



The Infidel (MM, tort, forced-orgasms)

By The Prisoner (anonymous address)

I tried to stifle another yawn and looked at my watch. It was 03:30.

"Damn," I thought to myself, "another hour before my tour is over."

I got up from behind the desk, and walked towards the office door. I opened it

and looked up and down the dark corridor. There is nothing as boring as embassy duty in the middle of the night.

"Oh well, at least I don't have to stand outside in the cold like those other jarheads." I mused silently.

Being a Marine sergeant had some privileges. I walked down the corridor towards the men's room. I entered and switched on the light. After pissing, I went over and washed my hands, looking at my reflection in the mirror. I dried my hands, and then rubbed the dark stubble on my head.

I never could get used to the Marine Corps hair style. When I first joined the Marines out of high school three years ago, I had been real proud of my dark wavy hair. Oh, well. There were other things the Corps taught me to be proud of.

I continued staring, dark brown eyes stared back at me beneath black eyebrows. I smiled, revealing the \$5000 my folks had paid to give me that million dollar smile. Vain? Hell yes I'm vain. I've had enough propositions from women and men to know that I've got something to offer.

Shit, even when I was 14 or 15 I was being chased. I was a "pretty boy" then, thank god I look more masculine now. I guess the Corps had something to do with it, hardening and toughening me.

My eyes swept down to my chest and the uniform blouse that outlined every definition. Like I said, I'd been kind of soft when I joined, skinny actually. I looked at my watch. It was 03:40.

"What the hell" I spoke out-loud, but in a low voice, and began to unbutton my shirt.

I pulled the shirrtails out of my trousers and shucked the shirt off, laying it carefully on the next sink. I reached down with both hands and slowly pulled my tee shirt over my head, and tossed it on top of my shirt.

I looked myself up and down. My chest was a uniform brown from the hours spent at the embassy pool, and before that at the beach in Oceanside. The brown of my skin was offset by the dark curly hair that was set in a triangle between my nipples and midsection. A trail of hair also extended down from my midsection, circled around my navel and then continued on in an almost straight line down, below my belt. A glory trail someone had once said.

Because of basic training and my subsequent workouts, my chest was well muscled, but not over-built. I was still fairly slender, weighing in at 150 pounds on a 5'11" frame, but now I had good definition. I began to finger and

pinch one of my nipples.

In response, it began to firm up. I reached over and stirred the other one to life. A familiar fire began to warm my midsection, and I could feel my cock stirring below. I swallowed, as my horniness grew even stronger.

I looked over my shoulder.

"Shit," I thought silently, "that's stupid, no one is here but those two dumb jarheads outside."

I reached down and unbuckled my belt with one hand. I began to knead my cock through the cloth of my pants with the other hand. I slowly unzipped my trousers and pushed them down to my knees. My cock was hard, straining against the cloth of my shorts. A wet spot appeared on the white cotton where my cockhead oozed precum. I quickly pushed the shorts down on top of my pants, my cock sprang free.

I rubbed the precum over the head of my cock, and slowly began moving the skin up and down. I pinched the edge of the foreskin and pulled it further over the head of my cock. I had a pretty long foreskin compared to other guys I'd seen. Mine extended a good two inches. I pushed a finger through the end of the foreskin and began to message the head of my cock.

"Hsssh" I gasped between clenched teeth.

God, it felt great. I pulled the foreskin back revealing the mushroom shaped head of my cock. More precum oozed out of my piss hole. I massaged the precum up and down the shaft. My cock was pretty big by comparison, standing a full 9.5" when fully hard, like it was now. I cupped my balls with my free hand and began to knead and squeeze them.

"Aaah," I moaned as I felt the juices begin to move. I pulled down sharply on my balls and my cock jerked and let fly with a huge wad of thick white cum that splattered the mirror and sink.

"Aaah, aah, aaaaah," I gasped as my cock continued to shoot its load.

