



Oasis of

Lust

The Lust Collection

Beverly Sims

BookStrand

OASIS OF LUST

Lust Collection 3

Beverly Sims

ROMANCE

BookStrand
www.BookStrand.com

ABOUT THE E-BOOK YOU HAVE PURCHASED:

Your non-refundable purchase of this e-book allows you to **one LEGAL** copy for your own personal use. It is **ILLEGAL** to send your copy to anyone else. This book cannot be copied in any format, sold, or otherwise transferred from your computer to another through upload to a file sharing peer to peer program, for free or for a fee, or as a prize in any contest. Such action is illegal and in violation of the U.S. Copyright Law. Distribution of this e-book, in whole or in part, online, offline, in print or in any way or any other method currently known or yet to be invented, is forbidden without the prior written permission of both the publisher and the copyright owner of this book. When you no longer want this book, it must be deleted from your computer.

A SIREN-BOOKSTRAND TITLE

IMPRINT: Romance

OASIS OF LUST

Copyright © 2009 by Beverly Sims

E-book ISBN: 1-60601-148-0

First E-book Publication: January 2009

All cover art and logo copyright © 2009 by Siren-BookStrand, Inc.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED: This literary work may not be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, including electronic or photographic reproduction, in whole or in part, without express written permission.

All characters and events in this book are fictitious. Any resemblance to actual persons living or dead is strictly coincidental.

PUBLISHER

www.BookStrand.com

OASIS OF LUST

Lust Collection 3

BEVERLY SIMS

Copyright © 2009

Chapter 1

This was the fifth day Kenya Chambers rode in the woven basket high on the camel's back. As a mode of transportation, it was at least better than walking on the endless sand dunes or riding a horse under the relentless sun. Where she had been with her family in the village, where she was born while they were missionaries was a wonderful place, where the church was ever cool, and a small river that always afforded a place to play ... it was as if that life had never happened. All she knew now was heat, sand, and fear.

Her parents were dead and she was terribly alone. The murderers had killed everyone but the young women they took captive. In the past, her father had warned to flee or die before allowing anyone to capture her, but the raid happened so fast, she had no time to react before the white-garbed man grabbed her from behind and tied her hands. He was not gentle, but neither was he too rough.

He allowed his hands to roam her body, squeezing her breasts through the light cotton of her blouse and lifting her skirt to rub her legs and thighs before sliding his fingers into her womanhood in a way that even she had never done. No man had ever touched her before. She knew this was wrong, but was helpless to fight him.

She was frightened and fear froze her. She did not fight him, just stood still, in shock, as he continued to rub her between her legs. He nuzzled her neck gently as a hand moved over her large breast, tweaking her nipple. His other hand was still moving between her legs.

Slowly, Kenya returned to the world. She tried to get away, but he had her entirely in his power. "Did you like this, Little One? I think you do. Later I will come for you and you will learn how to please a man. If you do well, I will keep you to myself instead of sharing you with the others, as will happen with many of the women. Your skin must remain white so you bring a better price. Nor will I rape you. A tight maidenhead is worth a fortune, but a bit of sexual touch can enhance your value. Rich men want women who will do as instructed, and do it with expertise." Later she would remember his voice and that he had spoken English, probably better than she did, without a trace of accent.

He dropped her skirt and lowered her blouse. He turned her to face him. He was taller by at least a foot, and she was well over five feet. He lifted her chin to look into her clear blue eyes. She whipped her head down and managed to bite his finger. He let out a small noise, and then laughed. "You are a feisty one, aren't you? More fun to tame, I think." This time his fingers wrapped around her gold curls to hold her as he lifted her chin again. He ran his finger along her lips. "Do you smell your women scent on my hand?" he asked as he moved his fingers under her nose, then his own. "Your scent is enough to drive any man wild. Oh, yes, you are quite a morsel, and I am hungry."

He smiled, showing white teeth and full lips above his black beard. That was all she could see of him, as his robes covered him from head to toe. His arms were dark with black hair she could see when the sleeves of his robe dropped, as were the backs of his hand. "Yes, you will bring me a lot of money. I will even buy you a nice gown to wear for the auction, unless the bidders demand to see you naked. I am looking forward to seeing you that way myself. Tonight, I shall."

He turned and left her house. Another man picked her up, his hands roaming her body as he carried her. She bit his shoulder so hard he swore and dropped her. Those around them laughed heartily as he stooped to retrieve her thrashing body from the ground. This time, he held her away from himself, as one would carry a wild animal, and then deposited her in a camel basket, hands still tied behind her back.

From the basket, she looked around the yard and as much of the village as she could see. Everywhere was death. Her parents and brother were bleeding on the ground in front of their house, throats all cut. She could not take her eyes off them and the tears ran down her face.

Even the children were dead. Only girls and young women were still alive. One homely girl of about 13, who had buck teeth and crossed eyes, stood as the men stripped her. The man who had tied and fondled Kenya stepped forward and quickly cut off the girl's head. He looked at Kenya who screamed at his action. Yasin said, "Would you have preferred to see her raped over and over again until she was dead? That is what would have happened if I had not intervened. Had she been attractive, she would have gone to auction, but her looks made her useful only as a receptacle for their lusts. She was worthless in their eyes, good for nothing but for what they could use between her legs."

Kenya remembered how the other children had teased that girl and felt a pity for the horrible life the child had endured. *Perhaps was better off now, with God.* Her captor came to the camel and pulled the cloth down over the window opening. She could see nothing, which was fine, as she could not bear to see any more of the carnage. She lay on her side, arms tied behind her and cried until sleep won out over her grief.

It was dusk when the line of camels and horsemen stopped for the night. Tents went up around the small waterhole of an oasis, nestled under palm trees amid scrawny shrubs. Her captor's man came for her, lifted her down, and indicated she should follow him. He took her to a semi-private grove of shrubs where she soon realized she was supposed to relieve herself. The smell was overpowering, but so were her needs. She turned to show him her tied hands, but he just grinned.

He pulled up her skirt, but turned his back as best he could as she squatted to pass water.

Her face flamed red with embarrassment. Never had she been as humiliated as she had been today. First, the touching by that savage, now this indignity. It was more than she could handle. If she could have found a way to kill herself, she knew she would have done so in a heartbeat. She also knew that the worst was ahead of her. She had heard the whispers of the older women who recited tales of abduction and slavery. There was no doubt her blond hair and blue eyes would make her a desirable sex slave for any depraved man, especially one with dark skin. She knew she would be nothing but a toy used any way he saw fit. Surly, some opportunity would come up where she could end her life before any of that happened.

The brute's man—she preferred to refer to her captor as a brute—took her arm to lead her under a tree, where he indicated she should sit. Numbed with grief, pain, humiliation and hopelessness, she did as she told. She leaned against the tree, closed her eyes, and listened to the voices around her. A few spoke accented English, but most she could not understand, nor did it matter. She smelled food cooking over the fires, and hunger brought her out of her stupor. She was ravenous, and thirsty.

As she looked around, she saw no men from her village and she did not recall any still alive when she surveyed the carnage at the time of her capture. She did see a small group of women, some she recognized, but they were tied together on the other side of the camp where she could not talk to them.

She realized she was not getting food now, so again closed her eyes, this time with her stomach growling. She did not see him walk up to her and started when he spoke. "Are you hungry, Little One? I am sure you would like a meal and some water, even if it means consuming it with me. Come, now, we will go to my tent and our meals will be served to us there." She wanted to say something rude and insulting, but her common sense prevailed.

Chapter 2

Once inside the tent, she was amazed at its luxury. Never in her young life had she seen such opulence. It was so different from the crude hut she shared with her parents and brother. Her home had a thatched roof, dried mud walls, skins for sleeping, a wooden table with chairs and a homemade bookshelf that contained her schoolbooks and their Bibles. Here, huge silk pillows covered most of the ground, but for beautiful woven carpets and several ornate chests.

Her captor cut the rope to free her hands. For a brief moment, she saw he had removed his travel robe. He was tall, slim but muscular, and what some might consider handsome. She considered him a savage, even though he looked no different from dark men she had seen her entire life.

She rubbed her wrists and hands, hoping he would not tie her again. He indicated she should sit as he dropped gracefully to the floor, crossing his legs as he leaned against a pile of pillows. She did as instructed and kept her head bowed, eyes to the ground. For a long time, he did not speak, then asked, "What is your name, child? How old are you? Where are you from?" He waited for her to reply, and then repeated his questions. Again, she did not answer.

He lifted her head with a finger under her chin. Her eyes were brimming with tears, but she uttered not a sound. She was young, perhaps sixteen, he thought, and incredibly beautiful. Her golden hair cascaded in soft waves down her back. Her eyes, even through the tears, were as blue as he had ever seen. Her skin was without blemish, but for a charming spray of freckles across her nose.

She closed her eyes so she did not have to look at him. That action alone was so childlike he grinned. "If you can't see me, I can't see you. Is that how this works?" He laughed softly as he wiped the tears

from her cheeks. "Come, Little One, I will not hurt you." He gathered her into his arms, cradling her as one would a small child. He pressed her face against his chest and rested his chin on her head, rocking her back and forth ever so slightly.

