

CORI OCCLO

KIRSTIN
SOUTH



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Dedication

To my three wives: the one who praises me; the one
who criticizes me and the one who loves me in
between.

ONE

Two guards, armed with gleaming swords, parted the red velvet curtains and ushered me into the torch-lit interior of the Inca's large battle-tent. I entered slowly and hesitantly, as befits an occasion where one is entering into, not merely the company of a man, but the divine presence of a god.

As the curtains swung shut behind me, the flickering light of the single torch was dim so that it was several moments before I made out his figure seated on a scattering of pillows in the corner. And then I was surprised by how small he looked.

Of course, I was not used to seeing him without his ceremonial headgear of intertwined golden serpents and that added at least a couple of hand-widths to his height.

Moreover, I was not ready for the soft gentleness of his voice when he spoke.

"Cori?"

"Yes, my Lord Inca? What do you wish of me?"

"I think you know some of that pretty well," he chuckled. "And, that being the case, I would think it more appropriate for the next hour or so, for you to

refer to me as 'husband' or —even better - 'lover'."

"I...I shall try my Lor...lover," I stumbled over the unfamiliar word in this context.

"Are you nervous, little one?"

"How should I be? I have been being trained for this moment since I was six years old."

"And how long is that?"

"Twelve years or more."

"So long to learn how to please me?" Atahualpa laughed. "Are you slow-witted, or does that mean I can expect great things from you tonight?"

"I would prefer to think the latter, my Lord."

"My lover,' Cori," the Inca corrected me gently. "And, so that I may have just an indication of what to expect, drop your *kub* to the floor and let me have a look at you."

My slim fingers shook only a little as they found the gold clasp around my neck that held the ankle-length, one-piece garment in place. I felt the soft fabric slide off my shoulders and heard the cloth fall to the floor around my bare feet. The cool air of the tent caressed every inch of my flesh as his eyes roved over me, metaphorically doing the same.

"Yes," the Inca said softly after a long moment. "Stand like that and let me look at you while you tell me about the beauties of what I see."

"But I am a modest girl...lover," I protested.

"Your description will be the more honest then. Go on. The 'Joys of Cori.' I would hear of them."

"I have young, soft, light brown skin..."

"Smooth, no doubt."

"Yes...smooth."

"The better for my lips to kiss, would you say?"

"*You* might, my lover." I found myself beginning to get into the spirit of the game.

"Your breasts. Tell me about your breasts."

"They are small, my lover."

"Like avocados?"

"Rather like."

"And soft like them as well?"

"Except for the nipples, lover. They grow hard with the thought of your lips."

"Ahh..." the Inca sighed. "A tasty appetizer to the feast to follow. Tell me about that. Your belly, describe that."

"Flat, except where it rises to my pubic mound. Only to plunge between my legs."

"Where I shall find your vulva, right? What do the women call it?"

"Do you mean my pussy, my lover?"

"That's it. With its succulent, moist lips just aching to be kissed."

"Aching to be parted and penetrated by your tongue."

"You have shaved?"

"Just before I came here."

"Good. Come here. Slowly. I want to watch your legs as they walk."

"Have no fear. I am well conditioned. My legs are long and strong despite their slimness. They will pinion you inside me."

"Enough talk. Disrobe me."

"Yes, my Lo...lover." The command in his voice almost made me forget the role I was playing.

I went on both knees before him and he extended his sandaled feet toward me. Slowly, I proceeded to undo their laces and remove them, setting them aside.

"Kiss my feet," Atahualpa said softly. "Kiss them, not as you would the feet of a god, but as you would those of the man you love."

"But I do love you," I protested. "That has been a primary part of my training."

"Phaugh!" the Inca spat. "One cannot train love. The techniques of sex are one thing. Those you have no doubt learned. But love? It must come from within. Kiss my feet as a lover, Cori."

Slowly, I bent my head and kissed first one foot and then the other, savoring the roughness of his male skin. Then, unbade, I did it again...even more slowly.

"Good...good..." Atahualpa murmured. "Now remove my breechclout. There is a clasp at the front for the purpose."

"I know, my lover."

And, as he raised himself to his knees, I slowly unfastened the buckle and his breechcloth fell to the ground, baring his risen penis.

And, truth to tell, it was a weapon worthy of a god...long, thick, richly marbled with purple veins, its tip pink and moist with a single drop of precoital fluid. I felt my belly flutter in excitement at the thought of having that magnificent organ plunged deep into it.

"Kiss my cock, Cori," Atahualpa said softly. "Take its tip into your mouth and lick it clean."

This was the moment for which I had been training

more than twelve years.

Hungrily forgetting all master-slave consideration after all those years of sexual frustration, I grasped his cock in my right hand and bent forward to engulf its tip within my lips.

The drop of fluid tasted salty-sweet and I sucked at the slit in his corolla, trying to urge forth more.

"Ahhhhnnnn..." the Inca sighed. "Swallow me deeper into your mouth. Let your tongue lick around my cock while you suck. I promise I will slake your thirst."

Harder and harder he thrust his rigid penis between my lips, while my head bobbed in and out, swallowing and disgorging at least half its length, and my cheeks made loud, wet, sucking noises, and I swallowed the mouthfuls of saliva my efforts created.

And then, Atahualpa gave an almighty roar and thrust the whole length of his huge cock down my open throat. And I felt his penis swell for just a moment before it exploded what seemed to be a litre of cum down my gullet, choking me.

Coughing and panting, I fell away, cum mixed with spittle coursing down my chin.

And the Inca merely looked down at me and laughed gently.

"Get your breath, little one," he purred. "I have much more in me where that came from."

"You are...indeed...a god..." I choked back, laughing.

"Did you doubt it for a moment?" Atahualpa made a feigned scowl. "I shall have to disabuse you of that notion immediately, then. Lay back full length

and part your legs, Cori, and I shall begin to give you the full course in pleasing the Inca. One you shall not soon forget.”

Naturally, I hastened to comply.

Then the Lord of the Two Lands—the High and the Low—the God of All the World, fell on his knees, actually fell on all fours, prostrated himself before me, his head diving between my legs and his mouth seeking my labia and finding those soft lips of flesh, his tongue parted them and plunged inside.

I let out a small cry of joy as his hard tongue found the little hard button of my clitoris and began flicking back and forth across it, sending little shocks of ecstasy rippling through my belly and down my legs which began to twitch spasmodically, causing my little feet to kick uncontrollably in the air.

“Ahhh...ahhh...ahhh...” I panted rhythmically in time with the delightful whipping of his tongue across my clit. And then, “Ahhhhnnnn...” as his lips took over from his tongue and began to suck at that pulsing centre of my being.

Then, just as I felt my belly beginning to tighten in what must be the beginnings of my first orgasm, Atahuallpa withdrew his head.

“No...no...” I cried. “Come back! Don’t leave me hanging somewhere between the moon and the earth!”

“Ah, my dear, I will take you beyond the moon, beyond the sun itself,” the Inca purred, lifting my hips and spreading my legs wider.

And I felt the tip of his huge cock nudging at the dripping entrance to my womanhood.

"It's...it's so big..." I protested, desiring it with all my being.

"You can take it. You will see," my lover whispered in my ear as his hard flesh parted my nether lips and eased its way up into my sopping channel.

"Ahhhh...gods...yeeeaahhhhsss," I sighed as his member seated itself deep within me and I felt its fullness swelling my whole being. "Ohhh...fuck me, my lover. Fuck me slowly until I scream with joy of you..."

And gently, rhythmically, and with agonizing slowness, my lover began to pump his huge cock in and out of my throbbing channel, its whole length slipping up into me and withdrawing in a slowly mounting cadence, as the tension in my belly grew and grew, and spread and spread to engulf my entire body, my entire mind. Soon, I was nothing but a huge, pulsing vagina locked around his powerfully thrusting member.

And then, with a terrible, joyful crescendo, my climax began to fill my whole body. It started in my groin and spread to occupy every sentient nerve in my being, until I exploded like a fire-mountain, screaming, "Yes, my lover, yes, yes yes! Ahh, yes!! Fill me! Tear my mind from my body!"

Bright sparks of fire-stars exploded in my head as my orgasm wracked my every muscle...

And, then, I think, I fainted dead away.

* * * *

I awoke to find my Inca-lover seated before me drinking a cup of mulled chicha and smiling with self-satisfaction.

"Was it good for you?" he asked.

"You must know it was," I answered, trembling a little at the memory of that stupendous orgasm.

"You must feel somewhat cheated then," Atahuallpa said, pouring me a cuo of the hot rice wine.

"Cheated? In what way?" I asked, accepting the chicha with a nod.

"All those years training for one night of your life and then you are knocked senseless for an hour of it."

"Was that how long I was unconscious?" I shook my head to clear it.

"You were. But perhaps I can make it up to you."

"That orgasm more than satisfied me, My Lord. I have never experienced anything like it. Its memory will, I am sure, last me a lifetime of chastity."

"You are too kind." Was I mistaken or did the Lord of the Whole World actually blush? "But, be that as it may, what do you expect now is your future?"

"No more than I have been trained to expect," I answered. "Having known you carnally, I am now unfit to be touched by any common man. So I will live out my years a celibate, in a villa, with servants catering to my every wish...but one. To have a man inside me as I once held a god between my legs."

"What would you say if I told you I have a somewhat different future planned for you?"

"I should be curious, My Lord."

"And you would obey my wishes?"

"As I have always, in everything."

"Good. First, then, how much do you know of what is going on beyond this tent, beyond this camp at Cajamarca?"

"I know that there is much talk among the wives of the coming of a new race of gods they call the Six Legs."

"Women!" the Inca laughed indulgently. They will always believe the wildest fairy tales. That is, I suppose, the reason why they are always asking the Storytellers for tales of Romance. As if love had anything to do with the great events of the world."

"Have you not loved, My Lord? You asked me to call you 'lover'."

"That was merely my function. It had nothing to do with fondness."

"It did for me, My Lord."

"You will be the more hurt by life then, Cori. Guard your love better than that. Reserve it for those who deserve it."

"Do you not deserve it, My Lord?"

"I deserve your respect. And your loyalty. And, perhaps, a kind of affection when I am kind to you. You cannot let yourself think what you feel is anything more than that. But you distract me with idle talk from the business at hand. Would you wish to serve me further?"

"Of course, My Lord."

"To the extent of risking your life daily?"

"Life in the prison-tent of your wives is already life-threatening, My Lord."

"But now, having slept with me, you could be

freed from that prison, Cori."

"To serve you, I would give up that freedom, Atahualpa, my darling. Such is the love I bear for you...even though it be unrequited."

"Even though it *must* be unrequited, Cori. Particularly so now."

"Do I sense you fear the Six Legs, Master?"

"I fear no man, Cori."

"But the Six Legs are gods, not men, My Lord."

"Oh, they are men, all right. Men with special powers, no doubt. But men all the same. You will see. And that is what I am counting on."

"I do not understand."

"Have you heard the legend of the Rings around the Moon, Cori?"

"No, my Lord."

"Then I will tell you. "It was in the days of the first Sapa Inca, Pachacamac Capac that the story was first told by the Wise Men. Every Inca since has known it and been able to recite it.

"During his final feast of Sun, the Wise Men said, our twelfth and last *Sapa-Inca* would see an eagle being chased by buzzards and then falling out of the sky. There would then follow earthquakes and such unusual natural violence that great rocks would be shattered into pieces and mountains slide into the sea. The sea itself would become angry, invading the land, while great lights streaked through the heavens and, on a bright night, the new moon would appear with a halo of three rings: the first the color of blood, the second a greenish black and the third made of smoke.

"The wise men who advised Pachacamac claimed

that the red ring foretold war between his descendants, that the black ring threatened our religion, and that he and all he had done would vanish into the smoke of the third ring.

"But none of this came to pass during the life of Pachacamac, nor indeed, in the lives of the eleven Incas who followed...until the time of my father, Huayna Capac.

"Now, it is said that, as he lay dying, he made a speech to his captains and *curacas* in which he said, approximately:

'Our Father, the Sun, foretold long ago that we would be but twelve Sapa-Incas. After that, an unknown people would arrive--tall, strong, white-skinned, god-people. And they would defeat our armies and own our lands. I am the twelfth Inca and, therefore, the last, and I believe that the people who came recently by sea are the predicted ones. I order you to obey and serve them to preserve at least the memory of the Incas' glory. Dwell with them in peace, as you have with me. My father, the Sun, calls me. I shall go now to rest at his side.'"

"And you believe, as your father did, that the Six Legs are these unknown people?" I asked.

"I do, Cori. There have been earthquakes of late and terrible tempests and now these unknown white men come."

"But why do you tell all this to me, My Lord?"

"Because I would send you into the Camp of the Six Legs, as ostensibly as a gift from the Inca..."

"But, in truth, to spy on them for you," I nodded.

"Smart girl," Atahualpa smiled.

"And am I to be a whore for the whole lot of them?"

"Of course not!" the Inca scoffed. "You are Inca Royalty, the former Princess of the *Sapa Inca*..."

"And his erstwhile wife," I reminded him.

"Best they not know that. Virgin Princesses make a better gift."

"I understand."

"And you will do this for me?"

"If you wish, My Lord."

"Come here, Cori..." Atahualpa's voice had dropped to a lower register again.

"What, My Lord?"

"It is our wedding night. And I would reward you for your willingness to risk your life. Do you know how to bring a man to orgasm with your bare feet?"

"Of course. I have been well trained...My Lover," I said slowly.

"Well said, Cori. Show me how it is done."

And the Lord of the Two Lands lay flat on his back and closed his eyes.

"Begin," he said softly.

Slowly, I moved my haunches between his parted legs until, with my knees bent, my toes could reach his flaccid testicles. And then I put the soles of my feet together, grasped those fleshy sacks between my feet and began to knead his balls gently with my supple toes.

The Inca moaned softly as I ministered my delicious punishment to his tenderest parts and I saw Atahualpa's penis twitch as it began to rise with passion juice again. Slowly, slowly, his once spent

cock rose to life, its shaft growing hard, its veins purpling and swelling with their new engorgement of blood. And the pink swollen corolla began to leak little clear drops of pre-cum as his breathing grew more excited and labored.

And, indeed, I could feel my own heart beating excitedly in my breast at the thought that, right at this moment, I was in complete control of the most powerful being below the sun.

But Atuahallpa, bless him, would not let my labors go unrequited, for his hand slipped under my bottom and between my legs and deftly found the little oyster-folds of flesh that parted to allow his fingers to beguile my mind while they toyed with my clit.

And, suddenly, we were both breathing in short, excited gasps as my feet massaged his rigid cock and his hand plunged in and out of my pussy.

Then the awful-wonderful tension began to quiver in my belly again as I felt myself slowly ascending toward another explosion of bliss that would fragment me into a fourth ring around the moon.

And the explosion came.

And I shrieked, "Yeeeeeeeeegawwwwwwds!" as I saw, through lust-clouded eyes, my Master's cock, between my bare feet, shoot a geyser of white cum into the air. The precious creamy gism fell to soak my legs and belly. A few drops even fell on my lips, and I licked them hungrily.

And we lay until our breathing stilled.

Then, my knees still bent, my feet still locked between his legs, my toes surrounding his balls, and his hand deep inside my belly...

I slept.

Only to awaken before dawn, with hungry lips sucking fiercely upon my nipples.

"My Lord, surely our Wedding Night is over," I protested—weakly for my hands pressed his head harder down upon my teat.

"Let me be the judge of that," Atahualpa managed to gasp out. "And I must have you one more time, though it breaks with all protocol. Roll over, please, and get on your knees."

The shock of having a god say 'please' to me shocked me momentarily, so it was a full second before I scrambled to my knees.

"Stand up now, and take hold of the tent-pole."

I was glad to notice that his voice betrayed no anger at my hesitation and so I obeyed quickly.

"Now bend over, so that your rump is prominently displayed to me."

As I did so, I sensed the Sapa-Inca coming around in from of me. And I watched in fascination as he bound my hands to the tent-pole.

"That is so you cannot pull away from me, if I should chance to hurt you. The pain will be short-lived, I assure you, and the pleasure that will follow will be greater than any you have ever known."

"I do not see how that can be, My Lord, but if you say so. You are going to take me anally, are you not?"

"I am. And your anus looks ripe and ready for my taking."

"That too has been prepared for, with wooden rods of gradually increasing breadth."

"Any as wide as my cock?"

"No, My Lord. I have never felt one that big in my rear entrance."

"Good. I want you tight around me."

"I will do my best to please...aaaaiiiighh!"

"That is the pain. All of it. And now, Cori, my sweet flower, the pleasure comes..."

And come it did, as his huge cock pushed slowly up my rectum to fill my belly once again...but in a new and wonderful way. Instinctively, my anal muscles seized around his invading cock, attempting to eject it as he, in turn, thrust it farther into me, with the result that we soon established a regular rhythm of thrust and withdrawal that slowly built in speed and intensity toward a hitherto unknown orgasm of delight.

And, far from attempting to draw away from his thrusts, I planted my feet firmly and parted my legs a little more so that I could shove my buttocks forcefully back against his penetrating cock.

And he groaned and I moaned incomprehensibly in the joy of that union of my anus with his invading shaft.

Soon, streams of my coital fluids were coursing down the insides of my thighs, making his cock slippery, so that it made loud slapping noises as he pounded further and further up my rectum. And, then, just as I thought his cock would rend my belly open with its piercing thrusts, my climax roared over me, making my knees buckle so that I shook the tent-pole as I nearly fell. Indeed, only the Inca's powerful legs kept me on my feet as his cock discharged its sperm in a violent cascade that filled me so full my

rectum could not hold it and it coursed in rivulets down my naked legs to puddle with my coital juices on the floor.

“Loosen my hands! Loosen my hands!” I cried frantically and, as they came free, I fell upon my knees and hysterically began to lap up the pool of our combined fluids, out of my mind in my desire to prolong that orgiastic moment for all time. Meanwhile, the Inca lay on his back between my legs and licked my clitoris until I came again in his face amid horrendous spasms of shuddering that left me dizzied...

Then, afterwards, Atahuallpa and I sat side by side, both naked—each lost in his own private thoughts - and sipped hot chicha in silence until the sun arose on the new day...the Day of the Six Legs.

* * * *

“Today, my sweet Cori, you begin a new life a life known to no former wife of the Inca,” Atahuallpa told me then. “In the normal course of events, you would now be prevented from having any sort of sexual contact for the rest of your life, for, once having known my favors, you are deemed beyond the knowledge of the common man. But these are not normal times and the Six Legs are not normal men, so the gods will set aside their laws for the time being. You will thus experience what no other wife of an Inca has ever had before, satisfaction for your sexual lusts after your wedding night. All that I ask of you is that you remember, each time you achieve an orgasm,

that it was I who was the first to give you that joy."

"I will, my Lord. You must know I will," I promised.

"Tonight, you have showed me that you have many sexual skills," the Inca went on. "And this morning I urge you to use them in my interests to elicit information from the Six Legs. Therefore, when they arrive this morning, I wish you to point out to me which one of the officers appeals to you."

"Why not their leader, My Lord?"

"That might be too obvious a trick, offering your beauty to the leader of the Six Legs. But he will send only his most trusted officers. Of that you may be sure. So pick one who stimulates your sexual interest. That will make it all the easier to use your body in my interest."

"And how shall I indicate the man, My Lord?"

"A simple nod in his direction after I have accepted whatever gifts they bring me. No point in alerting my other wives that there is some collusion between us."

"True. Many of them hate me already."

"How so?"

"They call me too ugly to be your wife. I think that means that they consider me more beautiful than they."

"No doubt. Jealousies are always rampant in the Tent of the Wives. But it is time for you to return and make yourself ready for the audience with the Six Legs. From now on I know you only as my one-time wife, you understand."

"Regrettably, I do. This past night will know no equal for me."

"Nor for me, Cori. Be assured of that. Farewell. I will send a messenger to the Six Legs' camp to bring back any information you may have. But you and I will never speak again."

"Can I not at least have one last kiss from My God?" I asked, as the tears flowed.

"No..." Atahualpa answered slowly. "But you can have one from the Inca who will love you 'til he dies."

I returned to the Tent of the Wives, feeling as if I were walking on clouds. After all, had I not just been granted a reprieve from a life of sexual deprivation never before bestowed upon any ex-wife of the Inca? Moreover, had he not just vowed his undying love for me? I think at that moment I had dreams that, when this business with the Six Legs was all over and they were banished back to their Land Across the Sea, I would return to the Inca's tent and there I would live with him as his sole Queen for the rest of our lives.

Now let me explain that, among my doubtless many faults, I have never been able to tell a successful lie or keep a secret—no matter how I tried. When I was a child, my mother said my face gave me away, but I had always put that down to a mother's instinctive knowledge of her daughter. But, as I grew older, it appeared that my face was indeed a mirror of my thoughts, no matter how hard I might try to draw a curtain over them.

Naturally, I had not mentioned this little flaw to the Inca for fear of losing my precious assignment as a spy. That would mean the difference between a life of sexual fulfillment for me and one of utter yearning and frustration.

And did not his kiss still burn on my lips even as I reached the entrance to the Tent of the Wives?

There I was met by Xacchla Picchu, who, I suppose, by virtue of six months seniority over me, should have been called to the Inca's tent the previous night.

"So, bitch, you are late returning," she almost growled at me. "Are you going to show us all the marks where he beat you for displeasing him?"

"I have no whip marks," I answered truthfully. "In fact, Atahualpa seemed pleased with me."

"So what is your dowry?"

"I do not know yet."

"You lie," Xacchla sneered. "One always returns from a wedding night with a dowry."

"Perhaps the Inca plans a second night for me," I taunted her.

"Bitch! Liar! You cannot keep secrets from us, just because you are about to be free," Xacchla snarled, motioning the other twenty-odd girls around her. "Are we going to let her climb upon the back of an eagle, just because she has been ridden by the Inca?"

There were mutterings of discontent from the others who had obviously been stirred up to jealous rage by Xacchla in my absence.

"Do not listen to her," I told them quietly.

"Take her arms," Xacchla said more quietly still.

And it was her voice that they heard.

Two pairs of hands grabbed my forearms and pinioned them behind my back as Xacchla stepped forward and grasped the neck of my kub.

"Let's see your marks!" she snarled.

And her strong hand ripped the garment off my body in one motion and threw it across the tent, leaving me standing naked to all eyes.

"I see no marks," the newest of the wives told Xacchla, circling me.

"But she is hiding something," a little bitch called Tiffi said. "Perhaps Atahuallpa has given her jewels as well as the usual house and land."

"If that were the case, how would I be hiding them?" I pointed out.

"A rich emerald can be tucked up the anus," Tiffi said.

"True," Xacchla nodded, "or in the pussy."

"Hold her while we search her," Tiffi said.

Truth to tell, I don't think they really expected to find anything. They were just trying to cause me pain.

And that they did.

Tiffi's long-nailed fingers prodded up my rectum with greater force than Atahuallpa's cock had ever done, and I saw them come away covered with my blood.

"Nothing there," she said, glumly. "But perhaps the bitch can be persuaded to tell us the truth."

And her fingers drove up my anus once again, with even greater force.

"Here," Xacchla sneered. "Let me help you."

And her hand probed my vagina, spreading my labia wide until she could thrust her whole forearm up my pussy.

I moaned and writhed against the pain of their combined assault, trying to kick backwards at the girls who held my arms.

“Stop struggling!” Xacchla ordered.

And to reinforce her order she gave the side of my breast a downward, grazing slap with the back of her hand.

I screamed, for the slap burned like a firebrand.

“Shut up!” Xacchla snapped, bringing her hand down on my tender breast a second time.

This time I gritted my teeth against the whip-like pain and only a hiss escaped my lips. But a single tear trickled down my cheek to betray the torture that blow had administered.

Encouraged by that tear, Xacchla began a furious assault upon both my breasts which threatened to leave me a throbbing, sobbing, mindless hulk had not Mizxra, the *Curaca* of the Wives, burst into the tent.

“What is going on here?” she demanded. “The Six Legs are already encamped in the city and have sent word they plan to send a delegation at High Sun. And the Inca has given me specific instructions that you are all to be made as pretty as possible—especially Cori—for that occasion. Now, hasten to that task, which is an onerous one for some of you...like Xacchla.”

And, with that parting shot, Mizxra turned on her heel and departed.

“You hear that?” Tiffi whined. “Especially Cori.’ You were right, Xacchla, she is to be given special treatment.”

“And you do not dare to harm her or risk the Inca’s wrath,” the youngest of the wives, called Jinna, reminded them.

“True,” Xacchla said gloomily. “But beware, Cori,

there will come a day when the Wives of the Inca will have their revenge for your special treatment, whatever it may be."

So it was with that threat ringing in my ears that I prepared for the fateful meeting that could well decide the whole future course of my life.

* * * *

The plain before the Inca's tents at Cajamarca glistened in the mid-day sun as we awaited the arrival of the Spaniards, as they apparently called themselves according to an advance scout who had arrived just this morning. The heat waves rising off the land between us and Cajamarca made the town seem like a spectre, as its outline seemed to warp and disintegrate in the sun.

And so it was with the approach of the Six Legs on the great beasts they called 'horses'.

As they rode across the plane, they alternately grew to become almost monstrous in size and shrank to become mere black dots in front of the City.

But, at last, the air became clearer with their approach and we were able to see them in all their terrible beauty.

First of all, one noticed the great black beasts they rode for they themselves were taller than any man I had ever seen. Across the plane they galloped, faster than any llama, their mouths flecked with white foam from the bits in their teeth, their black hides glossy with sweat as if they found being ridden an orgasmic experience.

And then one's attention was diverted to the Silver Men who rode the great beasts.

What wondrous men they must be, I thought, to have tamed such beasts to their commands. And how difficult it was going to be to choose one officer among the six of them, for as they lined up before us, they seemed to be all of a height, all gleaming in their silver suits. And, of course, the helmets and visors they wore hid their faces from us all.

At this moment, Atahualpa cast a quick glance at me, but I did not nod toward any of the Six Legs...not yet.

"What was that glance for?" Tiffi whispered in my ear.

"What glance?" I asked trying to look innocent.

"That glance at you, stupid."

"It was at no one in particular," I told her. "He's just trying to see that all of us are dutifully attentive."

"Bitch! It was at you all right," Xacchla hissed.

"Shush!" the Curaca of the Wives breathed angrily at all of us. "Watch and learn. These are the men you may one day have to obey."

Two of the horsemen now dismounted and unstrapped their saddlebags from which they removed large rolls of finely-coloured material, obviously intended for the twenty or so of us.

These were duly presented to the Inca who passed them on to the Curaca of the Wives.

Then there was a pause and a terrified silence fell while we all wondered how the Inca would take being left out of the exchange of gifts.

This was broken by Xacchla who pointed out

across the plane and cried, "Look!"

And our eyes veered toward a small cloud of dust which grew and grew until it became a silver rider on a silver horse, galloping full tilt across the plain. On and on he came, until he thundered into our midst, still at full tilt, and we were all sure he intended to run us all over.

But, not five feet from Atahualpa himself, this magnificent rider suddenly brought his steed to a skidding stop, spraying dust all over the lot of us, the Inca included, and leapt off, placing a jewel-encrusted ceremonial sword in the startled Inca's hands.

It was a magnificent display of horsemanship, and that alone might have been enough to sway my decision. But, when he doffed his silver helmet and revealed the halo of yellow hair that surrounded his head like rays from the sun, I *knew*.

"Who is that man?" I whispered to Atahualpa, throwing secrecy to the winds.

"My spies tell me he is Capitano Hernando De Soto, Second in Command of the Six Legs," Atahualpa whispered back.

"Him I would have," I said.

"So shall it be," the Inca nodded.

And under the angry glares of my fellow wives, he presented me to Capitano De Soto, saying, "Take this humble gift I offer you."

De Soto turned to a small native man who had ridden up almost unnoticed behind him and asked him something in the language of the Six Legs.

"He offers you one of his wives as a gift," the young man answered in ours.

De Soto shook his head as if refusing the offer and my heart sank for my life as hung in the balance. To be returned now to the Tent of the Wives could only mean a slow and lingering death at the hands of Xacchla, Tiffi and the rest.

“The Inca will be insulted if you refuse her,” the young man told the Capitano at last.

De Soto gave that a moment’s thought as I held my breath in fear of his decision.

Then he reached out and took my hand.

And, with that simple gesture, I became one of the enemies.

TWO

Grasping me with his large hands around my waist, De Soto easily lifted me into the saddle of his silver beast and we rode out of the Inca camp, with the angry glares of Xacchla, Tiffi and the other wives burning into my back.

Such angry partings were soon forgotten, however, as the Capitano of the Six Legs rode me through the gates of Cajamarca and we dismounted before the finest little house I had ever seen.

"De Soto says this house is yours, until he can figure out just what to do with you," the little native, who spoke both the language of the Six Legs and the Lowland Dialect of my language, told me.

"I am his to use as he wishes," I told the man, who I saw now was not much older than I. "And it is my hope that will include all the services one might expect of a female slave...including the most private ones."

"I will tell him," the young man nodded. "But your first duty will be to learn the language of the Spaniards. And, I am glad to say, De Soto has made

that my pleasant task."

"Will you teach me the language of love?" I asked.

"If you wish."

"I have a feeling I will need it. Your Capitano is a most attractive man."

"He has little time for such things," the little man told me.

"We shall see," I smiled. "So, when will I meet your leader?"

"In good time, I suppose. In the meantime, Xara will administer to your needs and I will teach you Spanish."

"Xara? Who is she?"

"A slave captured in the siege of Tumbes. She is to be your servant."

"My slave? I have never had one of those."

"The Six Legs do not call them slaves, though they are in all but name. Xara is to be yours. She will also teach you Spanish...and - if I am not mistaken about the look in her eye as she watched us enter the town - several other things that should keep you quite busy."

"Considering she will also have to spend some hours a day on prayer," a new voice said, and I looked up to find that an older, white-bearded man, dressed in a long brown robe, had entered the house unnoticed while we had been talking. His skin was weather-worn so that it was almost as brown as his robe, with the result that, apart from his beard—and his bright blue eyes—he almost blended into the smoke-darkened sandstone walls of the house.

"Introduce me, Felipillo," the Brown Man continued.

"I am afraid we have not exchanged names yet, Father," the young man answered.

"Then we must do so," the older man said in our language. "How can I know whose soul I am saving, if I do not know her name?"

"This is Father Vincente Valverde, Pizarro's chaplain," the young man nodded toward the Brown One.

"I am Felipillo, called *La Oreja*, the Ear, because I have an ear for languages. And your name is...?"

"Cori, Cori Occlo."

"I didn't think slaves had two names," the Brown Man frowned.

"I am not a slave. I am a wife of the Inca. And a valued gift to your Capitano."

"You may have been a wife to the Inca, but you are a slave now, Cori Occlo," Valverde said flatly.

"I thought you said the Six Legs kept no slaves?" I turned to Felipillo.

"The Six Legs do not," Felipillo sneered in our language. "Father Valverde belongs to God. To a man of God all men are slaves. The Church makes slaves of us all."

"A Man of God? The Church? I do not understand," I said.

"I am sure the Good Father will rectify that, even if he has to beat it into you. The Father loves to use the whip for your salvation in the name of Jesus Christ. And, in the name of her own gods, I'm sure your 'faithful' slave, Xara, will be only too glad to assist him."

"You make it sound as if I have been condemned

to a life of beatings," I said.

"I'm sure De Soto will protect you," Felipillo said. "If you are mistreated in any way, simply inform me and I will make sure he knows. Valverde may whip you in the name of God. And Xara will try in the name of jealousy. But De Soto will beat them both in the name of King Charles."

"Xara I can understand. But God? King Charles? Who is the strongest?" I asked.

"At the time, whoever has the whip," Felipillo smiled.

"What are you two jabbering about?" Valverde interrupted us.

"Cori is telling me how much she is looking forward to learning of our God," Felipillo lied in our language so that I would understand. "And I am telling her that our language lessons will begin tomorrow after the morning meal."

"Very well," Valverde nodded. Then he said something in Spanish I did not comprehend.

"The Father says we must leave you now," Felipillo told me. "Our leader, Pizarro, craves the two of us in his quarters across the square. But I shall send Xara to you. You two might as well get acquainted."

The two men left...but I was not alone for long.

And the moment Xara entered, I knew that we would never get along.

In the first place, as Felipillo had said, the look in her eyes was one of sheer hatred and contempt not unmingled with jealousy. And, in the second, she was dressed as a female slave mistress—a short leather skirt and warrior's boots, with the skin of her bare

breasts criss-crossed with decorative scars and a coil of snakeskin whip tucked into her studded leather belt. All in all, a dangerous-looking young woman...particularly now to me.

"So you are Cori Occlo, the Traitor," she sneered.

"No more so than you who serve the Six-Legs," I responded derisively.

"I serve them only because I am a captured slave," Xara snapped back. "You asked to come."

"How can you know that?"

"My lover told me."

"Your lover? Who is that?"

"Diego de Garcia, one of the soldiers who were there."

"You fuck one of the Spaniards?" I scoffed. "And you have the gall to name me traitor?"

"Prove you are something else then."

I considered for a moment. I could not tell her the real reason for my being here. That would give away my role completely.

"I do not have to defend myself to my slave," I said belligerently.

I saw Xara's hand flick unconsciously toward her whip.

"I am not your slave," she said coldly. "And you *will* answer me."

"You are my slave by De Soto's order and I do not obey the orders of one who prostitutes herself in the service of the Six Legs," I shouted.

"Double whore!" Xara snarled and the whip snapped out in a blinding flash, wrapping itself around my neck.

Instantly, I felt my breath cut off and little sparks of light danced before my eyes. Then they became stars, twinkling in a black sky. Then there was only the black sky as I felt my body slump to the ground...

* * * *

I awoke to a stretching pain in my arms and I shook my head, trying to clear it.

Only to find myself suspended, naked, by the wrists in the doorway of my room, my toes swinging just above the floor.

"Wha...what are you doing?" I asked fuzzily.

"What do you think, my dear? You were an insubordinate slave," Xara's voice came from behind me. "It is my job to punish unruly slaves."

"I am a gift of the Inca to De Soto. The Capitano will punish you," I warned her.

