Captured in Africa

By Courtney Sweet

We had been on safari through some of the dense jungles of Africa, it was an

awesome country in both culture and creation. Our trip was for photographic

purposes mostly, but I think we were looking for excitement and adventure as

well. One hot steamy night I drifted into sleep to the sound of the evening

creatures, I had been told the mosquito net would keep most of the creepy

crawlies away. or so I thought.

During the night I slept peacefully, to be awoken by something moving along

my thigh, my eyes sprang open and I could see a dark silhouette standing

over me. I took a deep breath in fright, ready to scream, but before the

bloodcurdling cry of fear could be released a strong hand clamped over my

mouth. I thought he was going to rape me right there, so I struggled and

tried to fight him off, but he was so strong I was pinned down helplessly in

seconds. I gagged as a piece of cloth was stuffed into my mouth and

before I knew what was happening I was rolled in the bedclothes and slung

like a sack of potatoes over a strong set of shoulders. Not a sound had

been made as they abducted me from our camp and although it seemed

impossible, I knew no one had heard or seen anything and no alarm had been

sounded.

I was so frightened that I was absolutely frozen in the arms of the man who

carried me, a sick feeling settling in my stomach as I was jolted along in

the darkness. It seemed we traveled a short distance before I was set down

in what I could only guess was some kind of boat. I could only hear muffled

voices speaking low in another language and then the sound of oars moving us

along the water.

At the village I was taken to a hut stripped and my body coated in some kind

of heavily scented oil by a black native woman. She passed me a bowl and

motioned for me to drink from it, I raised the bowl to my mouth, sniffing it

before tasting, it was sweet and I drank thirstily letting its potent

contents warm my body.

The woman stared at my body as I lowered the bowl and I realized she must

not have seen anyone with my coloring before. I had naturally Nordic blonde

hair, so my pubic mound was covered in soft blonde fuzz and my skin was

quite pale even after brief exposure to the African sun. I stared back at

the woman and she smiled, her white teeth contrasting with the almost ebony

color of her lips.

A harsh shout from outside made her jump and scurry from the hut, a tall

dark bald man entered standing by the door his eyes traveled down my naked

form. He licked his lips then frowned and threw me a bundle of cloth

motioning for me to cover myself. I struggled into what seemed to be some

kind of semi transparent pale blue caftan similar to what the woman had been

wearing.

He grabbed my arm and dragged me out of the hut, my long blonde hair

tumbling loose around my shoulders to the middle of my back. I was taken to

what I thought to be some kind of sacrificial altar, a wooden frame set up

nearby caught my attention as the man led me to it. Thoughts of cannibalism

or sacrifices to ancient gods raced through my head, I was beginning to lose

it and I could feel the bile starting to rise at the thought of losing my

life through some barbaric ritual.

My heart was racing as the the bald man tied each of my hands to a piece of

rope, he pulled the ropes up over a bar above and a little in front of me so

my arms were raised above my head. The ropes hung down in front of me and

he bent down tying each of my ankles to the other end of the rope attached

to the opposite wrist.

I should have been shaking with fear by this time, but instead I had started

to feel warm inside, almost excitedly apprehensive and I was finding it hard

to keep focused. I was sure by this time that the potent contents of the

drink the woman had given me earlier had been drugged, perhaps with some

type of aphrodisiac, then the sound of the drums started.

I watched in a daze as lanterns were lit and a procession approached the

place where I had been strung up. from what I could see it appeared to be

some kind of celebration or coronation for perhaps a new chief. A tall

handsome muscular young man was cloaked and crowned with a wreath of leaves;

he turned to stare at me as if waiting for something.

The bald man turned and ripped the caftan from my naked oiled body, and

motioned as if he was offering me to the new chief and I found myself

wondering if I was dinner or his date for the night. Our eyes connected and

I felt my whole body tingle with excitement when he walked towards me; his

warm brown eyes widened slightly as he reached out and touched a strand of

golden hair that hung down across my pale pink tipped breasts.

I caught my breath as my nipples hardened in response to his slightest touch

and when he smiled I felt my heart flutter, the whole crowd cheered and

started to chant eerily as the drums resumed beating. I realized I was a

gift and that I had been accepted by their new leader, they were celebrating

now but I could not take my gaze from this magnificent creature before me.

Although we were worlds apart, with no common language I felt myself wanting

him, like a schoolgirl lusts after the first man she is ever attracted to

and not wanting to take responsibility for my sexual hunger I blamed it upon

the drugged potion I had consumed.

As the drums began to beat in a steady rhythm, I felt my body sway slightly

and the world seemed to spin around me. The chief took hold of the ropes

tied to my wrists and pulled hard, I yelped as my feet were pulled out from

under me, at the same time the motion spread my legs and I found myself

helplessly hanging at waist height in front of the new chief with my oiled

thighs either side of his hips.