He could feel the warmth of her bottom pressed against his lap, causing his penis to stir. Her bare legs were covered with down, soft as a baby's, the color of a newly hatched chick. He liked the feeling of the thin hair as he rubbed his hand up and down her skin, as much in comfort as in desire. He felt her relax in his arms, ever so slightly. He hummed a mindless tune to her as he dropped his lips down to kiss her cheek gently. She tensed again, but he held her tight and withdrew his lips.

"Cry, Little One, cry for the loss of those you love. Cry for these times we live in, for the cruelty you have endured. Cry for the unknown. And cry for yourself. We will talk when you are ready. Would you like something to eat?"

She did not reply. He sat her down beside him on a pillow, clapped his hands, and spoke to the servant who entered carrying covered bowls that smelled wonderful to her aching stomach. He showed her how to dip the dry bread into the bowl of thick liquid. She watched, wanting to ignore the food, but her hunger won out and soon she was dipping as fast as her mouth could accept the wonderful-tasting offering.

When she could consume no more, she pushed the bowl away and sat once again with her eyes closed and head down. He lifted her head again, this time touching her cheek ever so gently.

"Little One, you will now tell me your name. I am Abd Allah ibn Yasin. You will call me Yasin. My name Abd-Allah means 'servant of god'," and I am named for a famous twelfth-century leader. Now, Little One, what is your name?" When she did not reply, he took her hand in his, squeezing it until she felt discomfort. "We will get along a lot better if you cooperate with me. I will not hurt you as long as you do not incite my anger. I do not want to hurt you any more than you want to be hurt. So, for the last time, what is your name?"

Slowly, she looked into his obsidian eyes. "My name is Kenya Chambers. My parents named me after the country they so loved, the

country where they were helping the natives to learn Christianity and the true God.”

He laughed. “The words you just uttered would cost you your life if anyone else had heard them. It is a death sentence to speak of any god but Allah. I would suggest you curtail your tongue if you value your head. How old are you? Are you married? Children?”

“I am eighteen and not married, and certainly no children. Whatever business it is of yours, I cannot possibly discern. When will you be taking me to a civilized place so I can return to America and my parents’ families there? They will be most distressed to hear that my parents were butchered by pagans.”

“Again, I suggest you tend your words more carefully. Here, we are not pagans. You and your kind are infidels and have no place in our land. Now, before I lose my temper, let us have a look to determine your value. Remove your clothes.”

She looked at him defiantly and do not move. He grabbed her arm to pull her to her feet and, with the other hand, ripped her blouse off, then her skirt. Her chemise and panties were thin, a concession to the heat of the country, so it felt almost as if she was naked. He looked at her and smiled. In one quick movement, he tore away the remainder of her clothing. She tried to cover herself with her hands and arms, but he took hold of each and spread them wide to the sides of her body. She stood fully exposed to his eyes, which took in every inch of her. He turned her around to see her from the back and sides.

“Ah, you are a perfect specimen as far as I can tell. Lay down here against a pillow so I can examine you further.”

She pulled away, swinging her arms to hit him. He laughed once again and took both wrists in one of his massive hands as he lifted her with the other, depositing her on the floor. He continued to hold her wrists as he ran his hands down her body. She began to kick, hoping to inflict pain on his manhood, but his robe acted as protection and distorted her idea of where to plant her feet.

Yasin laughed and began to rub her nipples as he spread her legs and vaginal lips. He carefully ran his fingers inside her. He found her hymen still intact, as he had expected. He could not resist, however, rubbing her tiny clit a moment with the tip of one finger as he

watched her face for a reaction. A bit disappointed, he saw nothing but hatred in her eyes.

Chapter 3

He threw a robe over her, leaving her spread on the floor, naked and humiliated. She rolled up into a ball on one side, facing away from him. He left the tent without another word. Her first thought was to run, but where would she go? She knew she would be lost among the sand dunes within minutes and would perish within hours after the sun came up. She had vowed to kill herself, even against God's laws, before becoming a sex slave, but becoming food for the scavengers was worse than death. Her only choice was to stay where she was and bide her time. Surprisingly, she was asleep within minutes.

Before dawn, nature called. In the dark tent, she could see nothing in which to relieve herself, so crept to the door to go outside. Somehow, even in the dark, he found her wrist. "Where do you think you are going?"

"I need to relieve myself." Even the admission humiliated her.

"Well, you cannot go out there with nothing on her feet, or your body either." He wrapped a robe around her and picked her up. Outside the tent, he moved away from the campfires and the little oasis. He had walked a few yards before she realized that he too was naked. There was no moon, but the stars looked like a million lights never-ending across the sky. "You may do as you need."

He stood close, but in the dark Kenya could not see him, just sense his presence. He started to speak, then put his hand over her mouth and whispered, "Do not make a sound. It appears we have some uninvited guests. Lay down. I am going to cover you with sand to hide you. When this is over, I will return for you. Stay here, do you hear? Do not leave no matter what you think is happening. If you do, what will happen to you is worse than your most dreadful nightmares. Do you understand?"

She nodded, but with no idea why other than the intensity of his voice. He quickly wrapped her completely in the robe. She lay at the base of the dune and he covered her completely, allowing only a tiny space under her arm to admit air. "If you move now, the entire dune will probably come down on you, and I will not be able to find you later," he warned. Then he was gone.

Endless screams and gunfire seemed to go on for hours. Much yelling, more screams, and cries, then the world was silent as the hooves died away. She was too frightened to move, and remained just as he had instructed her. The sounds she heard brought back memories of her village and its destruction. She cried quietly. Finally, she slept fitfully, afraid she would turn over and cause an avalanche that would bury her alive.

Kenya knew morning had finally arrived as light began showing through the hole in the sand under her arm. She waited, but no one came for her. When the sand became too hot to tolerate, she moved slowly, inching out of the cocoon, praying the sand would not come sliding down. When she could see out, she tensed all her muscles for one giant jump up and away from the dune.

Despite his warning, she had reached safety without the dune moving more than a few grains. Slowly, she climbed the dune wrapped in the robe she pulled out with her. It was arduous, on hands and knees, two feet forward and one foot back. Finally, she reached the crest and looked down.

The camp was still burning. Tents were only blackened skeletons. Bodies lay everywhere. Buzzards had found them and were already at work. She ran down the dune, losing her robe somewhere behind her. Naked, she chased the scavengers away, crying as she recognized two of the girls from her village. She knew one by the birthmark on her thigh, the other by the proximity of her head to the body. There was no doubt what they had experienced before decapitation. Or perhaps after, it did not matter now either way. She picked up a soot- and blood-stained white robe off the ground and made a wrap around cover for herself as she looked for anyone or anything alive. She found one of the invaders in a strange uniform. He was alive, barely, but she felt no charity toward him and wished him a quick death.

There were bodies floating in the water, even, most of them face down. The water was pinker now than clear, but thirst drove her to take small tastes, just enough to wet her mouth and throat. Common sense told her to remove the bodies, if she could, before the oasis was completely fouled. She found a rope that she tied to the leg of one decapitated man and managed to drag him out of the water. She move to the next body, another invader, and repeated the action, her muscles crying in pain. There were floating heads and submerged body parts everywhere, so she removed them as well. She took a knife on the water's and stood it up in the sand beside her in case she might need protection later

She tied her rope to the next body, which was face up while the others had been floating face down, and began to pull. A low moan caused her to jump back and grip the knife in her shaking hand. She leaned forward and let out a cry. It was her captor, that Abd-Allah person. Well, she could not let him die. He had been good to her, most of the time. She put out of her mind his touches that invaded her body and her soul and remembered how he held her when she cried and wiped away her tears. On some level, she knew he was not all bad.

This time, she climbed in the water to gently drag his torso up onto the bank. She could see a huge wound in his left shoulder that already looked putrid from the heat and buzzing insects. Did she dare put water on it, infected already? Would it be worse to introduce the filth in the once clean water? She really had little choice, so she cupped her hands together, time and again, flushing it as best as she could. She looked around the camp, searching for anything that might help.

She found nothing but some cloth, which she soaked to place on the wound to protect it from the buzzing flies as she continued to drag bodies out of the water. She had only one more to go when she heard him weakly call her name. He was watching her through lidded eyes, lids and face burned by the sun. She knelt beside him, looking into his mysterious eyes.

"Little One," his voice was low. "You must help me into the shade of those bushes. You pull me from behind and I will try to use

my feet to help you along.” Kenya started to drag him, but he screamed in pain. After a brief moment, he spoke again. “Keep going. No matter what, I have to get out of the sun. Now!” He pushed with his feet as she used all her strength to move him until he was in the shade. He then passed out.

Kenya went back to remove the last body. She knew the scavengers would be here soon, including the horrible, dangerous hyenas that did not mind killing whatever was handy in order to eat. Nevertheless, for now, she had to see to the man, who had awakened and was watching her.

“If you do not want me to die, we must clean this wound. Immediately! Go find a piece of wood from a fire, one that is still burning. Bring it.”

Kenya moved as if in a trance. She found such a wood and returned to stand beside him. “Little One, move away the cloth and my shirt. Yes, that is fine. Put the burning end of the wood deep into the wound. Do not stop until all the flesh inside and around it is black. Do you understand?”