"I think not, when I tell him you have confessed to being a spy for the Sapa-Inca," Xara hissed.

"I did not. I could not, because it is not true," I lied.

"You will, because your face says it is true," Xara replied haughtily. "And the pain will give words to what your face already has told me."

"Armed with truth, I can take any pain," I said boldly. "Your whip does not frighten me."

"That's because you have never been whipped by a specialist," Xara laughed scornfully. "The question is only *when* you will begin to spew the truth out, not *if*."

"Boastful as well, are you?"

"Whore-bitch!" Xara screamed.

And a sudden whisper on the air told me my punishment had begun.

That blow across my shoulder blades stung like fire and caused me to swing forward, stretching the skin so that I felt little trickles of blood beginning to ooze down my back.

"Ahhhhnnn!" I gasped reflexively.

"You think that hurt? Wait 'til I give you another in exactly the same spot," Xara threatened. "Soon I'll have your back flayed like the carcass of a llama."

And a blistering blow snapped across my back in precisely the same line as the first, opening the wounds so that they bled more profusely.

I did not wish to give her the satisfaction, but I could not contain my grunt of agony.

"See?" Xara said. "My aim is perfect. So where would you like the third one? Under the arms so it curls around and bites your pretty little breast? Your tender little nipple? De Soto likes pretty unmarked breasts. You will make a less than perfect lover with your teats all deformed with scars. Answer, bitch? Where do you want it? Where do you want it...*now*!"

And on the word 'now', I heard the frightful whisper again and my left breast exploded with a blinding pain.

"Aaaaaiiiiiieeeeeaaagh!" I screeched as the flame tore through my body and my feet kicked spastically, finding only air.

"One more?" Xara taunted. "One more in the same place? Sheeeittt!"

Xara's sudden outburst and change of tone caused me to peer over my shoulder where I saw De Soto

throwing her angrily to the ground and flinging her whip across the floor.

"Get out!" he bellowed. "Get out and never enter this house again!"

"But she confessed to being a spy for the Inca," Xara protested.

"I did not! I did not!" I blubbered, fear and pain making me nearly hysterical.

"Get out!" De Soto repeated to Xara. "I do not believe you."

As Xara skulked away, De Soto proceeded to cut me down and lay me on my least damaged breast on the bed.

"Why...why did you believe me and not Xara?" I managed to sob.

"In any argument, if one person has a whip and the other has only whip-burns, I always tend to believe the injured party," the Capitano answered gently.

And I think in that moment, I felt my first stirrings of an emotion which I had never felt before. It was more than respect for De Soto. More than anything I had ever felt toward any man...even the Inca.

Perhaps, I shuddered to think, it was what Atahualpa had called love.

That thought left me standing in the edge of a jungle where hungry mountain lions lurked.

And I knew not which way to turn.

* * * *

De Soto called for Valverde, who apparently included doctoring amongst his skills, to minister to my

wounds and during the next week I was mostly bedridden as the Priest treated my wounds with healing salves and monologued at me of Jesus, Mary and Joseph and of my Soul's Salvation, none of which I understood.

But I nodded and smiled as if I did and repeated the chants and "prayers" Felipillo said Valverde expected me to imitate.

And, despite my doubts about the powers of his gods, Valverde's ointments at least cured my body's ills.

During that time, I saw little of Hernando De Soto whom Felipillo said was parlaying with Pizarro and his key officers, including Hernando himself--who was also Pizarro's brother-in-law--Hernando's brother Francisco, and Diego de Almagro, a powerful General and Pizarro's partner who, Felipillo said, had "the confidence of the enlisted men." I gathered some kind of plan was afoot, but, as even Felipillo was banned from their meetings, I could learn little of what it was. And all Valverde wanted to talk about was Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

However, since Felipillo was not allowed to participate in De Soto's meetings, that left him free to spend a lot of time with me, teaching me to speak the language of the Six Legs. At this he was a fine teacher--and I, he said, was an apt pupil--for within a week I could understand much of what Maria--my new maid who spoke only Spanish--was saying. Valverde's ramblings remained a mystery, but that was because much of them were in a third language altogether, which I determined not to try to learn.

Felipillo called it Latin and I decided one new language was enough for now.

At last, at the end of the week, De Soto arrived asking, "So, has the Father cured you of your physical ills, my dear?"

And by that time I had learned enough Spanish to both understand his question and to answer, "I am quite well, my Lord De Soto."

"You have taught her well, I see, Felipillo." De Soto smiled at him.

"She, like I, has The Ear," Felipillo replied humbly.

"But let me see your injuries," De Soto said solicitously. "Draw your covers back down to your waist."

The Capitano's touch as he examined the healed scar on my breast was intended, I am sure, sure to be purely clinical, but it sent little shivers of delight through my whole body and I gritted my teeth as if in pain while my thoughts shouted in my head,

"Do not let his touch excite you so! He is your enemy, Cori. Allow yourself to lust for his body. That you cannot prevent. Indeed, it is your main weapon. But you must not let his every little touch drive you mad! Fuck him you must, but do not let yourself love him! That way lays the hungry jungle!"

De Soto mistook the significance if not the motives for my wince, for he withdrew his hand, saying,

"Cover yourself, my dear, and do not worry. You were given to me in peace and with the trust that I would never harm you. Rest assured then, I vow that I shall never touch you sexually as long as you are with us."

And, as he stared deep into my eyes, I wondered if he saw in them my own resolve to make him break that vow.

‘Vow with your words, if you wish, De Soto *but read my eyes.*’ For they were vowing in the universal language that all men and women share, ‘But know that my body will possess yours...*soon.*’

Meantime, I prayed that it was only my physical lust that spoke.

Love for the enemy was simply unthinkable.

THREE

The rest of my day was occupied, as usual, by language lessons with Felipillo, harangues from Father Valverde, mostly in Latin, and my first meeting with Maria, who turned out to be a pretty little native girl, about my age, who had been raised in a Spanish “Convent,” whatever that was. Valverde said it was a House of God where girls were brought up to be obedient and respect their virginity. However, from the look in Maria’s eyes, I was not sure that she had learned either lesson very well. Particularly with regard to me, she seemed to be excessively interested in touching and caressing my body as she bathed me, than she was fearful of Valverde’s warnings about “giving in to the urges of her flesh.”

However, by the time the evening meal was over, all three of them abandoned me to my thoughts, for which I was truly grateful, for I had some serious thinking to do.

It seemed to me that my objectives at the moment were twofold:

First, to gain De Soto’s confidence so that he would

feel free discussing the plans of the Six Legs with me and I could then relay these to Atahualpa; and

Second, to have De Soto between my thighs, his cock in my belly, pounding me until the carnal tension which had been building in my loins exploded into orgasmic bliss.

My mind must have been clouded by thoughts of the latter, for I was almost dropping off to sleep before it occurred to me that the best way to my first objective was through the second.

"Fuck De Soto," I told myself. "Fuck him and fuck him for as often as it takes for all the rest to follow."

Those very thoughts seemed to be a kind of masturbation. For I believe, in my semi-conscious state, that I came and came and came again.

And dozed off with a satisfied smile upon my face.

* * * *

The following morning, I asked Maria to send De Soto to me saying I had something important to tell him and, within a few minutes, De Soto arrived, wearing only his simple tunic of pure white linen and full of apologies for his delay.

"It is I should be apologizing to you, My Lord," I told him. "A mere slave daring to summon her master."

"I would rather you did not think of yourself as a slave, Cori," he answered. "You are my guest, that's all."

"But I was given to you as a servant to do your every bidding and, so far I have shirked all duties."

"You have not been well."

"I am fine now."

"That may be, but, truth to tell, I have not had the time to give much thought to what your duties – if, indeed, you have any – are to be," De Soto explained.

"Well, I have had much time to consider just that."

"Very well, what do you think they should be?"

"I think, first, we must consider who I am and what my past education has prepared me for."

"Yes, I would know that," De Soto nodded.

"I have received much education in the history and traditions of the Incas—both of my race and of our political figure and chief god on earth, the Sapa-Inca. That should help you to understand the people you are dealing with, and particularly with the expectations and desires of Atahuallpa."

"That would certainly be a help," De Soto agreed. "I was not able to get much of a reading from his face this morning."

"The Inca has been trained to be impassive. It would not do for a god to display emotion to anyone."

"Good Lord!" De Soto laughed. "Even to his wife."

"Especially to his wives. He has twenty-two at present count."

"Easy to be impassive I suppose after a night with twenty-two young women. He must be exhausted."

"He only has one a night, My Lord De Soto."

"Do not call me your Lord, *por favor*. The term implies the basest servitude...slavery, in fact."

"What am I then, if I am neither your wife nor your slave?" I asked.

"I really have no idea," De Soto sighed. "As I said, I really don't know what to do with you."

"May I offer a suggestion as to how I may serve you, then?"

"I wish you would."

"Part of my training has been to understand men, men like the Inca, ordinary men too. And I think I understand their needs."

"Which are?"

"In the first place an ear, a sympathetic ear, to which to confide those thoughts and worries that might make him appear less than strong before his fellow men. A fighting man cannot afford fear and yet all men fear feeling fear itself. Does that make sense?"

"Perfect sense. And you are right. Even Father Valverde cannot be told the things that bother an Officer of the King."

"But a trusted woman can. I could be that trusted woman."

"You read me well. So what other services do see me as needing?"

"The most basic one of all. You say you have been too busy to visit me. If I am really your Cherished Gift, that should not be. For instance, have you had the time to notice that, besides being a problem that must be solved, I am woman, El Capitano?"

"Why, yes, you are," De Soto answered, and there was a hint of surprise in his voice. "And a very attractive woman at that."

"If you were home in Spain, how would you treat an attractive woman?"

"I would make every effort to seduce her."

"And how is the land of the Inca so very different?" I challenged him. "Your needs are no different, surely...except they may be exaggerated by your recent abstinence. And you have just been presented with an attractive woman who yearns to satisfy your every need."

"Are you offering your body to me, Cori?"

"In the name of all our gods, even your Jesus-Mary-and-Joseph," I growled throatily, "do I have to strip naked and fling myself upon you? Yes, of course, I am!"

"But that makes you nothing better than...than a concubine!" De Soto sounded shocked.

"If I am, I am both ready and willing to be just that," I grinned.

And I grabbed his tunic and pulled him down upon the bed.

At first, the brave Capitano of the Spaniards surprised me by seeming reticent, even unwilling to react to my enticements. However, as I pulled my kub up over my head—slowly though my heart was pounding with excitement—and bared first my little bare feet and slim lower legs as I knelt astride him on the bed, I saw a tell-tale lifting of his tunic that bespoke more than passing interest in what I was revealing to him.

"Oh, Jesu," he murmured, "it has been so long since I've seen naked, smooth-skinned, taut young legs. Hold that pose for just a moment and let me savor the sight of your young, brown skin pressing against me. Ahhhh...Jesu...how wonderful."

"I have many wonders to show you, El Capitano."

"No doubt. No doubt. But let us not rush. Let us savor the joy of every moment."

My hands now went to the collar of my *kub*, intending to pull it further over my head, but De Soto's large hands stopped with surprising gentleness.

"No," he said, "let me look at you like that just a while longer. Ohhhh, God, how long is it since I have seen such slender legs! May I touch them?"

"They are yours, my Capitano. Do with them as you will," I breathed.

"My lips yearn to touch them with a kiss," he whispered back.

"You need ask nothing of me. Take what you wish," I murmured softly.

And De Soto sat up slowly and kissed me lightly just above the knee. Then, seeming to gain courage from my sigh of pleasure, he kissed me once, twice, several times, starting at the front and working around to the bottom of my thigh as his gentle hands crept under the hem of my *kub*.

My heart pounding in my ears, I began to lift the cloth up my legs and De Soto's kisses followed the line of the hem, moving back and forth from one leg to another until my breath began to come in short gasps of pleasure.

And then his mouth found the centre of my womanhood and I cried aloud with joy as his tongue burrowed gently into the wet darkness of my pussy.

"You are wet already," he murmured in surprise, drawing his head away.

"Because I have longed for this moment ever since

I first saw you ride across the plane," I answered.

"And I, since I took you by your soft hand outside the Inca's tent," De Soto said quietly.

"Then, put your cock in me and end our waiting," I pleaded.

"Not so fast," De Soto smiled. "I would have your tongue upon me first."

"Then, if that is your desire, my mouth shall be the vessel for your sperm," I answered.

"I have years worth...surely more than enough to satisfy the thirst of your mouth and that of your pussy."

"More than once?" I teased.

"A dozen times if you demand it."

"You boast."

"We'll see. You shall tire before I do."

"Is over-confidence a common Spanish trait?"

"Do all your concubines promise what they cannot deliver?"

"Aaagh!" I growled playfully.

And I tore my *kub* over my head as he ripped his tunic off his body...

And we knelt frozen on the bed, stunned by the wondrous sight of each other's nakedness.

De Soto's lean body rippled with muscles hardened by long marches and the hard life of a soldier. And his cock was a worthy standard-bearer to lead his way into the present war. It was long, rock-hard, and empurpled by swollen veins engorged with the blood of sexual excitement, so that, looking at it, I felt my throat constrict with the stimulation of my every sense. Jesus-Mary-and-Joseph, I thought, what

wondrous sensations awaited me as it slipped into my mouth and down my throat to disgorge its undoubted flagons of hot cum.

Meanwhile, De Soto was looking at me as if in a spell. Then I saw his lips move and his voice spoke, barely audibly, in semi-rational fragments,

"Santiago, how lovely you are! How tiny! How delicate! Doll-like! I almost tremble to touch you for fear you will shatter. Here, let me see..."

Slowly, his hand reached forth, index finger extended and, as he detailed my delights, his touch traced lightly over them, thrilling me almost to madness.

"Your belly, how flat and firm it is! How I yearn to have it pressed against mine. And your thighs, so tight yet smooth to the touch. What a joy to be held between them. And, ahhhh, your little cunt, so wet already with the titillation, the expectation of what's to come. I must touch it. I must pinch the little, soft folds of your labia between my thumb and forefinger! Gently...gently, now, De Soto." His self-conscious smile was immensely appealing. "I must caution myself for I do not wish to send you over the cliff of rapture before I have sampled all. "Your breasts. So full, yet tiny. So ripe for my lips to suckle, their nipples so erect, begging for my teeth to nibble gently.

"And your throat...Lord, how your throat cries out to me, "Kiss me! Lick me! Drive me mad with desire for you!"

"Kiss me...Lick me..." I murmured like an echo.

"Those lips, those lovely, soft little pouted lips! How can any man resist them?" De Soto breathed.

"Do not try, my Capitano," I urged softly. "They cry out for your loving kisses..."

And, at last, De Soto's lips descended on mine, his tongue gently forcing them apart to enter my mouth, as his hands cupped by bare breasts, his fingers tweaking and toying with my throbbing nipples.

It was a long and passionate kiss that I could barely bring myself to break. But at last, I turned my head away, so that his lips and teeth nibbled on my earlobe and my neck, sending little chills over my whole body. And finally I was able to gasp,

"Enter me, my Capitano. Fuck me, now...oh, please!"

And my legs spread and my ankles crossed behind his thighs, my heels locked together, preventing his withdrawal...and I felt the tip of his cock touch gingerly against the other lips of my pussy.

"Enter me..." I breathed again, my carnal excitement adding urgency to my appeal.

And I felt De Soto's rigid member part the soft oyster-folds of my labia and find my clit.

"Yes, yes!" I moaned. "Stay there for a moment. Just like that. With your hard shaft tantalizing the very centre of my whole being. Turn me into nothing but a pulsing, throbbing, *needing* cunt. Where you become no more than a pulsing, throbbing, *needing* cock. Our whole existence focused on the tiny spot where you and I meet in fleshly lust. Oh, Jesus-Mary-and-Joseph, let us suck every drop of joy from this blissful moment!"

"I...I cannot..." De Soto groaned. "I must either plunge my cock deep into you or withdraw now."

"But there is a third choice," I laughed, scrambling suddenly out from under him.

"Wha...? What are you going to..."

But I had lowered my pussy over his mouth, cutting off his question, as my mouth sought his rigid cock.

"Shut up, my Capitano," I said quietly. "Shut up and enjoy..."

And, as his tongue plunged between my sopping cunt-lips to wreak a wondrous torture on my clit, my mouth engulfed his engorged shaft, licking and sucking it as I sucked it deeper and deeper into my mouth and down my throat.

Slowly my belly began to quiver with terrible pleasure of my burgeoning orgasm and, simultaneously, I felt De Soto's cock began to swell as his semen rose from his testicles.

And we built to our common orgasms together, so that as I dissolved into a shuddering, mindless jelly, De Soto shot volley after volley of hot creamy cum into my mouth and down my throat.

And it seemed like an hour before we found the strength to crawl around on the bed so that we faced each other again.

And we laughed at each other's cum-streaked faces and our lips met in a long and messy kiss.

Then, finally, the Capitano arose, wiped the coital fluids from his little beard and dressed, saying, "I will be back, dear one, as soon as Pizarro has no further need of me."

"And I will not dress 'til you come," I promised. "For I have yet to know the ultimate joy of holding

you between my legs.”

“Your precious little body gives me every reason to make haste,” De Soto said. “I vow I will not make you wait long.”

And he left me facing a terrible new fact.

For I knew now that, all promises to Atahuellpa aside and all dangers inherent in that new fact being ignored, I had fallen deeply and unalterably in love with Capitano De Soto.

* * * *

The first messenger from the Inca came to me just after the midday meal and, far from easing my mind, it complicated things immeasurably.

For I knew, of course, that his purpose was not so much to bring a message to me but to find out what I had discovered of the Six Legs plans. And so far, I had no news...except the piece that I had fallen in love with my Spanish master, Hernando De Soto. And that, I knew, would hardly be a welcome bit of news.

Quickly, I pulled up the coverlet over my naked breasts, feeling smug at fulfilling my promise to De Soto not to dress ‘til his return and bade the messenger enter.

He turned out to be a weedy little man named Kynnu Ocho—more full of news himself, than questions that gave me a welcome respite from revealing my two-pronged failure. However, as he told his story, I saw that it was not so much news as warning against failing in my commission for

Atahualpa.

"You may be interested in knowing what happened to your predecessor here at Cajamarca," he said with a wink, once Maria had left us alone.

"The Inca already had a spy here?" I gasped in surprise.

"Of course. One named Xara."

"But she accused me of being a traitor to the Inca," I said.

"Of course, she did. She was jealous of you replacing her. She looked forward to great rewards from the Inca. Well, she got her due payment, I suppose."

"What happened to her?" I asked.

"The moment she had reported to Atahualpa he ordered us all to assemble in front of the camp," Ocho said, obviously enjoying a chance to gain my undivided attention. "Once he saw that we were all there, Xara was brought in, naked like the lowest slave, and that large square wooden frame was mounted."

"The whipping frame."

"Yes, but it was not to be used for whipping today. How much easier a simple flogging would have been to watch, if that had been its purpose. But no. This terrible morning, Xara was hung, spread-eagled, by the wrists and ankles as if she were going to be whipped, and that's what we expected. But then, Paxu, the Inca's surgeon, stepped forward holding his tiny scalpel. The moment Xara saw this, gleaming in the sun, she began to whimper, 'No, My Lord Atahualpa, no, not that!'

"But the Inca merely nodded to Paxu, who began by making a small incision below Xara's left breast, where it meets her ribcage. Then he drew two lines, one on each side of the breast, nearly to the base of her throat. Then a fourth line across to meet the top of the scarlet lines of blood that now flanked her breast. Xara stared at this operation in horrified silence and her whole body began to sweat profusely with fear and pain, so that it glistened in the morning sun. Yet still her voice was struck to muteness.

"However, when Paxu took his slim fingers and began to peel the skin in one large piece from her mammary, she began to scream in the most terrible pain.

"The Inca, however, remained unmoved by her agony, merely gesturing toward her right breast, and Paxu repeated the process of removing the skin in a second piece from that, to the accompaniment of the most pitiful screams and pleas for mercy you have ever heard.

"Then began a process that it took all day to complete, so that, when Paxu was finished, Xara hung from the rack with every strip of skin flayed from her and her entire body slimy with blood which dripped from her bare toes and pooled in the earth beneath her skinless feet and fleshless vagina.

"Remarkably, though, she was still both alive and conscious, for she whimpered constantly and incomprehensibly through bloody, fleshless lips, her teeth bared to us all, grinning the ghastly smile of one soon to depart from life.

"And at dusk, the blood-flies came and we

watched as they slowly stripped the remaining flesh from Xara's body until long after dark. But she still kept up her infernal mewling until, just before moonrise, a hawk descended on her skinless head and, after pecking her eyes from their sockets, tore her tongue out of her mouth.

"Yet, even then, it was not 'til the moon actually rose and her bloodied carcass hung, seeming to quiver in the torchlight, that she sighed the most heartrending of sighs and her spirit departed at last.

"Only then did the Inca speak.' You see now,' he said, 'what befalls those who fail the Inca. Remember this day.'

"Oh, Cori Occlo, had you been there, it would have both nauseated you and filled you with fear as it did us all. I know I shall never forget the sight of Xara's corpse, the flesh still hanging in strips where the blood flies had not yet finished, when the sun rose in the morning."

"Nor shall I your telling of it," I shuddered.

"But enough of my tales," Kyunnu said. "The Inca is eager to know what you have discovered of the Six Legs' plans."

"Regrettably, nothing as yet," I told him. "But I promise you I shall not send you back tomorrow morning empty-handed."

For his tale of Xara's death had filled me with a new resolve--to serve my Lord the Inca at all costs. Even at the expense of my love for Hernando De Soto.

* * * *

Shortly after I sent Kyunnu off with Maria for a light lunch, De Soto returned from his meeting with Pizarro.

"I told Francisco that you are feeling better," he told me, "and he said he would like to meet you."

"When?" I asked.

"Right now. He is curious about your master the Inca."

"My former master," I said. "You are my master now."

"I am your lover, Cori," De Soto smiled gently.

"It is the same thing."

"Only if you wish it to be so."

"I do, My Lord and Lover," I said, kissing him. "What shall I wear for my meeting with your General?"

"I have brought you something modest," De Soto answered. "No use enflaming the old man with dreams of what he cannot have."

Still, the *kub*-like dress he brought me was far more revealing than the Inca would have tolerated. It was made of scarlet silk and draped so that it left my right shoulder and breast completely bare. And it was much shorter than any *kub* I'd ever seen, for it reached to just above my shins, leaving my bare feet and lower legs exposed.

"This is what you call modest?" I laughed, perhaps a bit embarrassed.

"Pizarro is single-minded, for all that he is a man," De Soto told me. "He is interested in what you know, your mind, not in the secrets of your body. I, however, no longer have any interest in the

mortification of the flesh where you are concerned.

"Besides," he said, and his deep blue eyes were filled with desire, "that dress is far easier to remove after our audience with Francisco is over."

My heart still fluttering in my breast after that last promise of joys to come, De Soto took me by the hand and led me across the square of Cajamarca to my first meeting with the dreaded Francisco Pizarro, whom our messengers, the fast-running chasquis, said had laid waste half the Lowland of the Inca World already, turning its men into slave-laborers and its women into whores for his army.

Thus, the closer we got to the General's house, the more my romantic excitement became trepidation at meeting the creature who wielded such powers. By the time we entered into the cool darkness of the Great House, I was fully prepared to meet Hunan Pacha, God of the Future World, whom, it was said, even the Inca feared.

And, indeed, the leader of the Six Legs struck me from the first as a man to be feared.

Oh, he was short—barely taller than the Inca—and spare, from months of hard traveling up the cliffs to Cajamarca, but there was fierceness in his almost coal-black eyes and the firm set of his full-bearded jaw that showed a fearful determination to achieve whatever goals he set for himself. And the welcome he had devised for me was hardly designed to put my mind at ease.

"So you are the little slut that Atahualpa has sent to spy on us," he said, in his flat, deep voice.

"Hardly a spy, My Lord Pizarro," I replied. "A gift

to De Soto, no more."

"One whom he seems smitten with," Pizarro sneered. "Dangerous, De Soto...sleeping with the enemy."

"I am sure she is no enemy, General," De Soto said in my defense.

"No matter," Pizarro waved his words away. "I have devised a little scene which I trust will give her second thoughts about revealing our plans to the Inca, if she ever harbored any. Come over to the window, girl."

So saying, he himself rose and went over to a casement that overlooked the courtyard, finding myself more than a little uneasy as to what this "scene" was that had been prepared as a lesson for me.

As I gazed down at the sun-baked square, I saw two soldiers in full armor carrying out a wooden chair with wide arms which they set down right below us. Then, out of a doorway to my right, came two more armored soldiers leading between them a young Inca girl about my own age, who they stood, looking up at us and shaking like a leaf, beside the chair.

"State your crime!" Pizarro shouted down to her. "Of what are you accused?"

"S...stealing a loaf of bread," the tearful girl stammered, obviously terrified.

"How do you plead?"

"Guilty, My Lord Pizarro."

"It is a crime of the hands, is it not?"

"Y...yes, my Lord Pizarro," she blubbered.

"Then the hands shall pay," Pizarro said coldly. "Strap her to the chair."

The two soldiers who held her proceeded to rip her soiled *kub* from her body, leaving her naked to the blazing sun.

"Must she be naked, general?" De Soto asked.

"It makes her feel further degraded, yes," Pizarro answered. "Would it not you, little spy?"

"I am no spy, My Lord. But, yes, it would."

"Good. Now watch."

Indeed, my eyes were riveted to the poor girl as the soldiers strapped her wrists to the top of the wide arms of the chair. Then they tied her bare ankles to the legs with heavy rope.

"She will probably struggle with the pain," Pizarro explained. "Her feet will tend to kick out unless we restrain them."

"For the love of Inti, what are you going to do to her?" I beseeched him.

"Watch," Pizarro snapped. "Watch and learn. Watch and remember that this is a crime of the hands."

And he nodded to the soldiers in the courtyard below.

One of them now produced a tool that looked much like the pincers that our priests use to pull out decayed teeth, except these were smaller and made of some silvery gleaming substance like their armor.

"Forceps," Pizarro nodded. "Very useful for a number of things. You shall see."

One of the soldiers now took the frightened girl's right hand and held it flat on the chair's arm,

spreading her fingers. Then the second, the one with the forceps, pulled up her thumb, holding it between his own thumb and index finger, and inserting the bottom jaw of the pincers under her thumbnail.

"Nooohhhh, My Lord Pizarro," the girl mewled in terror. "I am truly sorry. Believe me, I will never do anything like that again."

"No," Pizarro said matter-of-factly, "no, you will not, little thief. We are about to make sure of that."

And he nodded at the soldier who was now gripping the end of the girl's thumbnail firmly in both jaws of the ugly instrument.

"Watch," he said to me again.

And I watched, with mounting revulsion, as the soldier slowly pulled the nail out of the girl's thumb, causing a small geyser of blood to spurt across the courtyard.

And the girl screamed in pain and terror.

"So much noise for a little blood, a little pain?" Pizarro laughed scornfully. "Let's hear her *really* scream, Gonzago."

And the soldier took her index finger and slowly wrenched the fingernail out of her soft flesh.

Her screech could, I am sure, be heard all the way across the plane to the Inca's camp.

But the third fingernail was torn away with only a whimper passing through her lips before her face went deathly pale and her head slumped forward.

"She has passed out, General," the soldier called up to Pizarro.

"Douse her with water, bring her to and finish the other two fingers," Pizarro said, his voice like ice.

A third soldier now hastened forward with a bucket of water and dumped it over the pitiful girl's head.

And the moment she raised it to peer groggily between her sodden strands of hair, the soldier with the forceps took her by the ring finger and, with excruciating indolence, pulled the nail straight out.

The girl merely stared at her mutilated finger and its gouts of blood, smiling the half-smile of the demented.

And at that moment, I knew the terrible agony had driven her into a temporary madness.

"Her mind is elsewhere," Pizarro shouted down to the soldiers. "Bring it back."

And, again, a bucket of water was doused over her and she shook her head and, the water dripping off her hair and down her naked breasts, she stared at her hand as if wondering how it had come to be so terribly disfigured.

"Your nails will grow back," Pizarro told her, "so this, so far, is hardly a life-long reminder of your crime against us. However...*this* just may be..."

And upon the signal of Pizarro's nod, the soldier brought his armored fist down viciously upon the girl's outstretched left hand, mashing it to a bloody pulp against the arm of the chair.

The shock of that grisly act, the sight of her pulped hand and the girl's long and ungodly howl, were too much for my stomach and I leaned out the window and retched down the wall of the house.

De Soto's strong arms caught me from behind or else I fear I might have pitched forward and down

onto the hard earth below.

"We will leave her there 'til nightfall," Pizarro said without emotion. "By that time the sun should have turned her skin into a mass of blisters. Then we shall immerse her in a bath of salt water."

"Thus finishing the job of destroying her mind," I said bitterly.

"Perhaps," Pizarro nodded. "But, if it does not, she will certainly remember this day." Then he turned away from the window and to me, "Now let's consider how what we have just seen applies to you. Remind me. What was that girl's crime again?"

"You know it was stealing a loaf of bread."

"A Crime of the Hands, right. But, if you should prove to be guilty of relaying Spanish secrets to the Inca, what would your crime be?"

"A crime of the tongue, my Lord?" I answered his question with another.

"Exactly. And how would I punish you for that?"

"By...by tearing out my tongue, I suppose," I stammered.

"Smart girl!" Pizarro clapped his hands in mock applause. "And I do not think you would like that, would you? Having your tongue pulled out by the roots, using those same forceps?"

"N...no, My Lord. I promise you. I will be silent."

"So we understand each other, do we? One little crack in your wall of silence and you will be silent for the rest of your life? Good."

And Pizarro smiled his grim and humorless smile again. Indeed, I was to discover, there was seldom any humor behind this creature's smiles.

"Now to the purpose of my calling you here. My spies inform me that you are an ex-wife of the Inca, are they right?"

"That is true, My Lord, Pizarro."

"That must mean you understand him pretty well."

"I understand what pleases him sexually. Not much more."

"All those years of training for one night in his bed. Come, now."

"I have also trained with Wise Men who have instructed me in the affairs of state," I confessed. "I mean, one cannot spend a whole night fornicating." Though Atahuahallpa and I had come close, I remembered with a smile.

"After long days and nights upon the trail, I feel I could, even at my age," Pizarro sighed. "But that is neither here nor there."

"You are not old, My Lord."

"Old enough to find your beauty more dangerous than exciting," the General muttered. "But you are well versed in the Inca's thoughts about ruling, you say."

"I cannot claim to read his mind, you understand. But I know how his predecessors have understood the role."

"That will do, perhaps. If you can, tell me why Atahualpa has chosen to meet with me, high up in the mountains, rather than down on the plane where he could use his vast superiority in fighting men to his advantage."

"I think it is, first, because he doubts that he really

has an insurmountable superiority. Oh, at the moment, we have the numbers, no doubt of that. But our messengers—the chasquis—arrive daily with new reports of Spanish ships landing at Tumbes. And they bring tales of terrible new weapons that speak with the voice of Virachocha, Master of the Thunder, and kill ten men with a single roar. I myself have seen your armor and your gleaming swords. I have marveled at your beautiful horses and at your soldiers' skill in riding them. With all that evidence, Atahualpa must have some doubts about what you call our superiority."

"But he has allowed us to pillage the towns of the lowlands, tearing every worthwhile piece of gold from its place. What about that vast wealth he is squandering as he holes up here in the mountains?"

"Now, that is where you really do not understand my former master," I said. "Gold is not wealth. It is merely a decoration. The real wealth lies in Power and it is in the Inca's understanding of Power that you show your ignorance of us."

"Go on, then, little savage," Pizarro said bitterly, obviously not pleased that he was being called ignorant by a 'savage' child.

"Very well, then," I said confidently, for the Wise Men had instructed me well. "Conceive of power as a pyramid with the masses at the bottom and the King—Atahualpa or your King Charles—at the top. From whence does their power come?"

"From the bottom," Pizarro answered. "It then rises up through many levels, many steps of your hypothetical pyramid, to focus upon the person of the

King who rules by the consent of the lower levels.”

“And that’s where you have it completely wrong!” I gloated. “That well may be in Spain, but it would never work in what you call the New World. To understand the nature of true power, you have to conceive of the pyramid as being turned upside down, inverted, so that it balances upon its topmost point, the Ruler. From him, all power flows up and outward until it encompasses every last man and woman in the Kingdom. If you doubt me, look closely at our society. There is no crime because we all have the basic wherewithal of life. We do not need a Priest or a Church to preach to our daughters against sin, because they have no desire to commit one.”

“I grant you the efficiency of your social order,” Pizarro grumbled. “But how can Power flow upwards?”

“It is not like water, My Lord. It takes its energy from its source, the King or Inca and flows outward and upward from there.”

“I see. But what has that to do with Atahualpa’s retreat up to the Highlands and Cajamarca?”

“You are the leader here, Lord Pizarro. The apex of the pyramid. On the plane, you have the strength of Inti only knows how many men and weapons by now. But here, in Cajamarca, you have—how many? A hundred men and horses and their weapons. All weakened by the climb and the thin air of the upland plane. How much easier it is for the Inca to lop the head off the Spanish pyramid in Cajamarca than on the seashore. And with the head—you—gone, the whole structure of Spanish power collapses. That’s

how well the Inca understands power, Pizarro."

"And, apparently, how well you do too, my dear. I gain a new respect for you with each word you utter."

"I told you you would like her," De Soto said.

"I didn't say I liked her. I said I respected her. Perhaps even fear her a little. And with that has come a new respect for our adversary, the Inca, too."

"Fear him too, My Lord Pizarro," I told him. "Atahualpa is a wily fox when he thinks he may be trapped. Just ask his brother, Huascar."

"I can well believe that," Pizarro chuckled humorlessly. "As duplicitous as you are guileless, eh? Look at her, De Soto. Is that a face that is capable of lying?"

"I have been told it is not," I answered.

"Keep it that way. Lies breed maggots in the eyes of corpses," Pizarro's threat was obvious. "Now, there is a man here from the Inca camp, one Kyunnu, who, I am sure, would bear a message from you back to the Inca. Don't protest. Your face says it is true. Therefore, let the message be this.