I stood there for a few seconds, panting, my cock still hard, and the last rivulets of cum oozing out and dropping onto the sink.

"Whew," I finally sighed. I pulled up my shorts and pants, and began to put on my shirt. After I was dressed, I washed down the sink and mirror; not wanting to leave pecker tracks to shock the embassy staff. I looked at my watch, it was 04:15.

"Thank god," I muttered to myself as I realized that my tour was almost over. I

left the men's room and walked quickly back to the office.

At exactly 04:30 the door opened and Sergeant Mayes entered.

"Anything happening?" he asked routinely.

"Nope, nothing, just like always in this fucking sand trap." I replied as I got up to leave.

I walked out of the office and down the corridor to the front door. I opened it and walked out into the early morning air. Back home it would have been cool and refreshing, but here in Saudi Arabia it was still hot from the day before. I left the embassy grounds and began walking towards my apartment.

I had been here for 3 months, and I still didn't like the place. I liked the embassy duty, since there wasn't much to do. I liked living in an apartment rather than on post, but the place was hot and dry, and there wasn't much a gay guy could do, unless he liked camel jockeys.

Because I was preoccupied with feeling sorry for myself for being here in the first place, I failed to notice that a car had pulled away from the curb when I left the embassy and was slowly following me. It was a big mistake.

"Hey, GI," I heard a voice call out.

I turned towards the sound and found myself staring down the barrel of an uzi poking through the window of a car. The back doors opened and two arabs got out. I looked around to see if anyone else was nearby, and to see if there was anyway I could run.

"Don't be stupid GI, I can cut you down before you get 5 steps" the voice from inside the car spoke coldly.

"What do you wa.." I started to ask, my voice quivering with rising fear. But before I could finish, the two arabs who had gotten out were on top of me. A rag was stuffed in my mouth, my arms were pinned behind my back and I could feel a cord being wrapped around my wrists. They quickly hustled me into the car and through a blanket over me. I felt the car start to move.

We continued to drive for some time. I lost track of how long. It felt like we were first on pavement and then, because of the way the car bounced, on an unpaved surface. The heat was stifling and being underneath the blanket didn't help much.

I kept thinking to myself that these must be terrorists, and I was going to be the next item in the headlines. My mind wandered to all sorts of images until I was jolted into reality as the car came to an abrupt halt. The blanket was

pulled off me, and the two who had hustled me into the car now hustled me out. The sun was so bright that I was momentarily blinded.

I blinked and tried to clear my vision. Within a few seconds my vision began to clear. I was outdoors and around us were several tents. The flap of one tent opened and another arab came through it and walked toward us. I was being held by the two arabs who had come with me. The third in the car, the one with the uzi was standing nearby.

As the one came up, he began to speak with the one toting the uzi. They were speaking arabic, so I had no idea what they were saying. As they continued to speak, I looked around the camp. There were about 4 tents. In front of each was a campfire. I saw no other vehicles. To one side there were camels tied in a row.

I continued to scan the camp as their conversation continued. To one side was a structure that looked like a football goal post, with two posts upright and a third laying across the top. Ropes hung from the middle of the cross beam. In front of the contraption, there were four stakes that had been pounded into the sand. They looked to be spaced the size of a man, spread-eagled.

The conversation stopped and I looked back towards the two who had been speaking. The one with the uzi came over to me.

"Welcome, GI" he spoke in mock friendliness. "My father, " he indicated the other arab with a nod, "welcomes you too."

I stood there, silently since I was gagged.

"Oh, how thoughtless of me" he commented as he pulled the gag free. "Now you can speak."

"What do you want, why am I here.." I started to stammer.

"What do we want" he interjected, causing me to stop talking. "What we want and why you are here are the same thing" he smiled.

I must have looked confused.

"You are here, because we wantyou" he answered.

"My government won't submit to kidnapers, they won't pay any ransom." I stated, hoping that they would, in fact, pay whatever they had to to get me out of here.

