Then maybe I should sample your entertainment myself, Mwanda chuckled as he advanced on the hapless girl.

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## Chapter 2: At the Embassy

Mireille Sisterre eased her stocking up he long, elegant leg, admiring her figure in the long bedroom mirror as she did so.

"Do we have to, darling? I never enjoy these things; you know that! I know I have to play the diplomat's wife, but these arrogant black bastards are difficult to take to. Why could we not have been sent to Mauritius or Guadeloupe? Somewhere warm but civilized?"

"Stop worrying! You are young, beautiful, and bound to be a big hit with the General. They say he loves to play host to guests of stature and class. It's part of his thing."

"OK, OK, how do I look? Good enough for a General?"

Luc Sisterre looked longingly at his young wife, 26 twenty years his junior, and wondered fleetingly whether he had time to spread those pretty legs of hers before they left. A quick glance at his watch persuaded him. He still had time, even though it wouldn't do for the French ambassador to be late for the Annual National Ball. He moved slowly behind Mireille, slid his hands around her waist and nibbled the lobe of her ear.

"Why don't we treat ourselves before we go?"

Mireille leaned back against him and allowed the warm glow of arousal to flood over her. She was always ready, and she knew that Luc wouldn't take too long. Sometimes she was grateful that his

inability to make it last was perfectly matched to her own ease of arousal.

His left hand eased its way up to caress her silk-covered breasts, and she emitted a sharp gasp as his other slid up under her slip and gently stroked her already liquid slit. Leaning forward against the mirror, she watched as his grimace of pleasure reflected back at her.

He slowly eased his penis into her and began to thrust long, and slow. Mireille felt the first streaks of pleasure as he teased her clitoris. Feeling her respond, Luc's breath quickened, the thrusts became shorter, and within a few minutes, both he and his lovely wife came to a gentle climax.

They leaned together, supporting each other as the flow of passion ebbed before Luc glanced at his watch.

"Merde," he muttered, "if we don't get a move on we will be late."

Mireille grabbed her robe and headed for the shower.

"We don't have time for that, my love" he muttered. "Give yourself a quick wipe and let's go!" The Ambassador and his wife left the front door of the embassy and climbed into the Limousine. As she slid into the back of the car, Mireille's skirt rode up a little higher than was appropriate, giving a flash of pale gray stocking top to the giant African chauffeur. I wish I'd put on something a little longer she thought as she saw him stare at her crotch hoping to see more.

"Why can't we hire our own Driver," she asked. "I hate the way that animal looks at me. I don't trust him one bit. They are all the same here!"

"Please be careful, lower your voice," Luc cautioned. "All the embassies have drivers assigned to them by the Ministry of the Interior. We are all sure that they work for the Gujangan Secret Service."

The rest of the journey was completed in silence, the driver never taking his eyes off the rear-view mirror, concentrating on Mireille's hemline, whilst Mireille kept up a constant smoothing motion to ensure there was nothing for him to see. Nevertheless, when they alighted at the Palace, she could not avoid giving the African an eyeful of cleavage and was rewarded by a grin of such pure unadulterated lust, that she felt an icy ripple down her spine. She was glad to enter the glittering confines of the Palace hallway.

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### **Chapter 3: The Ball**

The inside of the Palace was magnificent - total contrast to the poverty and squalor elsewhere in the country. Mireille, in keeping with convention, bobbed slightly as she was introduced, and offered the hand of her host. Ibo Ngoro looked down from his six foot two at the demure Frenchwoman before him. The scarlet cocktail dress contrasted starkly with the soft brown hair, and even more so with the creamy pink of her breasts. He peered down into her cleavage and began to reassess his priorities for the evening. This was one desirable woman.

Mireille was ready to leave. She was hot, sticky, and for more hours than she cared to remember, she had wandered around making polite conversation with people she found difficult to like. Africans are promiscuous, she decided after being groped for the umpteenth time by black hands. On the other hand, their womenfolk seemed subservient, without a thought in their heads, only interested in their Man's ability to provide gold jewelry. The whites at the Ball didn't seem much different. All

were privileged, and all were very guarded with their conversation. It had not been an enjoyable evening!

“Please, dance with me!”

It sounded more like a command than a request, and Mireille was in no doubt that she could not refuse. They drifted out on to the dance floor as the band played a slow, romantic number. Mireille was not amused, but Major Ngoro was smiling to himself as the band followed orders. He was not naturally a patient man, but tonight he knew he was on to a good thing.