"Come to Cajamarca tomorrow at High Sun with as few men in his retinue as he can manage...and all unarmed."

"He will be suspicious of that, My General."

"Then tell him he may bring twice the forces he knows us to have—no more. And that we, for our part, will be disarmed, so that we may meet on peaceful terms."

"And the purpose of his meeting, My Lord? I am sure the Inca will ask."

"To discuss how a peaceful relationship may be

established between us. He knows he could wipe us from the face of the earth and we do not wish that. Likewise, our weapons could kill many of his finest warriors and neither of us wants that. Besides, there is no cause for a quarrel between us. We do not wish to usurp his power. And he has no need for the vast stores of gold his ancestors have amassed. It would seem, therefore, two things which are severally useless to us, can be traded to our mutual profit."

"I will relay your message to Kyunnu and he will take it to Atahualpa. Then we will see at High Sun how he has received it."

"Oh, and tell Atahualpa to try no trickery," Pizarro concluded. "We will be ready for the slightest sign of danger."

"I shall see he hears that, My Lord Pizarro," I said tersely, anxious to be gone from his hateful presence.

"That is all I ask," Pizarro nodded. "*Muy bien*, De Soto. She is yours for the rest of the day to do with as you will."

"Perhaps we, too, can strike a bargain," De Soto smiled. "Cori seems to like riding upon Silverado and I would like to explore the forests and hills to the North. Shall we ride together, Cori? I have prepared wine and cheese and bread to sustain us."

"I should like that very much, My Lord," I smiled back.

For there were several grassy glades I knew of in which we could make a camp under the mountain pines.

FOUR

We rode like the wind, as if De Soto could not wait to reach the woods on the edge of the plane, where the mountain peaks ringed the valley. And, indeed, the chafing of the horse's back between my legs set my heart pounding and my harsh breathing told me of my eagerness too. Then, as we entered the shade of the forest, De Soto reined Silverado back into a canter and we leisurely explored the little-used paths and thickets where I had often played before I became a wife-in-training for the Inca.

Then, as we rode through dappled light and shade, I could not help remembering Vicha Maccla, my childhood friend and the innocent—yet deadly serious--games we had played of “Inca wife.” Sometimes, with her coaching, I would play the Inca and she, the wife, but most often, Vicha, who was the taller and more adventurous of the two, would be the Inca. We were both terribly innocent and uneducated, of course, but Vicha had learned much by secretly watching her brother and his wife ‘at play’.. And, as I thought back now, it was amazing how often, within our physical limitations and my inborn reticence, we had it right...

* * * *

"Come to me, wife," Vicha ordered softly. "I would not wait a moment longer to possess your young and tender body for this hour."

"Oh, possess me totally and forever, My Lord of the Sun," I prayed. "I would bear your child that I would always know that once I held the universe between my thighs."

"Lie under me naked, Cori Occlo."

"Kiss me tenderly, Huayna Capac."

And our young soft lips met in a grazing, tender kiss that slowly became more heated, more passionate, as our tongues began to explore each other's lips, each other's mouths. And our tongue-tips began a playful battle to see who would vanquish whom in this make-believe war of the sexes.

Then, after long moments of joyous exploration, Vicha's hands fell lightly on my breasts and her thumbs and forefingers began to roll my nipples between them, expertly teasing them into hard little points.

"We...should not...be doing this..." I protested weakly, as my resolve slowly melted away.

"No," Vicha murmured into my navel. "*This* is what we should not be doing."

Her head slipped down between my legs and I felt a thrill shiver over my belly and down my thighs and my legs instinctively clutched her head between them, clamping her face against my vulva. That was when I felt her little, pointed tongue begin to toy with

the fleshy lips of my pussy, searching for the entrance to my deepest and most secret core.

"It...it...is forbidden..." I protested, my voice becoming weaker with each breath.

"Nothing is forbidden that is not known," Vicha murmured back.

"Do not, please, Inti, break my maiden," I pleaded weakly.

"Don't worry," Vicha whispered, almost slobbering now through my hot, flowing pussy juices. "I shall leave you intact for your precious Inca, if you must persist of dreaming."

"I will marry the Inca!" I insisted.

"As you will. For the present, you would do better to forget about such dreams, lie back and simply enjoy the tongue-fucking at which, they say, I am an expert."

"Who say?" I teased, the tension broken.

"People for miles around. I am famous for it."

"Give me a taste of that famous tongue then."

And, as Vicha burrowed into my pussy, her tongue latching immediately onto my clit, I arched my back and thrust upwards with my thighs.

"Oh...oh..." I sighed, as the first stirrings of my orgasm began to wrack my body.

But Vicha just continued to torture my pussy, using her tongue as a whip of lust, as I shuddered uncontrollably in the throes of my passion.

And, suddenly, I could take no more of the crescendo of desire, and my mind burst into a thousand blazing stars as my body abandoned itself to madness and I came time and time again, shrieking

my ecstasy and spurting my female cum into Vicha's mouth and over her chin where it dripped to the ground...

Afterwards, we sat naked and nuzzled each other's body and talked softly.

"So you are determined to marry the Inca?" Vicha asked.

"Absolutely."

"Whoever he may be...the old man, Huayna Capac, the weasel Huascar or the soldier Atahualpa?"

"Any one of them."

"You fool," Vicha said, but it was meant in a kindly way. "You would be better to take advantage of the coming Civil War between brothers and sell your body to the highest bidder as a sex-spy."

* * * *

That advice had often occurred to me in the last few days, I thought as De Soto and I cantered along. For Vicha Maccla was dead, slain in a bordello in Tumbes by a drunken Spaniard, I had heard. And here I was, having achieved both objectives. I had been the Inca's wife and now I would be little more than a sex-spy, were I not deeply in love with an enemy Captain.

However, I knew now, I was a sex-spy with a mission that was far more than the one to which Atahualpa had assigned me. For now I was not only commissioned to communicate to the Inca the Spaniards' plans, I was totally and irrevocably dedicated to the death of Francisco Pizarro.

By the most painful means my mind could devise.

That scene from the casement of his house in Cajamarca had been designed, I knew, to teach me a memorable lesson...the danger of thwarting Pizarro in any way. But it had taught me quite another lesson as a corollary. That this vicious man must be stopped. That Atahualpa could be cruel, there was no doubt. His reported treatment of Xara was proof of that. But, with Xara, the Inca was dealing with a case of treason by bringing harm to an ex-wife of the Inca and painful death was the prescribed consequence. On the other hand, the poor girl in the courtyard had only stolen a little bread. She did not deserve to be crippled, horribly misshapen, for life.

Pizarro must pay for that with his life...

"You seem preoccupied, my dear. You have not tasted your wine." De Soto's concerned voice roused me from my daydream and I found we were sitting on his horse-blanket in the dappled shade of the mountain pines, the rustle of the breeze and the gurgle of a little mountain stream lending a soft background to our idyllic setting.

"I am sorry," I said. "I was thinking of that poor girl in the courtyard. Tell me, do you think she had to be punished like that?"

De Soto thought for a moment and I was dreadfully afraid he might defend Pizarro. That would give me a terrible problem.

"She had to be punished, to be sure," he finally said. "But it did not have to be in such a cruel manner. Pizarro is an ignorant and uneducated man and, like all such men, he must continually prove his

superiority in some way or other. Pizarro's is to treat those he views as slaves--as if they were sub-human. Thus, he would tell you, on the one hand, that he is a religious man while, on the other, he was ordering the kind of obscenity you saw today. There are times when it turns my stomach to have to serve under him."

"I am glad to hear you say that," I said seriously. "Can you keep a secret, my lover?"

"If you ask me to," De Soto nodded earnestly.

"I am going to see Pizarro dead."

"Then can you keep one also, Cori?"

"Of course, lover."

"I wish you Godspeed."

"Then, kiss me, Hernando. Make love to me and we will make the only vows that really count."

"Of our undying love," De Soto breathed.

"Of course..." I whispered.

And his hand slipped beneath my short tunic and raised it off my belly and breasts, as my fingers clutched his flaccid penis and began to gently coax it erect.

His lips met mine and gently forced them apart to allow his tongue to enter my mouth and taste me deeply.

"Your mouth is the sweet dew on the bougainvillea," he whispered, drawing away for a moment.

"And yours is the heady wine of victory...over me," I breathed back.

"Where would you have me come, my lover?" he asked.

"In my mouth today. I believe I crave the taste of your ejaculation. Let my clasped hands be my vagina today."

"It shall be as you wish. And, to pleasure you, I shall suck upon the soft petals of your labia and my tongue shall be the butterfly flitting over your clitoris."

And it was as we promised each other.

His lips left my mouth and traveled slowly down my neck to my breasts, which I thrust so hard up against him that he was forced to part them, baring his teeth and nibbling at my teats. And I moaned at the tender pain that those love bites inflicted upon my swollen nipples.

Then, as his mouth covered my ribs and my belly with kisses, he began to turn around, so that his head was above my throbbing vulva and his rigid cock grazed against my hungry mouth.

Then our hands were smooth yet firm upon each other's naked body as my fingers urged his hard, engorged erection to give forth its heady cream while his mouth drove my cunt to peak after peak of lustful frenzy.

At last he groaned aloud and shoved his cock hard into my mouth and his cum was salty-sweet upon my tongue and lips.

And his tongue in my pussy was a flitting breeze that fanned to flame the longest-lasting climax I had ever known.

And it was deliciously, inexpressibly, incomparably...wonderful.

And, afterwards, I rode back to Cajamarca behind

him on Silverado, feeling totally at peace with the world.

* * * *

Only to find Kyunnu waiting for me.

"I decided I would not feel comfortable spending a night in what has become a city of the enemy," he told me. "I will return in the morning to get whatever message you may have for the Sapa-Inca."

"There will be no need for that," I said. "For I have one now, from Pizarro himself. It is to come tomorrow at High Sun, with twice as many men as he knows the Six Legs to have, just so they are unarmed. The Six Legs will likewise cast down their weapons so that Pizarro and Atahualpa may have a council of peace."

"And do you trust his Pizarro, Cori Occlo?" Kyunnu asked.

"No, Kyunnu, I do not. Therefore, have the forces of the Inca bring bundles of fine clothing as gifts for the Spanish, but hide in those bundles slings and stones with which to defend themselves."

"I will relay your message just as you have given it to me," Kyunnu said with a little bow. "Hurry then, or the evil vapors of the dark will be upon you."

Kyunnu made haste from my presence just as Maria, my servant, was coming in.

"De Soto ordered a hot bath for you," she said. "He thought you might be dusty and stiff...after your hard ride."

"Was it my imagination, or was there something sarcastic in that little pause?" I asked her.

"Take it how you will, Miss. I only follow orders," Maria said, straight-faced, as she backed out of the room.

And whether it was the hot bath or the hot meal which followed...or that "hard ride"...I slept so soundly it was dawn before De Soto's kiss awoke me.

"Climb up on your roof with me and look," he said. "It is a sight that should not be missed."

And, when I had ascended the steep outdoor steps and gazed across the Plane, I had to agree.

For Atahualpa's estimate of "only as many men as he would need" certainly seemed to be liberal one.

The moving mass of humanity seemed to extend to either side of the Plane and from the Inca's tents halfway to Cajamarca and, as we watched, they marched like a swarm of army ants, inexorably toward the town.

Slowly they came close enough to be identified as representing several different strata of Inca society, but I had never seen so many of my people gathered in one place before.

First came perhaps five hundred trumpeters, their long brass instruments glowing like fire in the sun. And then, looking remarkably insignificant, the group of twenty-two wives, bearing the bundles of "gift" clothing, which I trusted held their concealed weaponry, such as it was before the Spaniards' cannons and musketry and horses. Following them were a horde of female slaves with long straw brooms, whose job it was to sweep all debris from the

path of the Inca. Then came the largest group, the warriors in full battle-dress, though missing their short bronze swords, as the earlier agreement specified. In the midst of this mass of gleaming armor, the Inca rode in a litter, borne on the shoulders of eight tall men and shaded by a canopy of purest, scarlet-dyed llama wool.

All in all, it was as the Inca, I am sure, had intended it. A massive display of his power only subtly hinting at his awesome ability to wipe the earth clear of these Spanish intruders.

The tension that the Spaniards must have felt was, moreover, multiplied a hundredfold when, about a hundred yards from the walls of the city—and without an obvious order being given - the entire procession stopped, stock still.

And nothing moved, not an inch, for a solid hour.

Not until the sun reached its zenith—High Sun—and then I could hear a sigh of relief from De Soto - which was probably echoed by every Spaniard in Cajamarca—the trumpeters began to move slowly through the gate and form up along the walls of the Courtyard.

Still, it took nearly half an hour before they were in place, surrounding the square, and, raising their long trumpets to their lips, shattered the morning silence with a Royal Fanfare.

And then I noticed something that was wrong with the whole scene.

For there were Inca natives visible by the thousands but, in all the vast throng spread out before me, there was not one Spaniard.

"The moment Atahualpa comes through those gates," I told De Soto, "he will become suspicious."

"How so?" De Soto asked.

"Can't you see? He comes to parlay but there is no one to parlay with."

"When Pizarro deems the time is right, he will make his entrance," De Soto smiled.

"He'd better do so before the fox escapes the trap," I said.

"What makes you think there's any trap?" De Soto asked innocently.

"Do you take me for a dunce?" I snapped. "There's not a Spaniard in sight. In the city of the enemy, wouldn't you ask yourself why not?"

"Yes." De Soto nodded thoughtfully. "I might at that. But, of course, Pizarro could also ask why the Inca comes surrounded by so many of his followers."

"Because he wishes to impress Pizarro. That is all."

"Not because he has been warned to expect danger?"

"No. Who would warn him?" I asked outwardly in all innocence, I hoped.

"Who indeed?" De Soto shrugged.

By this time the wives had entered and our attention was drawn by a second fanfare announcing the sweepers who cleared the earth for the Inca. And it was at that moment that a single Spaniard appeared.

But it was not Pizarro.

It was Father Valverde bearing his ever-present Bible.

"Atahualpa will be angry," I told De Soto. "He

comes to meet Pizarro, not some meddlesome priest."

"Valverde begged permission to greet the Inca in the name of Jesus," De Soto said. "And Pizarro agreed."

"He will find that a mistake," I said.

"Shhh. Let's listen," De Soto put a finger lightly to my lips.

By that time Valverde was well into a monologue in Latin which neither I nor the Inca – nor, I suspect, De Soto – understood. But the Inca listened quietly for a surprisingly long time before he held up a hand to silence the Priest and turned to Felipillo who had apparently followed Valverde out into the square. (It is amazing how that little man can just seem to materialize whenever he is needed.)

"What is he talking about?" Atahualpa asked Felipillo.

"He says we are both subject to the Christian God and his servant here on earth, King Charles of Spain."

"And who tells him this?" the Inca asked.

Felipillo relayed the question to Valverde who, by way of answer, held the Bible aloft and jabbered something angrily.

"He says this book speaks to him and tells him," Felipillo said.

"Let me see the book that it may speak to me," the Inca said.

And, after speaking briefly with Felipillo, Valverde reluctantly passed the Bible up to Atahualpa.

The latter took it from the Father's hand and turned the pages slowly, holding each one up to his ear, as Valverde – and De Soto and I on the rooftop –

waited in suspense for the Inca's reaction.

And finally it came.

Atahualpa sneered and threw the Bible to the ground. Then, leaning over the side of his slave-borne litter, he spat full upon it.

"Sacrilege!" wailed the little priest. "Kill him, Pizarro!"

"I must go," De Soto said, as the dreadful Voice of Virachocha echoed in the thunder of a cannon and the square below was suddenly filled with smoke.

"You must," I agreed, peering down as the smoke drifted off on the morning air and revealed the newly chaotic scene below.

For now a phalanx of some sixty horsemen had ridden out of the houses that surrounded the Courtyard and into the crowd, which was already panic-stricken by the roar of the cannon. This caused a riot in which the natives ran mindlessly to and fro, crashing into each other and into the walls of the city, making them shake with the force of their assault.

And, finally, the foot-soldiers literally exploded upon the scene, firing their muskets and waving their broadswords without regard to their targets.

That was when I first saw Pizarro, cutting a swath through the milling mob as he bore with his stubborn single-mindedness directly toward Atahualpa and cut the legs out of three of his litter-bearers.

The litter tilted precariously as they fell and Pizarro grabbed for the Inca just as one of his own men's swords sliced him across the arm. But Pizarro tenaciously held on to his prize and dragged him to the ground.

And the Inca ran in Pizarro's wake for the safety of the Spaniard's house, while his followers stampeded over each other and the horses trampled them in the wild melee.

When it was finally all over, the Courtyard was awash with the blood and corpses of Inca natives, a part of the City wall had been knocked away as the more hysterical of them fled, and the silence that swept in over Cajamarca was as terrifying as the earlier sounds of battle had been.

That was when I slowly descended the outside stairs again, threw myself upon my bed and, heedless of the mess I was making, I violently retched my guts out.

* * * *

It must have been much later, though I saw it was still daylight outside, that I awoke to the stench of rancid bile and Maria shaking me gently to awaken me.

"Wake up, Mistress," she said quietly. "General Pizarro has sent for you."

"I can't. I am ill," I told her.

"He told me take no excuses. Bring her here."

"Very well," I sighed. "Give me a moment to clean myself up and put on a fresh *kub*. Though I can't imagine what he wants of me."

As Maria helped me to my feet, for I felt very weak, I looked out into the Courtyard which, I saw, was now completely clear of the carnage of the morning.

"How did they get that mess cleaned up so fast?" I

asked.

"What do you mean?" Maria asked. "It took them all day. You have slept the clock around."

"And that sturdy stake in the centre. What's that for? Pizarro surely can't be thinking of sacrificing the Inca, can he?"

"Not that I know of, Mistress."

"What could it be for, then?"

"I know nothing, Mistress. Only that I was sent to get you and bring you to Pizarro."

Fool that I was, I did not make the connection between the two immediately.

* * * *

Pizarro was sitting with his arm in a sling and looking surprisingly angry, despite the outcome of the previous day.

However, it did not take long before the reason for his anger was revealed.

It was me.

"So, little spy, perhaps you can answer a question for me."

"I am not a spy," I protested. "I have not been since Capitano De Soto claimed me, body, soul and mind."

"Has anyone ever told you that you lie very unconvincingly?" Pizarro sneered.

"For God's sake, hear her out, Pizarro," De Soto pleaded. I had not seen him standing in the shadows, but I was both surprised and pleased to find him there. Perhaps I should have been neither, as it turned out.

"Very well, then I shall make my accusation more specific. We found slings and rocks hidden in the 'gifts' the Inca's wives were bringing us. Can you think who might have given them the idea to hide such things?"

"N...no, my Lord Pizarro," I answered, lying badly as usual.

"Crap of the bull!" Pizarro snorted. "You were overheard giving such advice to the emissary, Kyunnu."

"But that could not have been," I cried. "Who bears such false witness against me?"

"His or her name is of no consequence. It is true, is it not?"

"I...I may have mentioned something of the sort," I admitted. "But in no way was it phrased as either a suggestion or an order."

"Again, bullshit! My informant knows what was said."

"You guard the informant's sex most jealously, My Lord."

"Because I would not have you implicating that person in your web of lies."

"I swear by all your gods and mine; I never counseled violence against anyone, My Lord Pizarro."

"We shall see," the General smiled grimly. "Fortunately, we have a way of finding out the truth."

"I tell you it now. I swear!" I cried in mounting panic, for the significance of the stout stake in the Courtyard was dawning on me.

It was meant for me.

"Yes, little spy," said Pizarro, for he had obviously

caught my almost unconscious glance at the window. "You guess right. That stake is meant for you. That is where the whip will seek the truth from you."

"No!" I shrieked in terror, for I still remembered all too clearly the pain when Xara had beaten me.

"Yes!" Pizarro snarled. "And your lover, De Soto, shall wield it."

"If you please, General..."

"That is an order, De Soto. Whip her as you would any suspected traitor. If you slack off, I shall have you given twice as many lashes."

"How...how many is she to receive, Pizarro?" I could see De Soto relenting in the face of authority.

"Twelve. Six on the back..."

"Not on the front, My Lord. Spare her that!" De Soto pleaded.

"...and six on the breasts and belly."

"But..."

"Take her down there now!" Pizarro snapped. "You can dawdle between strokes, if you wish. But let's get this started."

And, with obvious reluctance, De Soto took my hand and led me from Pizarro's presence.

As we approached it under the blazing morning sun, I could see the stake was a squared post of unfinished wood, about half the width of my body and a few finger-widths taller, driven firmly into the ground so that my struggles could not dislodge it. Two of the four soldiers I had seen torturing the poor young bread thief were already waiting for us there and De Soto said quietly to me, "Give me your *kub*. It will look to Pizarro as if you willingly submit to his

decree and it will save having it destroyed by those ruffians."

"I agree, the *kub* is worth saving," I responded. "But Pizarro's opinion is worth nothing to me."

"Don't discount his opinion lightly," De Soto said.

"I can see you do not," I said bitterly.

"I do my duty as a soldier, nothing more. But I will try to minimize your pain."

"How? You heard the sentence. Twelve strokes with a whip."

"But he did not say which whip," De Soto whispered. "I shall use the one the length of a man's arm. It makes a frightening noise, and its pain is considerable, but it actually cuts the skin less deeply than the usual bullwhip. Sometimes, it only raises a welt. I shall try to make it do only that."

"I find it hard to thank you," I hissed.

"Then you do not truly understand the meaning of duty," De Soto murmured.

"Stop whispering, lovers!" Pizarro's voice came down from above. "Begin the show!"

I pulled my *kub* over my head and handed it to De Soto, who folded it and laid it neatly on the ground while the two soldiers took my bare arms and one of them tied my wrists in front of me around the pole. Then I was pulled tight against the rough wood, so that my breastbone was crushed against it and my breasts were splayed out slightly. Meanwhile, the second soldier tied my ankles firmly to the bottom of the stake, so that I was effectively prevented from moving more than an inch laterally. Finally, my chin was forced up and a rope tied around my neck, so

that I was forced to stare up at the window where the hateful Pizarro stood.

At first, while they were binding me, the General's face remained impassive but, as they finished, I saw his cold smile spread his tight lips and he nodded down to De Soto.

"Begin," he said, in a quiet voice that none-the-less shouted in my ears.

I did not know where De Soto intended the first blow to land, but I knew when it was coming.

A flutter like a bird's wings on the air announced it.

And, suddenly, there was a harsh cracking noise and a jolt across my calves as the first blow landed.

"Uuughhhnn..." I grunted, choking back the pain that welled up in my throat.

"What a pretty little one," one of the soldiers said.

"Nice skin," the other agreed. "It will be good to watch it bleed."

And a second blow struck me just behind both knees, causing them to buckle against the pole, as I grunted again.

"That one drew blood, look!" a soldier cheered.

And I knew, for I could feel a little wet trickle running over the skin of my lower calf.

"Higher!" Pizarro shouted from on high. "Make her ass burn red!"

There was another flutter, and a hiss and suddenly my buttocks felt as if a burning torch had stuck them a glancing blow. The pain flared out and down my thighs and up my back, forcing me to cry out reflexively.

“Aaaaaaahhhnn!”

“That one got to her!” a soldier jeered. “Now a little lower, El Capitano. See if you can sneak it in between her legs.”

“Shut up!” De Soto commanded.

But his next lash landed just slightly lower than the last, and the end of the whip actually did flick my tender anus with its tongue of flame. And, suddenly, I found myself screaming,

“Ahhhhhh...gods...yesssss!”

As the terrible pain that flared out from my ass all at once became a wave of overwhelming and terrible lust.

And suddenly it was as if that whip became a cock, the only cock in the whole world that could satisfy that lust.

“Whip me, De Soto!” I pleaded then. “Two more on the back and then six on the front! I need them! Virachocha cries out how much I need them.”

Then, spurred on by my exhortations, De Soto brought two vicious blows upon my upper back, both of which wrapped around under my arms to slice at my splayed out breasts.

And, as the soldiers turned me around, tying my wrists above my head, my ankles against the stake and forcing a block of wood into the small of my back to force my vulva forward, I babbled incoherently of my lust, pleading with De Soto to resume his scourging of my flesh and drive me to my orgasm.

To this day, I do not remember the pain of those last six lashes—two across my breasts that carved my tender nipples open, two on my lower thighs whose

scars I still can see and two which burned into the centre of my being, making my labia bleed and very nearly causing me to flood my legs with the effluent of my orgasm.

All I truly remember is that, as the soldiers loosed my bonds, I fell on my knees in front of De Soto, my head diving beneath his tunic to swallow his rigid cock into my mouth while I thrust my hand into my pussy and brought us to another climax, both at once.

Then I fell backwards, gasping, on the hard-packed earth, dribbling cum from the corners of my mouth, until someone—one of the soldiers, no doubt—poured a bucket of brine over my naked and wounded body.

And I screeched blindly with the pain...

...and passed out.

* * * *

Only to wake to De Soto's gentle kiss upon my lips.

"I am truly sorry, my beloved," he was whispering. "I seem to have hurt you far more than I intended to."

"I...I'm afraid," I said my voice still hoarse from screaming, "that I seem to remember urging you on."

"Yes," De Soto frowned. "What came over you out there? Was it sun-madness?"

"No," I said, frowning too, for I was also puzzled at my strange behavior. "Somehow the pain of your whipping me seemed to...I don't know...somehow become lust."

"Lust for me?"

"Of course. Who else?" I smiled weakly, knowing

in my heart it was not quite true. At one point, as I remembered it now, any cock would have sufficed right then.

I suspect De Soto knew that too but he let it pass.

"At any rate, I am here to catch you the moment you returned to us, in order to beg your forgiveness."

"For what? You are a soldier; you must do your duty, which has to include obeying all commands of your senior officers. I cannot blame you."

"Oh, my God, am I glad to hear you say that!" He sighed in relief.

"Pizarro, now...his cruel behavior I cannot forgive."

"No one is asking you to, least of all me. But you are weak and tired from pain and loss of blood. I shall leave you to rest."

"How long do you think it will be before I can make love to you again?"

"You are a remarkable woman, Cori. A week, maybe ten days,"

"I shall go mad in that long without you inside me," I said, heart-broken at that assessment. I mean, he might as well have told me I was doomed to celibacy."

"But I have an idea. Perhaps, if I taught you how to read..."

"Would that involve our being together?"

"Day and night, if you can stand me."

"I would savor every moment."

"Then I will teach you how our books speak"

"The Inca could not hear the Bible."

"That's because he was trying to listen with his

ears. With a book, you have to listen with your eyes."

"I do not understand," I said.

"Trust me, you will." De Soto kissed me lightly once again upon the lips.

"Our pact is sealed," he said.

FIVE

So, over the next ten days, De Soto taught me both how a book may be heard through the eyes and how one can make little marks on a page that another who was not even there to watch them being made may listen to and understand.

And it was a miracle.

A miracle far greater than the patently ridiculous ones spoken of in our one reading text, the Bible that Atahualpa had—quite correctly, as it turned out—flung to the earth. For it spoke of three gods who were only one, and men born of virgins, and other such nonsense.

However, the real miracle came the day De Soto said, “You are ready now.”

And I asked, “You mean I can read and write?”

“No, I mean you can fuck me, silly girl.”

And life was whole again.

* * * *

But there were other things to occupy my mind as I recuperated. Daily, Felipillo brought me reports of the

conversations that occurred between Atahualpa and Pizarro. And they proved fascinating, if only as studies in the duplicity of leadership.

By the end of the ten days, I had determined I could never be a leader. I lacked the primary skill of 'Lying with Conviction'.

"I shall leave my translations out of it," Felipillo told me, "in the interests of the narrative and tell it just as if you had been an observer."

And, truly, I felt as if I had been as Felipillo begun to tell his story.

* * * *

"So what will it take to set me free?" Atahualpa asked. "I mean, I have been observing you and it seems to me that you do not much relish the responsibilities of governing a country. While to me, that power is everything."

"That's where we differ, I suppose," Pizarro said. "To you there is power in and of itself. That comes from its being hereditary power, I suppose. But I have no ancestors to derive my power from. I am both illiterate and a bastard. You are just illiterate."

"So to you wealth is power." Atahualpa nodded sagely. "Whereas to me, it is merely an adornment to the obvious. Seems to me that is the making of an understanding."

"What do you mean?" that dense fool Pizarro asked. Felipillo could not resist inserting a personal opinion occasionally.

"You want wealth, meaning gold and silver, of

which I have abundance," the Inca explained. "What I lack in abundance is the freedom to exercise my rule over my country. It seems to me, therefore, only reasonable to trade to give away what I have a glut of in order to buy what I sorely lack. Wealth for power. What say you, Pizarro?"

Pizarro was silent for a long time as if trying to find a flaw in the Inca's argument. At last, he said,

"How much gold and silver are you prepared to offer?"

The Inca rose and picked up a small stone from the floor of the room. He walked over to the wall and extended his right arm to its fullest above his head. Then he proceeded to walk around the room scratching a line on the wall with the rock about a hand's breadth from the ceiling.

"I will fill this room with gold objects to this line," he said. "Then I will fill two similar rooms to the same height with silver."

"What's the trick?" Pizarro asked.

"Only that the pieces not be melted down, but be left as they are."

"Agreed. Shall we set a deadline?" Pizarro beamed greedily.

"You set it."

"Two weeks."

"Difficult," the Inca mused, "but I agree."

And so was the historic bargain made that would impoverish Peru for all time.

* * * *

The two weeks seemed to speed by but, at their end, Pizarro called for Atahualpa.

"Your two weeks are up and the rooms are only half full," he told him.

"I said it would be difficult. Your soldiers have already stolen much from the lowland cities for their own use," the Inca answered. "However, the palaces and temples of Cuzco are still covered, inside and out, with plated gold."

"Your brother, Huascar rules in Cuzco," Pizarro said. "He will never part with his gold to ransom his hated sibling."

"Huascar does not rule anywhere!" Atahualpa said angrily. "I defeated him in the Civil War that crowned me Sapa-Inca. He acts only as my administrator in Cuzco out of my kindness."

"Of which I have heard much," Pizarro said sarcastically.

"Let me but send to him and we shall have all the gold we need."

"I do not trust your messengers," Pizarro muttered.

"Nor I yours," the Inca answered. "Except, perhaps, De Soto."

"Let it be De Soto then. Felipillo, go find him."

Felipillo, of course, knew precisely where to find De Soto. In my room, either reading with or making love to me.

"Get out of bed and get dressed," he told De Soto. "Pizarro would see you on business pertaining to the Inca."

"The Inca was once my husband," I said. "Thus I

am curious what business pertains to him."

"I see no reason why Cori should not come along, do you, Felipillo?" De Soto inquired.

The latter merely shrugged.

And so was I formally introduced to the affairs of state.

"De Soto," Pizarro said in his Voice of Authority which he used before the Inca, "you are to go to Cuzco, meet with Huascar and demand that he send whatever gold Atahualpa needs as a ransom."

"And if he should refuse?" De Soto asked.

"Kill him," Atahualpa said flatly.

"Just a moment, my Lord Atahualpa," I interrupted. "If you will remember happier times in the Court of Huayna Capac, your father, Huascar was my friend as well as yours. Perhaps if I added my voice to De Soto's?"

"Beg? Never!" the Inca scoffed.

"Not beg, My Lord. Persuade. Persuade in the name of friendships past."

"It might add a gentler tone to my demands," De Soto argued.

"Oh, very well," Pizarro sighed in defeat. "Go with him, little spy."

"We'll leave at dawn, then," De Soto said.

"But see me in my quarters tonight before you leave," the Inca said.

"Very well, My Lord," I bowed, wondering what could be on Atahualpa's mind.

* * * *

But I had scarcely any better notion after that meeting. Oh, I had a message to deliver, but I had no idea what it meant.

"Well, Cori Occlo," the Inca greeted me cordially. "And how has life with the Spanish been treating you?"

"Apart from a beating as a suspected spy, quite well," I said.

"Yes," the Inca smiled knowingly. "Maria tells me your De Soto is an ardent lover."

"Maria is a spy for you?" I gasped. "I thought she was a Spanish spy."

"Maria is a spy for the highest bidder of the day. Today me. Tomorrow Pizarro. Who knows? Maybe the day after for Huascar."

"You still do not trust your brother, do you, My Lord? Not even in defeat."

"Especially in defeat," Atahualpa chuckled. "The cornered snake is always the most dangerous."

"And you consider him cornered, not defeated?"

"It is not how I think of him, but how he thinks of himself," the Inca said. "I believe he has been de-fanged. But Huascar seems to believe he still can bite. For me to send a plea for gold may look to him like he is right."

"Then I shall make sure De Soto does not plead. He will demand."

"Good for you. I knew I could count on you to bear my message properly."

"Is there anything else, My Lord?"

"Why, yes, now that you mention it, there is," Atahualpa said casually. "I want you to find a

General in my brother's guard. His name is Tupac Uc. Give him this simple message. 'Now.'"

"Just that, My Lord? One word?"

"He will know what I mean. Now, go with my hopes for freedom riding with you."

* * * *

I had my doubts that Huascar would give audience to the poor ex-wife of his brother, despite our childhood friendship but, as it turned out, it was De Soto to whom he refused an interview, saying he would talk to me alone.

Huascar turned out to be almost a double for his regal brother, except that he lacked the strong lines in the jaw and the intensity in the dark eyes that gave his face determination.

Atahualpa was a ruler; Huascar simply was not.

But he was a former friend.

"Well, well, Cori," he said beaming. "The years seem to have treated you well. I understand you break bread with the Spanish now and sleep with their Captains."

"With one Capitano only," I protested. "But, as for the rest, your spies are accurate."

"So it is true that you come begging the gold of Cuzco for my brother's ransom."

"In the name of brotherhood, yes."

"Brotherhood! Phaugh! He stole my kingdom from me."

"Yes, I see you still wear the ring of the Sapa-Inca," I said.

"And will until it is torn from my dead finger," Huascar vowed. "But we waste time. Go back to Cajamarca and tell my brother I will send him no gold."

"I do not see that you are in a position to refuse," I said. "Atahualpa rules the Two Lands now."

"And I am Governor of Cuzco...and the rightful heir. The gold of Cuzco stays here. Tell my brother that. Now, we have nothing more to say. Good day, Cori Occlo."