"No, no GI" he spoke in earnest, "you don't understand."

I must have really looked confused then.

"I said we want you, and that is all we want. You." he offered.

"I don't understand.." I began to stammer.

The other arab, his father, shouted out something in arabic. By the tone of his voice he wasn't pleased with what was going on.

The one in front of me turned and answered. Then he turned back to me.

"My father is impatient. He wants us to get on with it."

Now I was really confused, and afraid.

"Get on with what?" I asked, my voice quivering in real fear.

The arab ignored my question and put down his uzi. He then pulled a dagger out of his robe and came up next to me. I closed my eyes and sucked in a deep breath, knowing that he was going to kill me. I heard laughter and opened my eyes to see him grinning.

"No GI," he purred, "we are not going to kill you. We are going to save you."

He grabbed the cloth of my shirt and pulled and with his knife began to cut away the fabric. As soon as my shirt was shredded he pulled off the tatters and discarded them. He pulled the neck of my tee shirt and inserted the blade, and pulled down, ripping the tee shirt in two. A few cuts later and the tee shirt joined the pile of rags at my feet. I was now stripped to the waist. He took the point of the knife and touched first one and then the other of my nipples.

"Hssh" I gasped, more in fear than in pain, since he didn't even nick me.

"In time, my friend, in time" he spoke softly. He grabbed the waistband of my trousers and cut downward, ripping the trousers. He cut down each leg until the pants fell away. He reached down and pulled off my shoes and socks. The sand burned my feet. I stood there, wearing only my shorts.

"You have a nice body" he mused "even if you are an infidel."

He inserted the blade in the waistband of my shorts and began to rip and tear the cloth. In a few seconds I stood there totally naked. "As I suspected" he hissed as he reached over and grabbed by cock and balls " you do not have the mark of the covenant." he continued showing my uncut cock to the other arabs.

His father shouted more arabic words, and the two who held me pushed and shoved me towards the stakes that were in the ground. As we got there, they pushed me down onto the ground. The arab with the uzi pointed it at me.

"In case you get any foolish ideas" he smiled.

They cut through the cord that bound my wrists, but before I could rub them, they pushed me down on my back, and pulled my arms up and out. In a few moments they had secured each of my wrists to the stakes above my head. They then went to my ankles and pulled my legs down, and apart, securing the ankles to the stakes at my feet. I closed my eyes against the bright sun.

"In case you are wondering what this is about" the arab spoke slowly, " my father instructed us to bring back an infidel. An american infidel. The reason... he believes that the Americans have caused our people to forget their heritage. He is filled with anger." he continued talking as he stooped down by my head, his hand began to wander across my chest, fingering the hair there, and pinching and twisting my nipples.

"He wanted to attack the American embassy, to punish them. That would have been foolish. We convinced him that he could vent his rage against a single american, as a symbol of his displeasure." he smiled down at me. His hand continued to wander down my chest, fingering my pubic hair and then slowly rubbing against my cock.

"So, you are the chosen one" he continued to smile. His hand was expert, even tied down in the middle of the desert, stark naked, and waiting for god knows what, my cock responded by growing harder. I couldn't believe it.

"You are here to suffer the punishment my father wanted to give your embassy. You are the symbolic representative of your people."

My cock started to pulse. I tried to will away the coming orgasm. The arab laughed and continued to stroke my dick. I clenched my teeth.

"Ooooh" I moaned as my cock began to ejaculate thick gobs of cum.

"Hmm, " the arab mused, "it is true what I have heard about you Americans." he spoke softly as he rubbed the cum into my chest and over my cock and balls.

"What's that?" I spoke with hatred.

"That you prize sex above all other pleasantries, and will have orgasms even when you are in pain." he answered matter of factly. "We will see if it is true, we will provide you with the pain."