He chuckled as he ran his hands over my body, gliding along the slippery

contours of my breasts, stroking my nipples to erection, my inner thighs

sliding against his narrow hips as he explored me thoroughly. He rested his

hand on the mound between my legs and let his thumb find my clitoris,

rotating it slowly but firmly until I started to squirm with pleasure. The

rapid flicking of his thumb tip brought me to a bucking drug enhanced

orgasm, my body swinging in the air in front of him, my cunt contracting and

relaxing in empty frustration. I groaned with delicious agony, not really

caring what happened next, my body and mind were completely engulfed in a

sexual stupor

I could feel my pussy had become soaked from my orgasm and I moaned again as

a finger slid down to my hole feeling for wetness, it rubbed up and inside

my slit, spreading my juices so they covered my erect clitoris but never

actually entering me. I watched him raise his fingers and sniff them his

eyes locking with mine as he sucked my juice from his fingers as if it were

honey, his teeth gleaming like ivory next to the darkness of his skin.

I was oblivious to the many eyes of the tribes people around us as he

removed his cloak, then his loincloth, the sight before me shocked me to the

core of my soul. His cock was enormous, I thought it must have had some

kind of a cover on it but as I looked closer I could see the bulbous tip

quite plainly. My body responded to the sight of such magnificence and I

felt myself start to quiver with wanton desire for this man, my captor, to

take me like a savage and make me scream with orgasmic bliss.

He looked impressed by my reaction to his manhood and walked around to my

head as I hung there so I could see it better. He rubbed it against my face

and I licked at it trying to catch it in my mouth, this must have been new

to him but he let me taste the thick tip of his cock with my tongue. I ran

my tongue around the circumference of its tip; I couldn't fit much of it in

my mouth, as it was easily as thick as a cucumber and I estimated it was at

least twelve inches long.

Moving back between my legs he rubbed the purple black tip of the massive

organ between my pussy lips and pressed it against my throbbing hole, he had

not fingered me nor stretched me to accommodate the unusually large size of

his cock and I held my breath thinking there was no way he would be able to

fit inside me.

I felt the head of his cock push my entrance open, the thick shaft following

until he could enter me no further. I was sure he only had about two inches

of his cock inside me; two men approached standing on either side and held

me by the arms and legs. With his hands on my thighs spreading me open

further the man with his cock inside me started to thrust, wedging his cock

inch by inch deeper into my protesting pussy.

I tried to control myself as the jarring invasion of the monster cock ripped

through me biting my lip until I could taste blood, I felt faint and could

hear screams of pain mixed with pleasure coming from somewhere, eventually

realizing it was coming from me! My body twisting and arching in mid air as

he forced his massive erection in and out of my cunt. It was like losing my

virginity all over again, I had never felt such satisfying pain in all my

life.

The drums got louder and faster and I could feel the massive erection moving

in and out of me faster now although still not without resistance from my

tightly protesting pussy. The men who had held me were gone and I was being

swung back and forth by the ropes that held me along the shaft of this big

black man, he seemed to be lifting me easily with each thrust.

I looked up through a glaze of tears that I had not realized I had shed in

the pain of entry, the man who labored within me was having obvious trouble

controlling himself as he ravaged my vice like crevice. He lifted me

pulling me against him impaling me even more deeply, his cock felt like it

was made of steel as it drove up into my cunt. His lips were on the pale

pink erections of my nipples, biting and sucking them firmly until I could

feel the tingling pleasure rushing through my body to my clitoris.

I squirmed involuntarily as I felt my vagina clamp on his cock in an

agonizing convulsion of pleasure; he looked up into my eyes and smiled as he

thrust himself faster and faster in and out of my rippling cunt. I groaned

loudly until it became more of a shuddering cry, my body quivering

uncontrollably in his arms as the rush of pleasure caused by a deeply

fulfilling orgasm shuddered through my groin until my whole body went limp.

From what seemed to be somewhere outside of myself I could feel the

contractions of my pussy as it tried to pump my juices around the big black

cock stuffing it to capacity. Then I felt his cock pump up in response, the

slight enlargement of his shaft as his balls started to push his royal load

up for expulsion.

I screamed again as the already unbearable size of him increased and

throbbed within me and the hot spurt of cum was delivered straight through

the gates of my womb. It was as if he was pissing inside me, I could feel

the consistent spurt of hot cum spray against my insides; filling me with

warmth as it pushed out around his cock with each angry thrust of release.

As he withdrew from me I felt my cunt gaping at the absence of his monster

cock, my ankles and wrists were red raw from the ropes and I dangled

helplessly for all to see, our combined juices literally running down the

cheeks of my arse and dripping in pools on the ground below me.

I think I must have passed out then, because when I awoke later I found

myself back in my bed it was early morning and the birds had just begun to

sing. I sat up slowly in bed my head pounding severely as if I had a

hangover and I found that my whole body ached when I moved, I rubbed my

chafed wrists thoughtfully, it seemed no one had even noticed I had been

gone during the night.

As I got up and walked to the washstand my knees shook, my poor ravaged cunt

was burning as I started to clean myself. I dressed and walked out to find

breakfast cooking already, I sat down gingerly and as I looked around my

thoughts were still on the massive black stud that had fucked me to oblivion

during the night. I wondered if I would ever see him again, then a smile

curled the corners of my lips as I remembered we would be staying here for

another two nights, a girl could only hope.

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