As I left Huascar's room in the palace, however, a little wiry man sought me out.

"Are you Cori Occlo?" he asked.

"I am," I said, a little surprised.

"My name is Tupac, Tupac Uc."

"Ah, then, I have a message for you from Atahualpa. It is only one word but he said that you would understand."

"I trust I will. What is it?"

"The word 'Now.'"

The small man nodded.

"Tell Atahualpa that the message was received and understood," he said.

* * * *

De Soto and I left shortly after that, discouraged that our long journey had netted us nothing.

But we had been riding less than an hour before Tupac, galloping like the wind, caught up with us.

"The Governor has had a change of heart," he told us breathlessly. "Tell Atahualpa all the gold he

desires will be forthcoming. And, oh, yes, give him this.”

And he handed me a small ivory box inlaid with gold.

That night, sitting by our campfire, our curiosity overcame us and I hesitantly opened the little box...

...which contained Huascar’s finger, still wearing the signet of the Sapa-Inca.

And, suddenly, the import of that one-word message became all too terribly clear.

It was all that I could do to bear that ghastly offering back to Atahuallpa.

SIX

The Inca, of course, was delighted at our news for, almost coincident with our return, the gold began arriving again. Moreover, his brother's "fortuitous" murder meant that, once he was freed by Pizarro, he was the undisputed Ruler of the Two Lands.

Pizarro, however, was distressed by that turn of events.

"That bastard Atahualpa has thwarted me!" he snarled. "I was counting on using Huascar as a gambling piece against the Inca. With both of them claiming the Kingdom, I could always play one off against the other."

"It almost seems that you are afraid of Atahualpa, my General," I taunted him.

"I am afraid of no man!" Pizarro said angrily. "But now Atahualpa can claim total autonomy and I have no one to set up as a puppet ruler in his place. There was always the danger that I would use Huascar for that purpose and the Inca knew it. Besides, I would have the Inca's position clarified before the ransom is paid."

"It seems clear to me," I said, more boldly than

usual for I now felt myself a major player in this drama, "if Atahualpa fulfills his promise of the gold and silver, he goes free."

"Have you forgotten the true nature of our position here in Cajamarca, little spy?" Pizarro said in a tone of exaggerated patience with me. "We are a hundred-odd men here to his hundreds of thousands. Ill-equipped they may be, but they can swarm over us by sheer force of numbers. Right now, they are peaceful because we have the Inca. They are leaderless. A body without a head. But should they get him back..."

"Then you must get a promise of safe passage from the Inca," I suggested. "And, once you have your gold and silver, get out of the Two Lands as quickly as your legs and your horses' legs can take you. The Inca is a man of his word. He will honor his promise."

"Hah!" Pizarro snorted. "That is the kind of stupid promise Almagro would make!"

I turned to De Soto quizzically. "Almagro? Who is he?"

"Diego de Almagro is a partner in this expedition. It is he who is responsible for our supplies of fresh fruits and ammunition."

"Yes and, damn his hide, he is expected in Cajamarca almost any day," Pizarro muttered.

"Then you would be best to settle the Inca question before he arrives," Father Valverde, who was also present, suggested. "Diego would be all too ready to see wisdom in this Inca girl's suggestion."

"Diego is a simpering fool!" Pizarro grumbled. "That is why I did not let him command the fighting

force."

"Nonetheless, as a partner, his voice must be reckoned with," De Soto pointed out.

But Pizarro ignored De Soto and turned to the Priest.

"What would you advise me to do, Father?"

"Atahualpa has resisted my every effort to convert him to the True Faith," Valverde answered. "Since he steadfastly remains a heathen, his life is worthless before the Lord."

"You would have me kill him?" Pizarro asked without, it seemed, any surprise at the suggestion.

"I would never counsel murder," Valverde said. "But a sentence of death for a Capital Crime, now...that would be conscionable."

"I agree," Pizarro said—and I could not believe I was hearing this insane conversation between two supposedly reasonable men.

"But what crime could he have possibly have committed?" De Soto retained his role as the voice of reason. "He has been under lock and key since he was captured."

"How about 'Conspiracy to Murder Huascar?'" Valverde suggested.

"Again," De Soto continued to argue. "How could he have managed that?"

"By sending a message with the little heathen whore you sleep with to the man who actually carried out the deed," Valverde suggested.

I winced at the accuracy of that guess.

"The very thing!" Pizarro beamed. "Will you draw up the formal charges, Father?"

"Right away."

"Good. We'll try him tomorrow morning and execute him at dusk...before Almagro could possibly arrive. Now leave me to prepare my arguments for the Crown."

"But...but..." I stammered trying to put a stop to this whole dreadful travesty before I became any more involved. Inti only knows, I was probably facing a death sentence of my own once the charges were set forth.

"I said leave me!" Pizarro bellowed. "When I want the evidence of a native whore, I'll ask for it!"

And Felipillo, Valverde, De Soto and I were sent upon our way, each preoccupied with his or her thoughts and feelings.

De Soto's, I suspect, were a three-way struggle between his sense of justice for the Inca, his love for me and what I stood for, and his duty to his King and the king's servant, Pizarro. Felipillo's struggle was between his loyalty to Pizarro and that he owed to Atahualpa.

Of the four of us, therefore, only Valverde and I were confirmed in our thoughts and beliefs. Valverde hated the Inca as an unrepentant heathen and wished him dead.

And I felt almost the same way...except against Pizarro.

For, in all my thoughts, there was only one fear...that I might well die before I could strangle the little Spanish bastard with my own bare hands.

* * * *

I spent a miserable night, unable to close my eyes, but equally unable to satisfy my lover's needs. I merely lay, rigid beneath his passionate ministrations, until he shot his volleys of cum into my belly and fell asleep.

But, finally, morning came and, with it, two soldiers who dragged me naked from my bed, tied my wrists before me and led me away, saying only that I was required as a material witness at the trial of Atahualpa.

This 'trial' was, apparently, to take place in the Courtyard, in which I had already experienced two atrocities; the viewing of the torture of the pathetic little bread thief and the more personally painful one of my own flogging as a suspected Inca spy.

This morning, under the constant blazing sun, it was set up as an imitation, I supposed, of a Spanish Courtroom. On one side, Pizarro sat in a huge, throne-like chair that dwarfed his little body, surrounded by Valverde, his brother Gonzalo and his trusted Captain Diego de Garcia. Behind him were ranged the cavalrymen, all mounted on their horses, fronted by the hundred or more foot soldiers.

In the centre of the yard stood the stake, the very one at which I had been whipped and which was, presumably, to be used now in the execution of the Inca.

And, on the other side of the yard, were the witnesses...

Who consisted of only myself and De Soto, who had volunteered to act on my behalf in any legal

actions that might be brought against me.

I remember having just a moment to think how well the unbalanced scene mirrored the bias of the forthcoming trial before the proceedings began.

And then my heart sank as Pizarro rose and announced, "I call as my first witness Tupac Uc."

For here, I thought, was the one man who could connect me absolutely with the murder of Huascar.

I turned to De Soto and muttered under my breath. "He will swear that I brought the message from the Inca to kill his brother."

"Did you?" De Soto muttered back.

"Yes," I admitted.

"Then you will deny it."

"No one will believe me. My face cannot lie. You know that."

"Then I will testify you brought no message from Atahualpa."

"But you do not know that. You cannot say you do."

"No, but, unlike you, I *can* lie. Besides, he is a murderer. No one will believe him."

"What are you two jabbering about?" Pizarro interrupted testily. "How would you answer the question posed to this Tupac, little whore?"

"How did he answer?" De Soto said. "I did not hear."

"I do not wonder," Pizarro sneered. "But, no matter, I asked him who brought him the message from Atahualpa to kill Huascar."

"And what did he answer?" De Soto asked.

"He has not answered yet," Pizarro said. "I want to

hear how the little whore would answer that first."

"Then you must call her as a witness," De Soto insisted.

"Valverde, swear the girl in," Pizarro ordered and my heart leapt into my throat as the soldiers dragged me forward, bound and naked under the searing sun.

But Tupac Uc held up his hand. "Stop!" he said quietly. "I will not have an innocent punished for my crime. Know that I have always been a secret supporter of Atahualpa. As such, I infiltrated the retinue of Huascar, looking for my chance to end the Civil War between the brothers forever. When this delegation arrived, therefore, I saw a chance to do just that by murdering Huascar and making it appear as if this woman, who was once a wife of Atahualpa, had done it. It was I, therefore, who plunged the knife into Huascar and cut off his finger, putting it where it would later be found to further incriminate Atahualpa's former wife, Cori Occlo. Huascar's murder was, thus, entirely my idea and I am prepared to suffer the consequences for the good of the Two Lands."

"Waste no time then!" Pizarro growled angrily. "Tie this man to the stake and burn him."

Immediately, five soldiers rushed forward, two of them proceeding to bind Tupac Uc to the stake that had witnessed my flogging while the other three piled brush and heavier wood around his feet, to the height of his waist.

"Look!" De Soto nudged me as we watched. "Atahualpa is visibly afraid. It is the first time I have ever seen that look of terror in his eyes. Surely he

cannot care that much for the fate of Tupac Uc."

"He does not," I told De Soto. "He fears his own death now, for he believes that, if a man's body is incinerated, he cannot rise up to the after-life of his ancestors."

"Is that so?" muttered Father Valverde whom I had not bothered to notice since Tupac began his "confession" but who was still standing nearby. "Perhaps that fact may prove useful, little heathen whore."

And I almost wished my tongue had been torn out, as Pizarro threatened to do that day so long ago.

SEVEN

Nor did the single-minded Spanish bastard take long to find a way to get exactly what he wanted.

Within a week or two, it became obvious to all of us that the rooms were not filling with gold and silver as fast as they should, despite daily reports of llama cargoes from Cuzco.

That was when someone—I suspect Pizarro himself—began to circulate the rumor that Atahualpa was somehow diverting some of the shipments into some secret coffers, probably along the seacoast. The rumor had it, he planned to use the wealth to buy a ship and sail to wherever he could hire enough mercenaries to recapture Peru from the Spanish.

But, for some time, that was only wild conjecture.

Then a glimpse of something I was probably not meant to see aroused my curiosity.

That morning, Kyunnu, the messenger from the Inca Camp—now under the command of Atahualpa's General and cousin, Manco Capac—arrived requesting from me news of the Inca for the benefit of his wives and warriors.

I was perfectly honest with him—indeed I saw no reason to be anything but—and I told him that, while Atahualpa was presently in good health, his ransom was proceeding slowly and there were some rumors that the Inca himself was responsible for that. Therefore, I said, if Manco had any half-formed plan to rescue the Inca, he had better put it in motion as soon as possible for I sensed that Pizarro's patience was wearing paper-thin. Kyunnu left saying he would relay my message to Manco without delay.

However, much later that morning, I saw Kyunnu coming out of the Great House where both Pizarro and the Inca lived and exiting the City in great haste. And I wondered both at his urgency and what had transpired there.

Who, for instance, had he been talking to for that time, Pizarro or the Inca? And what was the message he was now rushing off to tell Manco Capac? Somehow, I doubted it was the message I had given him.

Then, about a week after Kyunnu's visit, a small caravan of llamas bearing golden statuettes was stopped by a Spanish scouting party, descending the cliffs on the road to Ciudad de Los Reyes which was by the sea. And the leader of the caravan, a man named Xipec, admitted under torture that he was delivering his shipment to a former nobleman in Atahualpa's court, Titu Yupanqui.

Accordingly, a second trial for the Inca was convened, to which Titu, Kyunnu and the Inca himself were called as witnesses.

That morning the cavalry was again drawn up in

the bright sun, their armor gleaming, and the foot soldiers were ranged in front of them. But instead of Atahualpa being seated in the centre as the Accused, he was already bound to a stake, a good head's length shorter than he was with a noose of coarse rope looped around his neck.

If ever there was a better picture of prejudice, I thought, this one cried out for an artist.

Pizarro called as his first witness Titu Yupanqui, the supposed final recipient of the "stolen" gold.

"I am led to understand that you expected a number of gold statuettes, marked with the stamp of the Royal artist in Cuzco," Pizarro began.

"Yes, My Lord," the obviously terrified man nodded.

"When did you expect these to arrive?"

"On the morning of the fourteenth, as you count dates."

"But they did not."

"No, My Lord."

"Why not?"

"I am led to understand that they were confiscated by Spanish troops," Titu answered.

"Who told you this?"

"The man who told me to expect them in the first place."

"Can you name this man and point him out to the Court?" Pizarro continued.

"Yes, My Lord. His name is Xipec. He sits there."

And Yupanqui pointed to an older man still wearing bandages which concealed his hands who was seated nearby.

My mind leapt back to the poor bread thief and her torture so I fully understood the terror in the old man's eyes as Pizarro approached him.

"Is what this man says true?" he challenged the pathetic llama-driver.

"Y...yes, My Lord. I was carrying the gold when I was stopped. I had been told to take it to Titu Yupanqui in the *Ciudad de Los Reyes*."

"Who gave you the gold and told you so?" Pizarro badgered him.

"That man, the servant of the Inca."

"Name him, point him out!" Pizarro blustered.

"There! His name's Kyunnu! For the love of Inti, I thought I was serving my King."

"I am your King now!" Pizarro snarled. "You were betraying me! But never mind. The real culprit seems to be this Kyunnu."

He turned to the Inca messenger, who continued to sit impassively, as if he had nothing to fear.

And this very confidence gave me the final clue as to what the game really was.

It was Pizarro that Kyunnu had spoken to that morning in the Great House in Cajamarca. And they had struck a deal—more power perhaps than Manco Capac?—for the lie he was about to tell.

But, amid a hushed throng sensing the trial had reached its climax, Pizarro was in no rush now and he approached Kyunnu, moving slowly, savoring the moment.

"And who..." he said slowly..."who gave you the order to steal the gold and give it to Xipac for transportation to Titu Yupanqui?"

Kyunnu also held his peace, as if weighing the consequences of his answer.

Then finally he said in a quiet voice that, nonetheless, seemed to echo through the silent square,

“Atahualpa, the former Inca.”

“The present Inca!” Atahualpa bellowed.

“Silence!” Pizarro bellowed even louder. “Guilty as charged, of treason against King Charles the Fifth of Spain! Burn him at the stake!”

And the soldiers rushed forward to pile the brush and logs around the terrified Inca’s feet.

At that point, I could stand the charade no longer and I broke away from De Soto’s attempts to restrain me and rushed to throw myself between Atahualpa and Pizarro.

“For the love of your God if no one else’s,” I cried, “listen for once to my voice of reason. You know that the Inca believes if his body is burned, he will be condemned to spend eternity in limbo. His followers, the hordes of other natives who hem you in on all sides, believe that too. Would you risk their undying enmity by giving in to one rash act of anger? Kill the Inca, if you must, but for the love of reason, if nothing else, garrote him, do not burn him.”

“Listen to her,” said De Soto who had suddenly appeared at my side. “What she speaks is common sense.”

Then a new idea occurred to me. The Inca’s death was a foregone conclusion, but perhaps another argument would hold greater sway with Pizarro and, even more important with his ever-present advisor,

Father Valverde.

"Perhaps there is an even more important argument for not burning the Inca," I said.

"If there is, I should be glad to hear it," Pizarro seemed to relent somewhat in the face of De Soto's reason.

"If you burn the Inca, the entire nation is bound to rise up against you and, as you said yourself, you would have no chance of surviving in that situation. However, as I understand it from your good Father's teachings, you burn witches and other heretics, not devout Christians."

"That is true," Pizarro nodded.

"Then, if the Inca were to convert to Christianity, you would have to strangle him as a criminal, not burn him as a heretic as well, is that not so?"

Pizarro's silence seemed to last an hour.

At last, he turned to Valverde. "See what you can do, Father," he said.

At the same time, Atahualpa called to me. "What concession have you wrung from him, my wife?" he asked.

"Only that, if you profess the Christian faith, he will garrote, not burn you."

"It is enough," the Inca nodded. "I thank you, Cori Occlo."

I may have become quite fluent in the Spanish tongue, but I understood little of what went on between the Inca and Valverde over the next few minutes, since much of it, De Soto told me, was in Latin.

All I saw and heard was Valverde chanting and

then Felipillo would tell Atahualpa Latin phrases to repeat after the Father. Still, it seemed for such a momentous transformation that the conversion of the Inca to Christianity was accomplished with remarkable swiftness.

However, after a very few minutes, it seemed, Valverde turned to Pizarro and said, "The Inca professes to accept Christ into his life."

"Then fulfill your promise," De Soto told Pizarro, "and have him strangled if you must."

Again there was a seemingly endless pause.

Then, finally, Pizarro uttered two words and a sigh. "Garrote him," he said.

Even that sight, which I was forced to watch, was terrible beyond belief.

Two soldiers tied a knot in the rope around the Inca's neck and pushed a stout piece of wood through it. Then they slowly turned the stick, tightening the loop until the coarse rope began to bite into the Inca's neck. As his breath was slowly pinched off, the Inca's chest began to heave as his lungs fought for air. But, apart from that, he did not struggle, merely standing bolt upright and staring upwards at our god, the Sun.

Gradually, his face turned purple and the veins began to bulge out as his neck became more and more constricted by the rope. Yet still he lived until, just as I thought his neck would burst with the pressure, his chest gave an almighty heave and his head slumped forward on his chest.

Valverde now moved forward and said some sort of prayer in Latin to the corpse.

Then Pizarro said in a quiet voice, "Send Kyunnu

to the native camp to carry off the body."

And De Soto and I retired to my little house where I cried myself to sleep in his arms.

* * * *

I was awakened by the flickering light of a fire on the ceiling of my room and I leapt from my bed to stare down into the Courtyard.

In the middle of which the Inca's body still stood, surrounded by a wall of flame.

"Hernando!" I screamed. "Pizarro has lied to us. He is burning the Inca!"

"The bastard!" De Soto cried, leaping to his feet.

Hardly taking time to throw clothes over our nakedness, we rushed across the square, past the Inca's burning body, and into Pizarro's house.

He was standing at the casement of his room and gazing down upon the ghastly scene below.

"You son of a mongrel bitch!" I cursed. "Why have you done this blasphemous thing?"

Pizarro was as calm as I have ever seen him under fire. "Because," he said, "I do not believe his conversion was sincere. And because, to take your own advice, I wished his people to see that the top of their pyramid had truly been lopped off; that they were truly leaderless, apart from me. And because..." He paused and smiled, "...because I wanted to."

And I knew then, if I had never known before, that I would see Pizarro dead.

By my own hands.

EIGHT

As it turned out, that ambition was not to be fulfilled as quickly as I would have liked.

To begin with, that night was a critical one, consisting of emotional upheaval, of momentous decisions and of wondrous loving.

In the first place, De Soto had now become so disgusted by the duplicity of Pizarro and the cruel treatment of my people by his countrymen, particularly Pizarro and his brothers, that he had determined not to wait for the arrival of the level-headed Almagro but to withdraw his share of the gold immediately, ship it to the coast at Ciudad de Los Reyes to be melted into gold pieces of eight, and take off for Spain as quickly as possible. Pizarro, he was sure, would be only too glad to see him go, for that meant he would be rid of me as well.

"How do you reason out that last part?" I asked him.

"Surely, you will not stay here without me," De Soto answered. "I am counting on you to accompany me back to Spain."

That thought came as a complete surprise. I am

sure that, if I thought of our future at all, it was as being here in the mountains with De Soto by my side. I had never considered traversing the Great Ocean to brave the savage land from which he and his kinsmen came.

"I shall have to think of that for a little time," I hedged.

"We only have a little time," Hernando pointed out. "Once the Inca is ashes, I am sure Pizarro will mount a genocide against all Atahualpa's nearest kin. And you, my darling, could still be bearing his child."

"But I am not with child," I protested.

"I believe you," De Soto said. "But tell it to Pizarro and see what he says. He won't bother to have you examined by a surgeon—of which, you will notice, we are in very short supply. Besides, he has a cause to fear you since he knows that you feel betrayed by the Inca's burning."

"Peace," I said. "No further argument is necessary for I have made my mind up. And it is not the fear of death that motivates me. Oh, I still wish to see Pizarro dead with all my heart, but I can scarcely accomplish that through my own death. I am yet young. I will have more chances. Let me play the sly fox and retire to lick my wounds. Then I can pounce upon the bastard when he least expects it...perhaps as he climbs into bed on his wedding night."

"If I did not know you loved me," De Soto chuckled, "I should fear you to the center of my being."

"But I do love you more than anything," I vowed, my voice low and earnest.

"Then show me, my love," De Soto whispered in my ear. "Show me with your lips..."

"No, with my whole body, My Love."

Stimulated, no doubt, by the high emotions of the evening, we tore our clothes off and flung ourselves on the bed, where our bodies came together in a hot embrace. De Soto's mouth found my neck immediately and locked upon it with a fervency I had seldom found even in his most passionate moments. And my hands groped their way down his ribs and over his hips to plunge between his legs and grasp his risen penis as if I were bent on throttling the life out of it.

Then, ever so slowly, we relaxed and our lovemaking became gentler and more tender.

De Soto's lips traced lightly from my earlobe, along the line of my jaw to my chin and, then, up over my chin to reach my mouth, whose lips he parted tenderly with his tongue. Then his tongue and mine met in a wonderful exchange.

Meanwhile, my hands stroked along the length of his cock, feeling it harden and throb as my ministrations enflamed it.

Slowly now, De Soto's tongue left mine and licked its way down to my nipple which I felt grow rigid as it circled it. And my breathing became hoarse as I panted,

"I am ready, darling. Please...please...*please*... enter me now."

And with delicious, agonizing slowness, De Soto's turgid member entered my pussy and delved deep into my throbbing channel.

And we lay together, my bare legs locked around his naked thighs, his phallus pushing deep into my belly, and we moved oh, so slowly against each other until, in the fresh light of a new and wondrous day, we came together with a mutual sigh of unadulterated carnal joy.

And then we slept.

The following morning we packed our few belongings together. I, for my part, had only a few kubs and a pair of sandals; De Soto had a formal jacket-coat, pantaloons, stockings and shoes apart from his armour, sword and knife which he wore, so that everything was easily packed into Silverado's saddlebags along with a supply of dried meat, cheese and bread to sustain us on our journey. Water and fruit, we reasoned, would be readily available along the way.

So it was just before noon that we rode across the Courtyard of Cajamarca, trying not to look at the blackened patch of earth, that ignominiously served as the shrine of our last Sapa-Inca, and passed through the gates of Cajamarca, perhaps, I thought wistfully for the last time.

As a child of the High Planes, several things about the strange new world astounded me as I took my first fearful steps away from my home, most of them related to the concept of what constituted the Horizon. Upon the Altiplana, the sky began at a level which was well above the height of a man's head, often above the height of his uplifted arm. Judge of my surprise and wonder then when we crested the last hill above the cliffs that led precipitously down to

the coastal plane and found a whole new world spread out like an Inca blanket beneath my feet. Here, the sky began below my feet and extended outwards from the backdrop of the cliffs to become merged with the blue of the ocean and dissolve into infinity. I think it was then, for the first time in my life, that I truly understood the first Sapa-Inca, Pachacamac Capac, standing on a promontory such as this and proclaiming the notion of Eternity.

But perhaps the strangest perspective I had ever had on the boundaries of my world, and the most disconcerting, occurred when I descended to sea level and put to sea and, suddenly, the horizon was neither above your head or below your feet, but somehow seemed to be on a level with your eye and to extend forever and ever. And I soon learned, since there was no fixed point to take your bearings from, there was a profound sense of insignificance in the vast scheme of the universe.

Perhaps the nights at sea were the worst, when the myriad stars above also twinkled in the ocean waves and the horizon melted into absolute nothingness.

Also, this sense of physical disorientation was amplified once we left the shelter of land and began to encounter the swells of the open sea. For then the visual confusion became so acute that it began to affect the stomach.

Never having experienced anything like this before, we were, therefore, little more than two days out from Ciudad de Los Reyes before I had to take to my cabin with the most violent and protracted nausea I had ever experienced.

How long that lasted, I do not know for the heat, my fever and the terrible nausea made me uncaring of such mundane things as days. In fact, I began to think I did not much care if I lived. All I wanted to do was to lie naked upon my sweat-soaked bedclothes until death claimed me..

Presently, however, my body became accustomed to the movement of the ship and my stomach began to crave a little broth to ease its terrible emptiness.

At that point, I rang a little bell which De Soto had left for me—since he had taken himself to another cabin, in order to get some rest himself—and weakly requested something.

“I think my body has decided not to part company with my soul just yet,” I told him.

And he laughed at my poor attempt at humor—relieved I think because of the element of truth that it contained—and said he would send someone down forthwith.

The “someone” turned out to be a swarthy, bearded man who introduced himself as Lorenzo and who said he was the cook.

Moreover, the soup he brought was hearty and delicious and I sipped at it with gusto, only looking up when I had drained the last drop from the cup.

And then I found the dark-eyed man staring at me with a terrible intensity.

My eyes followed his to the point where he was focused.

When Lorenzo knocked at the cabin door, I had naturally drawn my sheet up over my nakedness. But I had forgotten that it was still soaked in my feverish

sweat so that it now clung to my breasts so closely that it was almost like a second skin. Indeed, I could see not only the shape but the darker color of my nipples through its folds.

I froze at that realization, wondering who would make the first move.

It was Lorenzo.

"You might as well be naked," he said.

"I...I'm sorry," I gagged, trying to hide my breasts behind my arms, which only dragged my sheet up to expose one thigh.

"No, I don't think you are," Lorenzo said. "I think what you are is horny. All you native bitches crave a bit of cock three-four times a day."

"De Soto sees that I am well provided for," I said, beginning to get more than a little afraid.

"De Soto is on deck. Quite busy. The sea is up. Big blow. Hurricane, the Captain says. He'll never hear you over the wind. Besides, every hand is needed. De Soto too."

"Then shouldn't you...?"

"That's just it. They won't miss me for as long as it takes me to satisfy us both."

"I don't want anything from you," I said, trying to sound forceful, but I was aware that my lower lip was quivering.

"Lying bitch! You want my cock up your snatch. I see it in your eyes."

"I'll scream."

Suddenly, Lorenzo reached into the folds of his cook's smock and drew forth a butcher's cleaver.

"You do, bitch, and I'll cut your tits off!" he

snarled.

And I knew he meant it.

Then he tore his smock open and revealed the largest cock that I had ever seen.

“Prepare for the fuck of your life,” he growled.

And I shook with terror as he threw my covers off and leapt upon the bed.

NINE

He set the cleaver on the table by the side of the berth, where he could reach it easily but just out of range of my hand. Then, because I was so weak with the sea-sickness, he had no trouble grabbing my arm and flipping me over on my stomach. His powerful hand grasped my neck in a vice-like grip and he forced my head into my pillow, stifling my feeble moans of protest. Then, he quickly moved his hands to pinion my wrists to the mattress and his teeth descended on my neck, holding me, like a bitch in heat and terrified to move lest he tear my flesh out.

“Get up on your knees and part your legs, bitch!” he gnarled bestially and, shaking in fear of my life, I swiftly obeyed.

As soon as my pussy was exposed by this position, I felt the tip of his massive cock parting my labia, where they paused.

But the pause was only an instant’s respite before he drove its full terrible length up into my tight channel, heedless of the blood that spurted from my pussy, covering it and dripping from his testicles to stain the bedclothes.

And he plowed my channel deeper and deeper until, with a cry like some primordial beast, he shot his load of hot cum into my beaten body and collapsed upon my back.

Immediately, I took advantage of his temporary lapse of attention, and the loosing of his teeth upon my neck, and desperately shoved myself up with one arm, rolling him on his back and out of me. And I screamed at the top of my lungs, "De Soto!"

Immediately, it seemed the cabin door was flung wide and De Soto was hauling my attacker out of bed by his throat.

"How...how did you get here so quickly?" I gasped. "How did you hear me over the wind?"

Hernando looked at me quizzically.

"What wind?" he asked. "The sea is like glass."

And suddenly the terror in me broke into gales of laughter.

"The woman's mad!" my rapist said, and he suddenly looked terrified of me.

Which I found even funnier, collapsing into near hysteria.

"For God's sake, Cori, what's the matter?" De Soto asked, his voice full of concern.

"I wonder which the worse crime is," I giggled irrationally. "Rape or lying?"

And I collapsed into De Soto's arms.

* * * *

De Soto bandaged my torn vulva and put me to bed, while my hysteria subsided and Lorenzo cowered in

the corner of the cabin, his face a mask of worry.

Then De Soto led my lying rapist out, saying, "I will have some brandy sent down. Drink it and try to come topside as soon as you can. You will be needed to testify as to this man's crime upon your body. Rest assured, he will be cruelly punished for abusing you."

However as I sat and sipped the brandy and the pain in my belly abated, I began to wonder if a 'cruel' punishment was indeed what the man deserved. Some form of punishment was of course his due—perhaps incarceration on a diet of bread and water. Or a beating with a birch rod, such as I had heard was used in the Spanish army. It caused much pain but did not leave any scars. And after all, what scars, other than emotional, had he left upon me? And, when all things were considered, perhaps I had been as much a cause of my rape as he had. I had presented myself, patently naked before a man who had doubtless spent many years at sea without a woman's company. The sight of my breasts beneath the wet sheet had enflamed him past the point of reason. Yes, I was certainly in part to blame.

This kind of reasoning meant that, when I finally found the courage and the physical strength to go topside—I believe that process took two hours and four brandies—I was thinking, perhaps somewhat fuzzily, that, while I certainly couldn't condone Lorenzo's act, I could at least understand it. And that should certainly be considered in assessing any punishment. I mean, certainly.

Judge of my horror then when, upon arriving on deck, I found Lorenzo stripped to the waist, with his

arms tied round the mast, back facing the gangway up which I climbed.

"We have already discovered the nature of this man's crime," the Captain, whose name was Trujillo told me. "It is assault with a deadly weapon—his knife—and forcible rape. It remains, therefore, only for you to pronounce his sentence."

"Why me?" I gasped. "Are there not maritime laws for such crimes?"

"Of course," Trujillo nodded. "Together, they carry a minimum penalty of twelve lashes and a maximum of a hundred."

"What about separately?" I asked.

"In this case, it is impossible to separate them," Trujillo informed me.

"Then I assess a penalty of twelve lashes."

"It is a puny number."

"It is sufficient, I think. The crime was not premeditated. The man was driven by lust."

"As you will," the Captain shrugged.

"But do I get a choice of whips at least?" I asked, hoping to choose the short lash that De Soto had opted to use on me.

"On board ship, no. There is just one whip. A seven-foot snakeskin bullwhip."

"But doesn't that cut terribly?"

"Of course," Trujillo smiled. "But isn't that the whole idea?"

I sighed in the face of the inevitable.

"Let it be twelve strokes on the back with the bullwhip, then," I said.

I turned to descend the gangway, not wishing to

observe the ghastly scene as Lorenzo had the flesh torn from his naked back.

"Stop just a moment," Captain Trujillo said. "There is one further proviso."

"And what is that?" I asked.

"That, if he or she is physically able, the victim must administer the punishment."

"What?" I gagged.

Trujillo handed me the coil of sleek black leather, which gleamed dully in the sea-sun.

"Twelve strokes," he said. "And see they are all hard and strike their mark. Discipline must be maintained."

"Hear him well," De Soto whispered in my ear, "If you but seem to slack off, you tacitly invite every able-bodied man aboard this ship to rape you."

Slowly, I let the whip unroll until its tip trailed on the deck. Then I let it drag to and fro, trying to make it appear that I was testing its heft, but in reality putting off the actual moment that I struck the first blow.

Then, at last, as Captain Trujillo began to shuffle impatiently, and I knew I could delay the inevitable no longer. I drew my arm back slowly and then brought the lash whistling forward in a vicious arc.

It struck Lorenzo full upon the shoulder blades and he uttered a grunt and clenched the muscles in his back and arms with the pain.

"One," Captain Trujillo said.

Again I drew the whip back and brought it slicing down upon Lorenzo, curling it around his waist just above the hips. The first stroke had begun to weep

blood now, but this second must have been at a sharper angle for it opened the skin immediately and blood bubbled out of the red stripe I had made.

"Two," Trujillo said, disinterestedly. "Hit him harder."

On the third stroke I took a step toward Lorenzo as I brought the whip forward and it smacked loudly against his back below the arms, slicing open a broad gash in the flesh.

At that one, Lorenzo uttered a small cry of pain and I saw a tear begin to run down the cheek that was turned to face me.

"Better. Three," Trujillo said.

I was breathing heavily now, for I had been ill and was still weak. Besides, I knew that the aftermath of being raped was beginning to grow upon me as the effects of the brandy dissipated.

And my fourth blow showed the effects of that exhaustion, for it landed weakly, almost missing his naked back completely and striking his clothed buttocks. Moreover, that fourth strike threw me off-balance and I staggered and fell to my knees.

De Soto was by me in an instant, his strong arms around my shoulders, holding me so that I would not topple over.

"I...I am too weak to continue," I panted in ear.

"I understand," he nodded. Then he looked up at the Captain. "May I have your permission to finish the sentence?" he asked.

"You have a stake in this, too," Captain Trujillo replied. "I see no reason for the law to prevent it."

Thus, De Soto took the whip from my limp grasp

and beat Lorenzo with a viciousness of which I had never believed him capable. By the time he was finished the remaining eight strokes, the Cook's back looked like raw, flayed meat. In places, in fact, the lash had cut so deeply that an inch or two of white rib poked out.

And all the while, Lorenzo fought wildly against his bonds and his muted groans became screams of pain, which in turn became howls of agony, ending, with the twelfth blow, in the longest and most pitiful wail of anguish I had ever heard.

After that had died away, De Soto threw his arms around me and carried me below, laying me down gently on our berth.

But I heard the Captain say, "Leave the bugger tied to the mast 'til the sun blisters him. But do not cut him down at dusk. The skies tell me there will be a blow tonight. That should soak his back in enough salt spray to cleanse his wounds."

And drive him mad with pain, I thought.

"I will sleep elsewhere tonight," De Soto said gently. "I am sure you have had enough of men for today."

And, silently blessing him for his understanding, I closed my eyes and slept.