His father came over carrying a clay pot. He spoke something to the son, who got up and moved away from me. The father knelt at my side and smiled. Reaching into the pot, he took a thick gob of some kind of sticky substance on his finger. He put his finger to my lips and smeared some of the stuff on them. It was honey.

He then began to rub some of the honey, first on each of my nipples, then on to my cock and balls. Like his son, he too found my cock interesting, and stroked me until I was hard once again. I pulled uselessly at my restraints. He smeared more honey onto my hard dick and then got up and moved away.

I lay there for several minutes, the thick aroma of honey beginning to waft through the air in the heat. I couldn't figure out what this game was. Suddenly I began to hear buzzing. I raised my head and saw a huge horsefly land on my chest and begin to crawl towards my nipples. The fly began to lick at the honey. In a few seconds more flies appeared.

"Ow" I hollered as one of the flies took a bite out of my flesh.

"Ow, ah, ow, shit" I began to holler as more of the flies mixed licking the honey with biting my nipples, cock and balls.

"Shit, god, ow, aaah" I screamed as more flies descended and joined the others in torturing me.

They were all over me, biting at my cock, my balls, my tits. I tried to shake them off, but couldn't move but a few centimeters. I arched my back and pulled again at the ropes that held my wrists and ankles. This seemed only to infuriate the flies and they began biting me in earnest.

"Aaaah" I screamed as the torment grew worse. I knew that my cock and balls would look like hamburger if this continued much longer.

The arabs came over and brushed away the flies. My head fell back against the sand, my breath came in deep gulps. I tried to block out the dull throbbing that now replaced the sharp pain of the insect bites. I opened my eyes and looked at the arabs standing over me. They looked back at me blankly. I guess they had grown bored with this particular kind of torment.

The father spoke something to the son who smiled in return and left. The father then knelt down beside me once again, a toothless grin on his face. He pulled a leather cord from inside of his robe. I raised my head to see what he was doing as he began tying it around my scrotum.

"Ah" I gasped as he pulled the cord tight, forcing my nuts deep into the sac.

He then began to wind the cord around my scrotum, tightening the pressure on my balls. He tied off the end, and pulled the loose end down towards my feet. There must have been 2 or 3 feet of cord.

"Aaaah" I screamed out as he yanked the cord. It felt like he was trying to pull my nuts off.

I heard a pounding and raised my head again to see them hammering another stake into the ground, this one between my legs. The father then tied the end of the cord around the stake and tightened it.

Great, I thought to myself, now what are they going to do to me. Never in my wildest fantasies, and I've had some pretty wild fantasies, including some S&M, did I ever imagine my self stripped naked, and staked out in the desert by my wrists, ankles and balls. I heard the son return and looked up, he was holding a teapot.

"My father wants me to clean up the mess" he offered simply, and then tipped the pot.

"Aaaah, shit, oh, shit..." I screamed and hollered as scalding hot liquid hit my nipples chest and cock and balls.

"Oh my" the arab mused "I told them not to leave this out in the sun."

I tried to evade the boiling liquid.

"Aaah" I screamed as my attempts caused me to pull on the thong that held my balls, and the resulting pain snapped me back to reality. I couldn't move at all without risking my nuts. I lay back and gritted my teeth against the pain that had now subsided to a dull ache.

"Well now," the son started to speak "that's much better. One cannot leave honey out in the open, for it does attract the flies, and they are miserable little beasts, are they not." he finished with a laugh and turned away to walk over to his father.

"Bastard" I muttered under my breath. I raised my head to see what this recent torture had done to me. My chest, thighs, cock and balls were a fiery red. I looked over at the father and son who were talking softly to one another.

"I wonder what they're cooking up now" I thought silently to myself. I laid my head back and closed my eyes. The heat was almost unbearable as it beat down on my skin. My mind began to wander to a hundred different images. My apartment, the embassy, jerking off the night before, home, my earlier sex fantasies.