“Are you enjoying your stay in Gujanga? He asked as he slid his hand down her back to rest loosely on her buttock. Mireille felt the hand move and cast around looking for Luc. She did not like the way this was going.

“It’s quiet and peaceful” she replied, sounding calmer than she felt as he gently forced his leg between her knees.

“What you need is a bit of excitement” he offered, “Get yourself an African lover to add some spice to your love life.” His hand had now drifted lower and was cupping the cheek of her arse. This was getting out of control, she thought, desperately looking for a way out.

“Major” she retorted, “ I can assure you that my love life is perfectly adequate, and I have no need for a way to spice it up Thank You!”

At that, Ngoro slid his hand up her skirt, wiped his finger along the length of her slit, and raised it in front of her face.

“Smell that, and then tell me you don’t have the hots for me. What you need is a good fucking, and I’m just the man to give it to you!”

A look of horror crossed Mireille’s face as his words struck home. Leaving the Embassy without showering had been a bigger mistake than she could have dreamed. The smell was unmistakable, and Ngoro had drawn the wrong conclusion. Before she had time to think, she stepped back, swung her arm, and slapped him across the face.

“How Dare You!! She screamed, spun on her heels and headed for the door.

Luc stared in horror as the sound reverberated around the room, and he saw the sheer malevolence on Ngoro’s face, glaring across the room following Mireille’s exit. That, he thought as he ran to meet her, was a bad move.

“Feisty little bitch isn’t she?” whispered President Mwamba, enjoying the look of embarrassment on Ngoro’s face. “I never thought I would see the day that you were put in your place by a woman.”

“She will learn just how stupid that was. Never fear.”

“I’m sure she will, I’m sure she will,” chuckled the President. “Oh, and when she does, save some for me eh?”

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## **Chapter 4: The Arrest**

Mireille was frantic. Luc had vanished. One moment he was leaving for work, as usual, the next he

had disappeared, like magic.

"He can't have just left, He has an important job to do, and we have resolved the tension we felt after the Ball last month" Mireille explained to the French Envoy, newly arrived from Paris.

"We believe he has been arrested. Something to do with State secrets. We are doing what we can, but the only person who really knows anything is Major Ngoro, and he's not saying anything. Rumour has it that he is pretty pissed off with you and Luc. Maybe he is waiting for an apology."

"Well he's not going to get one from me, that's for sure. If I were you, I wouldn't be too hasty, these charges carry a Death sentence in this country, and Ngoro has a reputation for playing hard ball."

"So you think I should just be a good girl, put my tail between my legs and offer that black bastard an apology? That's about all we can do. Our diplomatic relations are not so strong that we can force any other solution. We don't even know for certain that Ngoro is holding him."

"Well, I suppose if that's what it takes, that's what I will have to do! But I am not happy about doing it."

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## **Chapter 5: The Deal**

"The French Ambassador's wife is here to see you, sir. She says she has no appointment." The young lieutenant could hardly conceal a smirk as he made the announcement.

"Show her in, Jacob. If all goes to plan, you know what to do?"

"Yes, sir."

"Madame Sisterre, I did not expect to see you so soon, please come in."

Mireille strode forward, attempting to demonstrate more confidence than she felt. She had prepared herself for this moment, wearing her most severe business suit, rehearsing what she would say, second-guessing any foreseeable outcome. She was still not sure whether she was doing the right thing. "I wish to offer an apology for the events at the Ball, and to ask you to release my Husband, who I am led to believe you have arrested."

"I see!" scoffed Major Ngoro, "you think a simple apology will suffice?" I don't think you quite realize the stakes. Your Husband has indeed been arrested and will stand trial in four weeks for spying. If things go against him, he will be shot, so you had better put your mind to how you can open negotiations quickly. There is no time to lose. Look, I am really sorry if I offended you, but I will do anything to help free my husband."

"Accepted!"

"Pardon?" a puzzled look crept over Mireille's face. She didn't understand what he meant.

"I said I accept your offer! You will do anything I ask to ensure the release of your husband." .An evil smile crossed his face as he said it.

"That's not what I meant," you are deliberately twisting my meaning, Mireille cried as the full weight of HIS meaning dawned on her.

"It seems to me that you never say what you mean. But in this case, the time for games is over." His hand drifted down the front of his trousers, and he absent-mindedly began to rub his groin. "Your hand and mouth got you into this problem, so you now have the opportunity to use them to get you out of it."

