

SACRED FIRE AND SWEET SMOKE by Pax

My first clues of my emerging homosexuality were actually from television. I was born in 1955 and grew up in Garden City, New York, a typical, upper middle class, suburban environment... as Republican a town as could be found in Nassau County on Long Island. I was fascinated by movies, usually shown on channels 9 and 11, which portrayed scenes of the bondage or torture of a male hero. They all got to me.. pirates, the foreign legion, European castles with the ever ready torture chamber, witchhunts, vampires, the Vikings, Roman crucifixions, primitive human sacrifices, oriental, arabian, and hindu rituals, and Trader Horn trips to Africa with all those nearly naked black men preparing to deep-fry the white hunter. Hollywood gave this stuff vivid enough production values to keep a young boy glued to the set.

My real passion, however, were westerns. Not any westernsstow the Gene Autry crap. A western wasn't a western unless a handsome, macho white man was captured by the Indians and tied to a stake ready to be tormented by his captors. It guaranteed an instant hard-on. I would sit up late at night while my parents slept and watch the late, late, late show, hoping for a scene where the cowboy would fall into Indian hands. I always rooted for the Indians and was never happy when their grisly plans were foiled. The crackle of the fires at the victim's feet as bare chested warriors danced wildly around made my whole body race.

A few times, my mother noticed the boner under my pants and chided me for playing with myself. At the time, I didnt even know what she meant. When Randolph Scott was tied to the stake in **The Last of the Mohicans** and high piles of wood were kindled around him as drums pounded and the Iroquois raised the war whoop, nothing could keep my dick down. It came to attention all on its own..... rock hard and hot. I found myself going to the library and checking in the index of every book I could find about Indians under captives, treatment of or torture. If I was lucky, there were historical drawings of prisoners being tortured which I xeroxed. I eagerly read the texts, savoring detailed descriptions of the redmans ingenuity and trying to keep my hard cock from protruding too noticeably in my pants.

I craved playing cowboys and Indians with my friends. Of course, I always chose to be a cowboy and often purposely let the kids playing the Indians capture me. If I was lucky and there was some rope or twine around, I got tied to a tree or a support pole in somebodys basement. It always made my dick strain against my underwear as I imagined torches being held near my body ready to set wood beneath me ablaze.

Later, I found that when I thought of my favorite movie scenes.. Gary Cooper suspended over a cavernous pit of fire in **The Plainsman**.. or when I looked at one of my xeroxes, and continually stroked my dick, my pleasure for these fantasies was fully aroused. I cant remember when I came for the first time and I didn't understand what all that white cream oozing from the slit was until a buddy enlightened me in high school. Suffice it to say, I enjoyed many hours of innocent masturbation totally oblivious to its sexual connotation. It just felt good and I did it. You'd think that growing up in a predominantly straight, waspish environment might have sublimated my urge for men but it didnt really. I just didnt understand what the attraction meant. I soon found myself staring at beautiful men and not knowing why. I d go to the mall after school and on Saturdays to hang out, and found myself following various men around like an

undercover agent..., usually guys between age 18 and 30 and always the handsome ones, which brings me to homofetish number two. I was fascinated by guys who smoked brown filter cigarettes... Marlboros especially, and Winstons, Viceroy's, Old Gold and Camel Filters, and Kools. Cigars also captivated me, especially when smoked by a dashing, younger man as opposed to my Uncle Harry. The craze in the 60's for long, filter tipped cigarillos also caught my fancy. The Erik commercial with the Scandinavian hunk in a Viking boat smoking a thin cigar was a favorite. The whole process of watching a guy place a cigarette in his gorgeous lips, light it, and seeing wisps of smoke emanating from his mouth and nose turned me on big time. After class in high school, I loved checking out all the cool teen punk types smoking their forbidden cigarettes outside the building as I waited on the bus to be taken home.

