**In The Hands of Her Enemies** -ej

The thing about pulling duty for the UN was, of course, that you were on loan and sort of not really involved in what was going on. That’s what Julia thought as she wiped her brow with the pale blue beret. She’d done UN service before. That had been fun, especially stealing those tanks and clearing the way into the city where the refugees were. This, on the other hand, was getting to be boring. She was the sole escort of the local politician and his secretary. Ju had ridden escort in the helicopter, just the four of them, Julia, the pilot, the politician, and his secretary, whom Ju suspected also acted as the man’s lover. Ju was sole escort to the politician in his attempt to convince the elders of the local tribe to cooperate with the peace plan. Chief hadn’t liked the idea at all. “Can’t send her alone!” He’d boomed. But they were short handed and the observation helicopter didn’t really have space for any other guard detail members. Ju didn’t care, because she knew her role was mostly symbolic. Not much she could do if they were attacked. She’d really have loved to have had a transport chopper and a full platoon, instead of the toy helicopter.

They arrived at the village, landing at a nearby pasture field, and Ju stood by with her weapon at the ready as the great man descended and shook hand with the elder leader. Everybody was sporting serious poker faces and you could cut the atmosphere with a knife. One of the local children looked questioningly at Ju. She cocked her head in serious study of this 5 foot 7 inches, 128 pound military figure. Who happened to have a face just like her mother’s. The girl pouted, and Ju did, too. Then the girl smiled and Ju smiled back, winking at her. The girl waved as all the kids ran after the grownups gone to their council.

Ju and the pilot waited in the helicopter. The reason why the child found Ju so like her own mother was that the arid Sun had accentuated Ju’s tan to where she looked somewhat like a native. But it also made for a hell of a thirst, as Ju was thinking.

She’d almost finished the second of her canteens. Ju felt the need to go urinate and told the pilot, “Excuse me, I have to see to something.” He replied, “Go right ahead, I’ve got to check out the rig, anyhow.”

Ju headed for some nearby scraggly bushes, to get some privacy while she squatted and relieved her full bladder. That’s when she heard the rumor like a wave approaching. She stepped out to see the politician, running hell bent for leather and

his secretary behind, high heels left someplace else and bare feet pounding the earth behind her so-called boss. He didn’t seem to be paying much mind to what happened to her.

The reason for the wild rush was the population of the village, at a dead heat behind them and brandishing all sorts of sharp agricultural instruments. They were the source of the rumor that seemed like a rising tide.

Ju slung off her weapon and with her free right hand circled above her head for the pilot to get the helicopter started. The pilot didn’t need any prompting. He leapt on the seat and had the bird a couple of feet off the ground as the politician dove in head first.

One of the village men was about to gain on the secretary. He grasped her blouse. It tore leaving exposed her large breasts clad in a minuscule bra. The woman screamed. Ju brought down the man with an open hand blow to the back of his neck. Then she noticed another villager preparing to send a machete flying through the air, as the secretary scrambled for the helicopter. Ju charged the man and knocked him down with a blow from her rifle butt. Then she realized that the helicopter was lifting. If she shot the first line of attackers, she could make it inside.

And so it was that Ju saw the village children, happy and laughing as if it had been

a game, running into her line of fire. She thought, “Oh, shit!” at the notion of being again a prisoner. She tapped the release button, letting the magazine fall from the rifle. Then she threw the weapon as far behind her as she could. Her hands went up in surrender with a bittersweet thought that she hadn’t hurt any of the children, who now ran past her to marvel at the metal and plastic bird rising far up in the air.

The two men Ju had knocked out were being helped to their feet. A third ran to Ju’s weapon. He retrieved it, accidentally squeezed the trigger to let out a wild shot, and aimed at the helicopter. Only to realize with a curse that the weapon did not have a magazine in it and was empty. The crowd’s interest switched to the figure in uniform with arms raised. The first blow with a shovel head caught Ju in the pit of the stomach. She fell kneeling and doubled over, as someone else punched her in the kidneys and then someone kicked her in the face. Her beret was gone, tossed hand to hand among the crowd. She hadn’t worn her earrings and no one noticed her pierced ears. Her short cropped hair did not identify her as female, either, and she was not surprised to hear someone say, “Bring the soldier boy along, don’t hit him anymore.”

Ju found herself surrounded by the seventy odd members of the tribe. Most armed, true, with agricultural implements. But sharp agricultural implements. Ju thought that she could kill with her bare hands seven, maybe ten of these people who she had nothing against. Before they tore her apart, that is. With a shudder, Ju resigned herself to being completely in their hands.

The elder spoke, “That bastard offered us nothing but shame and a slow death for our people!” He aimed a finger at Ju, “And thanks to you he escaped!” The elder smiled, “But we got you instead!” Ju replied, “Please, Sir, I only did my job of protecting him, I don’t even know what this is about.” There was silence all around. The whole audience looked at her in surprise. That was a woman’s voice! And quite seductive, too. “Who? What are you?” The elder exclaimed. A woman, then a man struck at her with long handed implements.