Mireille slowly began to understand her predicament. This was a development she had not foreseen. He intended to make her suck his dick, right here in his office. Humiliated and disgusted, her mind went into overdrive. How could he do this to her, and think he could get away with it. She felt the pink flush of embarrassment rising up her neck. Turning on her heels, she headed for the door.

"You are disgusting!" She offered as her parting shot.

"And you are a stupid bitch who will learn that there is a price to pay for embarrassing me in front of my people."

She stopped in her tracks, unable to see a way out. "Look! This is silly. I'm sure we can come to some accommodation over this little misunderstanding."

"You may call it a little misunderstanding, but if you close that door behind you, I will not be responsible for the consequences."

Mireille was trapped. There was no alternative she could see, other than allowing this Pig to humiliate her. Taking a deep breath, she gathered herself, walked over to him, knelt down and began to unzip his uniform.

"What do you think you are doing?" he barked. Mireille looked up with a start.

"You have not asked permission! You will ask me to allow you to blow me; you will then do it properly, swallowing everything. Any stain on my uniform and you will be punished. Now! Ask!"

Shame and humiliation flooded through Mireille as the situation finally got out of her control. With tears in her eyes, she stammered "Please? May I suck your cock."

"Sir."

"Please, may I suck your cock, sir?"

He nodded his assent, and Mireille got to work. The zip opened easily enough, but she got the shock of her young life when his cock sprang free. She did not know such weapons existed. Ten inches long, and as thick as her wrist, it was already erect with anticipation. She had no idea how she was going to get that monster in her mouth.

"Come on Bitch, get a move on," Ngoro croaked. "Open Wide."

A single tear splashed from her cheek as she opened her mouth, extended her tongue, and licked the end of his dick. Almost instantly, Ngoro grasped a handful of her hair and thrust his weapon between her lips and half way down her throat. "Nnggg!" she grunted at the shock of the movement. She gagged as his dick hit the back of her throat, and only just managed to avoid throwing up as the smell of him filled her nose.

He began to thrust, slowly at first, but soon he developed a rhythm pushing into her face, then pulling her head off by the hair. She was lost in concentration now, knowing that at any moment he would ejaculate into her mouth and that she would have to swallow it all. She failed to hear the

office door open.

The flash of the camera bulb took her by surprise. Being unable to turn her head, she had to wait for several more photographs to be taken before she could determine that it was Jacob wielding the camera. As she did so, Ibo Ngoro exploded in her mouth, filling it with warm, viscous fluid. She nearly choked but managed to swallow enough to prevent leakage. Feeling curiously pleased, she completed her task, licking him clean, zipping him up, and raising herself to a standing position before him.

"Not bad," Ngoro chuckled. "You have a natural talent. All you need is practice. Do the same for Jacob on your way out, and your Husband will be released on bail."

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## **Chapter 6: Summoned to Dinner**

Two weeks had elapsed. Luc had been released under House arrest the day following his wife's encounter with Ngoro. Somehow, she had managed to reconcile her feelings with her behavior, helped in part, by the knowledge that she had taken the only action possible. If Luc suspected her involvement, he never said so.

"RRRingg."

Luc glanced at his watch, wondering who could be at the door. It was 9.30, and there were no appointments in the calendar.

"RRRRRingggg."

"Hold on! I'm coming," he shouted as he responded to the impatient ringing of the doorbell. He pulled the door open to face the Chauffeur in full uniform.

"What are you doing dressed up like that at this time of night," he demanded.

"I have been instructed by Major Ngoro to bring you and your good lady to the Palace for dinner."

"We have already eaten, thank you," he lied. "So please tell the Major that we graciously decline his kind invitation."

"He anticipated such a response and asked me to tell you that the other dinner guests include members of the Military tribunal trying your case. Tonight would be an opportunity for you to aid your defense." As he spoke, Mireille came to see what the fuss was about, and the Chauffeur's eyes followed her closely." additionally , he continued, it will give your lovely wife chance to charm your Judges before your trial.

Faced with no alternative, Luc and Mireille accepted and went to get changed. Dark thoughts clouded her mind as she pondered on his words and the way in which they were delivered. She was sure that Ngoro was up to something, but nevertheless by 10.30 they were dismounting from the limousine in front of the Palace.

"So far, so good," Mireille thought to herself as she surveyed the small group.