I had often had sex fantasies that included S&M, but they were mild compared to what was happening to me now. I used to fantasize about being kidnaped, tied-up and used by other guys. But in those fantasies the most that ever happened was having my nipples, cock and balls twisted and pinched.

Well, occasionally I would fantasize about something more extreme. Hot wax or light whipping, even sometimes electricity; but the whole thing revolved around forcing me to cum again and again. This was different, even though I had been jerked off by these camel jockeys.

"Asleep" I heard a voice ask.

My eyes opened with a start to see the son standing over me.

"Surely these entertainments are not boring you," he asked in mock sincerity, "it wouldn't do to have you bored."

He stooped down beside me as his father came over and sat down next to him. The fathers eyes were bright with excitement.

The son reached over and took hold of my cock and began to slowly stroke it. He pulled up the foreskin and pushed his finger down through the skin until it touched the head of my cock. His finger began rubbing the head of my cock, which responded by growing harder.

I raised my head and looked at him, my eyes filled with hate and defiance. He just smiled at me and pulled the foreskin taut. He took his finger out and reached over to scoop up some sand. Slowly he poured the sand down the opening in my foreskin.

"Aah" I groaned as the hot sand hit the tender membrane of my cockhead. He continued pouring sand until my foreskin was filled half way. Then with one hand, he pinched closed the opening, while with the other he continued to stroke me. He shook my cock, causing sand to slip down between my foreskin and the shaft and edges of my cock head. Some of the sand fell into my pee hole.

"Hssh" I gasped as the tiny sand grains scraped the tender skin.

Then he tied a thong around the end of my foreskin, pulling it tight so none of the sand could escape. His father said something, and he dropped my cock which fell against my stomach. His father then picked up my cock and began to rub and twist it.

"Aaah, fuck.." I cried out as the father continued to stroke and twist my cock,

causing the sand to roughly scrape my skin. The father smiled and continued to manipulate my cock, making sure that the sand was getting in to every crevice. He pinched where the head of my cock was, forcing open my pee hole, and then shook my cock to force more sand into it.

Then, satisfied that the sand was distributed as much as it could be, he began to jack me off in earnest. Pulling, twisting, pumping.

"Oooogh, hssssh, shit.." I moaned, turning my head from side to side as pain screamed up from my cock. Cut guys don't know how tender the cock and cockhead underneath a foreskin can be. Right now I was wishing that I had been cut. I had never thought of masturbation as torture before, leave it to fucking arabs to think of it.

Even though my cock was burning from the grating of the sand, it was still responding to the stroking.

"Aaaaah" I screamed as I came, my cum shooting into my foreskin. I arched my back and it fell back against the sand.

"Uh, uh, uh" I moaned as my cock's pulsing grew slower. I let my head drop again to the sand and closed my eyes. My cock felt raw.

I felt the thong being untied, and my foreskin being retracted. I raised my head to look down as the sand, moistened with my cum fell in lumps onto my stomach. The father smiled, and stood up as his son came to stand beside him. He held another teapot.

I clenched my teeth and closed my eyes as he began to pour, steeling myself against the coming fire. I felt a cool liquid pour over my cock and balls and stomach, and opened my eyes.

"It would never do to repeat an entertainment" the son spoke matter of factly, "that would be boring."

He spoke something in arabic to the others, and the two who had tied me to the stakes now began to untie me. The son held his uzi pointing at me.

"I don't think you'll make any foolish mistakes, but this is simply precaution." he remarked dryly.

As they released the last rope, they pulled me to my feet one of them stepped behind me and held my arms behind my back. The other walked over to where the camels were tethered and began releasing one of the camels. Meanwhile the father came out from his tent carrying a bundle of palm fronds.

The one arab returned with the camel and forced it to lay down. He then tethered it in place. He came back to me and the two of them pushed me towards the camel. On reaching the animal, I was pushed on my stomach, across the saddle. One of the arabs came around in front of me and pulled my arms forward.