* * * *

Only to awaken with the violent tossing of the ship in the small hours of the morning.

And, strangely, the first thought to occur to me was whether my attacker had in fact been left, tied to the

mast and at the mercy of the elements.

Hastily, I covered myself in my dressing gown and a heavy, rainproof coat with a hood which the sailors called a "Sou'wester," and struggled up the gangway and onto the sea-washed deck.

Lorenzo was still there, barely conscious, but mewling pitifully as the waves of salt water coursed over his naked and bloodily torn back.

Hastily, I looked around for something to protect him from the spray, finally locating a few yards of sailcloth which I tried between two oars with strips torn from the hem of my nightgown. Then I used further strips to wind around his torso in an attempt to staunch the flow of blood from the deepest wounds, particularly those where his ribs had been bare by the bullwhip.

It was as I was finishing this latter task that my former attacker, now just a husk of a man, attained some degree of consciousness, turned his head and recognized me.

"You are a Saint," he breathed.

"No, just a woman who cannot bear to see another suffer," I told him.

"Then with my dying breath, I bless you," he said.

"No need. You are not dying yet," I said with what I hoped was a confident smile.

And I was right.

Lorenzo did not die until the day before we landed in Puerto Seville.

TEN

In the meantime, the salt and the sea sun had dyed my black hair to streaks of light brown and almost blonde, which I hated but which De Soto said was stunning against my dark skin. I would, he said, be the talk of Seville society.

I was quite sure an Inca mistress would be that anyway and I wasn't sure I liked the idea of what that talk would be.

But the sight of Seville drove many of those negative thoughts from my mind.

I had not expected the buildings to be so huge. The Doge's Palace was larger and more elaborately covered with gold leaf than any of the Inca's in the Two Lands and he was only a sort of glorified *curaca*.. What, I wondered, would this fabled King Charles' palace be like? In fact, even the rich men's regular houses were larger than the Inca's summer retreats. And their Cathedrals to their God dwarfed ours to Virachocha or even Inti, making ours seem primitive by comparison.

"However," De Soto said, trying to put it all into perspective for me, "never forget that much of the

wealth you see here was plundered from people such as yours."

But even that, I thought, only meant that his people were the better thieves than mine.

My delight at the wonders of this whole new world lasted, in fact, until I was shown into De Soto's magnificent *Villa de La Ciudad*—Did this, I wondered, mean he had another "*en la camagna*?"—meeting first with his seemingly countless servants and finally with a beautiful young, raven-haired woman, not much older than I, who was introduced to me as,

"Inez de Bobabilla y De Soto."

"I am pleased to meet you," she said icily, clearly revealing that she was far from that.

"And I to meet you," I responded. "You are, I presume, Hernando's sister?"

There was a pause in which you could have cut the air between us with a knife.

"I..." Inez finally answered slowly, "...am Hernando's wife."

There seemed to be no worthy response to that answer, so I made none.

Until Inez excused herself and bustled off to take care of the "affairs of the household."

And I exploded like a cannon in De Soto's face. "I will not share you with another woman!" I told him as forcefully as I knew how.

But De Soto, as usual—except when he was avenging my rape aboard ship—was the epitome of calm reason.

"You must understand my position in Seville society in order to understand yours," he told me.

"The blood of the aristocracy does not flow in my veins. I am thus viewed as a rich brigand, no better than the Pirates that plunder the British ships in the Carib Seas. But the King does not grant favours to pirates and I am in great need of his patronage just now, since I have undoubtedly made an enemy of Pizarro by deserting him.

"Inez, on the other hand, brings to our marriage the prestige of the De Bobadilla name and a line of aristocratic blood that dates back centuries. To have her bear the name 'Bobadilla y De Soto,' therefore, is immensely important to me at the moment.

"Now, Cori, you must also understand that, in Seville society, it is quite common for a man to have a wife for social functions and to bear his children and also keep a mistress for his pleasures. Indeed many are jealous of such a man."

"You intend to fuck her too?" I asked incredulously.

"Of course, but only until I have a son and heir by her. And the Bobadillas are famous for having male offspring. Once should do and then I am yours forever."

"I cannot believe that you could be so coldly rational about it," I marvelled.

"It is the only way to be. Toward Inez at least. Oh, she would undoubtedly desire my love just as you do, but it will always be you I love. So you are not really sharing me with anyone. My body—briefly, perhaps—but never my love."

"I'm afraid I remain unconvinced," I grumbled.

"Then so be it," De Soto shrugged. "For that is the

way things are.”

As the days and weeks went by, it became apparent that Inez was no happier with the arrangement than I. She, without fail, refused to talk to me, directing even a simple request to pass the salt through her omnipresent major domo, Ramon. And she just as resolutely, declined to answer any question I directed at her, even when De Soto was present.

Of course, De Soto was not present often. He seemed totally preoccupied, even obsessed, with long-distance negotiations with King Charles V of Spain in Madrid. The result was he was too exhausted at the end of a day to give me any sexual satisfaction in bed. And he was not wasting his favours on Inez either, for he slept—and I mean slept—with me constantly. The upshot of that, of course, was that Inez became testier and testier toward me as she became more and more convinced that I was getting what rightfully should be hers.

That unspoken feud finally came to a head on a day when De Soto was engaged in a full-day meeting with potential partners in his hoped-for expedition to Florida, a savage land of swamp and insects—and, reportedly, much gold—in the New World as the Spanish called it.

That day Ramon came to me saying that the mistress wished me to attend a special event in the gardens of the estate immediately.

I was curious that she should think of inviting me so I followed him to the Garden Court, which was a formal area of carefully pruned trees and artificial ponds in the centre of De Soto’s large estate.

Here I found the servants of the house, drawn up in a circle around the central pond where a buxom, yet still beautiful young red-haired gypsy girl whom I knew as Manuela was standing naked, with a rope under her large breasts, tied to one of the decorative trees.

As soon as Inez saw me arrive, she turned to the girl and demanded, "You know why you are here, don't you, Manuela?"

"Yes, Senora," the girl answered in a small, frightened voice.

"Tell me, then."

"I...I was careless."

"Yes, you were. What did you do?"

"While combing out your hair, the comb scratched your scalp."

"Phaugh!" Inez spat. "You tore my scalp in anger and made it bleed. Isn't that so, Manuela?"

"If you say so, Senora," the terrified girl answered.

"What should be done with you, Manuela?" Inez pressured her.

"I should be punished, Senora?" Manuela tried to phrase it as a question, but Inez persisted.

"Yes, you should be beaten. Ten strokes to your breasts with the wide strop, would you say?"

"S...surely not so many." The girl's lower lip began to quiver.

"If you disagree, we'll make it twenty," Inez threatened.

"Ten would be about right, Senora," Manuela agreed quickly.

"Very well. The strop, Ramon."

And the major domo handed her a piece of leather about an inch and a half wide and three feet in length.

"Ten, right?" she taunted Manuela.

"Yes, Senora, for my...fit of anger..." the girl cried.

And Inez brought the strap down hard on the top of her breasts, raising an immediate red welt.

How Manuela managed to last the whole ten without screaming out her pain, I couldn't understand. But she gritted her teeth and took the punishing blows until her breasts glowed almost scarlet with red welts.

Finally, she asked, in a voice that was choked with tears, "Is that all, Senora?"

"No, there is one more little thing," Inez sneered. "Untie her, Ramon."

Ramon loosed the rope that ran under her tortured breasts.

"Get down on your knees."

The girl complied without a word.

"You must be thirsty after that," Inez said.

"Not really, Senora."

"I said, *you must be thirsty*," Inez snarled.

"Why, then, I am. Of course I am," the girl quavered.

Ramon placed a shallow dish filled with a clear yellow liquid in front of her as she knelt on all fours.

"The very finest of our special wines," Inez chuckled without humour. "Squeezed from the cellars of the household this morning. Lap it up now, fat bitch."

And Manuela took but a moment before she dipped her head and lapped the foul liquid from the

dish until the dish was dry.

"Take her and throw her naked into the street," Inez said to a pair of the men. "Ramon, tell the Inca bitch to follow me. And then leave us alone."

And she turned on her heel and marched into the house.

I followed...wondering why she could possibly want to see me without Ramon, our constant interlocutor.

ELEVEN

Ramon led me to the door of Inez's suite and then departed without a word and I stood there wondering what to do.

"Come in, Cori," Inez's voice came through the door, sounding almost friendly. "There is no need to knock."

Reluctantly, I entered into an area which had up to know between strictly off-limits to me.

Inez had doffed the long housecoat which she had been wearing in the Gardens and was seated in a huge, wing-backed chair before the window, wearing a negligee of the sheerest cotton, which clung to her slim body like a pure white skin. With the light behind her, I could easily see the outline of her breasts with their large erect nipples. She had also let her dark hair down so that it fell about her neck in a cascade of ebony waves and she had kicked off her sandals so that her small feet were bare. She seemed, in fact, to be dressed far more for a lover than an unwanted guest.

And that should have given me my clue.

"Sit down, Cori, and relax," she said with a smile

that seemed more sincere than I had seen on her face before. "I suppose you are wondering why I invited you to watch that scene just now."

"That had occurred to me," I admitted.

"Manuela displeased me," Inez said matter-of-factly. "You can see now how much better it is to be a pleasure to me than to cause my ill-will."

"I have already tasted the bitter fruit of your ill will," I said.

"Not really. That will come if you anger me in any way."

"Why do you threaten me?" I asked angrily. "I did not ask to be brought into this household. And Hernando seems to have only time for his cursed Florida expedition, so I am certainly not stealing his attentions or affections away from you. I have received nothing from him either."

"I am well aware of that," Inez nodded. "I am not jealous of you. It seems to have passed beyond that for both of us."

"You sound as if you are about to suggest a solution," I said.

"In fact, I am," Inez smiled. "There is an obvious solution to our mutual sexual frustration."

"That we each take a lover? I love Hernando too much for that."

"And I love my position in Seville society which may allow a man to have both a wife and a mistress, but deny a woman that same privilege. Unless..."

"Yes? Unless what?" I asked.

"Unless the affair is completely secret," Inez said softly. "And the lover is a woman..."

"That almost sounds as if you are suggesting..." I began.

"That we become lovers? But, of course, I am," Inez said earnestly.

"You can't be serious!" I gasped.

"My dear, Cori, I have never been more serious," Inez retorted. "Both of us, through lack of De Soto's attention, are now—how is it you plebeians put it? Horny as hell. But the solution is as close as the end of our fingers."

"But I don't love you..." I protested.

"You love your beauty and your dignity," Inez snapped. "Manuela has neither of those now as she lies covered with dirt in a gutter, smelling of piss. Surely, making love to me is better than that."

"That sounds like a threat," I said.

"Take it as you will. But I see your eyes looking at my body and lusting after it already. You cannot deny it, Cori Occlo. Your face gives you away."

"Then," I said slowly, "if I cannot deny my lust for your body, I will not. I do desire it with all my body's need. But don't, for the love of all that's true to both of us, don't call it love."

"Call it what you will," Inez breathed, "but I want you, Cori Occlo...*right now.*"

And, suddenly, in my blind passionate craving, I found myself tearing my housedress over my head and flinging myself, naked, across the room at the brazen bitch.

By the time I reached her, Inez had pulled her negligee off and was waiting for me, her legs spread wide to reveal the triangle of black curly hair in the V

at the top of her thighs. And I aimed for that, falling on my knees so that my mouth could burrow in and my lips find her tender labia. They were moist with her pre-cum already when I found them and they parted readily as my tongue probed past my lips and into the dank recess of her pussy.

And a long sigh of fulfilled need escaped her lips, as she arched her hips up against my lancing tongue and I growled incoherently into her wet pussy, feeling my own need pounding in my ears.

"Fuck me, fuck me, my love!" Inez groaned as my tongue plunged in and out. "Let your tongue be Hernando's cock and make me come!"

But I withdrew my face from her groin, my chin still dripping with her juices, and left her panting with desire.

"No, no! Come back! Come back! I need..." she bawled.

But I cut off her outburst. "I too have needs," I snarled, my voice raw with passion.

And, with that, I roughly pulled her off her chair and dragged her to the floor.

Here, I threw her on her back and held her ankles while I quickly crawled around and lowered my pussy onto her face. Then, my head dove between her legs again and we began to tongue-fuck each other in a mad, slobbering frenzy.

And, locked in the mutual cunt-lapping grip of basest ecstasy, we came and came and came again, until we had no breath or strength to shudder through even a single further orgasm.

And we lay, completely spent for an hour or more.

Until, at last, Inez crawled over to a bell pull beside the window and rang for tea.

* * * *

As we sat, still naked, and drank that tea as if it were the most natural thing in the world to have tea in the nude, Inez said, rather diffidently, "By the way, Cori, if you ever mention this little business to my husband, I shall swear you forced me into it."

"He will not believe you," I answered confidently.

"Oh, but he will. He knows in his heart that he has been neglecting you. It would be only natural for you to seek revenge by using me. Besides, I can lie where you cannot. If I accuse you of wanting to fuck me, you will not be able to say you never did. Because you know, deep in your heart, that is not true. You wanted me just now, just as much as I wanted you."

And, as I sipped my tea, I knew, with a shiver, that what she said was true.

"So, whenever you want me, you can just call and I will come, for fear of being exposed to Hernando as a lesbian slut?" I asked.

"You will, my dear, because that is exactly what you are."

"No more than you," I snapped.

"Ah, yes, but I am a blue-blooded Spanish lesbian slut," Inez smiled superciliously. "And therein lays all the difference."

I was never able to bring myself to tell Hernando neither of that day...nor of the many others afterward that Inez and I fucked wantonly.

Not always, I must admit, at her insistence.

* * * *

Then there came the day that De Soto had been waiting for. He was called to King Charles' summer palace outside Seville to spend a day or two discussing Hernando's projected excursion to Florida. I begged to go along with him, as I had a strange foreboding about spending a night with Inez and without his presence at the villa, but he told me,

"This is a men-only affair. Besides, you and Inez seem to be getting along well now. I'm sure you'll find some way of amusing yourselves."

When I told Inez that night in bed what he had said, she laughed and said, "Hernando! He is such a naïve bastard!" and we continued with our tongue-loving kisses.

On the second night of Hernando's absence, Inez threw a dinner party for six couples and myself. I was surprised, telling her, "I never expected to be invited to a noblewoman's dinner party."

"There are three reasons for your invitation," she told me. "One, of course, is our secret, for no one must ever know of our forbidden liaison. The second reason is that my friends in Seville society do not understand the people of your New World. They consider them to be ugly, illiterate and stupid brutes who can barely utter a full sentence of articulate Spanish. I should like them to meet a pretty, well-educated woman who can argue rings around the lot of them."

I said I was flattered, but Inez held up her hand.

"There is still a third," she said. "And that derives from my superstitious nature. Without you, we would be thirteen at table, my twelve guests and I. Your presence makes it fourteen and avoids possible ill luck. Of course, that last is only a minor consideration."

I nodded my assent to that, but in my heart I wondered as I dressed for dinner ("Please make it one of those beautiful peasant things you call a kub"), if the superstition factor was not the main one.

Little did I know what the main one actually was...for it had so far not been mentioned. Nor could I see it in her lying eyes.

TWELVE

The dinner was sumptuous, a seven-course affair, of which I remember particularly the sharks-fin soup and the whole roast of venison done on a spit before our very eyes.

After dinner we adjourned to the large drawing room—almost the size of a small ballroom, for Andalusian Coffee and the brandy for which Inez de Bobadilla's family was famous.

Then came the time for the *piece de resistance*, as Inez called it. "Time for the entertainment!" Inez shouted, clapping her hands and the small orchestra in the corner of the drawing room played what would have been a fanfare, had there been any trumpets present.

At the sound of the first notes, the house servants came forward and lit a ring of torches on stands grouped in the centre of the room and the dinner guests formed around the torches. Then, as a second fanfare was played, two beautiful young girls entered into their midst.

"Where do you find such girls?" one of the dinner guests asked.

"In Seville," Inez smiled. "There are always girls there for entertainment. For a price...and if you know where to look."

The girls were certainly special—about nineteen years old, I judged, and stunningly beautiful. One's hair was as black and glossy as a raven's feathers while the other's was lighter, almost blonde and, apart from the black, metal-studded leather collars around their necks, both were stark naked. These collars were attached to each other by a length of light chain about four feet long, so that they could not move beyond each other's reach.

"I introduce to you Leonor..."

Inez paused as the raven-haired girl bowed to the fourteen of us.

"And her lover, Elena."

The other, lighter-haired girl nodded.

"These two unfortunately have had a falling out of late, over a third girl, Sophia, after whom they both lust. So they have decided to decide the issue with a Love Bout. It is that which we are to witness tonight. Arm the combatants, Ramon."

At that instruction, Inez' butler stepped forward and handed each girl a hard rubber baton, about the length of a girl's forearm, though slightly less big around.

"These love clubs will be their only weapons apart from their hands and feet...oh, yes, and teeth," Inez grinned. "If anyone would care to make a wager, Ramon will pass around to each of you. Just tell him the girl's name and your amount. No need to write it down. I trust you and Ramon has a fine memory."

So, as the girl's stood eyeing each other with mounting hostility, Ramon came around our circle.

"Do you wish to wager, Senorita?" he asked when he came to me.

"I do not bet on entertainments that disgust me as, I suspect, this one will," I answered.

"Is that so?" Inez said haughtily. "I wonder if you'll have the same reaction to the feature act tonight."

"I may not stay around to see it," I told her.

"Oh, I think you'll stay all right," she laughed.

But, before I could ask her why she'd found my remark funny, she clapped her hands again and the 'Love Bout' began.

Immediately, the girls began to circle around each other, jockeying for position, though the chain attached to their collars hampered their agility somewhat.

Then, suddenly, Leonor, the raven-haired one, leapt forward and, throwing her arms around Elena's back, clutched her to her naked breasts and forced her head back with a fierce kiss on the neck below the chin.

"Aaaah!" Elena cried, for the kiss had become a bite that had drawn blood.

But then, instead of trying to push herself away, she forced her head down until her lips found Leonor's mouth, forcing it open with her strong jaws and biting down on Leonor's lower lip.

Leonor now was the one to pull away, wiping the back of her hand over her torn mouth to clear the blood. Then she stepped into Elena again and her lips

again searched out the brunette's. Her hand came up to Elena's face and she pried her adversary's jaw open. But Elena retaliated by thrusting her tongue deep into the dark beauty's throat in an attempt to choke her.

Leonor gagged unintelligibly at that intrusion and bit down hard on the invading tongue.

And blood suddenly gushed from the corners of her mouth as Elena's tongue was partially ripped away.

Elena swore wordlessly through the blood that filled her mouth as she pulled back.

And now the rubber clubs came into play. But not as weapons in the usual sense. For Leonor took careful aim as her bleeding adversary stood weaving unsteadily before her, and, grasping the baton by one end like a sword, drove it up between Elena's legs, burying it to her hand in the girl's vagina.

Gouts of blood now streamed down Elena's legs and she tried to retaliate by stabbing Leonor in the vagina with her club, but she was already too weak, the club fell from her hand, and she pitched forward on her face, the chain on her collar pulling Leonor to her knees.

"I declare Leonor the winner," Inez said nonchalantly. "Now take them both out and kill them for putting on such a short and pitiful show."

"But I thought Leonor was the winner," I protested weakly, for my stomach was rebelling at all the gore. "Shouldn't she be rewarded with something?"

"Why, so she should!" Inez smiled. "Ramon, let the Elena girl die of her wounds. But see you make

Leonor's death a slow and excruciatingly painful one. Perhaps we shall have it as an encore tonight."

She turned to me.

"In these games, as in life, it is sometimes difficult to tell the winners from the losers," she smiled sweetly. Then abruptly her face turned serious. "But is time for what I have called the *piece de resistance*...the main entertainment of the evening."

"I'm afraid, if it's as repulsive as what I have just seen, I will bid you all goodnight," I said.

"Oh, but you *must* stay!" Inez insisted. "It would be nothing without you."

"You make it sound as if I were a part of it," I said.

"Oh, but you *are*. The main part," Inez beamed.

"What?" I gasped.

"Roll in the large wine barrel, Ramon."

Upon this order, the butler clapped his hands and two lesser servants rolled in a wooden barrel, about five feet long and three in diameter, leaving it on its side between two blocks of wood that prevented it from rolling.

"Now, Senorita Occló, if you would be good enough to remove your *kub*."

"What?" I gasped in shock and horror.

"Quickly, unless you would prefer Ramon to rip it from your body."

Ramon took a step forward.

I pulled my smock over my head.

"Your underthings and your sandals, too," Inez said calmly. "Everything."

"What in the name of every god in the heavens are you planning?" I breathed, my throat constricting

with fear.

"You will see," Inez continued to smile. "Now, *por favor*, lie over the barrel on your stomach, with your head hanging down on one side and your buttocks pointing at the ceiling."

I stood stock still, refusing to aid any further in their terrible 'entertainment'.

But Ramon and another man took me by the wrists and held me down on one side of the barrel, while two other servants grabbed my ankles and held them fast on the other.

"*Bueno*. Now, everyone has been given a card with a number from one to twelve. *Uno* and *dos*, step forward."

I saw the feet of two men step out of the line in front of me.

"Good. Rodrigo, move around behind. Enrique, you get her mouth; Rodrigo, her pretty little pussy. Enjoy."

And, without a pause, I felt the head of a rigid cock part my labia and begin to push up into my belly. Meanwhile, the man called Enrique grabbed my hair, pulling it painfully as he yanked my head up, and pushed his cock into my gasping mouth.

And they both pumped their sex-enflamed organs into me, fore and aft, until, with a series of animal grunts, their cocks swelled and they disgorged their cum into my mouth and pussy one after the other. Hardy able to swallow with my head pulled back and up, I gagged on that first bastard's cum as I felt the second's trickling down the insides of my thighs.

But I was to be given no respite, as numbers Three

and Four stepped forward the moment the first two had withdrawn and while Manuel(Number Three) plunged into my mouth, Salazar(Number Four) chose my anus as the repository of his sperm.

But the worst two were Five and Six, for not only were they nameless to me by now, they—to my undying chagrin—were the two who made me come for the first time and the second. They had left my mouth free and one had lain upon his back over the barrel and entered my vagina while the other climbed on top of my naked back and fucked my ass. And, thus, was I able to scream out my orgasms as I came, first in the cunt and then in the anus.

By that time, I was dizzy and becoming nauseated with swallowing semen, but that was when I heard I heard a woman whine, “What about us, Inez? Don’t we get any fun?”

“You have numbers, don’t you?” Inez laughed. “And Ramon has given you each a dildo. Use them as you will.”

I had no idea then what a dildo was, but I was to find out all too soon.

It turned out to be of various designs which basically consisted of a penis-shaped rubber cylinder, often ringed with hard rubber ridges that were painful to my already-bruised flesh, and the women worked me over with these in the pussy and anus until I came at least five more times, each time more horribly wonderful than the last.

Then they rolled me on my back and, still holding my wrists and ankles, the men fucked me in the mouth and vagina, until both overflowed with their

cum, covering my chin, breasts and legs with their sticky effluent.

And, their tempo building as their sex-madness grew; they ran through the numbers from one through twelve again, sometimes pairing a man in the mouth with a woman in the pussy. I came and came and screamed myself hoarse in pain and hateful rapture. My pussy and my anus were awash with blood and semen and my mouth overflowed my chin and covered my breasts with bloody cum and the bile of my repeated retchings, until neither my body nor my mind could take any more...

And I escaped into insensibility.

To awake to terrible pain in my anus and vagina and the taste of semen and vomit in my mouth...

...and De Soto's lips pressing gently on mine.

"Oh, God, my darling, what have they done to you?" he was weeping.

And I could only say, "Incredibly terrible things. Perhaps, some day I can bear to tell you. But you must take me away from here. I can stay in this horrible house with that horrible woman no longer."

"Then I have wonderful news for you," he said. "King Charles and I have completed our negotiations on the Florida expedition. I am to finance half the expedition in return for which I shall be made Governor of Cuba and an Adelantado—a promise of future rewards—for Florida. How would you like to be the wife of a Governor?"

"You mean Inez will not be there?"

"She will never set foot in our New World," he promised. "I will divorce her for deserting me."

"Then, Governor, you have a wife," I said. "How soon can we leave?"

"Tomorrow if you are able."

"To get away from her and have you to myself, I am able today," I said.

And so we sailed upon the *Santa Maria de Seville* for my new life as the *Grande Dame* of Havana.

* * * *

I looked forward to a simple voyage with my husband-to-be, enjoying the life of a passenger and the love of De Soto all to myself.

But, as had already become apparent, in my life nothing seemed to go smoothly.

In the first place, De Soto was again preoccupied--this time with meetings with one Gonzago Salazar, whom he planned to leave as pro-tem Governor of Cuba when he left on his Florida expedition. So again, my love life was put on hold.

And, in the second, it was only the second day at sea when I met my co-passengers aboard the *Santa Maria de Seville*...six young whores who were bound for a brothel in Havana as part of the 'illegal' sex trade.

And the minute, they saw me, I knew I was in for trouble.

Which came as I took some air on deck after dinner that second night.

That was when the entire group appeared as one, seemingly out of nowhere, and, linking arms, backed me up against the rail.

There was a pause, while I swallowed hard in fear, before a sharp-jawed young blonde stepped forward.

"My name is Catarina," she said, "but they call me 'Cat.' That is because I will scratch a person's eyes out if he or she angers me. And you, bitch, have angered me."

"Why on earth should I do that?" I asked, truly nonplussed. "I have never even seen you before...any of you."

"No, I don't suppose, Miss High and Mighty, you would bother to recognize the likes of me. Ach, if there is anything I hate, it is a bitch who is of no higher station than I—and I am just a bloody whore—who puts on airs and forgets where she came from. I tell you, we have met before, at the home of one Inez de Bobadilla y De Soto, where you were posing as De Soto's mistress and I was just a simple serving maid. But I had you pegged for the whore you were right away. A whore just like me. And you showed your true colors before the evening was out, didn't you? Fucking everyone in the place, twice over at the very least. How much did she pay you for that job, I wonder?"

"I was forced..."

"The hell you were," Catarina snarled like her namesake. "You were the evening's entertainment. I heard Senora de Bobadilla introduce you. And you presume now to put on airs with me? Fuck you, I say!"

"Yeah, why don't we, Cat?" a scrawny, dark-haired girl grinned.

"Good idea," Catarina laughed. "Bring her below."

And the two larger of the girls grabbed me by the arms and hustled me down the gangplank, into a dank hold that smelled of mildew, feces and urine.

"Lay her out on the table," Cat ordered and the two girls dragged me up onto a rough wooden table about six feet long and three wide. "And tie her ankles under it with her dress."

Thus, while the first two of my abductors held me fast, two others ripped my smock from my body, leaving me naked, and tore the fabric into strips which they used to tie my ankles together under the table. Then the first two who had dragged me down to the hold, tied my wrists together beneath me.

Then Cat stepped forward again and leaned over my face.

"Moreover," she hissed, "I'll have you know that I was Inez de Bobadilla's bedmate before you displaced me. For that alone, I hate you."

"I did not ask for that..." I protested.

"Liar! You lusted for her; I could see it in your eyes," Cat snarled, and I knew she was right. "Well, the girls and I are about to teach you a lesson about what happens to those who steal a lover out from under them. We are going to fuck you like you've never been fucked before, not even at that party. You'll be lucky if you can walk for a week. Consuela, soften the bitch up."

I turned my head away from her and tried to scream for help but the scrawny, dark-haired girl came forward in response to Catarina's order with a bucket of bilge water and dumped it into my open mouth.

I gagged and choked upon the vile concoction, threatening to retch all over myself and make the mess all the worse. But, somehow I managed to control my stomach as I watched Catarina reach under the rough table on which I lay and pull forth a long-necked wine empty wine bottle.

"Gag her," she barked to a red-haired slut who promptly gathered up another broad strip of my ruined dress and stuffed it into my mouth, while Consuela dipped her hand into her bucket of bilgewater and drizzled the remaining ounce or two onto that gag, permeating it with the loathsome fluid and nauseating me further.

Then, without any preamble, Catarina inserted the neck of the wine bottle into my pussy and began to twist it around slowly, rubbing it against my clitoris.

Slowly the bottle slipped up into my passage, spreading my labia painfully as it progressed. Then, tiring of this slow progress, Catarina suddenly stuffed the neck of the wine bottle up my vagina and began to thrust it in and out violently.

For several moments, I grunted in pain into my bilge-soaked gag before a terrible thing began to happen. In defiance of all my conscious will, my body began to react to the ministrations of the bottle-penis wielded by Catarina and I felt my pussy growing wet with my sensual excitement.

"Well, I'll be buggered!" Catarina gasped. "Will you look at that? I think the bitch likes it!"

And she pounded the bottle into me again and again, as my belly built to a horrifying peak of carnal delight and I bucked my hips up off the table,

matching every thrust with an upward counter motion. And my fervor built and built, as my breath wheezed out past my gag and I finally went over the top with a great, stifled scream into the cloth that stopped my mouth.

After that, the girls took turns fucking me with whatever they could lay their hands on...a belying pin, a broom handle, the hilt of a knife, even a fist driven up into me to the depth of Consuela's elbow.

And I continuously rewarded their efforts with orgasm after orgasm and muffled howl after howl, mounting ever higher and higher up the slope to the sheerest ecstasy I had ever known. My hips thrust hard upwards to meet their onslaughts and I moaned and grunted in the basest of animal cries, as wave after wave of orgasmic thrill rolled over me, and I soaked the table with my flowing juices...

Then, finally, in an earth-shaking spasm of lust, my mind finally seemed to fragment, fly apart, shattered by bolts of carnal and climactic lightning whose thunder echoed and re-echoed in my head ...

Until I collapsed back on the table and the world lapsed into blackness.

* * * *

And I awoke in the morning, alone in my own bunk as usual, with my nightclothes shredded around me, and my own fist driven up into my pussy.

For the remainder of the voyage, I was never sure if the whole scene had merely been a dream, brought on by De Soto's lack of attention and the absence of

Inez to ease my carnal tensions or whether I had really been attacked by Catarina and her coterie of sluts.

Nor did the half-dozen whores give me either by any verbal hint, or by even so much as a sidewise glance, any indication that they knew anything of the terrible events of that night.

THIRTEEN

For the remainder of the voyage, therefore, I had many hours on my hands, which I utilized by sitting on deck darkening my skin's tan to an almost chocolate brown, bleaching my hair still further to a burnished golden blonde and, above all, thinking.

By the time we reached Havana, therefore, I had made up my mind so strongly that I knew De Soto could never dissuade me.

Oh, I would take a few weeks helping him establish his Governor's Residence in Havana, hiring the servants and all, and I would act as his hostess for his first formal Dinner Party for the local dignitaries...but then I would reveal to him what I had decided had to be the ultimate purpose of my life.

Since leaving Cajamarca with him, several months before, a vow I had made to myself had had to be put on the back of the campfire. But, now I was back in the New World and, relatively speaking, within striking distance of my homeland, one great task remained to be completed in order to purge my soul.

Pizarro must, at last, be eliminated.

This thought became a total obsession with me as the days passed both before and after arriving in Havana, so much so that, unconsciously, I began to find my duties as a wife and lover—once the focal point of my life—becoming insignificant.

And De Soto, of course, soon noticed this.

“Cori,” he whispered one night as we lay naked in bed, “what’s the matter? You have become so...cold...toward me. Is it that you find you can no longer love me?”

“Oh, my darling,” I cried, kissing him hard, “if I have ever...*ever*...given you that idea, forgive me! I could not stop loving you, even if I were encircled by a thousand Spanish Inquisitors all vowing to bleed my life from me. You will always be the one love of my life.”

“Then why have you become so distant lately? You cannot deny that you have.”

“If I have, it is because an obsession has become between me and my love. One I cannot, for the life of me, dispel.”

“Pizarro,” Hernando nodded gravely. “I knew when we returned to the New World, that cry for vengeance for your country would resurface.”

“And you are going now to try to talk me out of it?” I said.

“No,” Hernando (bless him!) replied. “I am not. I know when an argument is fruitless. You must know I am against your going to the Two Lands to feed your obsession. The more so, because the pressures of the Governorship and the preparations for Florida

prevent me from accompanying you. But I also know I am helpless to stop you, though I strongly fear it means losing you forever."

"No, my darling. There you are wrong. The only way you could lose me, is for Pizarro to kill me and I intend to see that never happens. I will return to you someday, you have my word on it."

"But, by the time you satisfy your hunger for Pizarro's blood, I may well be lost somewhere in the jungles of Florida."

"Just leave me word, wherever you stop for a night, as to where you are bound the next day. With that as a map to guide me, I shall find you again, my love."

"Oh, Cori," De Soto sighed deeply, "if only I could have your faith."

"Then kiss me that I may pass that faith to you through my lips," I breathed.

Our lovemaking that night was the most long drawn out and tender—and at the same time the wildest and most passionate—of all our coital joinings and led to the highest peaks of several orgasms that we had ever known...perhaps because we both knew, despite my brave words, that it might well be our last night of bliss.

As our lips met in the most tender of kisses, Hernando slowly slipped my nightdress over my head, breaking the kiss only to let the material past my lips. Then one hand locked gently on my newly-naked up-thrusting breast as the other slipped over my firm, flat belly and found the furze of black hair at the join of my legs. Then, his fingers pushed the hair

aside and found the soft folds of my labia which they parted so that one finger could touch tenderly upon the very tip of my pulsing clitoris. Meanwhile, my hand curled around his partially risen penis and began to softly squeeze it to erectness. And we lay that way, tasting the joys of each other's mouths, and glorying in the warmth of each other's bodies, for what seemed hours.

Finally though, we broke that kiss and—oh, so slowly—eased around, until, with me on top of him, it was his lips that found my labia and his probing tongue my clit. At the same time, I took a new grip on his cock and lowered my mouth so that the tip of my outstretched tongue just flicked against the moist crack at the tip of his corona. His tongue lapped slowly over my throbbing clit while mine wetly circled the tip of his pulsing cock. It seemed as if time had somehow come to a halt for just the two of us while the universe went about its humdrum business.

At last, however, I began to feel the familiar stirrings in my groin and my lips broke their contact with Hernando's flesh.