The Eight dinner guests were seated at a large round table. To her left, General Chakka. Six foot plus of hardened soldier, rough manners, and a brutish attitude to foreigners, women, and life in

general. To her right, Colonel Schmidt, reputedly a mercenary military adviser, thrown out of East Germany when the wall came down. A little slug of a man, she knew him by reputation as a cold-blooded killer, and a well-known Francophobe. The Envoy had been right. Things did not look good for Luc. Still, the conversation had at least been polite, if a little stilted.

This had not been helped by the fact that the ladies accompanying the three Gujangan soldiers were no more than teenagers. "Specially selected for their acquiescence I shouldn't wonder," she mused to herself, as the last course was served.

Suddenly, the conversation took a more disturbing turn.

"You may wish to know that we have set a date for your trial Mr. Ambassador," General Chakka announced. You have four weeks to prepare a defense."

Luc stiffened in his chair, and the two young girls flanking him became noticeably nervous, unsure of what was about to happen.

"I assume I will be given full diplomatic protection, and therefore have no need to answer these trumped up charges."

"Not so," interrupted Schmidt. "Diplomatic relations were broken off this morning. Everything will depend on your willingness to cooperate. If I were you, I would be trying to find ways of helping us get what we want."

As he spoke, Mireille felt a hand brush gently against her thigh. She stole a swift sideways glance at Schmidt, who was staring fixedly across the table at Luc. A second hand, Chakka's, fell lightly on her knee. No pretense at accidental contact this time. Mireille realized immediately what was going on. It was HER cooperation they required. SHE was what they wanted. Poor Luc, he was simply a victim of his wife's stupidity. Why on earth had she slapped Ngoro?

"My spies tell me you are familiar with Jenga the tailor and his wife. Is that so?" As Chakka spoke, his hand slipped between Mireille's knees, forcing her thighs apart. Hidden by the tablecloth, Schmidt also moved his hand into the space created, sliding it up until it cleared her stocking top. Mireille felt her own sharp intake of breath and hoped poor Luc wouldn't notice.

"Of course," Luc replied, clearly puzzled by the question."

He makes my suits; he is the best tailor in town."

"He is also a French spy. He has confessed, and has implicated you!" Mireille heard Chakka's words, but none of it registered. His hand had now reached their goal, and his finger was rubbing slowly up and down the outside of her panties. To her horror, she felt a familiar tingle as the silk became moistened by her own juices. "Please don't let this happen to me," she cried inwardly, to no avail. She was becoming aroused, despite her best efforts to prevent it.

"I don't believe it," she heard Luc say in the background. "It's a conspiracy." He could have been a million miles away as the General's finger began sliding in and out of her channel.

"I've had enough of this!" shouted Ngoro. "Guards! Take him away, Lock him up, and Get him out of my sight!"

A protesting Luc was dragged away, and as he was, Mireille started to stand to follow him. Schmidt's hand on her shoulder had stopped her before she had the chance. Ngoro muttered to the



three girls, who slowly got up and departed, leaving Mireille to face her husband's jailers alone.

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## **Chapter 7: And After**

"Stand up!" Ngoro demanded, all pretense at civility now stripped away. "Put your hands on the table."

She stood up, her dress high on her thighs, held there by her tormentors and leaned forward as instructed. She knew she should be protesting, but there was clearly no point, and the fact that she was becoming sexually stimulated was not helping.

"She's a willing little slut," chuckled Chakka. "But she needs to learn a thing or two before she can free her husband. Beats me why she bothers. He has such a little dick he hasn't even broken her in properly."

"Aaarrrgh!" Screamed Mireille. Schmidt had decided it was time for indulging some of his tastes and had forcefully pinched her clitoris. The spear of pain shot up and down her spine, causing her knees to buckle, and making her fall forward on to the table.

"Save that for later, if we need to," said Ngoro, raising himself out of his seat, and standing beside the quaking girl. "Come on Bitch, show my colleagues what you have learned already."

As the pain in her crotch subsided, Mireille Sisterre, wife of the French ambassador, leaned over and sucked the cock of the giant African like a common whore. Her mouth gaped as the fearsome weapon sprung to attention, and, just like a professional she began to inch more and more of it down her throat.

Chakka gripped the back of her dress, and tore it from her body, leaving her naked except for bra, panties shoes and stockings. Within seconds her bra joined her ripped up the dress on the floor, giving Schmidt the opportunity to inflict more pain by tweaking her prominent nipples. Tears welled up in her eyes, and she would have felt sorry for herself but for the awful realization that she was beginning to enjoy it.