My wrists were tied together with rope and the rope attached to a stake that he pounded into the sand. At the same time, the other arab had spread my ankles apart and was tying each to other stakes driven into the ground.

"Now what" I wondered to myself as the completed tying me over the hump of the camel.

Soon I felt hands on my back and ass, I twisted to try to see what was happening, but couldn't see anything but the damn camel.

"Ah" I grunted as I felt a finger probing my asshole. "Aah" I groaned louder as two fingers were inserted into my anus and continued probing. I felt other hands begin to brush the sand off my back. It felt like all of them were touching me. I heard more arabic spoken. It sounded like the father. The touching stopped.

I waited, but nothing happened. I heard a slight rustling sound. I turned and tried to look over my shoulder to see what was going on but still could see nothing.

"Ow, aah, motherfucker..." I hollered as my back and ass suddenly stung from something hitting me. "Shit,oooh, fuck.." I continued to groan as they continued beating me. Suddenly my chin was grabbed and pulled upwards so that I faced the son. He smiled at me and showed me the palm fronds in his hand.

"Lovely, aren't they?" he asked " if you look very carefully, you will see that their edges are jagged. It is to prevent insects from crawling on the fronds and eating them. However, it also serves very nicely as a punishment tool. They sometimes cut and always irritate the skin."

"Hsssh," I gasped between clenched teeth. I wasn't going to give this camel jockey the enjoyment of another scream, even though my back and ass were on fire. He let my head drop and returned to the others.

"Mmmmph, hssssh, aaah, ow, ahh" I tried to stifle a scream but couldn't as they continued their whipping. As quickly as it started, it stopped. I continued to sweat profusely, both from the heat and the torture, the sweat added to the pain in my back and ass as the salty liquid filled the cuts left by the fronds.

"Oh, ah, what.." I grunted and exclaimed as I felt something thick probing my ass. Then I felt it go in and knew what was happening. Somebody was fucking me.

"You bastards..." I screamed out in anger. I don't mind being fucked, and have enjoyed it now and again. I've even had rape as a fantasy. But this was different, this really was rape.

"Ooh, ah," I groaned as the thick cock pushed in and out, probing deeper with each thrust. The guy must have been huge, it felt like my asshole was being torn apart. I heard a grunt and then felt the warm moistness of his cum shoot into me. He pulled out and I sighed deeply. I didn't have a chance to relax, in a second another cock was pushing into me.

"Ow, shit.." I hollered, this cock was bigger than the last one. I closed my eyes against the pain, as one by one the four arabs mounted me and shot their loads up my ass.

After the last one had finished, they untied me from the camel and marched me over to the uprights. The son still held his uzi on me. Did the fucker think I would make a run for it? They lowered one of the ropes and tied my wrists together. Out of my line of sight one of the others must have begun to pull on the other end, because I found my arms being raised upward, being pulled by the rope.

When my arms were completely extended above my head, they continued pulling until my feet were dangling a foot off the sand. Then they tied it off. They then tied ropes to each of my ankles and pulled my legs apart, tying the other end of the ropes to the uprights. I hung there for a few minutes, my cock and balls dangling in the air. Somehow I knew that the next torture would focus on them.

"Well, GI, " the son spoke to me as the four of them stood in a semi circle in front of me. "now my father wants us to focus on the symbol of your blasphemy."

I knew it, I just knew it.

The son came over and grabbed hold of my cock and balls, and began to twist them.

"You have not the mark of the covenant," he lectured, "and so my father says these must be punished for that sin."

He dropped my cock and balls and spoke to the other two arabs. They pulled out two long leather thongs and came over to me. They made a slip knot on

the end of each thong and slipped it over each of my testicles and pulled tight.

"Hsssh," I gasped as they took the other ends and pulled my testicles towards each of the uprights. As soon as my nuts were spread as far apart as they could, the two tied the ends of the thongs off at the posts.