The crazy thing about all this was that it was totally pictorial. I actually hated the smell of cigarette smoke, although cigars didn't bother me nearly as much. Like every kid in the 60s, I had tried to smoke a cigarette at some point. Both my parents smoked! Well, it was a pretty disgusting experience. I hated the taste and I hated the smell. No, it was watching other guys smoke. It was so damn masculine. I even started tearing out ads for Camel Filters and Marlboros out of magazines. They always had the hunkiest numbers puffing away. My collection became prime jack-off material.

II

Through these formative years, I contentedly masturbated unaware of the implications. It had always been private. Not even the legendary adolescent circle jerk had crossed my experience. I knew at least that women brought none of the sensations to my dick that men did, but I kept it all to myself without much anxiety or a desire to understand.

This changed early in my senior year of high school when a wrestling program was instituted as part of the physical education curriculum. We had all been taught the basic moves through class demonstrations and practices. My problem was that I liked losing! Being pinned on the mat by a teen hunk was my idea of heaven. It was difficult not to get hard during these matches and several times my pecker just wouldn't behave. The instructor was not too pleased at how fast I was subdued and probably figured I was a hopeless sissy anyway.

My big stroke of luck came when the guys that had lost a majority of their matches were lined up in front of the class. Six of the best wrestlers were allowed to pick any of us for what the coach called punishment matches. Talk about a sadist! I was chosen by a gorgeous guy named Craig Walker. He was 6 feet of all-American boy terrific muscles, a masculine, etched face, short, deep brown hair with Romanesque curls, and dark eyes. I'd often admired him between classes strolling down the corridor.

The punishment matches were begun and one by one the guys who had been the losers were further humiliated to the jeers and laughter of the students. The gym had become the coliseum in ancient Rome and I was a Christian slave about to do battle with a shining gladiator. My turn finally came and Craig and I squared off at opposite ends of

the mat. The coach blew the whistle and we began to stalk each other like wild animals in a circular configuration. Craig lunged toward me and quickly took me down as cheers went up from the spectators. I struggled a little with him, but his superior strength quickly gave him the upper hand. I was loving every minute and the feel and force of his body against mine was intoxicating. On cue, my cock hardened substantially in anticipation of my impending defeat. At some point, one of his hands passed over my groin area and he sharply turned his head and looked at me with a face I'll never forget. With a renewed burst of power, he quickly flipped me onto my back, mounted my midsection and placed his knees on my upper arms pinning me firmly to the mat. His crotch was pushed up right in my face and I deeply inhaled the smell. Craig looked down toward me with a grin of triumph. Two slaps on the mat by the coach and it was over. The crowd yelled their approval as Craig rose and strutted victoriously towards his friends leaving his subjugated opponent to accept his deserved humiliation.

In the showers, the losers were subject to the typical derision of the victors. A favorite device was the "towel whip" and my naked butt had already received several lashes from guys on their way to or from the showers, always accompanied by laughter and the standard teen epithets. Somehow the humiliation pleased me, and I lingered a long time in front of my locker to experience the maximum attention being meted out. I'd even noticed the coach sporting a huge grin as he had watched me go to the locker room taunted by my peers.

I finally picked up my towel and headed for the showers. I picked a choice spot, turned the handles and got under the warm, soothing water. I stayed there a while, silently savoring the remaining boy bodies under the spiggets, until I was alone in the steamy room. I had suppressed my desire for an erection for the last twenty minutes and now my cock would not be denied as it rose instantly, proudly jutting from my groin like a hunter's trophy. I generously lathered soap onto my aching hard-on and stroked it pleasurably in silence. The familiar quickness of breathing and tingling on my nipples welled up as my entire body tensed and I shot a string of white cream onto the tiles furiously pulling on my cock to milk every drop as the floods of water descending on me consumed it into the drain.