She did not answer, just stared at his shoulder. “Kenya,” he shouted, grabbing her ankle. “Do what I told you. Burn it, now. No matter what I say or scream, do not stop until it is black.” He squeezed her ankle and closed his eyes as she moved the red-hot ember toward him. He began to scream as it hit his flesh. He gripped her ankle harder, screamed louder, until he fainted again. She continued to sear the wound until it was black and smelled of burnt flesh. She threw the wood away, crying as she soaked another cloth to press into his skin. She bathed his face and dribbled water into his parched mouth, then dropped to the ground beside him and slept the sleep of the exhausted.

When she awoke, she sensed things had changed. Her captor was standing. “Help me with a sling for my arm. I have tried to do it myself and do not have the dexterity.”

She stood to look up into his shoulder. He had covered it with cloth and was offering his arm for her to wrap. Once it was complete, he took her shoulder with his good arm and pulled her to him. He

pressed her head to his chest, kissed the top of her now filthy hair. She felt his strong chest, letting herself collapse against it.

Kenya felt her own strength returning. “Yasin, how can we build a shelter with nothing? The vultures are already eating. I am so afraid of the hyenas. How will we survive the night?”

Chapter 4

“Things are not as bleak as they may seem. No oasis is what it seems. Attacks happen at every watering hole in the desert, so those who visit them often leave weapons and provisions buried in the sand. You will have to help me, because I cannot dig very well or fast with only one arm. Follow me. I will pace off where we will dig first.”

He went to specific spots around the oasis, walked different distances from each, and then marked the spot with a stick. When four places had been indicated, Kenya asked, “Each seems to be a different distance into the dunes.”

“That is a good observation. We do it that way so that no one finding one cache will find another the same distance. If we had time, it is safe to say we could uncover a dozen, perhaps hundreds, such hiding places, many used for years. Now, let us begin with the first I marked.”

She dropped to her knees and started digging. As soon as she removed some sand, more flowed into the depression she had created. After a few minutes, she felt intense frustration. Yasin appeared with some wood scraps and palm fronds that he used as a dam above the spot he had marked. Some sand still moved down, but mostly on the sides or over the dam, rather than directly in the hole. He squatted beside Kenya and, using his one hand, pushed the sand away and down the dune. Twice he foraged more boards and fronds that he added above the first dam.

Kenya’s hands were sore and abraded with many tiny cuts. She was amazed to find the sand so incredibly lethal, when it seemed so soft. She did not complain, just continued digging. Finally, her fingers touched wood. She cried out. Yasin was there immediately, telling her to move aside so he could retrieve the box.

He pulled and shoved, but it would not budge. He swore in frustration with his weakness. Kenya simply moved as close to his hurt side as she could, using her strength as his second arm. Within minutes, they had pulled it out, using the rope handles affixed on either end.

When the box was out of its sandy hole, they dragged one of the bodies from the bank of the waterhole to drop into what was now to be a grave. "Yasin, wait, this man is still alive."

"He is an enemy and deserved his fate." Yasin pulled his makeshift dam from above it. They watched as the sand slid down to cover the man, burying him alive. "One less thing for the scavengers to eat," he said.

He used his knife to pry the lid loose. Inside, they found four guns and ammunition, fabric for a tent, cooking pots, clothing and utensils. "First," he said, "we will put up our shelter first." They cleared away the ruins of his burned tent and erected the new one nearby. It was far smaller, but more than ample for two people.

They returned to the box for the weapons and a few other items. Now that it was lighter in weight, they could easily drag it to the tent. They repeated the entire process with the second box they uncovered, which contained dried food, canteens, blankets, medicines and even some soap. It was turning dark when Yasin returned from pulling the third and fourth markers from the sand.

Before it was too dark, they repeated the burial of a second body, a man from Yasin's tribe. The others would have to wait.

"We have enough for tonight, so no reason to give anyone who wanders by a clue as to where the supplies are buried. We will not light a fire or lantern tonight that might draw attention to our being here. We have food, water and blankets. Would you like to wash now?"

He changed the subject so quickly she momentarily did not catch his question. "Oh, yes, I would love a bath." She grabbed the soap and a cloth and ran to the tent's door flap. He caught her arm, bringing her to an abrupt halt.

“First, you will never go out without me. Do you know how to shoot a gun? We will have to guard one another. That is our only safety.”

Kenya nodded. “I understand, and yes I can shoot a gun. Actually, I am a good hunter. Many times, I brought in meat for the villagers when times were bad. Please, now can I wash?”

He released her arm and opened the flap, stepping outside to look around before nodding at her to follow. She ran for the waterhole, ready to wade in fully robed. He yelled that she should not get her clothes wet, if she did not want them covered with sand. She remembered his touches yesterday and his lustful look, but as she debated, he was climbing a dune to overlook their surroundings.

She tore off her makeshift robe and ran, pretending the area did not reek of rotting bodies, until she was finally in the blessed water. The sun was hot on her naked skin, but the water was tepid. She soaped and rinsed every inch of her body, then lay on her back and floated, relaxing for the first time since her kidnapping. She tried to keep the pictures in her mind from surfacing, but they rose to haunt her nevertheless. As she floated, she relived the horrors, letting her tears flow into the water around her.

High above her, looking down, he could see her perfect form as she floated as innocent as Allah had made her. His eyesight, like that of most of his people, was keener than the average man raised in any other environment, probably from centuries of the necessity to see far for protection. He could see her taut stomach and large, round breasts with long pink nipples and aureoles nearly the same color as her body. Her hair floated around her head like her Christian saints, but the hair between her legs interested him most. It was a triangle of curls that rode high up her abdomen and low between her legs. It was a place a man could bury his face forever. The thought of that made his penis grow and harden. He had vowed he would not lust for her, but he had no control. The fact was, he wanted her, probably more than any woman he had ever seen.

Chapter 5

Yasin forced himself to look away. He again surveyed their surroundings, which appeared to be safe, at least for now. He slid down the dune, warning her as he moved that he was coming. She scurried out of the water, ignoring the scavengers, grabbed her robe and headed for the tent. Yasin yelled for her to get a gun and carry it at all times. He leaned his own weapon against the tree and striped off his coverings, including the sling and bandages.

Kenya had entered the tent, but left the flap open. She could not take her eyes off him as he discarded his clothing. He was tall, muscular, and dark with black hair. Her vision dropped to the juncture of his legs and the curls around his ... his ... she did not even know what to call it. Her education had not included those body parts. Nevertheless, she wanted to see it better. She knew it had something to do with sex, as she had seen the animals mate, but she had never seen a naked man.

As she continued to peek out the open flap, she watched as Yasin soaped himself. His face, his arms, his broad chest, even his wound. Finally, he moved his hand down into the curls and lifted up his 'thing' as he soaped between his legs. He began to lather it, using his hand in an up and down motion. He was looking straight at the tent as if he were watching her, which of course, he was.

She watched as his thing grew bigger and longer. She did not know he was doing this to empty himself before he could no longer control his lust for her. This was forbidden, but so was rape, in most societies. He increased his pressure and the speed of his hand until he reached his climax. He arched his back and moaned aloud as his hips jerked forward to spew his semen onto the sand.

Kenya now understood what he had done. The Bible said not to spill seed, and that was what he had done, she was sure. However, he was a heathen, so did it matter? The strangest thing had happened to her as she watched him. She felt dampness between her legs and her nipples had hardened. She touched her breast; the nipples grew even harder. She had felt that happen when she had dreams sometimes, but she could never remember them and she was glad. She felt not only the wetness, but also some twinges inside of her, down there! What was wrong with her?

She turned away and forced herself to find the gun and load it. When Yasin came into the tent, still naked and damp, she did not look at him. "Kenya, I need you to help me again with my wound. Please put this medicine in it and rub it until all the burnt tissue is covered. Then we will put a new bandage on it."

She kept her eyes averted, but said, "Only if you put some clothes on. I don't want to see you like that."

Yasin laughed. "Little One, you sure did not mind seeing me a few minutes ago. Did you enjoy my bath as much as I enjoyed yours? Next time, we will take one together so I can wash your back. But to please you, I will dress." She ignored his questions, but felt her face redden. He laughed again, patting her cheek.

When his lower body was covered, he sat down so she could medicate his wound. He could feel her warmth so close to him, even detecting a womanly scent he doubted she knew she had. But he sure knew it! Empty balls or not, he still wanted her.

When she was finished dressing his wound, they ate. She asked if they could go outside to look at the stars. He agreed, picked up his rifle, and lifted the flap for them to exit. "Be careful, there are many creatures that come for water at night. You might not think this desert has anything living, but it is full of animals, especially snakes." Before he could even finish this sentence, she was back inside.

"I hate snakes. My father said I should not hate any of God's creatures, but that is one creature I wish God had never created. Look what it did to Eve, tempting her that way. And since you said no light or fire, I am not taking a chance of one deciding to take a bite out of me."

Yasin moaned inwardly. He would love to take dozens of bites of her. He had to get his mind off her and the picture he had in his mind of her floating in the water, legs apart and breasts pointing at the sky. "Since you have decided not to go outside, we can at least talk a bit. What would you like to discuss?"

"How about the Bible? It always gives me great comfort to read and hear passages from those beloved pages," Kenya replied.

"Your Bible is not my religious book," Yasin said. "Mine is Qur'an, or Koran, as your people call it, so it would be better to discuss something else. Tell me, Little One, do you have a fiancé or boyfriend as you Americans call it, I believe? Are you promised to some blond young man who is waiting somewhere to take you to his bed?"