She was working hard now, sucking and blowing on Ngoro's cock as though her life, as well as Luc's, depended on it. Even so, she was completely taken by surprise when, with a single thrust, Chakka impaled her on a weapon at least as large as Ngoro's. What surprised her, even more, was the ease with which he penetrated her. She was so wet she could have taken a railway train. Almost immediately she climaxed, shuddering as her orgasm ripped through her body.

"Thank god!" she thought, but Chakka showed no sign of stopping. Ngoro's climax burst in her mouth, but still, Chakka plowed on. A second Orgasm sliced through her consciousness, shattering any composure she might have left.

"YES! YES! FUCK ME!"

Suddenly Chakka stopped, leaving her hanging on the edge of her third climax. She looked down to find him sitting on the floor. "Sit on me!" He ordered. "She complied, without hesitation, helped by the fact that Ngoro had grabbed a handful of her hair, and lifted her bodily on to Chakkas dick. Chakka grabbed her hair as Ngoro let go, dragging her face down to kiss him. His foul breath simply added to her sense of debauchery, but even in this state, she was unprepared for Schmidt's next move.

She felt his finger slide up the crack of her arse, teasing the little rosebud. As she guessed his intention, any drift towards her orgasm stopped as her blood ran cold. Her protests ignored as he worked first one, then two digits into her virgin rectum.

Her protests were getting more frantic now, and she was relieved to find Schmidt withdraw his fingers. Too late she realized that the relief was only temporary. The bulbous head of his cock pushed hard against her entrance, the pain was appalling and suddenly slid its full length deep into her bowels.

Her scream of agony rents the air, only to be replaced by a choking gasping sound as the excitement created by the two members rubbing against each other mounted. The relief, when it came, took her by surprise and knocked any breath she still had out of her body. She collapsed, face down on Chakka's body as the two Africans fucked themselves to finish.

She lay on the floor, gasping with the sheer physical effort, unsure what to do. Her clothes lay in tatters beside her, and she had no idea what Ngoro had in store for her. She was, however soon to be put out of her misery.

"I have decided to be lenient" Ngoro announced to her astonishment. "You may have your wretched Husband back... for now! Give her a robe!"

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## **Chapter 8: Back at the Embassy**

"What the hell is going on here?" Envoy Phillipe Trenchant asked quietly to himself. "Ngoro must be playing some sort of game. First, he arrests an ambassador for spying. An ambassador for God's sake! Next, he almost apologizes to the French government and releases him on bail.

Before the dust has settled, he invites him for dinner, and promptly has him re-arrested and thrown into the shittiest dungeon on the planet. Now here he is! The self-same ambassador is sitting in front of me as bemused as I am, wondering what will happen next.

"My dear Luc," he started. "We have been contacted by the Gujangan government to say that they are prepared to reach a compromise over your 'situation'. It appears that they still believe you are a spy, but also have no wish to further antagonize the diplomatic community. They are prepared to allow you to fly home in two weeks, providing that you and your wife keep a low profile, and provide complete cooperation between now and then."

"There is nothing we can tell them anyway, so hopefully they will leave us alone," replied Luc, somewhat perplexed. He still had no idea what this was all about.

Mireille also had Ngoro on her mind. In the few days since Luc's release, she had found herself looking back at the dinner party with decidedly mixed feelings. One part of her remained appalled at the way she had been treated, but another part of her longed for a continuation of the licentious brutality she had endured, and which had finally allowed her to enjoy her latent sexuality. At heart, she now knew she was a slut! It was therefore with renewed curiosity that she opened the elegant envelope presented to her by Ngoro's runner.

"Luc, my darling!" she exclaimed. "We have been invited to another of Ngoro's parties. He says he is laying it on to say farewell to us."

"Tell him No Thank you."

"But Luc," remember what Trenchant the Envoy said. If we upset Ngoro now, he might prevent us leaving, and who knows what might then happen to you? Why don't we just go, stay for a short while, make our excuses and leave."

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## **Chapter 9: The Farewell Party**

Mireille leaned casually against the door frame, a glass of wine in her hand, watching events unfold around her. She had been expecting to be Ngoro's center of attraction for the evening, but that was proving not to be the case. She had been circulating around the room for more than an hour before she felt his warm breath on her shoulder.

"You look relaxed," he whispered. "Obviously our party proved to be to your liking."

"Please, leave me alone. I just want to go home tomorrow and forget all about the way I have been mistreated by you and your friends."

"Maybe you're right. I had planned additional entertainment for tonight, but it doesn't have to include you." As he spoke, his hand moved in lazy circles over her buttock, sliding into the crevice occasionally before resuming its stately progress. She couldn't help herself, and before she knew it was pushing herself gently against his exploring fingers. "I will decide later!"