I rinsed off and placed a towel around my waist to cover my receding dick and headed for my locker. As I turned the corner, I found Craig waiting for me only in his underpants with his muscular arms crossed over his hairless chest. I was momentarily stunned and just stood there gaping at him. The rest of the guys had gone. It was the last period of the day and on Friday there were no after school sports. We were quite alone. He stared at me a bit and I felt my cock springing back to life.

"Your name's Sean, isn't it?"

"Yes."

He walked toward me... "You like boys, don't you?"

"What..." He didn't let me finish.

"You had a fucking hard-on when I wrestled you. I could feel it, man." He was standing right in front of me, belligerently waiting for my confession. His tone became

calmer. "I know you like boys." He suddenly pulled my towel from my waist and grasped my hard-on. "Your dick is telling me you like boys."

With a small smile he began to stroke my penis. I didn't want to retreat. He was right. I liked it and even more, I got off on not knowing what to expect from him or the situation. He continued to work my cock with his hand and with the other began to lightly brush my testicles. Soon I could no longer control my breathing and began to sigh and wimper. He kneeled down and took me in his mouth, while both his hands played with my hard balls.

"Ohhhh.." The sensations were worth a lifetime as my cock experienced its first mouth. His tongue glided around my shaft and head, bathing it in his warm saliva. I was shivering, thrilled to watch this boy consume my helpless cock.

He sucked me for a long while, then stood up and removed his underpants. His erect dick sprang out, a thick monster, red and circumsized like a work of great sculpture.

"You like being pinned down by a man, don't you?"

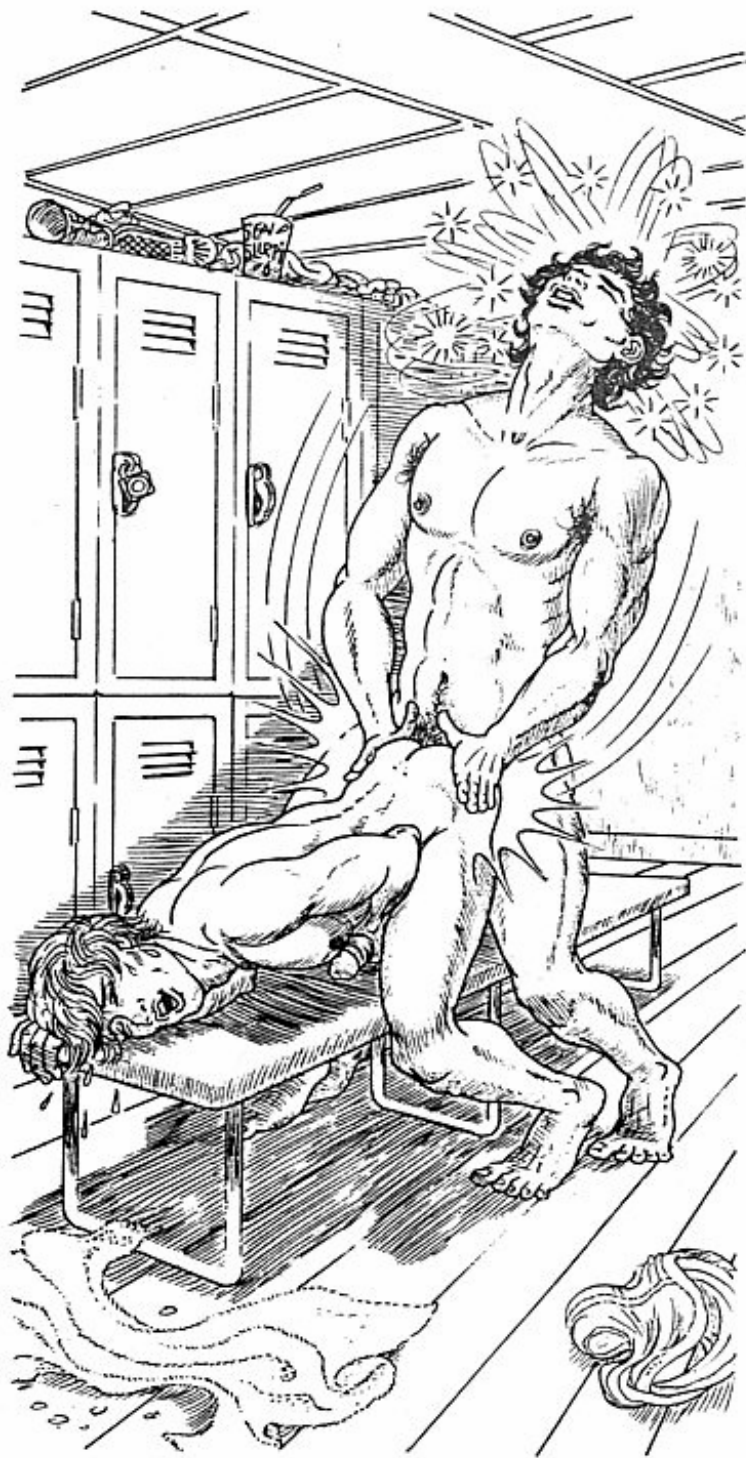
"Yes, I like it." My words were soft and reverential.