"No. I have no young man. My father would never accept my marrying anyone but a white person, even though he loves all the natives in his village and those around it. He believes that blood should not be mixed between the races, that it must be kept pure."

"What do you think? Do you agree with your father?"

"Of course. What kind of daughter would I have been to disobey my father? That is a silly question."

"I think it is a reasonable question. You are headstrong and have a mind of your own, so it would not surprise me if you had opinions that differ from his."

"How can you form such an opinion, as you do not even know me?"

Oh, how I would like to know you, every inch of you. "You showed your intelligence by pulling the dead bodies from the water, knowing that the dead would contaminate it for weeks, if not months."

"Nonsense. Anyone would have known that."

He did not disagree, but he knew she was wrong. He doubted that a few of his tribe would have done what she had done and so quickly. They were quiet for a long time when she asked the question that had been plaguing her since the attack on her village. "Did you kill my parents?"

He had wondered when she would ask. “No, Kenya, I did not, nor did my tribe. The same group who came here last night attacked your home. They wanted revenge for the loss of their men when we killed them at your village. We were too late, as the carnage indicated. Only our arrival kept you from being one of their captives. This is the truth, in the name of Allah.”

He wondered what she was thinking, she was quiet for so long. “I believe you,” she said. “Nevertheless, I am still a slave, regardless of who captured me.” Eventually, she drifted off to sleep.

He waited until her breathing became even before moving to pull the sheepskin over her, as it would get very cold tonight with no fire. He wished he could watch her sleep. He felt tenderness for her he had never experienced before, except for his mother and little sisters. Perhaps it was appreciation because she had saved his life. Now she was killing him with his want of her.

Chapter 6

Kenya awoke and rubbed her eyes as a child would. In many ways, she was still much of a child. Although she had lived her entire life among the free spirits of the African tribes whom her father and mother had tried to convert, they did their best to see that she stayed apart from the old rituals and ways that were not consistent with their teachings. They simply explained that the natives were still part savage and some were closer to animals than humans such as she.

As she got older, Kenya realized that was a most unchristian attitude and only once tried to discuss it with her mother. Her mother chastised her harshly and told her never to mention it again.

Her body needed to relieve itself and Yasin was nowhere to be seen. She pulled on her robe, picked up her rifle and carefully opened the tent flap. She stepped outside and looked around, but still no Yasin. Carefully, she picked her way into the sand dunes, vowing never to go to that latrine spot again. She had squatted to do her business, holding the gun in her left hand, when she heard a noise above her. As quickly as she could, she finished and crept back toward the tent.

Edging along the bottom of the dune, she kept in the shadows. When she reached the lowest portion of the dune, she dropped down on her stomach to look around and up, but saw nothing. She lay still, trying to remember if the sound had been made by a voice or a creature, but it had not been clear enough to be sure.

Suddenly, she saw a pair of feet in front of her. She rolled away as she brought the rifle up, ready to fire. "Whoa, Little One," Yasin said. "It is I. No need to shoot me, but I want to congratulate you on your quick response to the unknown. I could not have done it better myself, except I would simply have shot instead of hesitating as you did."

"I did not hesitate. You were just lucky I am so quick-thinking or you would be dead."

"As you wish, but you did exactly what was right. I will not have to worry so much about you in the future."

Kenya resented his attitude. "You do not have to worry about me at all, sir. I can take care of myself. Where were you and what were you doing?" she demanded.

"I was out getting us some fresh breakfast. We can build a small fire to cook this morning. I have brought you a nice fat snake. They are most tasty." He dropped it on the ground near her, and realized his mistake as she aimed the gun to shoot. He grabbed her hand before she could pull the trigger. "A gunshot can be heard for many miles out here. Shoot only if you life is in danger."

"Well, if a snake is not danger, I don't know what is."

"A dead snake hurts no one. I apologize for frightening you. I thought you would understand it was dead."

"You damn well should be." She flounced away, barely believing she had uttered a profanity. She turned her head to announce, "I will starve before I eat one bite of that." He smiled, believing she would do just that. He built a fire and skewered the snake, along with a desert rat he had also killed, turning them over the flames until the cooking appeared done. He knew she would not come out of the tent to eat, so he dropped part of the rat in a bowl and took it to her.

"Don't bring that in here. I told you, Yasin, I will not eat it. Go away and take your snake with you."

"It is not snake, Little One. It is rabbit. I found it before the snake made it his dinner."

Kenya peered into the bowl. "It does not look like a rabbit to me."

"Desert rabbits are much smaller than other kinds," he lied, knowing that otherwise she would refuse the rat too. "Try it. I already had some myself and found it tasty."

"Your finding it tasty is no recommendation. You eat snake, and God only knows what else." She sniffed it, deemed the odor satisfactory, and dipped her fingers to lift it to her lips. She put her tongue on it first, then her teeth, and within minutes had consumed it all.

He watched, wishing that tongue was moving toward him, those teeth pressing against his lips. How much longer he could stand this was the question of the universe at this moment. He took the bowl and turned away without a word, but not before she had seen the bulge in the front of his robe.

Kenya wondered if he was going to spill his seed again and, shamefully, hoped she could watch. It was fascinating and made her feel warm and funny. Thinking about it, she wanted to put her hand between her legs as she had seen many native women do. They would move back and forth, rubbing up inside themselves until they moaned and their hips moved the same way he had. She forced herself to stop thinking about that, but felt a tension still inside her. It was something she had never felt before and she liked it.

When she finally went outside, he had put out the fire and was laying atop one of the dunes, looking into the never-ending sand. She walked slowly to the water, dropping her robe as she had the day before. She dipped her body into the coolness, and then floated on her back, dreamingly. It was not until the water around her moved that she realized something other than herself had disturbed it.

Chapter 7

Kenya turned onto her stomach quickly, looking around. Yasin was walking slowly towards her, as naked as she was.

“Little One, I cannot take much more, but I promise what I am going to do will not hurt you. Please do not fight me. It will be better if you relax and let me show you how good it can be between a man and a woman. I have watched you and savored your smell and emptying my balls myself is inadequate when a woman as beautiful as you is near.”

Kenya started to swim away, but he was too quick. He grabbed an ankle, pulling her to him. He raised her out of the water to stand in front of him. He ran his fingers through her wet hair. He bent to lick the droplets of water running down her cheeks. He tilted her head up and gently placed his lips on hers. She started to struggle, but he held her firmly, pulling her to him so her breasts pressed against his tight, muscular chest. His tongue moved along her lips until she relaxed enough for him to move inside her mouth. She struggled again, but he simply moved his tongue around inside her mouth, evidently savoring her taste.

She felt his thing growing against her and the feel of it was somehow pleasant. No, not just pleasant. More like exciting. As his lips continued their movements, she found her own answering his, not from experience, but from instinct. He moaned into her mouth and moved his hand down between their bodies to cover one breast. He felt her sharp intake of breath as he touched her, and once again, as he rubbed her nipple.

“Little One, oh, Allah, Little One,” was all he could say, over and over again, as he worshipped her breasts with his tongue and lips. She lifted her chest to him, moaning as she felt sensations so wonderful

that she wanted more. He lifted her into his arms, carrying her to the tent. He gently laid her on a sheepskin, and then knelt above her to kiss her lips again first, then her breasts. He put her hand on his thing as he had done, guiding it up and down. She lifted her head so she could watch as he moved his hips forward and back as she rubbed him.

He pushed her hand away, but it was too late. He was squirting a thick, creamy substance all over her stomach. He dropped down beside her, kissing her lips. "I am sorry, Kenya. I could not wait. You are too wonderful. But I will make it up to you, I promise." He rubbed her wet stomach and moved her hand to slide into the sticky liquid along with his. "You do not even know for sure what this is, do you?"

She shook her head, eyes wide. "It is the seed that will make a baby when it joins the seed of a woman in her womb. As long as the two seeds do not meet, there will be no baby. So, as long as I do not penetrate you, nor get any of my seed inside your womb, you will not become pregnant. Do you understand?"

Kenya looked directly into his eyes as he reclined on one elbow with his face directly above hers. "No, not completely. How does a man put the seed in the woman? Will I have a baby now?"

He bent to kiss her pink lips again. "You will not have a baby. I must put my penis inside of you and the seeds join there, or at least shoot my seed where it can seep inside you. Put your hand on me again." Timidly, she did so. "This is my penis. Let me will show you where I would like to put it. I promise I will not hurt you." They both knew he was not asking for permission as he began to touch her.

Slowly, Yasin moved his hand to her mound. He was careful to use the hand that had not rubbed his sperm all over her stomach. He let his fingertips spread her vagina, but she stopped him by pressing her legs together with so much strength he was surprised.

"Little One, spread your legs open again. I will not hurt you, as I promised."

Reluctantly, Kenya did as he bid, moving her thighs apart so he could enter her. She knew she should refuse or at least fight him, but somehow could not. She felt his fingers in the wetness her body had made while she was experiencing all those sensations. He moved

them until he reach her maidenhead before stopping. "This is the gate that guards your womb. When a penis opens it, the walls on the other side move to caress the penis until it produces the seed that swim up into your body in the moisture you have inside. Can you feel your wetness on me, inside?"

Her eyes were wider still as she nodded. "I am going to show you something that will make you feel like you never have before. Just lay still and let me show you how good sex can be." He put his mouth back on her breasts, first one then the other, as his fingers moved just inside her vagina where he found her little button.