She was about to offer a rejoinder when she noticed that a young woman had grabbed his attention from across the room. She was young, mid-20s, small, dark haired, and extremely attractive. She was also scared to death. Her hands clung firmly to the sleeve of a middle-aged man who could only have been her husband, and who also looked as though he was being hunted.

As they watched, Colonel Schmidt sidled up to the couple and muttered something to them. The girl shook her head, silently mouthing, "No! No!" But her protestations died as her husband leaned towards her and whispered in her ear. Looking even more terrified, the couple slowly made their way out of the room through the main door with Schmidt in close attention. Ngoro gave Mireille a sly smile.

"Until later perhaps," he whispered.

Ngoro chuckled silently to himself as the evening's events slowly unfolded. He gestured to the barman, who quickly replenished Luc and Mireille's drinks. They were not to know the drinks had been doctored, but he did!

"Oooh, I feel terrible," gasped Luc, his face slowly draining of all color. "Come on, love; I have to leave. I think I am going to be ill." Ngoro appeared as if by magic.

"I will get a driver to take you home," he announced. "Don't worry about your wife; we will look after her, and make sure that she gets home safely." Mireille tried gently to disengage her arm, but his grip was firm, and his intention clear. Not for the first time, Mireille grew concerned about what they had in store for her if she stayed. At the same time, she could feel herself warming to the idea as the aphrodisiac in the drink began to take effect.

"I'll be OK darling," she reassured him as he was led off to the car. Almost immediately she found herself being propelled towards a door at the rear of the room, as the other guests slowly began to leave.

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## **Chapter 10: The Trial**

The room was unlike any she had ever seen. At one end, an area to the side had been curtained off with what looked like very expensive damask drapes. The remainder had a slightly raised floor, almost like a stage, covered with cushions and rugs, giving the impression of a large bed. Knowing Ngoro's predilections, she had no doubt about the use of which it was to be put. The occupants of the room were all men. At her entrance, they all turned to look at her. Schmidt and Chakka she recognized. Two others she did not.

One was a white man, pale and skinny, as though he hadn't eaten or seen the sun for weeks. There was something about him that she did not like. His mouth curled in a slight smile that was not reflected in his eyes. The other reminded her of Arafat the Palestinian. He was short, stout, with classic Arabic features shaded by his burnoose. Beside him, their leads in his right hand sat two of the most beautiful Salukis she had seen.

As if on cue the lights dimmed, and Ngoro shepherded her to one of the sofas arranged in a semi-circle facing the stage. She started to say something, but Ngoro placed a finger across her lips in a clear gesture of silence. "Begin!"

Immediately the curtains parted to reveal a man, sitting in a chair. His ankles were tied to the legs, and his arm was presumably (for she could not see them) tied behind his back. It was the man she had seen in the ballroom earlier.

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## **Chapter 11: A Lesson in Humility**

Schmidt took center stage.

"Gentlemen! And lady," he announced. A ripple of humor ran across the room as he referred to Mireille. She felt ashamed, they clearly all knew of her experiences.

"The man you see before you is Eduardo Rochas, Gujangan citizen, and erstwhile owner of the Rochas estate. He is here because of his French wife. She has been found guilty of spreading dissension and organizing opposition to our government. After due consideration, we have decided not to jail her, but to teach her, and him a lesson. We anticipate that this could be entertaining, and we are therefore pleased to welcome our special guests, Frans Walwijk and Sheikh Raschid. I trust you will enjoy yourselves."

The door at the back of the stage area opened, and a young woman was pushed through it into the glare of the lights.

"Lady and Gentlemen, may I present Madame Alexandra Rochas."

The girl stood in the spotlight. Her cuffed hands are shading her eyes, trying to see the audience, as behind her the huge figure of Tembo, Mireille's Chauffeur, loomed menacingly. She was dressed in a plain black cocktail dress and high-heeled shoes, and her eyes darted around the room, desperately searching for re-assurance.

"Tell us why you are here," demanded Schmidt.

"I have been accused of being disrespectful of the country and its government."

"Accused?"

"Yes," I flatly deny it. "And in any case, you have no right to subject me to this indignity without alerting the French Consul."

Schmidt ignored her, turned to the audience, and waved his hand in a grandiose gesture. "As you can see, the bitch needs to be taught a little humility. A simple apology is no longer enough. She has already been found guilty, and must be punished."