The son walked up to me and began to message my chest, stopping to tweak first one nipple and then the other. He continued playing with the hair on my chest, rubbing down my abdomen and fondling my pubic hair. My cock responded by getting hard again.

"Amazing," he observed, "you Americans are driven by sex. I have but to touch you slightly, and you respond."

I kept silent. He began to slowly stroke my cock and in a few moments it was straining, hard, and starting to ooze precum. He rubbed the precum over the head of my cock and up and down its shaft.

"Uhhmm" I moaned with pleasure. I could feel the juices stirring, and knew I was near orgasm.

"Are you thirsty?" he asked.

I must have looked quizzically at him, because he just stood there and smiled at me. He continued stroking my cock with his one hand as he pulled out a small cup with his other.

"Aaah" I groaned as my body shuddered in its restraints and my cock gave up several loads of my thick white cum. He held the cup so that the cum shot into it. He continued milking my cock until the last drop of cum oozed out the head to fall into the waiting cup.

"Here" he offered, as he reached up to put the cup to my lips.

I closed my mouth. He spoke something in arabic and the two who had bound me came over. One of them held my nose while the other pried my mouth open. I couldn't fight them, and I opened my mouth. The son smiled, and poured my own cum down my throat. Most of it went right down, with a small amount dribbling down my chin.

"There," the son offered, "that should quench your thirst."

I glared back at him, but said nothing. It's not that I haven't swallowed cum before, even my own. It was just that I didn't like being forced, especially by these bastards.

"Hmm, " the son uttered softly, "I wonder..." he paused, apparently thinking about something. He reached over and began to stroke my cock again.

Since I had just cum a third time, it was a little sensitive, but not so much that it didn't respond. Soon I was hard again. He continued to stroke the shaft, fingering the head. With his other hand he reached up and fondled my chest.

Despite trying to ignore what he was doing and trying to will away my hardon, I was again feeling the pressure build up. A drop of precum oozed out of the head of my cock. He rubbed it over the head and down the underside of the shaft.

"Hsssh" I moaned in pleasure. My breathing became deeper as I neared another climax. "Uhh, aaah" I gasped as I came a fourth time, this time he let the cum drop to the ground below. My cock continued spurting and spurting, and he continued to message and pull on it until the last drop of cream oozed out and dribbled over his fingers.

He called out something in arabic and his father came over to me. He dropped my cock, and his father picked it up and began to stroke it. I was really sensitive by this time and tried to pull out of his grasp. He reached down with his other hand and grabbed my tied up balls and pulled them sharply.

"Aah" I grunted.

"Don't move again, "the son suggested, "or my father might just pull them off completely."

I stopped my attempts and gritted my teeth as the old man continued to jerk on my dick. To say that it was uncomfortable would be an understatement. Again, guys that are cut don't have the same sensitivity as uncuts do. Continued masturbation after you've cum, especially four times, is real torture.

"Since you Americans are so ridden with sex," the son was looking directly into my eyes, while his father continued to jerk me off. "I thought that this form of torment might be appropriate. In our culture, we have used this process to make eunuchs."

"You bastard..." I started to scream out, "Aah, fuck.." I gasped as his father gave another tug on my trapped nuts.

"It is better that you remain silent and just listen," the son continued, "we may or may not make a eunuch of you, the process is one that turns pleasure into torment. My father will make you cum, then each of the others will take

their turns with your penis, and then I will have another turn."

"Uhh, aah" I gasped just as he finished, and my cock spurted a fifth load of cum that covered his father's hand. This time only a fraction of what it had shot before.

The father got up and was replaced by one of the others. When he put his hand on my dick it was like sandpaper on raw skin. He began to jerk on me, my cock was aching, my nuts were aching, and yet somewhere inside there was still more juice to shoot, in a few minutes I was hard again.