He watched her face. This time when he touched her button, she gave a startled look at him. He smiled, knowing that she was feeling what he wanted her to feel. He gently rubbed it. "Close your eyes, Little One, and let the pleasure take over your body. Yes, that is right. Does it feel good?"

She did not reply. She did not have to answer. He knew from watching her. Her face was soft as her head was moving slowly from side to side. He increased the pressure on her clit, just a bit, but enough that she took a sharp breath.

She opened her eyes to look deeply into his. She raised her head to place her lips on his. He pushed her back down with his mouth and tongue. With one hand, he caressed her breasts while the other continued to rub with increasing speed and pressure. He felt her hips start to move, pushing up against his hand. She cried out deep in her throat and her pelvis lifted off the sheepskin as if to meet the hips of a lover.

Oh, to be that lover, he thought. His penis had already hardened again.

When her hips dropped back down and her body became limp, he knew she was done, at least for now. Soon she would want it again, and he would oblige, as many times as he could. He laid down beside her, pulling her to him, holding her close, as her breathing slowed. He kissed her cheeks gently. "How was that, Little One?"

"I am shamed." She covered her face with her hands. "No decent woman would let any man, including her husband, do the things you

just did ... and I just did, and worse yet, I liked it. Oh, dear God, what have I done? I will go straight to hell for these abominations.”

“You will not go to hell. What we did is what married people do to make it easier to procreate. When a woman enjoys the union, she is more likely to conceive a child. I think that is something Allah and your God both agree on.”

“But we are not married. We fornicated, and that is a sin. Pure and simple! And we were not trying to make a baby. It was solely for our own pleasure, and that is wrong also.”

“Ah.” Yasin smiled. “You admit you enjoyed it. That is what you were supposed to do. We did not fornicate, because we did not join. I did not put my penis in your womb. That will happen, when your master takes you for the first time. I wish it were I, but the money I get from selling a virgin blonde is necessary for my tribe to exist with so many of our men dead. The sooner I can get you to auction, the sooner I can return to my home.”

He felt her body tighten, but he was not ready for the onslaught that met him as he bent to kiss her again. Her fingernails raked his face, her knee dug into his groin and her fists pounded his chest and stomach as she struggled away from him. She picked up a rifle, pointing it at his chest as he clutched his groin, writhing in pain. She slid a cartridge into the chamber, standing with it ready to fire as she looked down on him. She was like an angry goddess of Greek legend, naked and dangerous, beautiful and deadly, a woman any man would die to possess, as he was going to.

“I will kill you before I go to be auctioned to the highest bidder. That is the truth on my mother’s grave ... if she even has one. You were probably the group that attacked my village. You told me lies to make me trust you, and to have your way with me. I hate you and will watch the hyenas take your flesh and bones to the ends of the earth.”

Her finger tightened on the trigger. He knew she was beyond reasoning. His stupid musings about his tribe was going to cost him his life. “If you kill me, who will take care of you?”

“Ha, I will. You can see how well I can do that. Make your peace with your Allah, because you are a dead man.”

"I must bow to Allah, on the ground, as it is said must be done," Yasin said, hoping for a chance to disarm her as he arose.

"That is far enough. Drop to your knees now. If you put one foot on the ground, I will shoot you." He did not doubt her.. *Allah, what a woman this is! Had I known it was to end like this, I would have taken her maidenhead a dozen times over.*

Yasin prostrated himself as his religion required, his head towards Mecca. He uttered words he had heard his entire life, a call to prayer. He felt a calmness he had never expected as he prepared to die. The noise of the tent flap opening was enough to make Kenya look away for a split second, just long enough for Yasin to roll into her legs, knocking her off balance. The gun fired, missing his head by scarcely an inch. He grabbed the barrel, still burning hot, and wrested the weapon from her.

He stood, holding the gun as he looked at her flashing eyes, knowing that she really had tried to kill him. "Hello, Oman, my brother," he spoke without looking at the man who had opened the flap. "I have been waiting for you. It appears you arrived at the last moment, but I appreciate it nevertheless."

The other man's attire matched exactly what Yasin was wearing the first time she saw him. He stood bare, his entire body exposed but for the bandage at his shoulder.

"What did you do, my brother, to make her so angry that she would kill you?" Oman asked. "Have you lost your touch with beautiful women? If so, then I am doomed, as I have never had your finesse." He was grinning as he spoke, taking in every inch of Kenya's nakedness with more than a passing interest.

"She is a beauty," he continued. "Is she still pure? She will bring a fortune in villages outside of Marrakech. We will have her picture posted for potential bidders to see. They will open their vaults to possess her."

Yasin lowered his rifle and the brothers hugged in welcome. "I wondered if my message had been missed."

"No, the sentries forwarded it, but we were far away. I must go outside to bring the others down. Their horses and camels are thirsty. Perhaps you should cover the woman before we have to shoot the

whole tribe to keep them away from her.” He shook his head. “I did not realize you had that much willpower. Or was it your wound? No, a little thing like that would never stop you from taking a woman you wanted.” He laughed as he went outside.

Chapter 8

Kenya sat on the floor, knees pulled up to her chest, head down. Yasin pulled her to her feet, opened a wooden box by the door flap, removed a robe and threw it at her.

“Cover up. This is a hijab, which you will wear from now on. It will keep you from the eyes of others, unlike that robe you wrapped around yourself, which showed every curve of your body.” He stood looking at her, and then said, “You saved my life in the water, then you would kill me. I do not understand. Why?”

“I would have tried to save any man, you were no one special. I began to trust you, let you entice me into humiliating myself with your carnal desires, and then you casually remarked on my value as a slave. I thought I had become something more than that to you. Apparently, I was wrong.”

Yasin began to understand. She sensed his desire for her, so overpowering that she had some kind of control over him. She was right, she did have a control more powerful than common sense over him. It was called lust. That was all, nothing more. At least that was what he told himself. He remembered some old saying about a woman scorned, and decided that was how she felt.

He walked to her, grabbed a handful of her yellow locks, pulled her head back, and kissed her hard and long. She kept her teeth tightly clenched until he squeezed her jaw to force open her mouth. As long as he held her that way, she could not close her mouth. He pushed his tongue inside, running it around roughly until he had touched every inch of her mouth, even in front of her teeth. His tongue began to press hers, rolling them together. She struggled, but he was too strong for her. Finally, he stepped back.

“Here.” He threw another cloth at her. “This is a niqab. It will veil your head and face, all but your eyes, like a proper woman.”

“We have determined that I am not a proper woman, so I will not — Do you hear? — will *not* wear that.”

“You will do what you are told, from this moment forward. I have tolerated enough of your whining and crying. It is time for a lesson on what you will be doing as a slave.” Out of nowhere, he produced a length of rope and tied her hands behind her back once again. He shoved her down on the pile of pillows. “If you are a good little slave, I will perhaps even give you a scrap of food or two. Snake, perhaps.”

He looked down on her with eyes of ebony, his face devoid of emotion. He pulled his robe over his head. “If you had done as you were instructed, you would be free now to enjoy the light breeze outside, instead of the heat of the tent. You would have been properly covered then, but it was your choice to leave your face uncovered for all to see, so you must pay for your decision.” He left without another word.

Kenya could hear laughter and smell food cooking. As the night darkened, the noise of the camp decreased, until she could hear only two voices nearby. Yasin and The village, the wonderful place she’d grown up with her missionary family, the ever-cool church, the small river that were talking, but in their native language, so she understood nothing, except twice she heard her name.

Eventually, Yasin came into the tent, carrying a lantern and a bowl of food. He set the bowl down in front of her, holding the lantern so she could see what he was offering. It was snake, as he had threatened. She turned her head to avoid looking at it. He spoke. “You will be given nothing more until you have eaten the snake. I will untie your hands so you can eat.”

Kenya felt her anger building again. “Do not bother to untie me, because I will not eat it. And if you do not offer me anything else, so be it. I can as easily die of starvation as under the big, fat, bloated body of some slimy Arab you will sell me to, either from asphyxiation or some disease he will give me.”

Her words created images in his mind. The image of an overweight, unclean, smelly cretin with full moneybags and a swollen

penis, driving himself into her soft, sweet body, grunting and sweating until he was done, laying exhausted, smothering the life out of her, gave him a wave of nausea. He had to shake his head to clear the picture out of his mind. Nevertheless, he could not let her dictate to him. She would not eat until she consumed the snake.

“As you wish. The rope stays on until you are ready to comply with my commands, as women should. Goodnight, now, and do not keep me awake with your growling stomach. As you lie there uncomfortably, think of a full stomach and the wonderful sensations I can give to you, in my arms, from my mouth and hands. Think of those things, too.” He removed his robe, letting her see his nakedness in the lantern light, and laughed as she closed her eyes and turned her head away. He blew out the lantern and, within minutes, she heard his deep breathing.

Chapter 9

Kenya awoke miserable. Her stomach ached with hunger, her throat and mouth were dry, and her bladder was full. Yasin was already gone, but the bowl of snake remained. She rolled over, stood up and opened the tent flap, pushing at it with her feet.. The sun was so glaring that she had to wait for her eyes to accustom themselves to the brightness. She did not see her captor anywhere, so she pushed her feet into her slippers and stepped outside. Before she had gone three feet, he was beside her.

“Where do you think you are going?” He held her arm as he led her back into the tent.