As he spoke, unseen by the now fearful girl, a hook on a simple pulley slowly dropped from the ceiling and stopped about a foot above her head. Tembo stepped forward, grasped her hands, and before she could protest, slipped the short chain between the handcuffs over the hook. She stood, stock still, gazing up at the hook in disbelief. She began to jump, short little hops, trying to dislodge the chain, but as she did so, the pulley retracted slowly into the air, until she found herself standing, not quite on tiptoe, but just on the balls of her feet.

As the truth of her situation became clear her efforts subsided, and her demeanor changed to one of silent insolence. Tembo sidled up behind her, pressing the bulge in the front of his trousers against the small of her back. As she struggled to avoid him, she realized that she was being forced into thrusting her pelvis in the direction of the audience. Not something she intended to continue.

Despite her determination to give them no satisfaction, she heard herself mutter "Leave me alone you black bastard," to the smiling chauffeur behind her. She could probably have predicted his reaction, but the movement of his hands around her waist, then slowly sliding up to cup her breasts through her dress, still came as a serious shock.

"Get on with it!" Shouted Walwijk. "We're not here just for you to get your rocks off! Show us more of the bitch."

As Alexandra began to mutter her protest, Tembo slowly slid his hands down to her hips, and with slow, circulating motion, slowly raised the hem of her dress. Slowly, the tops of her stockings were revealed, to the obvious delight of the watchers., and as her bright red panties came into view, they generated gasps of appreciation from the guests.

Schmidt broke the growing tension. "As you can see bitch, we are not prepared to take your insolence any longer. By the time we have finished with you, you will be grateful to be alive." He paused for effect. "Tembo, let's see her squirm."

Tembo continued slowly easing up her dress, as though he had not heard the comments until it was bunched up around her waist. Then, grabbing the hem, he lifted it in a smooth motion up over her breasts until it hung loosely around her neck. A quick flip and the cloth covered her head, fashioning an extremely effective, if temporary blindfold. Alexandra began to struggle as the light went, and suddenly she realized how helpless she really was.

"Spread your legs girl." Tembo issued the instruction, knowing full well that it would have the opposite effect. Without the girl realizing, he stepped back from her, picked up a slim, whippy cane, and struck her a smart blow across one buttock. The unexpected pain sent an arc of fire up Alexandra's left side, causing her to yell out loud. Her buttocks clenched with the pain, causing her to squeeze her thighs even tighter.

Two more strikes still failed to achieve the desired effect but added significantly to the audience's

enjoyment as Alexandra wriggled furiously to escape the pain. Tembo decided that the time for foreplay was over. He stood silently behind her, ran his hands slowly around her front to cup her breasts, and whispered in her ear.

"I said spread your legs. I'm sure you don't want me to continue beating you when you can make me stop so easily. Now! Do as I say."

Alexandra, realizing that her options were limited slowly parted her thighs until they were a few inches apart. Even so, in order to keep them on the floor, she was now straining on tip-toe.

"Do you want to be lowered?" Tembo whispered.

"Please!" sobbed Alexandra.

"Any sign of disobedience and I will re-hang you. Do you understand? Any sign!"

The young woman silently nodded her assent as the tension left her arms. Still hooked over her head, she could now bend them slightly as she stood, feet slightly apart, in front of the big Gujangan, who, unnoticed by the girl nodded at the front row.

Walwijk got up out of his seat went up to the girl, still shrouded in her dress, reached out and grasped her left tit. Taken by surprise, Alexandra squealed as the pain hit her. Immediately, the South African grasped her nipple and twisted for all he was worth. Alexandra burst into tears not only from the pain, but because she now knew there was no hope of any reprieve.

Behind her, Tembo reached up, unhooked her arms, and pulled her dress over her head. With a single rip, he tore it from her arms, leaving her still handcuffed, but naked in front of Walwijk. His grip on her nipple never faltered as he pulled her downwards until she knelt before him. Without bidding, she did what she knew he had been waiting for. She pulled down his zipper, freed his dick, and she swiftly took it into her mouth. The taste reminded her of old socks, and she had to concentrate to avoid throwing up, but she knew this was her only hope.

As her ministrations became more frantic, she felt his excitement grow until with a guttural groan he sprayed his semen down the back of her throat. After a short pause, only long enough for her to lick Walwijk clean, Tembo's enormous dick replaced it before her lips. Walwijk released his grip on her sore nipple, and moved aside out of her vision, as her mouth opened as wide as she could make it, encompassing the huge girth of Tembo's now rigid tool.