"Aaaah" I screamed out in a mixture of pain and pleasure as my aching cock dribbled out a sixth load of cum. This time it was watery, and only half of the previous amount. I let my head sag to my chest and closed my eyes. My cock and balls were aching deeply now, it was almost as though someone had put them into a vise and was slowly closing it, squeezing the shit out them. The water poured off my body as I sweat both from the heat and the sex.

The fourth arab took his place in front of me and grabbed my sore cock.

"Please..." I moaned, as his rough hands began to stroke and manipulate my shaft. He rubbed a finger on the head of my cock.

"Ah" I moaned in pain, it felt like someone had taken a file to the skin and was rubbing it completely off. He ignored me and continued to rub his finger across the head. With his other hand he began to squeeze my nuts, as though to force more cum to the surface.

I gritted my teeth. My whole middle was now just a dull throbbing ache. My cock ached on the inside and felt raw on the outside. Tears soon ran down my cheeks. The whipping had been bad, but bearable. The honey had been painful, but I could deal with it.

Even being fucked was not as bad. But this, this kind of torment was more than I could stand. You'd think that it wouldn't be, you'd think that it would be mild by comparison. But believe me, to have your cock, raw, aching, sensitive to even the slightest touch; manhandled and roughly stroked into hardness is worse than anything.

"Uh, ah".. I moaned as my orgasm came, mixed with a cover of ache and pain. A small amount of watery cum oozed out of the head of my cock.

"What, already done" the son commented as he took his place in front of me. "I would have imagined that you Americans, being so sex ridden, would have an ample supply of the male juices." He smiled and began to stroke my softening cock.

He did it with tenderness, with a slight brushing of his hand, the slight scraping of the cuff of his robe. It was worse than the others. With the others the pain was constant, dull, throbbing. But this, this slight touch, seemed to focus the pain, maybe because it was not constant. He touched and there was pain, then no pain until he touched again, drawing it more and more out of me. My cock hardened once again, he touched me slightly, and it strained. He rubbed his finger lightly across the top of the shaft, my cock felt like it was being burned.

Somewhere inside of me, there was still some cum left, for I began to feel the pressure once again. He drew his hand slowly up my shaft, and I felt my nuts contract in response, ready to once again give up their fluid. He slowed down so that my orgasm would subside.

"You son of a bitch.." I moaned between gritted teeth. He only smiled and brought me to the edge again, only to stop short and soothe the pulsing until it also stopped. Then he would start up again. I began to move my head from side to side to block out the pain and frustration. He continued tormenting me this way for several minutes.

"Now you may cum," he spoke soothingly, as he continued stroking me, my cock strained after his touch.

"Ah, ah, ah, aaaaaah," I screamed as my cock erupted and shot out its eighth load, this time watery cum mixed with a little blood. This was the last of it, my nuts had to be empty. They throbbed with pain, my cock was beyond throbbing, it was pain.

"That is enough, I think," the son spoke soothingly. " you are now ready to join the covenant with God."

My eyes opened with a start to see him withdraw his dagger from his robe.

"Noooooh, aaaaaah!" I started to scream as he pulled my foreskin tight with one hand and reaching over with the dagger, cut through the skin, slicing off the loose flesh. I fainted.

I awoke suddenly as cool water was thrown over my head. I was still hanging suspended. My cock hurt like hell. The arabs were standing in a circle around me.

"You are now, one of us," the son said with a smile.

I looked down, my cock was an angry red. There was no blood, it had been washed away. Some sort of ointment had been spread over the cut. My foreskin was gone. There was still some loose skin around the head of my

cock, but it was now out in the open, without its protective covering.

"Why..." I started to ask.

"Why," the son responded, "to save you, that's why." he began to laugh and the other arabs joined in the laughter and turned back towards their tents. Night was beginning to fall, they went about preparing their cookfires. I hung there, silently, wondering; wondering what tomorrow would bring...

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