"Put your hands behind your back and keep them there." I obeyed him. "Now kneel in front of me and suck the cock of the man who pinned you."

A hundred movie scenes of the begging, vanquished slave whizzed through my brain as I got onto my knees, pretending my hands were chained behind me. I placed my lips around his thick beacon of authority and tasted for the first time a man's penis. I'd been hungry for this a long time without knowing it. My own cock stood straight out, bobbing up and down with spasms of pleasure.

"Get it good and wet because it's waiting to go up your ass."

I continued my oral worship and after several minutes he pulled out of my mouth and grabbed a bottle of shampoo from my open locker. He yanked me up and placed me chest first on the center bench between the rows of lockers telling me to hold on to the end of the bench with my hands and to keep my feet on the floor and raise my ass. He gobbled some shampoo onto my crack and worked it in with his fingers. My head rested sideways on the bench and I closed my eyes and sighed as the cold lotion was pressed into my rear. Craig began to slap my buttocks now, at first lightly but constantly increasing the pressure till my ass cheeks felt delightfully numb. My breathing became heavier and I groaned as I was repeatedly spanked.



Then without much fanfare, he drove his pole into my ass. I gasped loudly at the initial impalement. A hot stake had been thrust up my captive ass and I was forced to accept the pain. He began to fuck me slowly and soon the searing fire around my sphincter changed to a warm glow. One of my hands had found its way to my cock and I pleasurably stroked myself as he screwed me. With a loud cry and tremendous spasm

from his muscular body, he sent his cream into my virgin ass as he continued to thrash my rear end. As his moment of ecstasy subsided, he slowed down and withdrew.

“Turn around.” I quickly obeyed. “Beat off in my hand.”

I did as instructed and easily climaxed onto his hand. He lifted his palm to my face.

“I knew you liked boys.. .now eat what boys like to eat.”

I lapped my cum off his hand like a dog.

“Good boy.”

He pulled me up and kissed me on the lips. He smiled, put his underwear back on and abruptly left. I sank onto the bench, exhausted with the salty taste of cum in my mouth. The whole encounter had dazed me.

“You all right?” It was Craig. He was fully dressed and looking down at me. “Get your clothes on. Your coming home with me.”

Craig at once became my best friend and my gay guru. We had a lot of casual sex and he taught me the techniques, and introduced me to other willing students at school. We often went to New York on the weekends and managed to get into a few bars and movie houses. I credit him with brilliantly taking my virginity, making me understand what I was, and teaching me the trade. Romance was never really a part of it. We were just too young and it was all pretty secretive. Craig certainly had all his straight jock friends fooled. At the end of the year we both graduated, had a summer of unending sex, and he went off to college at Amherst. We corresponded occasionally after that, but soon lost touch as each of us became more involved in our post high school lives.