"Faster bitch," Walwijk demanded, and as he said so, he dealt her a lashing blow across her buttocks with the buckled end of his belt. Alexandra screamed as the strap bit into her flesh, and almost clenched her teeth to resist the pain. At the last moment, she gained sufficient control to avoid damaging Tembo, who responded by pushing his cock even farther down her throat Walwijk was enjoying himself now, and several more blows landed on her arse, leaving glowing stripes which stung at the lightest touch. Only protests from Tembo, fearful of losing his manhood eventually stopped the sadistic Dutchman, who grunted his dissatisfaction at having his fun terminated.

Alexandra's pain was almost unbearable, and she wondered whether she would ever get relief. Suddenly, behind her, a cool tongue began to lap at her. The salving effect slowly dulled the pain, which slowly changed to pleasure as the tongue concentrated on her cuntlips. She began to squirm, firstly in an attempt to get away from it, and then from a growing sense of excitement as she realized how arousing it was.

Over in the audience, Mireille gasped as she saw the Arabs Saluki move silently behind the kneeling

girl. As she did so, the huge figure of the President himself slid into the seat beside her. Without preamble, he pulled her legs apart, ran his finger up her cunt slit, raised his finger to his nose, and declared, "Ah, I see you are ready for me!"

On stage, Alexandra began to recognize something was wrong. Her excitement was growing as the long tongue rasped, sandpaper-like across her clitoris. At the same time, the panting behind her alerted her to the presence, not of a human but a dog. Panic crossed her face, and she tried to pull away from Tembo's groin. He, however, was having none of it. Grasping a handful of hair, he pulled her to him, filling mouth and throat with his meat, and at the same time making moves away from the animal lapping at her behind impossible.

As the animal scrambled up her back, she realized with horror that this was going much further than she had expected and that there was nothing she could do about it. Each attempt to pull away was met not only by a tug on the hair from Tembo but also by the most excruciating twist of her nipples, once more in the hands of the vicious bastard Walwijk. She resigned herself to her plight and the thought of the dog fucking her in front of the audience. Things could not be worse.

On her seat next to the president, Mireille was on the verge of her own climax. His fingers ferreted about in her moistened slit. "Come with me he demanded," grabbing her by the arm and leaving no room for discussion. "We have some negotiations to conclude." Mireille stood up and followed, pausing only to glance back at the stage where the now rampant Dog was preparing to make things worse than even Alexandra realized.

Unable to direct his cock, the dog slid it up and down Alexandra's slit, lubricating it until it was slick with her juices. With a sharp stab, he hit the target. Not, as she expected her cunt, but her arsehole. A stab of pain shot through her that she was unable to suppress even with Tembo's dick shoved down her throat. All pretense at pleasure was now gone. Her initial arousal was instantly replaced by pain and fear as the dog began to hump her faster than she could possibly imagine. Tears streamed down her face as Tembo looked down with contempt in his eyes.

"Think yourself, lucky girl," he chuckled. "You were going to get my enormous dick up your arse, but I don't intend to follow HIM. Now stop wailing and finish me off. Her degradation complete, she had no alternative but to do as he instructed, swallowing every last drop of his semen as it splashed into her mouth. Excellent! He muttered. I will look forward to more of that when I come to visit you on the estate.

Alexandra looked up at him bemused. "You said Ngoro was going to confiscate the Estate and keep it himself."

"So he is," laughed Tembo, "but I will be running it, and I am appointing Monsieur Rochas as my Estate Manager. I wonder what role we will find for you?"

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## Epilogue

Mireille Sisterre, the wife of the French Ambassador, looked admiringly around her new surroundings. Her time in the Gujangan Republic had ended most unexpectedly. After the show at the Palace, the President had extracted full revenge for her treatment of his First Minister, but at least had kept his word. She had been driven home that night, after Mwanda, Ngoro, and two of their servants had taken their pleasure from every bodily orifice she had to offer.

Luc had been recalled, promoted and reassigned, and now, here she was, in one of the most beautiful Palaces in the Arabic world. She had so much to look forward to.

"His Excellency the Sheikh," pronounced the servant at the door, as a small, vaguely familiar figure marched into the room.

"My dear Ambassador, and your lovely wife, of course, welcome to my home."

The color drained from Mireille's face as two Salukis padded into the room behind him.

"Lovely to see you again Mireille, it has been a long time. You know my boys of course!"

*The End*