“To relieve myself, if you don’t mind.”

“I do mind. When you have covered your head, I will allow you to do so.”

As sarcastically, as she was able, she replied. “How do you suppose I am to cover my head with my hands tied?”

Yasin knew she had won this round, but he would win the war. He wrapped the niqab around her head, tucking it in to leave only her bright, angry blue eyes visible. He led her back outside and to the smelly area of the communal latrine, where he lifted her skirt so she could squat. When she stood, he dropped the skirt and asked, “Are you hungry? I will feed you your breakfast, if you like. Or if you promise to use you hands solely to eat, I will untie you.”

Calmly she replied, “I will not make a promise that I will not keep. And I will not eat if you insist it be snake.”

“So, you are still being stubborn. That is fine with me. Moreover, to show you how generous I am, I will let you have a sip or two of water. Can’t have my little money-maker dehydrating, now can I?”

True to his word, he brought a cup and held it while she drank. "I would thank you if I did not know it was for your benefit, not mine, that you gave me water."

Yasin laughed. "Now that you are properly covered, I will let you sit under a palm and enjoy a bit of wind, although before the day is over, it will not be a bit. We are in for a big sand storm and here in the desert, it is like nothing you can imagine. So, enjoy yourself for a few minutes before we move. I will leave you now to help with preparations for the horses and camels. And if you are ready to eat, just tell one of the men to come for me."

She sat, watching the men as they filled canteens with water fit for drinking only through her efforts. If the bodies had remained in the water, this oasis would be useless for months. Did anyone thank her for that? No. Did anyone thank her for saving the life of their leader? No. Did anyone care that he was starving her? No. Did anyone care that she was just a slave, not a free American woman? No.

It had not registered that he had said 'move' until she saw the camels loaded and the horses saddled. The tribesmen dropped and packed the tents in minutes. Jugs of water hung on each side of all the animals. Yasin came for her, lifting her onto the back of his horse. "I suggest you hang on to me tightly, as we will be moving fast to get to our destination before the storm catches us." He cut her wrists free and mounted in front of her.

"Where are we going?" Kenya asked as he spurred his horse into a full run. If he heard her, he did not reply. She wrapped her arms around his waist, pressing close to him. She was frightened and his presence was a comfort, more than she would ever acknowledge. He could feel her breasts tight against his back, but forced himself to ignore the distraction. That was for later, but in the name of Allah, he wanted her.

They rode for what seemed like hours, but she had no way to determine time. All she knew or could feel was sand, hot, blowing sand. It was everywhere, in her hair, in her eyes, in her clothes. As suddenly as they had raced into the desert, Yasin slowed his horse to a walk. She could see nothing, but he seemed to know what he was doing.

“Little One, we will hide from the storm here. It is the best cover in this part of the desert, although it is not as good as I would like.” He lifted her down, motioning her to sit against a rock wall as he covered the horse’s nostrils with gauze and the rest of its head with a cloth. He dropped down beside her, resting his head, face down, against his drawn up knees. “I suggest you do as I am. It will help keep the sand from your face. Before this is over, you will be glad I made you cover your head.”

“Where are we? What is this place?” She moved as close to him as she could, use his body to block some of the blowing sand. He wished she had moved to him for a different reason.

“This is what is left of an ancient town. It was once part of the caravan route for traders and travelers, before the wells and waters dried up. No one even remembers its name, but we all remember its location. These old, crumbling rock buildings have saved countless lives in storms like this. Without cover, we would be dead within minutes. The sand fills your mouth and nose, then your lungs. Once that happens, there is no help. So, keep your mouth closed and breathe through your cloth over your nose. No more talk now. We must just wait it out and pray. If you want to ask your God for help, please feel free to do so, as I am begging Allah.”

Kenya closed her eyes and prayed, perhaps the hardest in her young life. She had prayed for her parents and their souls, but she knew God would welcome them to Heaven for their devotion to him and their religion. This time she was praying for herself, and even the others hidden away here, wherever they were.

The sky turned to night, the darkness heralded by the intense wind. The sound was deafening, but soon she became accustomed to it, and relaxed. After an eternity, there was a silence so still she thought she had died. Then she heard the shouts, happy voices praising Allah for their safety. She kept her head bowed as she thanked God for his salvation, once again.

Chapter 10

Yasin watched her as she prayed. When she raised her head, he gently unwound the niqab to shake out the sand.

“Take off your hijab. I will not molest you. I just want to shake away as much sand as I can. Good, now turn your back to me. Bend at the waist and shake your head back and forth, like a dog shaking off water.” As Kenya shook her head, he had to force himself not to reach out and cup her heart-shaped ass in his hands. He could see the lower curls between her legs. He wanted to drop to his knees and spread her legs to allow his tongue entrance to her honey cave.

He pulled his own robe over his head. He moved a fair distance away to shake both robes as free of sand as he could. When he turned back to her, she was standing, watching him. She was so beautiful, his penis started to lengthen and throb even as he looked at her. She turned away, wrapping her head again in the niqab.

He had hoped, for just one second, that she would come to him. But why should she? He had humiliated her, hurt her, threatened her, and assured her time and again that she was just booty to be sold to the highest bidder. Moreover, that she was, just booty. So why did he feel such desire and tenderness for her? He wanted her so badly, virginity be damned. It was all he could do not to take her here and now in the sand.

Yasin tossed her hijab to her and donned his own robes. “Wait here, do you hear? Do not go wandering anywhere unless you would like to be the target of some lustful camel handler. They are not of my tribe and do not have the morals we do.”

She laughed aloud. “Morals? What morals? I have yet to see any.”

Her rudeness struck a nerve and ignited his anger. “What about you, Miss Chambers, a missionary’s daughter? Where were your

morals as you lay trembling under my hands, moaning your pleasure?" Instantly, he wished he had not spoken so quickly, as her body seemed to collapse with his hurtful words. She did not reply, simply turned away as the tears rolled down her face.

Damn! Nothing he said or did was right! His mind flashed back to her in his arms, returning his kisses, body against body, as they enjoyed each other. At least he had enjoyed her, Allah knew, and he was sure she had enjoyed the touches he had used to bring her to places she had never been before. Moreover, he wanted to do it again. At least at that time, he was doing something right. Therefore, he would just have to figure out a way to convince her to let him touch him again ... and again ... and again.

He left her, head bowed and body slumped against a rock wall, as he went to see to the animals and his men. Someone had lit a fire using camel dung as fuel. Several of his people had found game within the walls surrounding them. The animals had found momentary safety from the storm, only to become victims of human hunger.

When he returned some time later, Kenya seemed exactly as he had left her, but for one thing: curled in front of her, poised to strike, was a horned viper, about four feet long. He slowly withdrew his knife and, with a movement so quick the snake had no time to strike, hurled the weapon. It severed the snake's head from its body, but the reptile continued to wiggle even as he grabbed its tail end and tossed it away. He stepped on the head, grinding it into the sand.

He knelt beside Kenya, but she did not look at him. He tried to lift her, but she was stiff, so stiff he knew she was in shock. He shouted for Oman, who came running, as did several other men. Yasin explained her fear of snakes and what had happened here. He put his canteen to her lips and tilted her head back, forcing her to drink. Her eyes glazed, her face frozen in fear, she did not respond to anything they tried.

They had to move on to another oasis, but Yasin did not want to leave the relative safety of the ruins. Oman convinced him that in just a few days, they would be near Marrakech, where they could find a doctor. Within hours of weathering the sand storm, they were crossing

another section of the desert, this time with Kenya inside the basket atop a camel once again.

Days passed and still they traveled. Several times a day, he climbed into the basket with her, giving her water through her unmoving lips. He held her close, hoping she would fight him or slap him, something ... anything. Every evening, he carried her carefully to his tent, where he managed to get some soft food into her. She had to eat and drink or she would dehydrate in a matter of hours in the heat. He would *not* let her die!

Chapter 11

They arrived at another oasis, this one much larger than the others they had stopped at. The first thing Yasin did was carry Kenya to the water. He ordered the others to look elsewhere as he removed her clothes. He knew that being men, normal men, they would disobey him to get a look at the beautiful woman who was the total center of his world right now.

He waded into the water to his waist, holding her body against him. He knew the water would help soothe her dry skin, but not how much it would help her thirst. He laid her on her back, holding her afloat. Closing his eyes, he pictured her as he had first seen her in the water, head back, breasts pointing skyward and legs spread to reveal the curls shielding her womanhood. He had lusted for her that day. Now, he simply prayed for her life.

He realized she was floating on her own, so he relaxed his arms. He cupped his hands to spill water over her body, even over her head. She seemed more relaxed, so he continued covering her with water. He tipped her head as far back as he could, trying to cool the top of her head and water washed over her face. She sputtered, trying to breathe. He started laughing, cackling with joy. She was going to live. He knew it now.

Kenya finally looked at him. A slow smile crossed her face. It was a weak smile, but to him it was the sun, moon and stars. He pulled her up into his arms and kissed her soft lips. All around him, he heard cheers. Everyone was watching and celebrating her recovery. He laughed again, head back.

“Little One, you have no idea of what we have been through. Welcome back to life.”

Kenya could not understand her weakness. She asked quietly, “What happened? Where are we?”

“I will explain it all to you later. I will cover you and you can float here until you are ready to come out.” He pulled his wet robe over his head, and draped it over her body. He swam her to the shade of a large palm to keep her out of the sun. “My Little One.” That was all he said as he kissed her gently and waded out to prepare his tent.