III

Why I applied to the University of Oklahoma in Norman, I'll never know. Getting away from Garden City and my mother were certainly powerful forces. They did, however, give me a terrific scholarship to study music. I had been interested in opera since my grandmother had taken me to the Met to see Tebaldi and Del Monaco in **Aida** when I was five. I had a fairly good baritone voice, had enjoyed choir in high school, and had decided to give a vocal career a try. The University of Oklahoma had a good opera program and it was far away from Long Island. I had been resigned to the fact that there would be little gay activity there, but my fears were unfounded. There was a sizeable, if secretive circle of gay students. It was usually pretty easy for us to pick each other out of the masses of more ordinary mortals. God had given us “gaydar” and partners weren't hard to find. There were enough eligible brethren to have some pretty wild parties.

In my junior year I decided to take for one of my electives a class in Indian customs and art, something I figured that would keep my pecker interested, or at the very least, my libido. The class itself was a rather dull, over scholarly affair that was saved from being a total loss by a fellow student who caught my eye. I surmised he was an American Indian from his admirably striking features... 6 foot 1 inch tall, medium build, muscular, reddish-brown skin, long black hair which danced on his shoulders and upperback, ultra tight butt, striking almost soulful eyes, beautiful lips and a large silver hoop earring in his left ear. In short, a total babe! He had the most sincerely beautiful smile and thoughtful, meditative facial expressions. I found myself blatantly staring at him for the first two weeks. A few times he would catch me and I'd notice a grin light up his face as I looked away from his gaze. I knew his name was Billy from the first days attendance taking, but couldn't recall his last name. He was very dedicated to the class, asking questions and constantly challenging the female professor.

During these first few weeks, I'd spend hours lying on my dorm bed and sweetly masturbate to images of this beautiful man. For once my gaydar had failed me, and I couldn't figure him out. He was elusive and had never really come on to me. I wondered if he'd find a sandy haired, light complexioned, anglo-saxon kid to his liking. I'd grown pretty confident in my looks during college. Friends gave me the impression that I was a desirable catch. Time would tell I supposed. Until then, I was perfectly content to admire him from afar. He never failed to turn me on and what's more, he smoked Marlboros. Was this a sign from the gods?

About a month into the class, we were assigned a paper that required heavy research time. On a Saturday morning I arrived at the university library at the same time as my Indian god. We walked up the stairs toward the reserve book room and both went for the card catalogue. Soon we were standing very close looking in adjacent drawers, me trying to suppress a boner under my jeans.

"Hi.. .you're taking taking Intro. to Indian Cultural Arts."

"Yeah, I've seen you in class. My name's Sean." I shook his warm hand.

"Mine's Billy. You wanna work on this paper together."

I would have worked on anything with him and as the pioneers of old had so poignantly stated ad infinitum... "*there was gold in them there hills!*" We hit it off great, studied together that morning and then went to lunch at the student center. His name was Billy Eagle Feather and he was 100% Pawnee. His family had moved off the reservation in the early 1900's and set up a successful farming operation in the north part of the state which had made considerable money. Billy was the sole surviving member of the family and between selling the business and collecting on his father's life insurance had amassed a small fortune. He was a senior studying Indian history and anthropology and intended to get a PHD. I went through some of my own life story and he was fascinated with my interest in opera. He'd never heard one and seemed eager to learn about it. I asked him if he wanted to listen to some opera on my stereo that evening and he immediately agreed, adding that we ought to meet for dinner before hand at a Tex-Mex place near my residence hall. I could almost hear the end of Act I of **Boheme** right there and then. He was the tenor and I the soprano.. .double high C... curtain!