"It's coming soon for me," I murmured.

"And for me too," Hernando whispered back.

It seemed our mouths never parted contact with some part of each other's body as we moved, but suddenly we were mouth to mouth again, Hernando's tongue plunged deep in mine, and I was feeling his wondrous cock pressing apart the hot, wet lips in my vulva.

It was only seconds later that his pulsating shaft plunged deep into my vagina and I let forth a long

and joyous sigh.

But once he was lodged deep in my belly, Hernando surprised me by suddenly rolling on his back, his hand on my hips guiding me to sit upon his giant organ.

Our movements began slowly, as Hernando guided my pussy to ride up and down on the full length of his engorged shaft, enjoying the bliss of him moving in and out of me. But then, as our excitement increased, our pace began more furiously, until I was riding him like Silverado at full gallop, his balls slapping against my slobbering pussy lips and our mouths grunting in mounting fervor.

And then the mounting tightness in my belly reached the breaking point and my mind flew into the skies, leaving my body locked to my lover's in an orgasm that was so wonderful it was absolutely terrifying.

And, after that violent climax—with Hernando managing to maintain a stout erection throughout—I had three more orgasms, gentler, perhaps, but no less miraculous.

Then, overcome with a terrible sadness that this might be our last night together, I lay upon Hernando's naked chest, still damp with our mingled sweat of sex, and cried myself to sleep.

* * * *

In the morning, I was up and dressed in riding gear before Hernando awakened. Then, packing his saddlebags with my few necessities, including a last-

minute addition of a short stiletto for self-protection, and taking a small purse containing a couple of dozen gold coins to pay my way, I rode Silverado from the villa down to the sleazy town of Puerto de Havana.

And there, signing aboard new crew members for his new ship, the *Santa Rosa de Los Incas*, I found an old acquaintance, Captain Trujillo, the officer who had taken me from the Two Lands to Havana in the first place.

Trujillo, of course, did not recognize me at first, with my almost pure blonde hair, but it took only a brief recounting of the Lorenzo incident to remind him.

"Ah, *si*," he said. "The brave little one who was raped within an inch and still managed to give her assailant four healthy lashes with the seven-foot whip. That has been the talk of the sea lanes ever since."

"I could wish for fame for something more noble," I blushed.

"But what can I do for you, my lady, for I hear you are De Soto's true mistress in the villa now as Governess of Cuba."

"My, news certainly does travel fast!" I laughed. "But, right now, I have pressing business in my home land that calls me back."

"Peru?" Trujillo frowned. "You'd be best to avoid that country at the present. Way, I hear it; things are in a turmoil there."

"But your sign says you are signing crew on for Lima – isn't that what I knew as *Ciudad de Los Reyes*?"

"It is. But I am a merchantman, Senora. I must go

where the money is."

"Then I wish to book passage."

"But I am only signing crew, not taking passengers. Peru is too dangerous for strangers now...and even worse for expatriates."

"But you are a businessman, Trujillo. You just said so."

"Yes, and...?"

"And I will pay you ten gold coins for my passage."

Trujillo looked me up and down for a long time before he smiled slyly. "You know," he said, "you are a rather small-breasted young woman. And your hips have not yet been broadened with childbirth. In riding pants like those and that loose-fitting shirt and those boots you might well pass for a boy...if it weren't for the problem of your long hair."

"And if my long hair was eliminated as a problem?"

"I could hire you on as my cabin boy."

I dug in the saddle bags for my stiletto.

"Consider my long hair no longer a problem," I said. And then a further idea occurred to me. "But Silverado...? Must I leave him behind?"

"Ten pieces of gold will pay for his passage," Trujillo smiled. "You will be working for your voyage. But may I ask what this pressing business in Peru may be?"

"You may, but I will not answer you," I said, beginning to lop my long blonde hair off in hands-full.

"Very well," Trujillo chuckled. "But if it involves

that stiletto, I would rather not be at the pointed end."

"Then avoid Lorenzo's error. Don't try to fuck your cabin boy," I said flatly.

Needless to say, I had no trouble from Captain Trujillo - or from any of his crew—between Havana and Puerto de Lima.

* * * *

The port of Lima was, if anything, even more run-down and degenerate than even Puerto de Seville which was justly famous for its drugs and prostitutes and their related diseases.

It smelled of rotting fish and stale urine and every house seemed to have long ago lost any paint it had to the ravages of the sea air and salt spray.

Moreover, every second building seemed to be a 'watering hole' which advertised rooms for rent '*par la hora*,'—which meant, to the local punsters, both 'by the hour' and 'for the whore'. And every first and third was a 'rooming house', which meant that, along with a whore you got whatever drugs, from marijuana to morphine, that you could afford. The city, therefore, belonged to its sluttish women and its only men were the itinerant sailors between voyages from whom the women—often literally--sucked their living.

As Silverado and I rode down the broken cobbles of the street, looking for any place that might offer a night's sleep in a clean bed and a decent meal, we were hailed by many of the 'businesswomen' of Lima, anxious to peddle their wares to this obviously well-

to-do young man.

"Hey, *Capitano*, I have a warm sheath for your red hot sword!"

"*Allo, gauchito*, want to bathe your dirty pecker in my hot tub?"

"Eh, *fusillier*, I gotta place to store your musket!"

"*Buon dia*, Cori Occlo. You look like you need a bite to eat."

That last forced me to rein in Silverado and I turned in the direction from which the voice had come.

It was none other than Catarina, the tough prostitute who had led the vicious attack on me aboard the *Santa Maria de Seville*...or had she?

"I am surprised that you know me," I said. "I have changed."

"Your hair and your attire, maybe," Cat allowed. "But you could never change those fiery dark eyes. They were my first glimpse of what the flames of Hades must be like." The blonde shuddered.

"If I had not had five women behind me, I should never had the courage to defy those eyes."

"So that night really did happen," I said.

"It certainly did!" Cat laughed. "And I have never seen anyone take what you did and keep coming back for more. You earned my respect there, little one."

"Can your respect buy me a bed for the night?" I asked.

"I suppose you mean one that's not likely to be used unexpectedly."

"Rest was the general idea, yes."

"Then I think I can help you. Business is slow at the

moment. That's why the girls are all out on the street hawking their wares. I can even offer you a bite to eat, as I said."

"And maybe a little information, too?"

"Whatever I have is yours. And I hear much from my Juans when they are in their cups. But let us not talk in the street. People will think we're a couple of whores...and I hate to give strangers the satisfaction of being even half right. Besides, I have coffee on the stove."

After a light lunch of bread, spiced meat and cheese and a mug of strong Andean coffee—much heartier than the swamp water the Spanish drink—I arranged to have Silverado stabled for the night—and, over a flagon of local *cerveza*, I came to the real point of my asking for residence with Catarina.

Whores, I had heard, were better informed than anyone on the affairs of the state and the bedroom and I had need of information on both.

"So, from what you hear, is Pizarro still at Cajamarca?" I asked.

"Indeed not!" Cat laughed. "He's much more important now. Since King Charles made him Marques of all Peru, he's declared this rat-hole of a city the Capital and built himself a grand residence on its highest hill."

"Leaving behind Diego de Almagro as Mayor of Cuzco, or something, no doubt."

"Again, no. Pizarro and Almagro had a falling out and Almagro appealed to Charles the First to be made Atelantado of Chile, which the King granted him. He too lives in Lima now, but things are not safe for him

here."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because Pizarro covets the Chilean posting. And, as you know, Pizarro has never been one to let a man's life stand in the way of what he wants. So Almagro has a choice. Either to kill Pizarro first. Or to get out of Lima while the getting's good. Knowing Almagro, I would say he'd choose the former and already has plans afoot to see his former partner dead."

"Then I would speak with this Almagro," I said. "For our goals appear to be one and the same."

"You're out for Pizarro's blood too?" Catarina chuckled. "Join the throng. I doubt if that man has a friend left in all of the Andes."

"But how can I get to see Almagro?" I wondered. "Surely, he'd be suspicious of a stranger approaching him and offering to slit Pizarro's throat."

"He would. But if the stranger were someone he was expecting..."

"He is not expecting me."

"No," Cat smiled, "but he is expecting me. I service him daily. However, today, you will go in my place, saying I have sent you because I am ill. I will even send you with a note to that effect. Then, once you have him in bed, you may take your time to tell him your real reason to be there."

"What do you mean 'take your time'?" I asked.

"Almagro is a very talented lover. You may not want to rush into things," Cat grinned evilly.

"And when are you expected?"

"Today, after supper. That gives us just enough

time to tart you up in one of my most revealing dresses and find you a wig to cover that bald head. Almagro likes women, not young boys."

That evening, about nine p.m., I was knocking at the great oak door of Almagro's house, my head covered with a wig of blazing red locks and clad in a dress whose neckline descended from bare shoulders to reveal the cleft between my breasts, which were uplifted, so that the aureoles were just visible, by an ingenious arrangement of cloth and whalebone. The former (the wig) was designed to look false—which it was—and the latter (my breasts) to look real—which they weren't.

At any rate, my credentials as a substitute whore for Catarina were readily accepted and I was shown forthwith into Almagro's bedroom.

He was waiting for me in a large four-poster bed with curtains all around and with his bedclothes drawn up to his waist. Above that, he was naked and I noted that, while he was an older man, like Pizarro, he was in much better condition. His chest was broad and his arms were thick and well-muscled and his face had the glow of a young and robust man.

"So you are the tart Catarina sent in her place," he said, in a rich baritone voice. "What is your name, sweetheart?"

The obvious approval in his eyes and the appellation 'sweetheart' won me over instantaneously.

"Cori, My Lord," I answered.

"In bed there are no lords and ladies, Cori," Diego smiled. "Only animals rutting to appease their lusts.

Undress for me that I may fully appreciate your beauty."

"I am afraid you will be disappointed, Senor," I said.

"If you mean your breasts, I can already see that they are small. Catarina is a wonder with structural improvement. But, if your legs are strong and your belly flat and your pussy deep, I will forgive you many shortcomings. Disrobe."

I did so slowly and Almagro murmured his appreciation as each piece of clothing fell away.

"Good," he said, when I was naked, "now climb in under the covers, out of sight, and suck my cock until I come. Do not worry. I can come for you a dozen times more if you want it. But I often dream of being sucked off before a room full of people who have no idea what is happening."

Diego must have noticed my reticence then for he laughed gently and said, "Feel a little silly? Very well, draw the curtains around the bed before you climb under the covers."

Feeling strangely relieved, I did as he suggested, enclosing the bed in walls of thick lace. Then I climbed in, pulled the covers up over my head and my hand groped for and found his rock-hard penis.

I wrapped my fingers around it and lowered my head so that it slipped up into my mouth until I had swallowed it almost to his testicles. And I began to lick around his pulsing member and suck upon it quietly.

And then I felt Diego go rigid, and his buttocks thrust up off the mattress and, fearing he was going

to come too quickly, I tried to withdraw.

But he did not come and his hands remained locked behind my head for what seemed like a full minute, before he went completely limp and his buttocks fell back on the bed and he lay frighteningly still.

Only then did I hear the sound of hurried footsteps and the quiet click of the latch on the bedroom door. And I dared to raise my head and push the covers off the two of us.

Diego lay on his back, his swollen and empurpled tongue protruding from his mouth. Around his neck a coarse piece of rope was wound and tightened so that his neck bulged horribly around it.

And I knew what the footsteps meant.

They meant that Pizarro's men had acted first.

And they meant that I had better get my ass out of there, *pronto*.

* * * *

I dressed hurriedly and fled, without anyone seeing me, back to Catarina's, which was the only place I knew to go.

"I'm going to get you in trouble," I told her. "Diego's men will be looking for a redhead who said she came from you to service Diego. They will say I gave access to Pizarro's men and then distracted Almagro by sucking on his cock."

"So, I don't know any redheads. Neither do the other girls I know," Cat shrugged.

"What about me?"

"That's easy. How do you like being a brunette?"

"It's my natural color," I said.

"Then it's a brunette you'll be when next you call on the Diego family to offer my condolences."

"I cannot go there again!" I protested.

"You can if you want a strong ally," Cat said flatly.

"Pedro, Diego's son, will have even greater reason to hate Pizarro now. And he knows I am hardly a devotee of the bastard Governor of Peru."

"Why, what do you have against Pizarro?" I asked.

"The night is yet young and we both need a drink while I am making you over into a brunette," Catarina said, "so sit back and I will tell you a little story."

And Cat began...

FOURTEEN

I was but newly off the Santa Maria de Seville with my trusty coterie of five whoring friends – you know them... Consuela and the rest who fucked you that night – when Enrico, the man who had bought us and brought us here, announced that business pressures had forced him to sell us severally to six different owners. I was the lucky one, he said. My new owner was none other than the new Governor of Peru, the Marques Francisco Pizarro.

I shall never forget two days in particular that I spent with that bastard – the first and the last, only twenty-one days apart.

* * * *

On the first day, I was ushered into his high-ceilinged bedroom to find him seated in a stuffed wing-back chair."

"I am Catarina, My Lord," I began.

But he silenced me with a sweep of the hand.

"We shall have no names here," he said. "You will call me Master and I will call you Slave. Nothing else. Now strip to the waist."

"What?"

"Obey instantly. I said strip to the waist."

I pulled my blouse off and let it fall to the floor.

"Now, stand with your back to that bedpost, put your hands above your head and grasp the post."

I did as I was ordered and Pizarro rose and came over to the bed. Then he ripped a cord from the bed curtains and bound my wrists above my head to the post. A second cord was then ripped out and looped a couple of times through Pizarro's fingers.

"You were slow obeying, Slave," he said. "Say 'Yes, Master.'"

"Yes, Master."

And he proceeded to beat me with the curtain cord until my breasts and belly were a mass of red and burning welts.

"Every day, you will wait for me in the foyer of the house, on your knees, wearing only your slave collar. You will wait for me to come down from my meetings and my guests will have to pass by you. They will laugh at you and mock you. But you will pay no heed, because you know it is my will. Do you understand?"

'Yes,' I blubbered in pain.

"Yes, what?" Pizarro snarled.

"Yes, Master."

"Good." He freed my hands. "You may go to your room. Leave your blouse. You shall not need it again."

I fled to my little cell of a dank room and fell asleep, still crying with the pain and degradation.

And that was the first day.

The twenty-first found me kneeling on the floor of the foyer. The floor was cold. It chilled my legs as I knelt, waiting, waiting for my Master to come down from his offices upstairs. I had been there for over an hour now, eagerness and trepidation raging within me. Was I ready for this? That was a thought that had occurred to me many

times as I waited there. What was I thinking, surrendering to this newly-awoken need for domination? I could not say where it came from, or even fully define it. Yet, it was this lack of conscious understanding that made it such a powerful, primal need.

Waiting, I recalled the whirlwind that had been my life over the past twenty days. Already my days were filled with hours of waiting for a bell to ring and rouse me to don my slave collar – nothing else – and go upstairs from my cellar room to find a set of instructions waiting for me when I arrived in the foyer. The tasks were designed to prove my loyalty, to give me chances to win his favor. Today's instructions were simple; strip, bathe, and give myself an enema, holding it for at least fifteen minutes before I expelled it.

This I did and, after toweling off, I inserted the large plug he had left for me and put on my leather collar again, adding the nipple clamps for good measure. Perhaps, I hoped, he would find these additionally pleasing. I hoped so, for they were painful on my tender breasts.

Then, after feeding myself, I went out from the kitchen and waited by the door...all day long.

Finally, as I heard his footsteps coming down the stair, I checked my posture; on my knees, head bowed, hands clasped behind my back. As his footsteps reach the bottom of the stair, my vagina began to weep in anticipation. Then I saw his boots crossing the tiles, not giving any sign of noticing my presence. He walked away without saying a word. Once I would have tried to follow but I had learned the painful lesson of not moving until given permission. After a few minutes, he returned. I could see my reflection in the tops of his black leather boots as he stood in front of me.

"Clean them!"

I bent further and began to lick his boots. The bitter taste of polish and leather filled my mouth as I spat on his boots to shine them and the plug in my anus throbbed as I bent forward as far as I could. Concentrating on my task, I struggled to show my obedience to my Master.

"Enough !"

He grabbed my hair, pulling my head up roughly. He walked behind me and placed his boot against the end of the plug in my anus, causing a jolt of pain to rip through my stomach as he pressed it further into me. I struggled not to move away from the pain, gritting my teeth as he pressed harder.

Suddenly the pressure was gone and I started to relax. But, then, without warning the plug was ripped out of me and bolts of fiery pain shot through my body, radiating outward from my abused sphincter. A hand grabbed my hair, pulling me to my feet, giving me no time to recover.

"Follow!"

I walked behind him, eyes to the floor. He went through the servery and down into the cellar where I knew his Chamber of Punishment was, its thick stone walls sound-proofing it, the tiny windows boarded up and covered with dark felt to muffle any sound the walls did not.

Inside, I knew with a shiver, the walls were decorated with the trappings of pain, submission, dominance, and bondage. Ropes, straps, and chains of various lengths hung from hooks on the ceiling. An assortment of paddles, whips, cats and crops were mounted along the walls. The second day in his house, Master had promised me that I would feel them all before my training was complete and I was already familiar with too many of them.

Then there were several benches and bondage horses

which stood ready at various places along the edge of the dungeon. In the center of the room stood a large bondage rack. Supported on either side by a five foot high pivoting post, it was capable of rotating 360 degrees, with eyebolts along the edge attached to leather shackles for restraint.

Master now moved to stand in front of a high bondage horse, waiting.

"Assume your position!"

I leaned my forward onto the horse, bending at the waist. The high center forced me to stand on my tiptoes. Quickly, shackles were fastened around my ankles and wrists, holding me in an inverted 'V'. My leg and back muscles were stretched by this uncomfortable position, my buttocks raised high in the air exposed and vulnerable.

A blindfold was then placed over my eyes, preventing me from seeing what Master was doing. I waited, anticipation sharpening my remaining senses. I heard movement, then the swish of some unknown leather instrument being tested. Again my ass was assaulted by the insertion of another plug. The swift insertion was accompanied by a jolt of pain that brought tears to my eyes and took my breath away.

"Hold this in. Don't let it slide out!"

While this plug did not feel as large as the earlier one, it was not as pliable and forced my rectum to conform to its shape. Then, before I could recover from that pain, the first blow landed on my back.

Multiple strands of leather struck my skin as some sort of cat o' nine tails was used on me. The blows covered my back, slowly moving over my uplifted buttocks, and down the backs of my stretched thighs. The blows fell in a rapid yet steady tempo, slowly building in force. And the pain built slowly, too, spiraling upward, dragging my

awareness along with it. I had learned that this type of beating was not primarily to inflict pain but to awaken the consciousness. Nerve endings set aflame as the leather strands flailed my skin, I concentrated on retaining the plug as the beating continued. The skin on my backside began to feel swollen and moist.

Finally the blows stopped, leaving me with the sound of my own ragged breathing and a million screaming nerve endings. The shackles were removed and I was pulled off the horse roughly by my hair. Dizziness assailed me as the blood rushed out of my head. The blindfold prevented me from getting my bearings and I staggered as Master pulled me backwards by the hair.

Slap!!

Master's palm struck my behind as I continue to stagger off balance.

"Stand up straight, slave!"

I struggled desperately to regain my balance. Master pushed me backwards against the rack and I flinched as my inflamed back touched the cool surface. Again my arms and legs were restrained, this time holding me spread-eagled and vulnerable. A sensation of vertigo rushed over me as the rack pivoted, moving me to a horizontal position. The plug in my ass was adjusted, accompanied by an unfamiliar snapping sound.

"Today's lesson is Surrender. Do not tense up. You must not block the pain! Surrender to it and ride it. You can only block so much pain; you can endure so much more."

With these words my ordeal began.

Multiple strands of leather again struck my skin. I tried to heed my Master's instructions but years of behavior refused to go away. Involuntarily, I tensed my muscles as

the cat continued to beat my breasts, legs, abdomen, vagina, and thighs. Spread by the rack, my labia and clit were particularly vulnerable.

Quickly centers of pain formed around my nipples, my clit, and my thighs. The lashing continued and still I failed to achieve the goal my Master had set for me.

I grew desperate, the pain steadily growing. The fear of failure filled my mind. I could not do this. It was somehow beyond me.

Still the lash continued to play its tune of agony on my helpless flesh. Already I had endured more than I ever had before but Master continued to repeat his instructions and I tried to focus on his voice. I started to squirm and twist as I found I could no longer remain still. The pain had reached my threshold and I began to scream in agony. Tears wet the blindfold as I sobbed uncontrollably.

Then without warning a bizarre new sensation struck me. My asshole began to contract uncontrollably. Repeatedly my sphincter contracted and relaxed, pulling the plug in deeper. The novelty of this sensation provided the necessary distraction I needed as I focused on my ass and not the front of my body. I could feel my body relax as the pain was transformed into some new sensation which I cannot name. The agony was still present but it was no longer an external sensation. Rather it was some internal presence, hot and fluid. It filled the core of my being and I felt like I was adrift inside myself, flying or floating in a sea of sensory input.

The lash continued to beat me but my awareness of the individual lashes and blows faded. The Master continued to instruct me but I did not hear his voice with my conscious mind. Adrift in this new place within myself, I marveled briefly at this new thing my Master had shown me. As the

blows continued, I drifted upward towards something I did not recognize and I rode the waves of agony and ecstasy, carried along by their momentum.

Time had no meaning to me anymore and I could not honestly say how long this continued. Awareness returned as the blindfold was removed. Blinking to clear the tears from my eyes, I saw cooling pools of liquid between my legs that were evidence of an orgasm which I did not remember. Nor did I remember the removal of the nipple clamps or collar I was wearing.

I felt exhausted, physically and mentally drained.

Master pivoted the rack to its upright position and locked it into place. He released my shackles and I collapsed into his arms. My legs refused to support my weight and I sank to my knees. Master pulled the plug from my unresisting sphincter and placed it on a nearby bench. He hung the cat-o'-nine tails on a hook.

Then he took a position before me and dropped his lower garments. And I stared at his risen penis, not three inches from my mouth.

"Suck it 'til I come," he ordered "Open your mouth and take it down your throat."

I opened my mouth and Master pushed his cock into my mouth. I briefly tasted the drop of pre-cum as his cock filled my mouth. I could feel his penis swell and harden as he fucked my mouth. His hold on my head was strong, holding me rigid. His pace quickened as he brutally raped my mouth, allowing me no chance to use any technique or take an active role in pleasuring him. I understood that I was just a hole existing solely for his pleasure. As his cock lengthened, I tilted my head to give him as much access to my mouth as possible. He continued to thrust, bruising my lips as he drove in all the way to the pubic hair. Finally, his

cock swelled further in my throat and he pushed deep into it, holding my head as his cum pumped down my gullet into my stomach. He held my face while his orgasm swept through him.

I swallowed quickly, trying to ensure that I not spill a single drop. Then, at last, the stream became a trickle and I sucked gently, eager to taste every drop. Master pulled his cock out of my mouth and dragged me to my feet by my hair.

Then he pushed me in the direction of the door and I scrambled to obey his wish. But, as he started to close the door behind me, he suddenly stopped.

"Slave?" he said.

"Yes, Master."

"Get out and don't come back. You are no longer of any interest to me. Go."

I had never felt so rejected in my life.

I had debased myself totally before the man in a wholehearted effort to curry his affection and now I was being cast off like a mongrel bitch.

And I cannot deny that my first thoughts, as I dragged myself away, centered on suicide.

FIFTEEN

“I have never forgiven that bastard, Cori. And I never will. I have only Consuela to thank that I am still alive to dream of seeing Pizarro dead. She found me wandering the alleys by the port in a complete daze and took me in.

“I think it took me several months to reclaim my sanity and my sense of self-worth but not to lose my hate for the little bastard. And now you have come, full of the same dream as I...to see the General dead. Together, we shall see that dream fulfilled. Shall we drink to that?”

“Heartily!” I said.

“Now, have a look at the new you,” Cat said, holding a small mirror before me.

“I’m a boy again!” I exclaimed, looking at the close-cropped brown hair framing my boyish face.

“Right. Time for you to switch again,” Cat laughed. Then her face turned serious. “I was not about to send you into that hell-hole as a whore—the only other person I can make you look like. I wouldn’t put you through what I know happens to them Pizarro’s house. And I am presuming that you wish to gain

entrance into that pest-infested hovel."

"I don't see how else I can kill him."

"By enlisting the aid of Pedro de Almagro, Diego's son, as an ally for one. Pedro is also a client of mine, though his father never knew it. And he knows of my hate for Pizarro. If we should have an ally that would gain him access to Pizarro's, it would put all our ends within reach."

"But who would such an ally be?" I asked.

"Perhaps you," Catarina shrugged.

"Me? How? Pizarro knows me."

"Not as a brown-haired boy," Catarina said. "At any rate, Pedro is coming to this house tonight for my personal form of 'consolation.' After Pedro and I are through, the three of us can perhaps figure out how to get you into Pizarro's Great House, so that you can let Pedro and his men gain entrance and kill Pizarro."

"But I want to kill him myself!" I protested.

"I am sure Pedro will let you play a major part," Cat soothed. "For the moment, let us think about it and see what we come up with by tonight. Better to have Pizarro dead than to have him escape because we let our selfish desires interfere."

"I can't argue with that," I nodded.

"Then try to be patient. Pedro comes at eight for an hour. By nine, he will be physically tired...but still quite eager to talk. Trust me."

And she winked, devilishly.

* * * *

Pedro de Almagro, a tall and handsome young man,

arrived promptly at eight, still dressed in his black mourning suit, and retired immediately upstairs with Catarina.

And, promptly at nine, Cat led him back downstairs again, garbed in only a loose-fitting housecoat and barefoot and poured the three of us a glass of Madeira each.

"This is Cori, short for Carlos," she introduced me. "He does not wish his last name to be known."

"I understand," Almagro nodded. "So we have decided it is to be the three of us who will bring an end to the life of this weasel Pizarro, have we?"

"If we can figure out how to get at him," Catarina nodded. "Though he keeps only a few guards, his house is constantly under lock and key."

"We will have to arrange to be welcomed in then," Pedro said.

"But how do we manage that?" I asked.

Pedro de Almagro took a sip of his sherry and thought for a moment.

"Carlos is not yet known in Lima, I gather," he said at last.

"No, not as Carlos," Cat winked.

"Then I may have an idea. Pizarro is known as a fearless man but, as usual, that is not quite true. He knows he owes his tenure as Governor to the good will of King Charles the First. And King Charles is also known as 'Carlos the Frugal.' What that means, in practice, is that he likes to keep tabs on the spending of his local officials through regular audits."

"But surely his officials, being pre-warned, can fudge their accounts," Cat said.

"Of course. And they do. That is why the King has started a practice of surprise audits by little-known minions...such as, maybe, Carlos here."

"Why me?" I asked.

"Because Pizarro is deadly afraid of such surprise audits. As well he might be, Father led me to believe."

"I see," Cat said, conspiratorially. "Then, if Pizarro were to hear — through the grapevine, of course — that such an auditor were in Lima."

"He would be sure to hide his sins and then, as attack is the best form of defense, invite the minion to dine with him and to inspect his books."

"I could easily start such a rumor," Cat said. "I am a master at that sort of thing."

"And I could play the part of the minion of King Charles," I grinned. "Then, having gained access to his house, I would kill him."

"Hold on," Pedro stopped me. "I said he was lightly guarded. But he still has a half dozen or more armed sentries. You would not stand a chance. No, your role would be to wait your chance and then give access to the house for, perhaps, a dozen of my men and me. With those numbers, Pizarro, his guards and servants should be readily annihilated."

"But how do I do that? I do not know Pizarro's house," I objected.

"No, but Catarina does."

We both turned to Cat who was silent for a long time, thinking.

"Remember I was there less than a month. And then most of my time was spent between the front foyer, my little cell and the dungeon...Damn! I hoped

I'd never have to think of that house again! However, as I remember, every outside door is always kept locked. So that's no help, I'm afraid."

"Jesus wept!" Pedro cursed. "And I thought you might remember something...anything that would help."

"No..." Cat shook her head sadly. Then her face brightened. "Just a minute! There is something. A gate that leads into the walled garden. Pizarro took me to the garden a couple of times and beat me with a branch he broke fresh from a tree. That gate didn't leap to mind because it's behind a hedge and you can hardly see it. It too is always locked, but it would not be difficult, if you were left alone, to open the latch and leave it so."

"Then I will make a show of wanting to see his famous garden," I said. "And, once there, I will ask that his books be brought to me there to examine at my leisure. Then I will request a few minutes alone to examine them..."

"And you will open that gate, and my men and I will gain entrance!" Pedro crowed. "Santiago! It will work!"

"Then let us celebrate!" Cat cheered.

"To Pizarro's death!" I said, raising my glass.

"You are in a brothel, my dear," Cat chided me. "One does not celebrate that way in a brothel. Does one, Pedro?"

"No, indeed, my love..." smiled Almagro, opening his housecoat.

Slowly, Cat and Pedro undressed each other until they were stark naked. Then they slowly turned to

me.

"Time for you to join us," Cat whispered.

And Almagro's hands undid the laces on my bodice so that it fell free and I was bare to the waist.

"Stand up," Cat said, "and let your dress fall around your ankles. The invitation for this celebration reads 'Dress Informal'. That means skin only."

My heart pounding in my throat, I followed her directions.

There followed one of the strangest and most wonderful interludes I had ever experienced.

For instance, there is, I soon found nothing to compare for sheer delight than to have two sets of lips sucking simultaneously on one's nipples, two tongues flicking them to proud points of tingling sensitivity.

Meanwhile, Pedro's hands guided mine to his incipient erection and then parted my ass-cheeks so that his fingers could probe my anus gently. At the same time, Cat's hand slipped from the breast her lips had claimed to slide softly over my belly and palm my heaving vulva, one finger plunging deep into my pussy. And I lay there, trapped in a delightful vice of flesh, impaled front and rear by their invading fingers.

At last, Pedro's mouth left my breast with a wet smack and he gasped hoarsely,

"Cat, show her how to do me now."

And Cat took my head in her hands and guided it down to his already rigid cock. Instinctively, I went to swallow its head into my mouth.

"Uh-uh," Cat dissuaded me softly. "This party is for all. We share. Follow me."

And she stuck her tongue out and, starting at his testicles, she licked her side of his cock right up to the tip and then down again.

"Now you," she breathed.

And I licked my side, from testicle to tip.

And then we licked together, our tongues meeting at the top to toy sensuously with each other until our lips locked in a fervent kiss.

"More..." Pedro groaned.

And we reluctantly broke our kiss and resumed our licking, our tempo increasing as his breathing came in harsher and harsher gasps.

Then, finally, he cried out,

"Oh, God, I need to fuck! I need to plunge my cock into a hot cunt!"

"Be my guest," Cat chuckled, rolling aside. "I've already had him. Besides, knowing him, he'll have plenty more when he's done with you."

Quickly, I fell on my back and Pedro leapt upon me, sinking his engorged shaft up to the hilt in my hot, sodden pussy.

And he pounded into me, his balls beating my pussy lips with wet slapping noises until I felt him start to swell.

"I...I'm coming, Cat..." he moaned.

"I want to drink your cum!" Catarina demanded and he withdrew in haste from my vagina to kneel above her head.

Then, as I fingered myself to a climax, I watched him shoot his load into Cat's open mouth and over her lips.

"You want some?" Catarina gargled through his

semen.

"I don't know," I answered. "You seem to have got it all."

"Nonsense, I said we share. Lie down."

I lay down again in my back and she crawled around until her head was above mine. Then she opened her mouth and drizzled at least a glassful of the thick cream between my widely parted lips.

"That was nice," I said, savoring its salty-sweet taste.

And we lay, getting our breath back, until our strength returned.

Then Pedro fucked my pussy again until he shot his load of sperm into me.

"I...I'm sorry, Cat," he apologized. "I didn't pull out in time."

"*De nada*, Pedro," Cat soothed. "Cori, squat on your heels."

Not knowing what to make of her order, I nonetheless did as she instructed. And Catarina held my empty wine glass between my legs.

"Squeeze his cum out," she growled huskily.

I clenched the muscles in my groin and felt his cum oozing out of my pussy to be caught, drop by drop, in the glass.

And Catarina drained the white scum in a single draft.

After that, Almagro took a brief rest as Catarina and I, spurred to a kind of madness by our previous orgasms, engaged in a furious lesbian encounter which ended with the two of us in the sixty-nine position alternately tonguing and fingering each

other's clit and pussies until we exploded into a tremendous simultaneous climax.

Then, it was back to a threesome as, alternating as recipients, Cat and I fucked Don Pedro three or four more times.

One—I don't remember which time it was--found me lying on top of Pedro, his cock up my pussy and Catarina kneeling between our legs and licking the cum from my cunt as it leaked out around his cock. And afterwards, she licked my clitoris clean, driving me to another orgasm.

Even the last time I remember clearly. That was when Catarina, after riding Pedro's shaft like a madwoman, screamed her orgasm to the skies and leapt off him, standing proudly, spread-legged and flat-footed above my head, and allowing the stream of Pedro's viscous cum to drool slowly, directly from her cunt onto my face and into my gaping, thirsty mouth...

And, as I slowly licked my lips clean, I allowed that Catarina really knew how to throw together a marvelous party with remarkable spontaneity.

And I consoled myself that, if De Soto could not find it in his heart to pardon these acts, he would at least condone the motive for their occurrence.

SIXTEEN

For the next three days, I took up residence in Catarina's Tavern and Hostelry--known, in pidgin Spanish, on the wharves as *La Casa de Las Gatas*--'The Cat House'--along with such of my former enemies from the *Santa Maria de Seville* as the scrawny, murderous Consuela and the buxom Felicia, who showed me how to use a knife to kill a man with one thrust--'In case I should ever need it.'

And then the rumor started by Catarina began to float back in on the lips of bar patrons, to whit:

An auditor from Charles the First of Spain was newly arrived in town in the person of a clean-shaven young man. No one was quite sure, of course, but the buzz had it that the young man's name was Carlo Occelo and that he was staying at the Cat House to be as anonymous as possible. The purpose of his visit to Lima? Well, I mean, that should be obvious. He had just come by way of Havana, where a new Governor had just taken over and that official had reportedly passed muster. Now, he was almost certainly here to examine the more highly suspect books regarding Governor Pizarro's household and government

accounts. I mean, everyone knew the Rapist of Cuzco was a criminal. It was just a wonder that King Charles hadn't caught on to that earlier.