He checked on her several times, then at dusk waded back out to bring her in. She smiled as he picked her up and laid her head on his shoulder. The water dripped off the robe that still covered her and off his naked body. As long as he lived, he would remember this moment. The sun was setting, giving a rosy glow to everything. Her hair looked like spun gold, her face like carved marble. He kissed her several times, gently, on the face and lips as he carried her to the tent.

“Can you stand?” Yasin asked as he eases her feet to the ground. She nodded, dropping the wet robe. She stood before him in breathtaking beauty, but he would wait. Forever, if he had to.

He helped her to her pallet, arranging her pillow. “I will be back later with some food, something light until you are feeling better.”

“No snake, please!” He was surprised by the remark, but realized she had no memory of the serpent ready to strike her. It is better that way, he thought.

He laughed, bent, and kissed her forehead. “Sleep. I will be back soon.”

She slept for hours, long after he’d completed his many trips with food. He left only bread with fig jam on it. She finally awoke. A lantern burned low by the door. She found the bread and wolfed it down as if starved and, apparently, she was. She dozed again, awakened by a whispered argument just outside the tent. It took her several moments to realize it was Yasin and his brother. She could not understand their words, but hearing her name was enough to know they were discussing her.

“Yasin, come on, now. She is the property of us all. I realize you have become somewhat attached to her, but she still must be sold, as we all agreed.” The voices became lower, and she could no longer hear.

Her blood had turned to ice. *Dear God, please strike me dead. I cannot become some man's receptacle, nothing but a body for him to use. Please, Lord, help me.*

Yasin came inside, but she pretended to sleep. He slid into her bed, pulling her close, but he did not touch her in any way sexual. He held her tight until he fell asleep. At first light, he rose, donned his robe, and stood looking down at her for several minutes before he left the tent.

Shortly after he left, Oman entered the tent without asking for permission. He sat cross-legged by her couch. "You know you are to be sold, I think." She nodded. "Yasin will not permit it, he says, but we will do so against his wishes. However, you can stop that from happening. I have a plan to sell you and keep you at the same time. It is a simple plan, but you will have to be convincing." Then he explained his plan.

At first, Kenya was not sure she could do it, but knew that if she did not try, she *would* become a sex slave. She agreed. The next day they arrived in a large village some miles outside of Marrakech. They went directly to the square at the edge of town, where a platform held several chained people. Kenya realized this was the auction. She wondered why she had not seen Yasin all morning, but her fear dominated her mind.

Oman came for her, escorting her to the man who sat behind a table in front of the platform. When the man looked up, his eyes moved to take in her entire body. Oman and the stranger did not speak English, so she could not understand what was said. Finally, Oman nodded. He turned to her. "Take off your clothes. The auction master says your price will be higher if you are naked. Bidders want to see what they are buying."

Kenya was horrified. "I cannot stand in front of all these people without clothes. I will not!"

Oman just shrugged as he tore both the hijab and niqab from her body. Shouts of delight went up from the crowd. She tried to cover herself, but Oman grabbed her arms and tied her wrists behind her back. She hung her head, humiliated and degraded.

Oman walked her up on the platform before tying her ankles together so she could not run. Catcalls and shouts she did not understand seemed to be aimed solely at her, not the other two women beside her. One was a child of perhaps ten, the other a homely girl with huge breasts filled with milk and a baby on one tit.

The auction started with the sale of several men of assorted ages and nationalities. Bidders came up to examine each person as if checking a horse, rather than a person. There was a white man of about thirty, but he did not reply when she spoke to him. Several strange-looking men prodded and poked him. She was shocked when they felt his anus, chattering excitedly, and lifted his penis, rubbing it as she had done Yasin. They felt his do to him. One man dropped to his knees to take the limp penis into his mouth, much to the delight of the crowd.

Kenya could not believe what she saw on the platform. Why would any man want to do that to another man? However, from the crowd reactions, apparently many did. The standing man, however, looked to be in a trance or drugged. She knew natives used leaves from certain plants to cause them to dream while awake and she had seen her mother give them to women in childbirth to ease their pain. As she watched, the man with his mouth on the other's penis laughed as he pointed to the growing rod in his mouth. The drugged man seemed to enjoy it, too.

The bidding for him was spirited and, apparently, his price was worthy, as the crowd applauded. The man who had sucked him led him away. She could not believe the things she was seeing. When there were no more men to sell, the auction master pulled the young girl to the front of the stage. Several men and one woman approached the platform, leaving no inch of her body untouched as they examined her. Next was the woman with the baby. She answered several questions, then was sold.

Kenya knew it was her turn. The auction master pinched one of her nipples as he dragged her to the front of the platform. The crowd enjoyed that, yelling to the auctioneer their desires. Things were different this time, as Oman came onto the stage with her. He spoke

for several minutes in a language she did not understand. The crowd let him know with moans and boos that what he said displeased them.

To Kenya, he said, "Only those with a minimum of money will be allowed to examine you. They must produce the amount of the opening bid first, so that will cut down on the number of men pawing you for pleasure rather than purchase. Besides it is for one night only and I will be back for you in the morning."

"Oh, Oman, if that is supposed to make me feel better, it sure does not. If your plan does not work, only God knows what will happen to me." She had tears in her eyes as she stood before all to see. How could this have happened to her, prideful daughter of such loving parents? At least they did not live to see her sins and humiliation.

Finally, three people climbed the steps, one at a time. The first was a tall, lean man so covered with his robes she could see no part of him. The second was a short, smelly man with rotted teeth. The third was a woman, covered with veils, but not the kind Kenya had been wearing. All three opened her mouth, felt her muscles, pinched her nipples, poked up into her anus, and then ran their fingers inside her private place. She closed her eyes and remembered Yasin's touch there, soft and gentle, unlike these hands. The woman was gentler than the men, and more thorough in her examination, but to Kenya, she was the most frightening. The plan would not work if she were the high bidder.

When the bidding started, the woman dropped out almost immediately. Perhaps what she wanted with Kenya was not worth the price, but Kenya was sure if not for the provision to the sale for one night only, she would have continued.

The two remaining bidders were quick to raise their offers. Finally, the tall man shouted what she suspected were obscenities, and walked away angrily. Kenya was glad, because she was sure that the plan would not have worked as well with him as with the disgusting, shorter, bidder.

Oman came back up on the platform to wrap her in a loose cloth. It was thin and so transparent that it offered little in the way of concealment. Her charms were still available for all to see, and in some ways that was worse, almost as if it was designed to tantalize

the onlookers, which it did. Many tried to touch her as Oman and the fat man led her through the crowd to a waiting horse, but Oman's men kept them away.

She rode behind Yasin's brother on his tall horse to a large house a short distance away. The man who had purchased her rode beside them and listened as Oman spoke to him. He nodded and leered at Kenya, even reaching across the space between the horses to try to grasp her breast, but Oman moved away just enough to thwart that attempt.

"I can keep his hands off you until you go inside, but after that, you are on your own," Oman said. "Remember, it is fine to fight him some, but you must let him do enough so that he will be able to recall your body and the things he enjoyed doing to and with you. I know he is disgusting, but that is necessary. If you fail, then it is your plight and worse will happen to you, of that you can be sure."

He took her hand, as though to say goodbye, and slid a small packet into it, curling her fingers around it. He mounted his horse and rode away, leaving Kenya with the lecherous man who intended to take her virginity this night.

Chapter 12

The man, whose name she did not even know, nor care to know, for that matter, took her arm and practically dragged her inside the house. Once the door closed behind them, he instantly started pawing her, trying to tear off her clothes. She pushed him away. Kenya saw his face harden, and rubbed her stomach and moved her hand to her mouth to show she was hungry. He understood and smiled widely, showing his rotted teeth. He yelled some instructions and, within minutes, a platter of food appeared on a low table, brought by a female who did not raise her head or speak.

Kenya waited for her opportunity, which came almost immediately. He was shoving food into his mouth like a starving animal. She took a piece of meat, pulled it apart. She offered it to him. When he reached for it, she shook her head no, indicating that she would feed it to him. He beamed as he opened his mouth. She laid it on his tongue, trying not to touch him, but he was too quick. He seized her hand, sliding her fingers into his mouth. He sucked them and licked them before releasing her. The next piece she rolled, carefully dropping some powder from the small packet into it, before putting it in his mouth.

They repeated what was now a ritual. She would feed him, he would suck her fingers, she would roll the meat with powder and the routine would begin again until the powder was gone. She ate nothing for fear that she would ingest whatever it was Oman had given her.

When her owner was finished with his meal, he shoved the tray away and pushed her down on the cushions. She wiggled away, stood, and began a pantomime showing she wanted to bathe. He understood that right away, as well. He took her hand, leading her into his

bedroom, off which there was a bath. He was pulling off his clothes before they even made it to the tub.

He turned the water on, standing naked in front of her, rubbing his erect penis. It was much bigger than might have been expected of a small man, and it was hard and ready. He bounced it up and down for her to see. She forced a small smile, dropped her robe, and stepped into the tub. He was beside her before the water had even hit her feet. He began to soap her body, starting with her breasts, then moving downward. He soaped himself and rubbed his body against hers. It was not difficult, as they were both about the same height.