IV

We met later that day and had a short meal at Chico's and then went on to my room. He'd brought a bottle of wine and we both imbibed as I played selections from **Turandot**, **Otello**, and **The Magic Flute**. As the music played, he eagerly studied the libretto as he took a cigarette out. I watched him intently as he placed the filter in his lips and lit it. As he artfully puffed away, my cock started to slightly harden. Soon there was a musical climax and he turned to me and smiled. A few times words like "wild" or "intense" greeted a particular high note or orchestral forte. He certainly was a product of the 70's. I then turned to Act I of **Tristan**. After listening a while and finishing his cigarette, he slowly put down the libretto and as Wagner's music swirled around the room he slowly took off his shirt and stared at me revealing his hard, hairless chest sporting a small silver pin in his left nipple.

"I've seen you watching me in class Sean. I 've seen your cock outlining your pants when I look at you. You want this... don't you?"

I was dumbstruck. He advanced toward me and his penetrating eyes were glued to my own. He took my face in his hands, lifted me to my feet bringing my mouth to his. He kissed me deep for what seemed like an eternity constantly pressing his groin against mine. Methodically he unbuttoned my shirt and undid my jeans in the most sensual manner. My excited cock sprang up at a full right angle as his right hand grasped it in a sign of aggressive ownership that sent tingles up my spine. I began with my hands to undo his belt and lower his jeans. His uncut cock leaped out.. .thick, long, and golden. The slight tinge of tobacco in his mouth didn't bother me. He was kissing me! That's all that mattered.

He brought his other hand to my chest and pinched my nipple hard. He smiled as I groaned ecstatically - "You are a beautiful white boy, Sean, and I like possessing your cock. I want your ass and I know it wants to be mine.

I had no answer save for deep sighs as he knelt down and took me in his mouth. His hot lips enveloped my penis all the way to the base nearly causing my feet to give way. I'd had good sex before, but this was something on a higher plain. A Pawnee warrior was blowing me and it gave me a tremendous sensual thrill that was irreversible.

As he sucked me, he took a leather tong which he wore around his neck and looped a few inches around the base of my cock and around my balls, separating the sac after which he knotted it tightly into place. The pressure was incredible. He pulled his lips away and I looked down to see my cock was beet red. He flicked off his jeans with a grin and returned to pinching my nipples, kissing me on the mouth, and stroking my bound cock and balls which continued to greet his hand at unrelenting attention.

He gently pushed me onto the bed on my back, raised my legs, and began to rim my ass. He lapped at my crack like a wild animal as I squirmed and shuddered. He worked one, then two fingers into my asshole and then returned his tongue. My

squirming had changed to shaking as he took a tube of Vaseline Intensive Care on my night table (old reliable for my daily exercises in beating off) and greased his cock.

He slowly and firmly eased his dick into my willing asssheer Nirvana! I told him how long I'd waited for this and he simply smiled as he slowly began to fuck me, laying his body completely over mine and continuing to kiss me as he thrust his hips. The play of his long hair on my chest and face was incredibly erotic as if a teasing whip was lightly grazing my body.

He shifted upward and held my legs out in a large V and pumped me with harder, more rhythmic strokes. My bound cock lay sprawled on my stomach, pointing straight to my chin. With my feet pinioned high in the air by his strong hands, I imagined being watched by all the men of the tribe as the warrior impaled the ass of his white captive. My legs went to his shoulders as he slowed his pace, fucking me more deliberately and using his hands to stroke my throbbing cock. As he thrashed against me, the images of the white man tied to the stake repeated itself incessantly in my mind. Soon I was climaxing as large spurts of cum erupted from my red, hog tied penis. As I came, Billy let out a groan which I imagined to be a war cry of victory. I just kept cumming. As my cock subsided, he pulled out of me, quickly straddled my chest and came in my face, splashing his cream over it and rubbing it in with his long tool.

Tristan was still playing as he spread out on top of me and kissed me for a long time. I know I had pleased him and we both fell asleep, exhausted, closely embraced in my small bed.