But Pizarro was a wily bugger. Give him a day or two and he'd have his books looking so clean no auditor could detect a smudge of an erasure. Then, he'd probably go on the attack and actually invite Senor Ocello into his Mansion for a pleasant meal.

That predicted invitation came the fourth day—a Wednesday—for a seven p.m. supper on the Sunday after vespers. Apparently, the Governor needed that long to sweep the dirt under the rug.

Accordingly, I appeared at Pizarro's street door with more than a little trepidation. After all, there was always the chance that, despite my close-cropped hair and manly attire, either Felipillo, Father Vincente or Pizarro himself would see in Carlo Ocello something too much of the Cori Occlo who had ridden out of Cajamarca with Hernando de Soto some years before.

But Felipillo did not appear to recognize me at the door, nor did Vincente whom we met on the way to Pizarro's study and I began to breathe a little more easily.

However, when Pizarro himself fixed me with his piercing coal-black eyes for an endless moment, saying nothing, I was terrified that the game was up, and my hand eased toward the hilt of my short knife, hidden in my belt below the folds of my jacket.

At last, though, Pizarro smiled his cold and humorless smile and said, "Senor Ocello, I am sorry that I might have appeared rude. The truth is, you reminded me of someone from long ago. But I see

now that could not be—not by any stretch of the imagination. I trust you are well.”

“I am as well as can be expected with this sultry heat,” I said.

“And King Charles...you left him well also?”

“A touch of his recurring gout I said,” (for Hernando had often mentioned that). “Nothing to be worried about, the Doctors say.”

“I understand you have come from Havana,” Pizarro began to pry now.

“It was my last port, yes.”

“You visited Governor de Soto, no doubt.”

“Indeed. I spent two nights in the Governor’s mansion.”

“I am sorry I cannot offer you a mansion as yet. I have not yet had time in my duties of governing to build one. Perhaps on your next visit. But if my poor house will suffice.”

“And I too have my regrets,” I said. “I cannot stay, for I have business elsewhere. There is the new Adelantado of Columbia, for instance. My job here must be completed tonight.”

“Will you take supper first?” Pizarro smiled, obviously glad to be getting rid of me so quickly.

“Only if you serve it in your magnificent garden, for which you are famous—even as far as Spain.”

“And justly so,” Pizarro noted. “Felipillo, tell the servants we will eat supper in the garden. Come, Senor Occelo, it is this way.”

Several times during that supper, in what was a fine, walled garden for the territories, I caught Pizarro looking at me strangely as if he was searching his

brain for a memory of my face. But the look passed, as did the meal, without any recognition on his part.

Then, as we finished our coffee, Pizarro sighed and said, "I hate to bring up tedious affairs, but I suppose you will be wanting to look at my books."

I smiled.

"It is good," I said, "to have them offered to me. So many officials I visit are suspicious of me. I have to practically pry the information from them as if I were pulling their teeth."

"When one has nothing to hide," Pizarro replied, "one can afford to be forthcoming. Shall we return to my study?"

And spoil the lovely effect this garden is having on me?" I asked. "I should much rather peruse them at my leisure right here."

"Then it shall be as you wish," Pizarro nodded. "If you will excuse me for a few minutes while I get them."

"Take as long as you wish," I said. "I will enjoy the flowers and the birdsong."

The moment I was left alone, I rose and scurried behind the hedge that ran along one wall. And, sure enough, as Cat remembered, there was a gate in the wall, locked shut by only a simple bar.

Quick as I could, I removed that bar and slipped quietly back into my place at the table.

But my heart sank as Pizarro returned.

For he was not alone.

Rather, a phalanx of some half dozen soldiers attended him, as he carried in the heavy leather volumes of tax records and expenses, and I had to

wonder if, at last, the cover had been yanked off my disguise.

"I always have men on hand to guard these records," Pizarro explained. "God only knows what would happen if they fell into the hands of my enemies or King Charles'."

"I can agree with that," I smiled, opening the first book as, out of the corner of my eye, I saw the hedge move slightly as if it had been nudged from the other side.

I don't know how I managed to do it without breaking and screaming, but I managed to pore over three whole volumes, not seeing a single figure in the column after column of meaningless numbers, until I saw a part of the hedge give a distinct shudder and Pedro de Almagro suddenly burst through.

"Death to the murderer!" he shouted. "My father cries for vengeance!"

And at least a dozen of his armed men burst through the bushes behind him.

Immediately, Pizarro's soldiers drew their swords and gave the hue and cry. And at least twenty more of his men came rushing out of the house, their weapons drawn. I saw Felipillo and Father Vincente dash from the house and disappear through the hedge before the two sides met in a clash of steel on steel.

All too soon, it became clear that Almagro had underestimated the numbers of Pizarro's Personal Guard, for more and more soldiers in full armor kept swarming out of the house, while our numbers remained the same. Indeed, I saw two of Pedro's men

fall as Pizarro's men forced us back against the hedge and I thought, for a moment, that the best we could hope to gain was for the rest of us to escape unbloodied.

And then a thought struck me and I shouted, "Pizarro! Would you have the King's envoy slaughtered in your house? Protect me!"

Instantly, Pizarro rushed to stand in front of me, facing Almagro's men.

And that was when I drew forth my knife and stabbed him deep into his side, below the ribs, as Felicia had taught me.

Pizarro wheeled around, pulling my knife from my hand, and stared at me in shock and surprise.

Then, spouting gore, he fell to his knees, dipped his finger hastily into the blood that squirted out beside the blade, and drew a cross on the flagstone.

Then he pitched forward, gasped "Santiago," and was dead.

"Get out of here!" Pedro Almagro shouted to me. "Leave your knife and run. I must stay and fight my father's battles, but your vendetta with Pizarro is resolved. Be gone to a safe place and *gracias!*"

I fled to The Cat House, which was the only place I knew that could offer me at least a temporary haven.

SEVENTEEN

When I reached The Cat House, I found it a beehive of activity. The six whores in residence whom I knew were up and packing their clothes furiously into duffel bags and at least a dozen more girls crammed into the sitting room, with their clothes already packed into similar portable carrying cases.

"What is going on?" I asked Cat.

"News of your doings tonight has spread fast," she answered. "I'd suspect that Priest, Valverde and the little weasel-like secretary. At any rate, it cannot be long before Pizarro's soldiers turn up here. The young man who stabbed the little General to death is known to have stayed here, so we will be suspect."

"But surely, once I am on my way, you can swear you've never seen me," I said.

"True, but we do not relish his soldiers methods of interrogation until they are satisfied that we are telling the truth...which, of course, we won't be."

"I can see that you and Consuela and the other occupants of The Cat House might have to lie low for a while," I agreed. "But who are all these others? And why are they all packed as if they, too, were bound on

a journey?"

"Because they are. Sit down, Cori, while I make you over once more into the blonde boy you were when you arrived. There is less likelihood of your being recognized as such. Then I will explain."

I sat, and as Cat began to rinse and dye my hair again, I listened to her explanation.

"To begin with, there is something you must understand about our life. We whores are always living on the fine edge of the law. Even where our trade is legal, there are those moralists who would rise up in protest against our presence in their city. And the authorities would do as little as possible to ensure our safety. That means we must always be ready to beat a hasty retreat at a moment's notice. Normally, this is done in a disorganized and helter-skelter manner, that makes it too easy for the soldiers to nab us in two and threes.

"When I arrived in Lima, therefore, I decided that such a hit or miss departure was counter-productive. Therefore, I had a meeting with all the practicing girls in town and we decided to pool both our ideas and a portion of our resources toward that almost inevitable day.

"And we made a pact, if it became too dangerous for one; it was too dangerous for all. The authorities, after all, don't care who they catch as a scapegoat, just as long as they make an example of somebody."

"But what did you do with these resources?" I asked.

"In a little harbor, up the coast a little to the North, lies a trim little schooner, *La Senora de La Noche*, which

we purchased and rechristened some months ago," Cat smiled.

"But what use is a ship to you? You are whores not sailors."

"The two are not mutually exclusive," Cat laughed. "After all, our days are relatively free, though our nights are full. So we have spent a portion of the money we have earned between our legs to provision *La Senora*, and the bulk of our free time learning to sail her. Now I dare say, we can match any ship in the King's fleet for the skills of our seafarers—and the viciousness of our fighters. A lady of the night must learn to use a weapon to survive in our work."

"In fact," Consuela laughed. "We will probably make fine pirates when we grow too old for whoring."

"At any rate, it is our intention to sail *La Noche*, with you aboard as a working member of our crew, from Lima before the new day dawns."

"But my goal is Cuba," I told them. "That is in the Caribbean while Lima sits on the Pacific."

"Think, Cori. How have you got here already or traveled to Spain?"

"The first time De Soto rode his horse to some port in Colombia--Cartagena, I think it was—and sailed direct from there."

"Of course, that must be discarded right away," Catarina said, "for our only mode of transport is *La Senora de la Noche*."

"Then, if you're going to travel by ship, you must sail up the coast to Panama City on the Pacific side of the isthmus and thence to Colon on the Atlantic,

where you can sail to Havana."

"And how do you get the *La Senora* across the isthmus?"

"You don't. You have to leave it in Panama, pack your things by mule through the jungle and pick up another ship in Colon. That was the way I last came with Captain Trujillo."

"That may be fine for rich merchantmen. But we are not made of money," Consuela objected. "And ships on the Atlantic side are five times as expensive as we could hope to get for *La Senora*."

"Then you have only one choice," I said. "And that is to go around Cape Horn and through the Straits of Magellan and sail back up the coast."

"Which is precisely what we plan to do," Cat nodded.

"But that will take so long. And the straits, they say, are too dangerous. Particularly for a light little ship like a schooner."

"Does it take any longer," I wonder, "than slogging by foot through the Panamanian jungle, carrying our gear? And is it any more dangerous than the yellow fever? Besides, the ports of Santiago in Chile, and Tierra del Fuego and Rio, are certain to be more welcoming than the hostile Spanish towns of Tumbes and the like will be, once an alert is out for us."

"You've made your point," I said. "Cape Horn it is."

* * * *

The *Lady of the Night* was a trim little ship, easy at her

'tiller--which I was assigned to man—but I could not help wondering how stable her beam would be in a heavy sea, particularly if we were to encounter a cross-chop, as I was led to believe might be the case in the Straits of Magellan.

However, for now, the sun was bright, the airs were light and I found myself thinking more like a sailor every day.

In addition, as the days went by and my now sun-bleached hair began to grow long, I took to wearing it tied back tight along my head and hanging down, like a horse's tail—a 'ponytail', Consuela called it. That meant I could play the role of a man or a woman almost interchangeably. Put me in a dress, I became a woman, dress me in pants and a loose shirt—which I preferred—I was a man.

And it was not long before I began to gain the respect of my fellow sailors. In the first place, it was evident that Catarina, our acknowledged Captain, treated me both as her First Mate and her personal lover, for we shared the Captain's cabin. I suppose that could have occasioned some envy, had it not been for an incident that occurred off Puerto Monte, Chile, our tenth day out.

By that time, we had discovered that, rather than put up with the harassment of Port authorities, it was easier to waylay an inbound ship and offer the crew such services as their sex-starved men desired in exchange for the provisions we required from their cargo. The Captain of the waylaid ship could then claim, on reaching port, that the missing supplies had been washed overboard in a 'freak local storm'.

But, it was inevitable, I suppose, that one day we would run across a dishonest man.

And such was the Captain of the *Veracruz*, Emilio Esteban.

Oh, he and his men availed themselves of the girls' services, all right. But when the time came to pay up, he flatly refused. In fact, he had his men clap the girls in irons and take them below, chained together like so many slaves.

However, I alone had remained aboard, in my male attire, on Watch for any trouble. And as I saw the crew of *La Senora de La Noche* being led below, naked and in chains, I certainly believed I had seen it.

Immediately, I checked that the wheel was properly lashed down and armed myself with a saber and a small stiletto.

Then, as I heard the crew of the *Veracruz* laughing and singing out their victory over the *boucaniers* below, I quietly slashed the ropes that attached its wheel to its rudder and the sheets which held its sails aloft—thereby effectively preventing any pursuit—and prepared to spring my trap.

The gangway down to the *Veracruz's* Galley, where the men were assembled, I had noted from *La Senora*, was a narrow one. Thus, I waited for a lull in the brouhaha below and then set up a ruckus of my own, stamping my booted feet upon the deck and shouting in as many voices and languages (including Incan) as I could muster, just as if the ship had been boarded by a whole new band of buccaneers.

Immediately, the crew of the *Veracruz* came stampeding up on deck—"trampling over each other

like cattle fleeing a fire," as Cat who was below described it. And, as they emerged, in the necessary single file, through the doorway, I stabbed and slashed at anything that moved and kicked the fallen aside so that the next ones could rush up to meet their fate. With the result that, within maybe ten minutes at the outside, I had dispatched the entire crew of the *Veracruz*, some twenty in number.

After that, I managed to find the ring of keys that unlocked the padlocks that bound my colleagues together and they joined me on the blood-and-body strewn deck.

"That was magnificent!" Cat crowed and I felt my heart leap at her praise. "Anything that is in my power you will have from me!"

"Then what I want right now... more than anything else in the world..." I panted, my blood still racing in my ears, "is to eat your lovely pussy."

And, forthwith, Catarina dragged me below.

* * * *

The moment we reached her cabin, Catarina yanked her blouse over her head and hurriedly stripped herself of boots and leggings. By the time she was naked and flat on her back on the berth, I too was nude and leaping onto my knees between her legs.

My head dove without any preamble into her pussy and my tongue began to lap at her labia, spreading them to bare her little fleshy nub of a clitoris.

"Yah, that's it," Cat groaned hoarsely, "give it to

me, baby! Bruise me with your tongue! This is no time for gentleness, you fucking murderess! Kill me, too! Torture me and make me scream and love the torturing!”

I did my best to oblige. I lapped at her labia, and fucked her clit with the tip of my tongue until it was exhausted and her pussy was dripping with my saliva and her vaginal ooze.

Then, without abandoning her clit altogether, I let my lips take over, clutching, sucking and pulling at it, until she gasped in the agony of that sheer bliss,

“God Almighty, fuck me, Cori! Fuck me with your fingers!”

I inserted two fingers, then, into her dripping snatch but she just panted, “More! Give me more! More fingers! And drive them deeper!”

And still I sucked upon her rigid clit as I brought my fingers together into a single prod and buried them deep in her seeping vagina.

She reared up on the balls of her feet then and thrust her pubic mound violently against my face, forcing my lips and tongue hard against her pussy and driving my hand deeper into her vagina.

“Pump me! Pump me!” she cried hysterically, repeating the phrase over and over and louder and louder as her passion built...

Until, with a monstrous scream of,

“Oh, you lovely bitch! I’m commmmiiiiinnnnnggg!” She flooded my face and the bed with her cum.

And then, more quietly and sedately, she licked, sucked and probed me until I came in a long, slow, lovely rush of joy.

* * * *

When I appeared on deck to help with the burials of the *Vera Cruz*'s crew, it was obvious that at least Cat's last cry had been overheard.

"You did us all proud today," Consuela said.

And her wink seemed to mean that she wasn't only referring my single-handed dispatching of the *Veracruz*'s crew.

Moreover, Felicia, who had taught me how to use the knife, added her congratulations.

"You are a killer, Cori Occlo," she said.

"Frankly," I said, "I doubted until the very moment was upon me that I could do it."

"Oh, I didn't mean *them*," she said with a laugh gesturing at the corpses. "I meant I'd never heard Cat holler like that."

Thus, the mass of bodies being duly buried under the blue water, we abandoned the ship as a derelict, to become one more mystery of the silent, enigmatic sea.

EIGHTEEN

In the next crisis faced by *La Senora de La Noche*, no human was the enemy. Instead it was a test of my seamanship and involved not my ability to take lives but to save them.

We were three days out from Punta Arenas, Chile, and nearing the infamous Straits of Magellan when Cat told me of something that, unfortunately, I already knew.

"Hurricane season is almost upon us," she said one day, standing by me at the helm, "and we are nearing the worst water for that kind of wind."

"I know," I said. "What are the early signs of a coming storm, do you know?"

"Some Captain I would be if I didn't," Cat laughed, but there was little humor in it. "In fact, I learned of this one from a customer in my profession before I became a professional pirate."

"I didn't realize you'd retired as a whore," I chuckled.

"For the next few days, I'm afraid, I will have to be a sailor only," Cat said. "At any rate, this customer was a Sea Captain who had rounded the Horn a

hundred times and he told me, 'I can still not sail those waters without fearing to hear the singing in the sheets.'

"I wondered what he had against my singing out my orgasms in bed, but he explained that was not what he meant at all. The 'sheets' were the taut ropes that held the sails aloft and, if the wind were going to reach near to hurricane velocity, they would begin to hum, each sheet on a different pitch, depending on its length and tautness. The total effect, therefore, would be like a melodic choir. He said they were believed to be singing a dirge for the sailors who heard them. If you heard the 'singing in the sheets,' they thought, the ship would sink in the rising storm, with all hands lost."

"What an eerie superstition!" I shivered.

"Nonetheless, pray to whatever gods you have that you not hear it on this voyage, Cori Occlo," Cat said solemnly.

And, of course, the next night, just as dusk fell, the quiet, ominous humming began.

All day the wind had been rising in the West and Cat had been keeping a close watch on the sky.

"The mares' tails are pointing Nor'east to Sou'west," she said once. "That means the winds aloft are at cross purposes to the surface winds. Not good. Watch for weather to the East."

By two o'clock a haze had formed over the sun, reducing it to a silver disk in a bright grey sky. By four, the sun had vanished altogether, and been replaced by heavy, slate-grey clouds scudding from East to West as the wind continued to rise in the West

and flecks of foam began to be blown off the crests of the waves.

"Heavy one coming," Cat predicted, like a seasoned seafarer.

And a heavy one it was.

By twilight, the lanterns hung on our afterdeck were swinging crazily and guttering in the wind despite their glass. To left and right, great breakers rolled, higher than the rails and white with streaks of foam. By eight o'clock, the lamplight only faintly illuminated the black sea with its teeth of foam, as high as our lower crossbeams and *La Senora* was pitching fore and aft as the swells rolled under her.

"We'll ride it out," Cat shouted to me over the howling in the sheets, "just as long as you can keep the wind behind us!"

But no sooner had she uttered those words than the Devil Wind began to back on us and shift to the North.

"We've cleared land!" Cat bellowed. "Now we're facing the whole fury of the open sea!"

"Let out sail, there!" she hollered at the others. "Spill wind! We'll try to keep her head up!"

And *La Senora* pitched and rolled at the whim of the merciless, frenzied ocean, as the two of us fought the wheel and tried to keep her prow into the onrushing sea. Great breakers crashed over our bow, sweeping down the deck and trying to throw us overboard, as we clung on.

And then the rain came. In blinding sheets it pummeled us, trying to pound us into submission.

But Cat and *La Senora de La Noche* and I were steely

in our resolve.

"Bitch Wind!" Cat screamed. "Go back to Beelzebub who sent you!"

"Son of a bastard whore!" I cursed the ocean. "Go back to the pit of Devilspawn that birthed you!"

And *La Senora* creaked and groaned and cursed in her own way and, time and time again, plunged her noble prow into the sea, shuddered with the impact and then rose up, shrugging the brine from her shoulders.

And the lightning crackled around us, and St Elmo's fire—as Cat called it—leapt from mast to mast and the thunder roared in anger as we continued to forge on.

Then, suddenly, I heard something snap, the wheel went spinning crazily and we began to swing broadside into the waves...

"Goddamn rope's gone! We'll swamp for sure now!" Cat wailed. "Say your prayers, Cori, if you have them. We're about to meet the choir of the sheets."

And, on the instant, the wind dropped and the rain abated and the ocean came at us in long, slow, gentle swells.

"Well, I'll be fucked!" Cat swore. "You've found a harbor for us after all. God bless you, little one! Your gods were listening when mine weren't."

We came together in a passionate and sodden embrace of victory.

Though I never could convince her it had all been sheer coincidence.

* * * *

The Horn wasn't through with us, however.

We spent nearly a week in the shelter of the rocky harbor, mending the sheets frayed in the wind and the torn rudder rope. And by the end of that time, our supplies of fresh water and fruit were sorely depleted. That's when Cat decided we had to send a party ashore to see if we could find a freshwater spring and perhaps some breadfruit trees.

What we found first was trouble.

Six of us--Cat, Consuela, Felicia, Manuela, Susana and I--made up the crew of the small dingy that went ashore that day.

It is important to mention Susana, for I have not before and she was vitally important to us that day.

She was a pert little blonde, with big blue-green eyes, prettily pouted lips, well-formed and out-thrusting breasts, a narrow waist, wide hips and tight legs tapering to slim ankles and tiny feet. In short the ideal of beauty for any man who was not devoted to the Latin look.

And she was sexually insatiable.

In fact, Cat told me that, when she asked Susana why she had become a whore, Susana merely shrugged her creamy shoulders and answered, "Because, that way, I may be able to get enough."

She never seemed to though. Many times she had been known to take over from an exhausted Consuela or Manuela and, finishing with their scheduled clients, go out looking for more *Juans* to fuck in alleyways for free.

That quenchless hunger was to save us all that day.

We had told the others aboard *La Senora de La Noche* not to expect us back for three or four days as Cat wished to explore as much as possible of the island—if such it was—before returning to the harbor and had taken a dozen leather water bags, strung on shoulder poles, to bring fresh water back to the ship if we found a spring. So we probably had more like five days before anyone aboard ship would think of sending anyone out to look for us.

We considered ourselves truly fortunate for we discovered, barely a half-day's journey from our landfall, a stream of clear fresh water and a nearby stand of tangerine trees which would fulfill our need for fruit more than adequately. Accordingly, we began to fill the water jugs, planning to bring the whole crew, armed with sacks, back to pick the fruit the next day.

So engrossed with we in our filling of the water bags, however, that it was a total surprise to me when Cat nudged me and breathed in awe, "Look up!"

I did, to find that we were surrounded by at least a dozen men, dressed in tattered dungarees but little else. Mariners, they obviously had been, but not for some time for they carried rusty sailor's knives. And their eyes stared at us with an eerie blankness I had never seen before.

"Why do they look at us like that?" I asked Cat, my voice quavering slightly. "I have never seen that look before."

"I have," Cat shuddered. "It is called *Loco-de-mare*, the Madness of the Sea. Some men get it after they

have given themselves up for lost—as in a storm at sea.”

“Like us,” I said.

“Yes, but we never had our ship sink under us. I’d say these men did.”

“Are they...dangerous?” I asked hesitantly.

“That depends,” Cat shrugged.

“On what?” I asked.

“To what extent their madness has dulled their other male instincts,” Cat answered ominously.

Then, as the circle of men closed slowly in on us, she added, “And I’d say at least their cock-lust looks as sharp as ever.”

Acting as if by some command unheard, six of the men moved silently and quickly to pinion our arms behind their backs. Then the others ripped the clothing from our bodies, until we stood frightened and nude before them. The six now held us in place, while the others walked slowly around us, admiring our naked bodies and nodding approvingly.

After this inspection, they herded us along a path cut through the forest and into a ramshackle village, whose weather-beaten huts were clearly made from the flotsam of wrecked ships. Here they pushed us into a sort of central stockade, made of poles of bamboo rammed upright in the ground and sharpened to a knife point on the top, whose gate was the door to a ship’s cabin with “Capitan Gunther,” in brass lettering on the wood.

“They’re German sailors,” Consuela said on seeing that. “Anyone speak German?”

“I know a little,” Susana allowed, “but hardly

enough to matter.”

“It doesn’t matter,” Cat shrugged. “These men are beyond speech now.”

And so they were. In all the hours we remained listening at the walls of the stockade, we heard not one sound of any language from the village beyond, though there were a few grunts—meaningless to us.

After several hours of waiting while the men hammered together something in the clearing between their huts, the six men who had thrown us into the stockade reappeared and dragged us out again., arranging us in a circle around a structure composed on four posts, two with a cross-piece about four feet or more from the ground and the other two with a cross-piece about a foot lower. Each of the cross-pieces had two loops of loose rope tied around them.

“God,” Catarina breathed in horror. “I know what that thing is. I’ve heard of it being used by the Inquisitors in Spain. And, knowing that, I also understand the purpose of that stockade...and exactly the kind of slavery to which we are to be subjected.”

“What...?” I gasped, not knowing if I really wanted to know at all. “What is it?”

“That contraption is what they called, in the language of the masses, a ‘Fucking Stand.’ The Priests used to tie suspected witches to it and rape them ‘til they couldn’t stand the pain and they confessed. The stockade, however, comes from quite a different time and served quite a different purpose. It is like the pens used on a ranch to enclose cattle...cows especially. Now, look around. Apart from us, do you

see any women anywhere?"

I looked.

"Not a one," I said.

"So? Put the three together...?"

"By Virachocha!" I gasped. "To those beasts, we are breeding cattle!"

"Yes, my sweet," Cat smiled grimly. "That's exactly what we are. Just wombs for their sperm."

One of the men, a hulking, slovenly, bearded brute, now dropped his dungarees, revealing a huge and obviously quite ready penis. And he held a hand out in invitation.

"*Vergehteines?*" he grunted, probably in some half-forgotten dialect of German.

"Of course, I'm not sure," Felicia whispered. "But I think he just said, 'Who's first?'"

My eyes roamed over our terrified circle of naked girls...and lit upon the figure of Susana.

And, in just a few seconds, I saw her face run through a whole range of emotions just as clearly as if I could read her mind.

It began with terror, as if dreading the inevitable pain. But then it became mere uncertainty, and then vacillated between that and a vague interest in experimenting with the unknown pleasure-pain to come. Then that vague interest became an active want, then a desire and, finally, a full-blown lust.

Thus it took but a few seconds before Susana stepped forward and clasped the huge brute's hand gently in hers.

He took her roughly, however, and yanked her forward, bending her over the higher bar and lashing

her ankles to the two uprights, so that she was standing on tiptoe, her feet were spread wide apart and her pussy and anus thrust upwards. Then he walked around and tied her wrists to the lower crossbar, so that her head was hanging down, her blonde hair trailing on the ground.

Then it was around in back of her again, where, taking but a moment to adjust his pants so that his cock was thoroughly exposed, he thrust it full up her pussy to the depth of his testicles.

Susana screeched in pain with that first violent entrance, but as he continued to pound his enflamed weapon into her, her cries became first grunts of expelled air and then moans that sounded remarkably like lust. And when the beast-man roared his climax to the skies, there was no doubt that her answering howl was one of orgasmic release.

Immediately, her attacker-lover withdrew, trailing a strand of cum from his penis to her labia, which broke and trailed down her inner thigh as he walked around in front of her again. And here he yanked her hair so that her head was pulled up and her tongue could lick hungrily at what dripping semen remained.

And then--though I could scarcely believe it--while his cock was still rigid, he walked behind her again and fucked her in the anus for good measure.

No sooner had he come again, however, than a second man stepped forward, naked from the waist down, and inserted his hard and venous cock into her slimy cunt. And he drove into her and withdrew with a loud, wet slapping and sucking that could, I am sure, be heard in the surrounding hills. And his roar

of triumph was no less boisterous, nor Susana's less ecstatic than the first orgasms.

Then a third and a fourth man followed, one or two of them fucking her in her gasping mouth, until, it seemed the whole village had had their piece of flesh and Susana's pussy and anus were flooding the earth between her legs with cum and her lips were drooling it up over her face and matting in her hair as she lay, head down, strapped to the aptly-named Fucking Stand.

And, finally, some minutes after the last of the men collapsed to his knees, the man who had gone first gave a nod...

And the whole beastly lot of them gave Susana a round of applause.

But that was not the most amazing thing about that day.

That occurred when two of the men loosed the ropes that bound Susana to the Stand...

And, instead of collapsing, she lurched over to the ugly beast who seemed to be the leader of the pack of animals and began to converse with him in some weird mixture of grunts and gestures.

She must have made her meaning clear enough, though, for within a few minutes of that meaningless jabber and waving of hands, the beast-man motioned the others over to him and they stood around in a tight circle that excluded Susana.

Finally, though, there was a lot of nodding and applause, and two men took her upon their shoulders and marched her around the 'village green', with much laughing and back-slapping.

When that all ended and they had set her upon her still wobbly legs, Susana, wearing a silly smirk upon her face, tottered over to where we stood huddled together.

"Klaus over there—he's their leader—says you can take your water and as many of the tangerines as you can carry and go back to your ship," she told us.

"But what of you?" Catarina asked.

"I'm to stay here. A kind of—willing--hostage, if you will."

"But..."

"Don't worry about me," Susana grinned stupidly. "I'm sure I'm going to do just fine. Right now, I think they believe I'm some sort of Goddess of Procreation, destined to bear a new generation for them. It'll take them some time, I imagine, to get impatient with my not producing any babies. I mean, the buggers aren't even sure what hole to screw right now. But when they figure that out and no little sprogs come bouncing forth, that's when I'll start introducing them to new positions—I mean, I must know a hundred at least. That way, it'll probably take years before they find out I'm barren as the tops of the Andes. Then they'll start to lose interest and, eventually, they'll probably take me out and kill me. But that won't matter. The day I can't get enough, I'd rather be dead."

And so we left the island with Susana's blessing. She even hurried us on our way.

And we often wondered in the days that followed, if Susana was still getting enough.

NINETEEN

And the rest of the year-long sea voyage to Florida passed without noteworthy event...except for one minor – and ugly--incident that occurred in Haiti.

That island was ruled by the French then and was a prosperous source of sugar cane, sisal, and rum for the mother country. Moreover, its Straw Market in Port-au-Prince, the Capital, was renowned throughout the Caribbean for the freshness of its produce and the variety of its goods, both natural and man-made.

It was only reasonable then that *La Senora* should pay a visit to this Mecca of merchandise. And Cat made it clear that she was counting on me to select only the best produce for the three-day sail to Havana, our ultimate destination.

For some strange reason, however, that day I could not bring myself to be interested in the ripeness of the fruit or the freshness of the goat meat. Rather, my eyes seemed drawn to the many tables of jewellery and little gadgets that the Haitian artisans in metal had produced. And, at last, I discovered why this was.

Lying at the edge of one of the tables was a little metal tube—such as I had seen the ladies in Seville use for their lip rouge—and this struck me as strange in this rather barbarous country. I wanted to inquire about this strange device but could think of no way of doing so, since I spoke Spanish and Inca and the little woman who was operating the table seemed to speak only a dialect of French.

However, just as I was turning away in frustration, my eye caught sight of one of those huge edifices the Christians called a cathedral. Perhaps, I thought, if this woman had been educated by someone like Father Valverde, we would have a kind of common language after all.

And so we did. Latin.

Haltingly, but ultimately effectively, I managed to ask and the woman to answer what I wanted to know.

The little tube, it turned out, held a knife-blade on a spring—only about three inches long but quite lethal as I knew from killing Pizarro—which could be quite safely hidden on a woman's person. The stall keeper indicated by her gestures that she would suggest hiding it in the corset or strapping it into the armpit, but I had a better idea. It must be remembered that my training to be the wife of Atahualpa had involved increasing the size and depth of my anus so that it would take his eight-inch weapon without undue discomfort. It should have no trouble, therefore, hiding a four-inch tube with a blade tucked safely inside.

Moreover, since I had left my stiletto in Pizarro's

ribs, I was clearly in need of a personal weapon of self-defence. And what could be more personal than a knife up my butt?

Accordingly, my hand dipped into my purse to produce the twenty *gourdes* the stall keeper demanded. But a strong hand stopped me by latching onto my wrist.

"I saw that first, whore," said a voice I thought I knew.

And I looked up into the blazing dark eyes of the raven-haired Inez de Bobadilla y De Soto.

"You?" I gasped. "What are you doing here?"

"Apparently, the same as you," Inez sneered. "Pursuing my deserter of a husband and purchasing the means to deal with him when I catch him."

"You misread my motives and his," I told her flatly. "I follow after Hernando but to rejoin him. I want this knife purely for self-defense in the jungles of this New World."

For a long moment, Inez's eyes bored into mine. "Damn it! But I believe you," she snarled at last.

"So, let me have the knife?" I said innocently.

"Considering we are more enemies than ever?" Inez answered. "Not on your life! I would kill him. You would save him. And this knife would be the instrument of our contrary desires. De Soto's fate, it would seem, depends on who possesses this tiny blade."

"Then we must fight for it."

I handed the metal tube to the bewildered stall keeper.

"Do you speak French?" I asked Inez.

"I am an educated woman," Inez said. "Of course."

"Then tell her to sell this knife to the one who is physically able to buy it," I said.

Inez told the stall keeper something that seemed to approximate in length what I had just said.

Then she turned back to me. With a six-inch knife in her hand.

"Unlike you, I always keep something on my person to protect myself," she sneered.

"Of course," I smiled wryly. "Those who invite attack do so wisely."

And I began to circle her, keeping away from her knife hand, waiting until I saw the slightest flicker in her burning eyes.

It came, in fact, almost before I expected it to.

As had become a habit aboard ship, I was barefoot that day, and, I guess, that gave me a surer sense of my footing on the rough cobblestone street of the Straw Market. It was only a few seconds, therefore, before Inez in her high-heeled boots stumbled slightly on the uneven terrain and looked down for a split second to regain her balance.

That split second was enough, however, for me to lunge at her, grab her right wrist, and twist her arm so painfully that she loosed the knife and it went skittering across the pavement.

Inez lurched after it, but my foot caught her ankle and sent her sprawling on the ground.

And my right hand closed over the hilt of the six-inch knife before Inez's did.

Kneeling astride her, I rolled her onto her back with my left hand so that she could stare straight up

into my angry eyes.

"Please...pity..." she begged her face a mask of fear now. "I would not have killed you. I only meant to frighten you."

"Horse dung!" I spat. "You have wanted to kill me ever since De Soto brought me from Peru. You have had me raped and sodomized a dozen times or more. And you ask for pity now? Well, then, here's my pity."