Ju fell on the ground, for the first time scared for her life. She’d been a prisoner before, and had been brutalized. But her captors had been an organized band of not even ten guerrillas. Here was a whole mob!

The elder spoke again, “Are you an eunuch?” Ju almost burst out laughing as she though of the confusion her well muscled, camouflage-clad, 35C-breasts,

24 inches waist and 35 inches hips frame, combined with her feminine voice, were causing. But next came, “Take your clothes off, boy. Or whatever you are!” The crowd took up the chant of “Strip! Strip!”

Ju knew she had no option when she saw the glint of the upraised, sharp steel.

She undid and took off her boots. Then her socks. Next, she unbuttoned and dropped her battle blouse, and then her trousers. She was somewhat glad that at least she could undress herself. Until she noticed the curious faces of the children in the crowd. This had never happened to her before. She’d been exposed before. But this was different. It felt like a horrible violation being made to undress in front of children, too.

As the color and heat of shame rose to her face, in her T-shirt and cotton panties, she begged, staring at the ground, “Please, no. Not in front of...” A village woman, plain looking but curvy and sexy, advanced on her and slapped her face, shouting, “Take it off!” in her face. Ju had a second of reflexive thought that she could have broken the woman’s windpipe in less than two seconds, but she was in the hands of a crowd turned into a mob. A beast that could close it’s jaws and tear her apart at any moment. Ju pulled the military T-shirt off over her head, then the sports bra. Her erect breasts with pointed nipples surged, and she kept an arm wrapped around them as she lowered her white cotton panties to her ankles and then stepped out of them. On one hand, she felt like laughing at being standing there naked and ashamed as a virgin child, which she wasn’t. On the other, she really felt ashamed enough that she was biting her lip not to start crying. A rumor of “Dirty Dyke!” And “Slut!” And “Abomination!” Was running through the crowd.

Her wrists were pulled back and Ju kicked first in one direction and then stroke open handed in the other, only to be engulfed by the crowd and slammed against the ground.

Ju felt the blows landing on her helpless body and felt her arms being tied together behind her back. She knew the beast was grinding it’s jaws and began to sob in actual fear as she was marched off by the crowd and heard the elder say, “You’ll be sorry you were born, Abomination.”

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Julia, now poor defenseless Julia, was shoved into the center of what looked like a large circular barn with an earth floor. She’d carried only her identification and an issue watch in the pocket of her trousers, and her identification tags were yanked off her neck, leaving a reddish furrow. Now she was completely naked like the day she was born. She leaped forward as someone slapped her behind, making her breasts bounce up and down in the process. The crowd laughed. Then she screamed in pain as the woman who slapped her before grabbed one of her breasts and squeezed it as if it had been a ripe grapefruit. It was useless for Julia to resist, as half a dozen women, with another half dozen behind them, brought her down on the earth floor. They stretched her strong arms over her head and spread her legs, immobilizing her. Two stakes were driven on the ground. Julia’s wrists were tied to one and her right ankle to the other.

“If you don’t know how to be a woman,” The elder said, “our people will teach you.” They thought Julia was some sort of travesty, a woman-man, in their world of rigidly defined gender difference. Julia saw one of the secretary’s discarded high-heeled shoes lying nearby, and she had a second to reflect on how she was to be the scapegoat and substitute for the politician and his secretary. Then, the older women of the tribe went to work on Julia.

Laughing, they squeezed and teased Julia’s breasts until they were surging with her nipples pointing into the air. At the same time, another of the matrons insinuated three of her fingers into Julia’s vaginal channel past her labia. Julia felt the electric-like sensation radiating from her abdomen up to her breasts. The older woman’s thumb caressed Julia’s clitoris, as the small finger of the woman now “teaching” Julia her lesson insinuated itself inside the captured military woman’s anal sphincter. The woman’s hand, not harshly, almost lovingly went back and forth, as her index now rubbed against that sensitive spot in the anterior wall of Julia’s vaginal channel.

The result was a superimposition of sensations like what a young bride of this tribe would be provided before her wedding night by the older women. The girl would go to her husband without any fear of what was ahead. Julia was not an innocent, in any sense of the word, and she’d have liked to tell them she was enjoying it, but she couldn’t. Julia couldn’t say a word because from the very moment the women began their intimate caressing of her, she’d felt a rush of blood to her head and a quickening of her pulse. She’d begun to moan and gasp and, although aware of her surroundings as she’d been trained to be, she could only experience this long, protracted, never ending orgasm she was being forced to enjoy.

As the women paused, laughing, Julia gave several shudders and spasms as she experienced her entire being concentrating in her wet snatch as she came. If this was something done privately and lovingly as instruction to a new bride, in the case of Julia it was supposed to be a public spectacle of mockery, teaching this woman who posed as a man how a real woman was like. Julia, a highly intelligent woman, knew that next she’d be the practice object of the young men of the tribe.........

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