He soaped between her legs, and then dropped to his knees to bury his face in her curls. She felt his tongue trying to get inside, but she held her legs as tightly together as she could. He looked at her angrily again, so she dropped to her knees as well and, fighting nausea, took his hard penis in her hand. She jerked it back and forth, watching his face as it contorted into a mask of passion. His hands roamed her body as she continued her hand motion. He tried to stop her once, but instead bucked his hips and cried out as he climaxed. He fell into the tub, grabbing her as he fell. He held her on top of him, kissing her mouth, and rubbing her body. She closed her eyes, trying to block out his disgusting tongue and lips.

This was one of the things she knew she had to do, so she moved her lips under his. His eyes widened with delight and he began to touch her body again. When he got too close to her inner thighs, she stood, pulling him up with her. She soaped his pubic and anal areas until she was sure no vermin or dirt could possibly remain, watching his face as he enjoyed her every touch, all the while trying not to vomit all over him. She smiled and, stepping out, towed herself dry.

He did not wait to dry, just ran into the bedroom, and lay back on his silk-covered bed. He motioned her to him. He was rubbing himself with some sort of aromatic oil as Kenya walked slowly towards him, letting him see every inch of her beautiful body. She climbed on the bed next to him. She kissed his face, avoiding his mouth as much as possible. She ran her fingers down his chest and tightened her teeth on his nipples. He was making sounds that reminded her of a satisfied cat that enjoyed petting.

When he tried to roll her onto her back, she held him down. She let her tongue caress his nipples, his obese stomach, and then back up to his neck. She took his hardening penis in her hand, sliding it up and down, rubbing its head in a circular motion as Yasin had shown her. He groaned and tried to push her head down. She smiled at him and rubbed her breasts against his face as she masturbated him. He still made it clear through his motions that he wanted her to take his penis into her mouth. Oman had explained to her that she might have to do that, but she knew if she did, she would gag and probably vomit all over him.

Instead, she grabbed the bottle of oil that he had been using and poured some on her breasts, slowly, for his benefit. She moved down between his open thighs. She placed his hard penis in the valley between her breasts, moving them back and forth. He cried out his delight as he squeezed them tight around his penis. She reached under him to cup and caress his balls. He moved as if he were inside her body, which she had hoped he would do.

Kenya realized that his movements were slowing and he seemed to be weakening. Yes, he was finally feeling the drug she had fed him. She continued to use her breasts to hold him until his movements stopped. He was out cold.

It did not take Kenya long to prepare for her morning performance. She reached up inside her vagina where Oman's wife had deposited a little pouch of animal blood. There had actually been two plans. In the first, if the bag had been broken while so many touched her as she was handled on the auction platform, everyone would know one of the bidders had broken her maidenhead, and Oman would call off the auction. Since that had not happened, the pouch was now vital to the second plan.

She carefully broke the bag so that its contents ran out on the bed between her legs, and then pulled her owner over so that he lay partially atop her. She would suffer this through the night, but it was better than what he had intended.

When Oman pushed his way into the bedroom, she was amazed to find she had fallen asleep. He pushed the man off her, waking him. He sat up, looking confused. Oman threw a robe to Kenya, who

quickly got up to wrap it around her naked body. Laughing, he pointed at the blood and made some comments that she did not understand, but made the confused fat man smile, even in his look of dismay. They talked some more, then, taking Kenya's arm, led her quickly outside to his horse.

They were out of the village within minutes, Oman laughing. "You did it, you did it. I was not sure you could pull it off, but you did. You are going to be the best money-maker we have ever had."

When they arrived back at the oasis, he yelled to the others. Yasin came running out of a tent, rubbing his wrists. When he reached his brother, he hit him so hard, Oman landed on his back, blood running out of his mouth. He tried to stand, but Yasin pushed him back down, yelling at him and those around them. Oman pointed toward Kenya. Yasin turned, noticing her for the first time. He looked stunned as he moved to her. He touched her face, and then faced his brother again. Even in his anger, we wanted Kenya to know what he was saying, so he reverted to English.

"You are more stupid than a crippled hyena. I no longer have a brother, Oman. If it had not been for this woman, I would be dead. The water you drank at the other oasis would be fouled for months if it were not for this woman. She dragged the dead bodies from the water, as she dragged me. She cleaned my wound, helped me dig out supplies and bury the bodies when my wound would not allow me strength to do what had to be done. Then you steal her away to sell and tie me up to prevent me from finding her. I should kill you myself, but it will be enough to stake you out in the sun and watch you die."

"Please, Yasin." Kenya grabbed his arm. "He did not know. All he knew was that you had a prisoner to sell. His intentions were good and the result turned out fine. I might have been in some harem somewhere if he had not planned a way for me to return here. Please do not kill him. He is your brother and I know you two love each other very much. Please, do not do this." She held tight to his arm as she looked into his eyes.

He was amazed at her, after what Oman had put her through. *What kind of woman would plead for the life of a man who had*

misused her? Nevertheless, was he any better? His intentions had been to sell her, at least at first. He now knew emotions he had never felt before. "Are you hurt? Did he hurt you?"

"No, not hurt. Just humiliated. The things I did ... Oh, God, please forgive me."

Yasin took her gently in his arms. He held her close, comforting. "I will never be able to completely forgive my brother for what he did, but it did save your life. Only your pleas for him ... well, that has saved his life and he will never forget it. What you did, whatever it was, does not matter. Your God understands that and forgives you, of that I have no doubt." He kissed her gently, wrapped in his arms, and carried her into his tent. He laid her on his couch and stretched out beside her. "No one, Little One, no one, will take you away from me again."

It was after dark before she awoke. Yasin was resting on one elbow, looking down at her. He bent to kiss her softly, rolling her on top of him. She put her head on his shoulder and felt, for the first time in weeks, some sense of security. "Oman told me of his plan to trick another auction winner the same way you did this time. I cannot believe his stupidity. This was one fortunate incident. Never will another man be so easily duped. The animal blood is as old as time and so is the drug. Had you been caught, you surely would have been killed in a most unpleasant manner.

"That is past," he continued, "and will not be repeated. You are no longer the property of the tribe; you belong to me alone. No one can dispute that the auction brought as much as if you were sold completely to the highest bidder, instead of just your maidenhead and one night. You need not fear going through that again, I promise."

"So, I am still a slave?" Kenya asked.

"That depends on you, Little One. You can remain a slave or become my wife. The choice is yours."

Kenya looked into his black eyes, but did not reply. She lifted her lips to his, sliding her tongue into his mouth, as he had done to hers. She found it sensual and exciting. She licked his lips, his cheeks, even his ears. It did not take long to realize his ears were especially sensitive.

Yasin rolled her onto her back, planting kisses over entire body, starting with her neck, working down to her taut, dimpled breasts. He tongued then suckled her, making her nipples grow long and hard. Kenya felt a rush of wetness between her legs, but this time she enjoyed the feeling. His hands gently caressed the inside of her thighs, paying special attention to the valley between her legs and womanhood. She was sensitive there and pushed up against his hands.

He moved his mouth lower, into the curls, to find her swollen button. She cried out as he used his tongue and mouth to move on it, bringing it to a hardness that she did not know was possible. It grew so big that he could trap it with his teeth, moving them back and forth in a grinding motion that drove her over the edge, bringing her hips up, into an ecstasy she had never dreamed of feeling.

“Now, my darling Kenya, my Little One, I am going to claim you as mine. It will hurt a bit, but I promise that soon you will want me inside of you again.”

He spread her legs and slid his arms under her to hold her close. He knelt between her legs, placing his penis inside her wet vagina. He moved it a bit to accustom her to its feel, holding himself back as much as he could. But when she wrapped her legs around him, he knew he was doomed. He shoved his hard, throbbing cock into the depths of her, passing the membrane that was her virginity. He felt it give way as he pounded in and out of her until her his climax took over his world.

They did not speak for some time. She listened to his breathing as it slowly subsided from the panting he had experienced after his climax. She had felt him squirt into her and her vagina, by itself, tightened on his penis, as if to hold him inside her. It was a wonderful feeling, causing more small tremors inside her.

She ran her hand down his side, his hip, then up to his ass. It was still hard with taut muscles, but seemed to harden even more when she caressed it. He moved to her side, laying his face on her breasts. “Did it hurt badly?” he asked.

“For only a second and not badly at all.” She paused. “I felt your semen burst into me.” She smiled at him as he placed his mouth over one nipple. “Am I pregnant, do you think?”

Yasin burst out laughing. “You are incredible. I love you, Kenya Chambers, but God, both yours and mine, only knows why. Will you marry me, Little One?”

“Well, I guess that depends on how good you love me next time. Can we start now?” With that, they wrapped themselves around one another for an endless night of love. As she climaxed for the first time to the movements of his penis, she cried out, “Yes, Yasin, yes, I will marry you.”

THE END

www.simsbooks.com

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Beverly grew up on the Oregon Coast where the stormy surf and rugged cliffs make perfect backgrounds for her first novels. Her move to Central Florida where she lives with her husband, opened a new world of bayous and the critters that live in them, the scene of an upcoming novel.

They love traveling this great country in our motor home. One such trip became the germ of an idea for an Indian story to be followed by pioneers, ranchers, and all the others in The Witness Tree series.

You never know what might be around the next bend.

To love to write is to love to read.

BookStrand

www.BookStrand.com