And I brought the razor-sharp blade slicing across Inez's face, once for each time I estimated that I had been raped or sodomized that night in Seville.

Afterwards I, briefly, considered, plunging it into her heart. But then I realized that there were perhaps worse things than death for a woman like her.

"You will probably live, bitch," I snarled down at her ruined face. "But no man or woman will ever look at your face again without wanting to retch. That is as far as I can pity you."

I threw her knife to the ground.

And I collected my little blade from the terrified stall keeper and returned to *La Senora de La Noche*.

The news caught up with us as we put in for a brief provisioning stop in the Bahama Islands that Inez de Bobadilla y De Soto had been disfigured in a street brawl in Haiti and had later taken her own life.

* * * *

At that time, Cuba was both the economic and the governmental hub of the new Territory of Florida, so it was to Havana, its capital, that *La Senora de La Noche*

sailed. We moored a few miles out of town, in the event of another hasty retreat, and the entire crew of the little craft marched down to the wharves, which were already teeming with both whores and likely customers.

It was here that I expected to say a fond *hasta la vista* to all my allies but Catarina, for one, would have none of it.

"The others may do as they wish," she said. "But I will not leave you until I see you safely within the Governor's mansion."

So it was just two barefoot whores who made the long trek from the port up the hill to the Great House. And whether it was a lucky or an unlucky decision on Cat's part I was never to truly know.

The Governor's Mansion in Havana was, truth to tell, not much to look at. I had been expecting the Doge's palace in Seville or even DeSoto's townhouse but both dwarfed this puny building in both size and opulence. It reminded me, in fact, of nothing so much as Pizarro's house in Lima...and that certainly did not bring back pleasant memories. Thus, I suppose, I was almost prepared for the reception we received.

Oh, the two liveried men who greeted us at the door smiled and could not have been more polite. But I felt a little tight knot of foreboding form in my stomach as the led the two of us downstairs to await our meeting with Gonzago Salazar, the pro-tem Governor, whom I had met on my first sea voyage with Hernando. Surely, I thought, the reception room should be either on the ground floor or upstairs. Below stairs was usually reserved for storage or,

worse still, housed the private Prison and Interrogation (read 'torture') chambers of the Governor.

And it wasn't long before I found out that my expectations were correct.

The dank room into which we were shown contained a couple of iron-barred cells along one wall and a second was festooned with an assortment of whips and other paraphernalia of the 'Examiner's' trade. In the center of the room, four chains with manacles on their ends were suspended from the ceiling and a large X-shaped wooden cross stood against the fourth wall. Hardly your usual sitting room to await a pleasant meeting with the Governor of a Territory.

"To what," I asked, "do we owe this insult? I am the wife of Hernando De Soto, the Governor and this is my valuable friend and sworn ally of the Governor."

"Of course you are," one of the men said condescendingly. "And I am King Charles of Spain."

"If you doubt me, call your master Senor Salazar," I protested.

"Oh, we will," the other man nodded. "Once you have told us who he is really meeting."

"Didn't you hear me...?"

"Look, tart. Two barefoot whores, armed with knives, present themselves at our door and claim to be Spanish nobility? Why, one even looks like a bloody Indian and the other...well, like a tired whore. Would you honestly expect us to believe such a story?"

"What will it take to convince you then?" I demanded.

"Oh, we have plenty of ideas how you can do that," the first man laughed. "Take off your clothes."

"Oh, God, how tiresome," Cat said with a feigned yawn. "Fucked again in the name of eliciting truth. Why do all men seem to think a woman screams out the truth during orgasm? To most women I know, the cries of the climax are the biggest lies they utter. 'Oh, Pedro, you're such a good fuck!'"

"But we do not plan to fuck you," the second man said.

"Oh, goody!" Cat said without emotion.

"No, we plan to have you fuck each other. Get your bloody clothes off!"

And he reached a two-inch wide and four-foot long piece of leather strop down from the wall to emphasize his point.

"Pronto!" the first man snapped, reaching down a strop of his own.

Totally unsure of what was going to happen next—except, of course, if we didn't take our clothes off *pronto*—we stripped completely in something like record time.

"Now, bitches..." the second man continued.

"Please, Fernando," the first interrupted him. "They are ladies, remember? Until, they tell us otherwise, that is."

"Now, ladies," Fernando said with an exaggerated bow, "would it please you to step over under those chains and grasp hold of their ends?"

I'm sure our faces showed that it didn't please us,

but Cat and I grabbed the chains nevertheless and the first man fixed the manacles tight around our wrists. Then he walked over to the wall and hoisted on the other end of the chains until our bare feet swung free about an inch from the floor.

"Part your legs," the first man snapped.

"Carlo? You must remember they're ladies if I must," Fernando chided his colleague.

"Of course," Carlo nodded. "Would you kindly part your legs now, ladies? About the width of your shoulders should be sufficient. Good."

Fernando now approached the two of us, bearing a two-foot, double-ended, leather dildo, which he carefully inserted first up Cat's pussy and then up mine.

Then he stepped back to admire the two of us, hanging naked by our wrists, joined at the middle by the doubly impaling dildo.

"Now," he said, "now, the fun begins."

And he brought his whip thwacking across Catarina's buttocks with a resounding slap that made her jerk forward, and drive the dildo further up my pussy.

No sooner had we swung back to the vertical position again, pulling the dildo out of my vagina, than Carlo gave me a blow on my ass with his strop that jerked me forward and drove the dildo up Cat's pussy.

And they continued taking alternate strokes at our buttocks until the four of us were all sweating profusely...the two men with their exertions and Cat and me with our oncoming orgasms.

At that point, the men stepped back and watched, laughing, as Cat and I writhed at the end of our chains, trying madly to drive the dildo further and further into each other's sopping pussies.

And then, made slippery with our coital fluids, the bloody thing fell out and lay on the floor beneath our feet.

"Please," Cat begged. "Please, Carlo, Fernando, put it back!"

"You want somethin' in your snatch, bitch?" Carlo sneered. "I'll give you somethin'."

And he dropped his trousers, baring his erect penis.

"Beg for it, whore!" he snarled.

"What in the name of all that's Holy is going on here?" a new voice shouted.

And everybody froze.

"A...a couple of armed and murderous whores..." Carlo began to stammer an explanation.

"They would have killed Your Excellency..." Fernando added.

"One even claimed to be De Soto's wife..." Carlo laughed weakly.

Gonzago Salazar--for it was he--peered closely at the two of us for what seemed like an eternity.

"The dark one I do not know," he said at last, nodding toward Cat. "But, you consummate asses, the other is who she claims to be...the wife of the Governor. Cut them both down, have them dress and bring them to me in my chambers. *Pronto!*"

It took slightly longer than 'pronto', however. Cat and I had to finish fucking each other with the dildo

first.

* * * *

After a magnificent dinner of sharks-fin soup, quail and Puerto Rican beef, we took our strong Andean coffee into the Drawing Room and Gonzago began the post-prandial conversation with, "I understand from your talk at dinner that you are anxious to see your husband again soon."

"Indeed," I answered. "I plan to follow in his footsteps until his trail ends."

"I would not be in too much of a rush, if I were you," Gonzago said. "It would, I believe be a better plan to wait for him here 'til he returns. Such patience might well save your life."

"But it has been nearly two years since we held each other close," I said. "Admittedly, most of that was my fault, but that does not make it any easier. The sooner I can affect our reunion the better, as I see it."

"But it is highly dangerous for any white man to venture into the Floridian jungles right now. The Indian tribes there have always hated us and right now they are out of control. They look upon us all as murderers and stealers of their land. Of course, their views are partly justified. There are a lot of scurvy privateers robbing the natives blind, raping their women and wiping out whole villages. But even peaceful settlers are in danger these days. Hardly a day goes by without reports of Spanish settlements being destroyed in a like manner by the Indian tribes.

And we are too busy defending our boundaries against the French to come to their aid. No, madam, it is not safe for a Spaniard, let alone a woman, to be caught in the interior right now."

"But I am not a Spaniard. I am an Indian myself," I pointed out. "And I have passed for a man before and could again."

"Then you must dye your hair to pass for an Indian and cut it short to pass for a man in Florida. And even then, there are no guarantees your disguise will not be seen as what it is."

"It is a chance I will have to take," I said bravely, though my heart was pounding in my breast.

"What about me?" Cat asked. "I already have black hair. Do you think if I cut it short I could pass as a man?"

"Frankly?" Gonzago smiled. "Not with your breasts, no."

"It doesn't matter," I said. "You are not going with me."

"I certainly am," Cat said flatly. "I already owe you my life at least twice. Let me pay back at least one of those by going with you."

"The lives I have saved are in the past," I told her. "The one you may lose, I can never repay."

"I know!" Cat continued, not listening. "You masquerade as a peaceful settler and I will go as your dutiful wife."

"But, as I have already pointed out, that is no guarantee of safety," Gonzago argued.

"Safety is for those who have never loved," Cat sneered. "Cori loves Hernando and she scoffs at

safety."

"And whom do you love, Catarina?" Gonzago asked with a smile.

"That should be obvious," Catarina said without a smile. "If it is the Spanish way for a man to have a wife and a mistress. Then it should be the way of the New World for a wife to have a husband and a female lover."

Then Cat took me by both hands and peered intently into my eyes. "Know, Cori Occlo, that I will love you 'til my dying breath," she said.

And, much to Gonzago's surprise, she kissed me long and hard upon the open lips.

* * * *

And so, two days later, Catarina, as my Indian wife and I—a young, dark-haired, Indian man again—set sail for Saint Augustine on the mainland, with more than enough money both for a coach ride overland to Puerto Tampa (reported to be Hernando's first landfall) and for a small party of mercenaries to pose as humble farmers until we picked up De Soto's trail.

Before we left Port, however, Gonzago pressed a sealed letter into my hands, saying,

"If you should find De Soto alive, you would do well to see he gets this. In fact, if you find the time while you are at sea, you could do worse than to glance at it yourself."

That, of course, was a sufficient *hors d'oeuvre* to my curiosity that we were barely out of port before I broke the seal and read,

My Dear Hernando:

I write you but to warn you not to return to Havana, under any circumstances, or it could mean your life.

You had not been gone a fortnight before an official complaint was lodged against you (by whom I know not, nor does anyone I have talked to) that you ordered the slaughter of a tribe of Indians near Puerto Tampa in direct contravention of the orders of his Majesty King Charles. Your disappearance into the jungle following this slaughter seemed to lend credence to this accusation and King Charles immediately ordered your removal as Governor of Florida and my appointment in your place.

Please believe me when I say I am trying to get this order rescinded, but you apparently have enemies in the New World and I have so far been unable to do so.

Therefore, I beg you not to return to Havana even if you hear by the grapevine that I have been able to refuse the King's appointment and you are welcome to resume your former duties. That will only be a trap set by your enemies to have you arrested and summarily executed for mass murder.

*Wishing you good health, I remain,
Gonzago de Salazar,
Governor of Florida (pro tem)*

"The conniving bastard!" I swore. "He has just made it impossible for either De Soto or me to return to Havana. This must have been in his mind when we were there. And now that we have left he has put it into effect."

"But surely you can return with De Soto and prove

he lies," Cat said.

"Not when, as is likely, De Soto actually did order such executions as a quite legal punishment for the slaughter of those farmers Gonzago mentioned," I pointed out. "No he has twisted the facts and now has us trapped, the bastard. Trapped in the jungles of Florida."

"The jungles cannot be so much worse than the barren mountains," Cat said. "All have dangers that can be reckoned with."

"But the mountains offer dangers I know," I retorted. "The jungles are a mystery."

"Not to De Soto," Cat smiled. "Not now. When we find him, things will be all right. You will see."

* * * *

The overland carriage to Puerto Tampa was relatively uneventful.

Oh, there was one brief attack by a small group of natives armed with blowguns, but this was easily repelled by the two crack shots who "rode shotgun" for us and whom I fervently wished I could have contracted to accompany us into the jungle in search of Hernando. Cat echoed those sentiments, though for a different reason; the men were quite handsome and took turns sleeping with her every night.

But they were already under contract once we reached Puerto Tampa and they could only suggest *La Senora de Tampa*, a local bar and whorehouse, as a likely spot to hire a few mercenaries to masquerade as a group of farmer/settlers bound on establishing a

village in the interior. At this venue, it appeared, we proved to be exceptionally lucky, for not only did we acquire five willing men and three whores who looked innocent enough to be farmers and their wives, but we also made the acquaintance of one Rafael who he said had been waiting eagerly to meet me.

According to Rafael, he had guided my beloved De Soto to a confluence of the *Grande* and the Mississippi Rivers from which base Hernando planned to send out parties in search of that continually elusive mistress, gold. It was quite possible, therefore, Rafael assured me, that De Soto was still there and a three-day march through the jungle would see us reunited.

However, he said, the Indians in the area would be suspicious of a party of white men, even led by three Indians—Catarina, himself and me—and we would risk ambush if did not pare our group to just the three of us.

Reluctantly, therefore, I paid off my group of farmer/settler/mercenaries, and Catarina, Rafael and I set forth into what seemed to me utterly trackless jungle.

It was hardly trackless to Rafael, however, for, within a day and a half he had led Cat and me straight into a trap.

* * * *

That night, we looked up from our evening meal of fresh-caught grouper to find our little campsite surrounded by at least a dozen Indians whose only

clothing was a loincloth and a slim belt holding a vicious-looking knife, carved to a razor-like sharpness from some shiny wood, and a quiver of arrows, the tips of which—Rafael informed me—were dipped in a slow-working but deadly poison.

They were obviously expecting Rafael, for they treated him as some sort of chief. And they did not seem surprised at my presence.

But Catarina seemed to give them some cause for minor concern.

Seeing this, Rafael informed them in fluent Spanish, undoubtedly for my benefit,

“The tall woman is nothing to us. It is the little one who is De Soto’s wife. So you may do with the one called Catarina as you wish. Consider her, if you will, as a first course for the main dishes which are to come...in the Feast of the De Soto’s.

“But bind the little one and prop her eyes open with bamboo splinters, so that she may bear a detailed description of her lesbian lover’s death to her husband. That way they may both better appreciate and anticipate their own fates.”

Two of the natives now bound me with the simplest form of restraint I had ever experienced or seen. I was stripped naked and a single piece of thong was used to tie my thumbs together, thus immobilizing my hands. Then I was laid on my side on the ground, bent over backwards and my feet slipped under the thong that held my thumbs. I was, thus, completely incapable of movement and, when the bamboo splinters were inserted between my upper and lower eyelids, even of closing my eyes.. In

fact, the only thing I could possibly do was open my mouth to scream...

"Oh, I wouldn't consider screaming, if I were you," Rafael said, seemingly as an afterthought. "It tends to awake the hordes of blood-beetles that live in the jungle soils. And, with all that naked flesh lying right on top of their nests and trapping them, they are like to want to escape by the most direct means possible...straight through your flesh. So just be as quiet as possible and watch...oh, and pray your lesbian friend can control her shrieks of pain."

He turned to Cat and stared her in the eye.

"Just remember. The beetles will get your friend first," he said with quiet menace.

And Cat spat in his face.

"Just see if pain can bring a sound from these lips," she challenged him. "My love for Cori has sealed them."

"I will see about that," Rafael smiled cruelly. "That is, *we* will. Begin, *amigos*."

Two natives now stepped forward holding a short piece of vine each and tied Catarina's ankles to two saplings which had been bent down and tied to two stakes so that they almost touched the ground. Consequently she now stood, proud and defiant, with her feet about shoulder-width apart.

Then the two natives roughly grabbed the collar of her dress and tore it from her body. And still she stood, defiance blazing from her eyes despite her nakedness before the leering and lascivious stares of the savages surrounding her.

A second pair of natives holding vines now

stepped forward and tied her wrists to the same two saplings about two feet above her ankles, bending her over. Then they tied a strip of wood to each leg above and below her knees, so that she had to stand straight-legged, thrusting her buttocks out at them and exposing both her vulva and her anus to their gaze.

Rafael now nodded to one of the first men, who stepped behind Catarina and flipped his loincloth aside to reveal his erect and ready phallus. This savage wasted no time on foreplay but grabbed Cat's breasts roughly and thrust his cock full up her pussy in one stroke. This attack must have been terribly painful, but Cat did not allow even a grunt to escape between her lips. This seemed to anger her attacker, for he simply drew back, repositioned himself and plunged into her again...this time up her anus.

Cat's head flew up as his shaft invaded her and her face contorted with the agony she felt but, again, not a sound escaped her lips.

Nor did even the smallest whimper during the next hour or more as the dozen Indians savaged her poor vagina and rectum again and again with mounting violence, until her legs were awash with her blood and coital secretions and their semen.

Finally, despairing of drawing the smallest sound from her by these attacks, Rafael ordered that the vines on her wrists and then the ones holding the tops of the saplings to the stakes be cut. The result of this, of course, was that Catarina was swept up into the air, her legs splayed wide and her head and arms hanging straight down. Then another nod from Rafael

saw her wrists tied to the two stakes again, so that she was hanging in an inverted X between the two trees.

And I cursed my curiosity, as I found myself watching, fascinated, as a trickle of blood found its way from her ruined vagina up over her pubic mound and trickled down between her breasts while Cat hung, still silent but for her laboured breathing, between the trees.

Then Rafael stepped up to her and lifted her head to pour a wooden cup of a reddish-brown fluid into her mouth. Catarina gagged and coughed much of it out but she was at last forced to swallow a little.

"That should be sufficient," Rafael said. "That sap increases the blood supply to the brain. Which has two effects: first, it increases her sensitivity to pain and second, it keeps her from losing consciousness until we tire. No use in having her miss the fun, is there?"

And again he nodded to the other natives, who stepped forward, this time carrying slim alder branches, newly cut so that the stinging sap was still upon them.

And they began to circle Catarina, swinging their vicious wands at random at her naked flesh as it hung, upside down, before their eyes.

This time Cat could not hold back the howls of pain. The drug in the sap had done their work, so that she screeched with each blow that sliced her skin to ribbons. Within a half hour, there was scarce an inch of her body that was not torn and bleeding from the terrible onslaught of those weapons. And still they beat her; and still she shrieked.

Until, suddenly, she opened her mouth to scream and no sound emerged.

And her eyes rolled back into her head.

And, mercifully, she died.

Still, the blood from her multitude of lacerations continued to drip onto the ground beneath her swaying head for hours afterwards, while hordes of black beetles trampled each other in a frenzy of blood-hunger.

Following Cat's death, the savages used their knives and vines to hastily fashion a crude cage-like litter into which Rafael forced me, still in the single-vine restraint in which I had been forced to watch my lesbian lover's death.

Then two of the natives picked the litter up and began to carry it through the moon-dappled trail of the night jungle.

"Where are you taking me?" I managed to ask, through my parched lips.

"To watch your husband die," Rafael answered haughtily. "Unless, of course, we decide to let him watch you die first."

For some reason, his haughtiness suddenly offended me.

Perhaps it was because my nerves were at a fever pitch, having just watched my friend die.

Perhaps it was because he was treating me, the wife of a Spanish nobleman, as nothing better than an Indian slut.

Perhaps it was because I knew in my heart that what he thought of me was true.

Whatever the reason, my temper boiled over.

"I shall watch you die first, you savage bastard" I spat at him.

But Rafael merely laughed.

Which made me even angrier.

We marched all night and all the following day, reaching the Indian village at sunset.

Here, in the middle of a circle of palm-frond huts, I saw another bamboo cage, about eight by eight feet by four high—or twice the size of mine—with a naked white man cowering within it. And it was into this that my bearers casually threw me as they undid my sole restraint. As I stretched as much as I could to loosen my muscles, the scrawny, bearded figure looked fearfully up at me and I found with a horrible start that I knew him.

"De Soto! " I cried. "Can it be you? You look so...different."

I did not wish to say 'broken', but that was the word that first occurred to me.

De Soto stared at me for what seemed like a full minute with his glazed eyes before there was a glimmer of recognition.

"Cori?" he said in awe.

And then he repeated,

"Cori..." but this time with a chilling note of terror in it.

"They...they...have you too?" he said slowly, his voice full of a terrible awe combined with an all-consuming grief. "Then God no longer listens to my prayers."

"Yes, my darling Hernando," I said softly, crawling towards him. "They have me. But I live. And so do

you. And, as long as we draw breath, there is hope."

"You think so?" De Soto's lips curled bitterly. "Hope for me? For us? I think not."

And he parted his legs to reveal his crotch.

The Indian bastards had cut off one of his testicles.

"They made me watch them eat my testicle," he said, his voice small and weak. "They promised me that they will come again and take the other one. And then my penis. One at a time until I am no longer a man."

"Do not let me hear such talk!" I ordered, wondering if my voice carried the conviction it did not feel. "You are my husband! Together we can face any adversity."

"Even death?" De Soto was weeping now.

"If we die in each other's arms, so be it," I said. And that, I found to my surprise, I meant.

"But we shall not die. At least not here. Not now. I have a plan."

"Please no more plans," De Soto wept. "Do you know how many plans I have seen die in this god-forsaken jungle? Well, I will tell you of one which I have heard of and then you will see how hopeless all plans to tame this are goddamn wilderness."

And before I could stop him, De Soto began a horrific monologue...

Their names were Diego and Inés De Vilagro, a young married couple fresh from Spain and looking forward to carving out a life for themselves on a plot of land allocated by King Carlos for the civilization and cultivation of New Spain.

But Diego and Inés knew nothing of the territories – as

little, in fact, as King Carlos knows of them.

They did not know that this is an untamed land, a wild land, where the only law is power and the greatest power is wielded, not by the armour of Spain, but the cunning of the savage mind.

For it is the mind of the land itself. All the armies amassed by Pizarro against the Inca of Peru or Cortes against the Aztecs of Mejico cannot match the cunning of a single jungle-bred Indian. And a whole tribe of them? Madrid itself cannot hope to match that awesome strength. I tell you, this is a land that will never be conquered, if only because the jungle itself sides with the Indian. The snakes speak his tongue, the forest cats howl his name, even the myriad insects seem to sing his chants of praise. We are outnumbered here, not only by a human enemy but also by the land, the jungle, itself. Fight though we may, we are doomed to lose, for the whole of nature is against us here.

But, back to Diego and Vilagro and how they learned this lesson.

Though it is highly likely that the Indians kept a secret and watchful eye on them as they took their Spanish-forged machetes and began to hack a small farmstead out of the living jungle, they did not—as is so often their way—interfere in any manner with the work. After all, the clearing and its cabin could be used by the tribe as the focus for a new village without the Indians having to raise a hand or shed a drop of sweat over its preparation.

Indeed, they waited until the roof was finished and the first seed was sown—in the sole field and in Inés De Vilagro—before they made their move.

So it was that Diego stepped outside that fateful morning to find his farm surrounded by naked savages—naked but for a breechclout and their usual needle of a

sapling knife...a weapon that anyone who has seen it operate could easily compare in sharpness to the finest surgeon's scalpel.

The leader of the Indians apparently spoke a little Spanish - the bastards learn it by pretending to act as interpreters and guides – and he smilingly bid Diego Buenos Dias and asked after his wife. Diego turned to call Inés out of the cabin, then, and suddenly found his call to be unnecessary. Inés De Vilagro was already there, being held by the arms between two sturdy braves. The poor child stood with her mouth hanging open, speechless with fright...as well she might have been.

"Por favor," the chief continued his charade of politeness, "would you be so good as to ask your wife to take her clothes off?"

"Why, in God's name should I do that?" Diego demanded.

The Chief's hand fell to the hilt of his knife.

"Because I ask it," he said. "And because if she does not take them off of her own free will, I shall be obliged to cut them off her body...perhaps, regretfully, cutting her a few times in the process."

Trembling like a leaf and crying in shame, poor Inés slowly pulled her skirt down her legs and stepped out of it, to stand shivering – though not with cold – in her blouse and bloomers.

"Too slow, por l'amor de Dios!" the Chief cursed angrily and his knife hand swept out, cutting the waistband of Inés' bloomers so that they fell at her feet.

Then a second swipe cut her blouse neatly in half so that it fell down her arms and wrapped itself around her wrists.

Immediately, the two Indians who had brought her from the house grabbed the shreds of blouse and used them to tie

the girl's wrists behind her. Then they raised her arms high behind her back in a most painful position and hooked them over the metal hook above the door that was used for drying coats when one came in from the rain. Once she was in this position, they yanked her shoes off so that she was hanging, totally naked, in pain and swinging free before the gawking eyes of her embarrassed and frightened husband and of the whole native band.

The Chief now turned to Diego.

"Is your wife with child?" he asked.

"Why in hell should I answer that?" Diego said bravely.

"It's none of your business."

"I make it my business," the Chief smiled without humour.

He nodded to the two Indians who now took Inés by the ankles and pulled her legs apart, holding them against the frame of the door as the Chief approached, little needle knife drawn.

Slowly and tentatively he touched the point of the knife against Inés De Vilagro's vulva, and she winced and tried to pull away. But that only served to make the Chief slap her viciously across her breast with his other hand.

"Hold still, white cow!" he snarled. "I don't want to hurt you...much!"

And with that last word, he rammed his knife up Inés De Vilagro's vagina and twisted it cruelly around and around, while the girl shrieked mindlessly.

"Silencio!" he barked, slapping her other breast.

And Inés went limp, as she mutely watched her life's blood coursing down her legs and trickling off her feet onto the ground.

"No," the Chief said calmly. "It is my surgical opinion that this woman is not with child."

"You bastard!" Diego screamed.

"Grab him. Hold him. Let's see how brave he is," the Chief said.

Two Natives grabbed Diego's arms and two others yanked his trousers down and held his legs. But Diego did not struggle or flinch as the Chief approached him.

"Like all good surgeons, I believe in the clean incision, don't you?" the Indian asked.

"Savage pig," Diego answered.

And the Chief's arm swung in an arc.

Diego's scrotum lay at his feet.

"I predict yon woman will never be with child," the Chief laughed. "At least, not by him."

But terrible as that was, the savages were far from through with Diego and his poor wife.

They tied the bleeding Diego to a fencepost near the house and they propped his eyelids open with bamboo splinters, so that he was forced to watch everything they did to the sobbing Inés.

First the two Indians who had brought her out made sure she was still firmly fixed to the doorway, even tying her feet around the wood of the sash to make sure she could not move.

Then a new man entered into the scene.

He was old and wrinkled, but his aged muscles still showed a wiry strength that belied his years.

"This is our shaman, as you would call him, our holy man," the Chief told Diego. "He will prepare your wife for her part in tonight's festivities. Watch closely, for tomorrow night it will be your turn."

Once the Chief had finished this explanation, he nodded to the old man who began using a fine-tipped wooden stylus to draw intricate red patterns on the skin of the

naked Inés, as she mewled and moaned in a combination of pain and terror.

It took Diego several moments to realize that the stylus was actually a tiny, ultra-sharp knife and the red ink was his wife's blood as the patterns were etched into her living skin.

But even that was not the end of the horrors.

For, once he was satisfied with his decoration of Inés' body, the old holy man began to peel the pieces of flesh outlined by his incisions from her as she howled in agony. Soon her whole torso, face and limbs were a quilt of patches of pale skin and of raw, bleeding flesh around which flies buzzed in hordes enough to drive one mad.

They left them that whole day, she hanging in the doorway and baking in the blazing sun, Diego wrestling with his bonds around the fencepost.

And then, at sundown, they began to carve Inés into pieces – first the arms below the elbows, then the legs below the knees, so that she remained conscious, though her mind had long passed through the boundary of feeling pain. By the time the cooking fire died, there was nothing left of the poor girl but bone and with a few strands of flesh adhering to it.

Then the Chief turned to Diego.

"Tomorrow we shall eat again," he smiled.

And that smile left no doubt as to whom they meant to eat.

However, the brutes were to be cheated of at least one meal. By the time they arrived at sunrise, Diego had already managed to slip his bonds and had impaled himself upon his pitchfork rather than die his wife's excruciating death.

"How can I tell you all this in such detail?" Hernando asked. "Because I was their prisoner at the time. I was in a cage, much like the one in which they brought you here. And they forced me to watch the whole disgusting, terrible thing."

"But why must there be such enmity between the natives and the Spaniards?" I asked. "And why, particularly, does their hatred seem directed toward you?"

"Ah, that is an involved story," De Soto said. "Partly, it is a result of the brief French rule of these lands. The French had a policy of genocide. They believed the only way to make the land safe for settlement was to wipe out the Indians. Of course, as I told you, the land itself is as much the enemy as any man. However, the Indians drove the French away and, to them, we are just another bunch of Frenchmen—white men with a strange language and sticks that kill at twenty paces. So we must be driven out too. I have tried to bring a semblance or order to this bloody chaos. But, from time to time, a lawless group of Indians, refusing to listen to their chief, destroys a white settlement. Such was the case inland, near Orlando where a group of twelve natives massacred a Spanish settlement—cutting their throats as they slept.

"Naturally, as Governor, I could not let such lawlessness go unpunished. Thus I ordered the arrest and summary execution of the dozen renegades. Rafael, however, was a much more powerful chief than I had realized, and he quickly ordered a reprisal...twelve Spaniards for the twelve natives.

And among the Spaniards was to be the Governor—me—and his wife.”

“Me,” I nodded.

“They were to receive the same punishment as the others.” De Soto’s jaw began to quiver a little again. Oh, Cori, I would not have you die like that poor child. I would not watch it! I would not die that way myself!”

And my dear Hernando burst into tears again as I took him into my arms.

“Hush, hush,” I soothed like the mother I would never be. “Do not lose courage. Above all, do not lose your hope.”

“Hope?” De Soto scoffed and it was pathetic to see that brave warrior reduced to this quivering hulk. “There is no hope. Oh, Cori...I am so tired...so tired of hoping and finding none...”

“There is always hope,” I said. “You shall see.”

And I took him in my arms and held him tight, pulling his face up to mine.

“Look,” I said. “I shall prove it to you. I shall make love to you.”

“But I am a carcass...” De Soto protested weakly. “I am mutilated....”

“Perhaps not, perhaps not entirely...” I said softly.

I gave his lips a quick kiss and bent my head so that my lips touched the tip of his penis and—the gods be praised!—I felt it stir. I began to lick around its corona while De Soto moaned in his unexpected pleasure, feeling his cock grow harder.

“See?” I said quietly, “you are still able to react to my kisses. Surely, you will not disappoint my thirst

for you now."

And, at the end, I licked and sucked furiously upon his newly rigid phallus, until De Soto shuddered and groaned, "Oh, Cori, my love, you are a witch! A wonderful witch! I am a man again," and squirted shot after shot of his delicious cum into my mouth.

And I came at the very taste of it.

Later, as we lay in each other's arms, an idea struck me.

"Do you have anything you could use for a weapon?" I asked.

"No, I have only my quill pen and a pouch of ink and my maps," De Soto answered. "A compassionate Indian—whom I am sure, will be punished for it—left it with me, when I begged to be able to finish the diary of my last days."

"Do not speak of 'last days,'" I said sharply. "We have many days before us. You can use the pen as a knife, can you not?"

I smiled wryly.

"Have you not heard it said the pen is mightier than the sword? We shall escape to see more days; you will see."

"But what good are more days in this savage world?" De Soto argued, clearly lapsing into his previous bitterness. "I mean, consider it. Rafael will tell you that his people are being no worse to us than we were to his people. And, when I remember that poor bread-thief in the square at Cajamarca, I realize that he is right. There is no good in this world, Cori."

"What about me? Am I not good?" I challenged him.

"Good for me? Of course you are."

"Then do not expect the Gods to grant you more than a woman who loves you as I do," I told him. "Do you still believe there is gold in this New World?"

"I do."

"Well, I believe that, somewhere, we will find good in it too. Gold or Good. Either would be a treasure worthy of discovery, don't you think?"

"You are wise as usual, my love," Hernando nodded. "Either would be a treasure worthy of a King."

"Then, you say you are tired. If that is so, rest. You will need every bit of strength you have to make my dream come true."

"What is your dream?" De Soto muttered drowsily.

"If Rafael thought I had told you, he would be sure to torture it out of you," I answered. "So ask me no more."

"It involves my pen, doesn't it?"

"Perhaps. Shush, now. Sleep."

And slowly the mentally and physically exhausted De Soto drifted off.

Once he was breathing regularly, I crept over to his writing pouch and took out the pen, ink and maps. As I had hoped, the backs of the maps were blank, so I waited 'til the moon rose and, by its light, began to write.

It was this manuscript and I did not finish it until the moon was about to set just before dawn. The final paragraph runs thus...

* * * *

"Once the moon sets, I shall use the tiny knife I purchased in Haiti, and which is still safely hidden in my rectum, to cut myself and De Soto out of this cage. Then, under cover of the deepest darkness before dawn, we shall try to affect an escape.

"Whether we make good of that the world will probably never know.

"If we find gold, as I know De Soto still hopes, we will be welcomed back to Spain, despite Gonzago's accusations. Gold has a louder voice than any legal scruples with King Carlos.

"However, as I believe more likely, if we do not find gold—and I see no evidence of it on the adornments of the natives--there are two options.

"Either we will disappear into the northern forests where we will find that it is, indeed, possible to sow human seed with but one testicle, or...

"Or, though I hesitate to think of it, we will be recaptured and brutally murdered by Rafael and his tribe. In either instance, we will be heard from no more.

Still, perhaps, these poor jottings on the back of De Soto's maps will serve as a record that there was a woman named Cori Occlo who truly loved her man, a brave and handsome Captain called Hernando De Soto, and who, just for one glorious night, even dared to hold the universe between her thighs...

A universe called Atahuallpa.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Kirstin South is the pseudonym of an award-winning writer of Horror, Mystery and Humour. In her other persona, she has won an Eppie and two Independent Publishers' Yearbook Awards for horror. Hence the fact that two of her first three books for eXtasy are in the horror genre.

She has also received several Reviewers' Choice Awards for her humorous mysteries. Under her real name, she has also written other erotic work, such as an explicit fictional biography of the mad Pharaoh Akhenaten (Dreams for the Wind) and two romantic fantasies for other publishers. Both her embodiments are a Canadian citizen who lives in Toronto or an island in Central Ontario. EXtasy Books welcomes her to its ranks.