V

Suffice it to say, we became lovers and the feeling of first romance was exhilarating. I moved out of the dorm and into his apartment the next quarter. We shared each other continually and our sex was fulfilling and exciting. I usually was on bottom— I preferred it that way- he was so masculine and powerful. Occasionally, I'd surprise him by turning him over and trying to play top. A few times he'd let me win the wrestling match and I'd fuck his tight ass. More often than not, I'd lose and willingly submit myself to his exotic, manly advances. We became quite the couple in the more esoteric circles on campus. Some of my gay friends found it difficult to hide their envy of my good fortune. Sean and Billy became two inseparable words.

Our relationship quickly developed into one of trust, compassion, and support. We were truly in love and each day reconfirmed the commitment. He began to use the endearment, "baby" with me which I found terribly sensual and comforting. We rarely argued and found it easy to compromise. He was even sensitive to my aversion to cigarette smoke and was considerate enough not to smoke too much around me or before we had sex. I often allowed him after-sex smokes, but if he thought it was bothering me, he'd put it out. Soon, he'd cut down considerably which we both knew was better for his health.

We both bent over backwards to immerse ourselves in the interests of the other. I began reading about the Pawnee and other Indian tribes, still savoring any "treatment of captives" sections. I played Guglielmo in the university production of **Così fan tutte** by Mozart that winter. A dozen red roses with an eagle feather greeted me as I walked into my dressing room on opening night. Billy was at my side during the reception and cast party after the performance. He 'd become quite an opera fanatic and already knew the tunes of dozens of arias.

Over spring vacation, we took a trip to New York, mainly to visit my parents. To my folks, Billy was a college friend and an interesting one at that. They'd never met an American Indian before, or a man with an earring for that matter. He was terrific with them and we both found it fortuitous that they let us sleep together in my brother's room which had two beds. Behind closed doors and being more quiet than usual, their son was joyfully ravaged night after night by his red warrior.

We took the train to New York almost every day. Billy had never been to a big city before and the Big Apple wowed him. We saw **Lucia** and **Fliegende Holländer** at the Met, did the bars, danced at the discos, went to several museums, took the obligatory boat out to the Statue of Liberty, scaled the heights of the Empire State Building, and shopped in the village.

My lover had long been eager to visit a leather bar. I didn't know too much about them but I had certainly been curious myself. We had tried to get into one or two when Craig and I had visited the city in high school, but we couldn't produce proper ID and the places were more vigilantly monitored. A college friend of mine from Jersey had suggested a place on 6th Avenue called The Playroom. Billy decided to wear western style gear which included buckskin pants, a tight tee shirt, brown leather vest and a thin rawhide belt with nickel studs. I contented myself with a tee shirt and jeans.

We had dinner at a nearby deli and then walked over and entered the bar. The outer room was dark with deep blue lighting and a large black and chrome bar in the back. The place was crowded with guys, some in various garbs of black leather and others in tee shirts and jeans like myself. Some men milled around, while others leaned against walls and silently cruised. Beers were in a lot of hands and a cloud of thick cigarette smoke mysteriously hovered above. Billy immediately attracted attention. He was the only one in western clothes and he was the most gorgeous man in the place. We approached the bar and Billy ordered two gin and tonics. The bartender was a friendly guy, handsome, about 30, and was barechested with black leather pants and a studded black belt.

"Man, you're one of the hotter numbers to grace this place in a long time."

Billy stared at him, smiled, and lit a Marlboro. "Thanks for the compliment. This is my lover, Sean." I nodded toward the guy.

"You've got good taste in slavemeat."

Billy looked at me and snickered. "Come on, baby.. let's explore." We picked up our drinks and moved toward the next room. Halfway there a hairy guy in a leather cap, brown shirt, and jeans covered by leather chaps came up to Billy and started to fondle his earring.

"Hey cowboy... wanna ride with me tonight?"

Billy blew some smoke past him. "Thanks, I've got someone already." He pulled me over close, turned and kissed my mouth.

"Bring him along... I can deal with a three way."

"I don't share, man." He kissed me again and pulled me along with his arm around my neck and shoulder and moved through an arch into the inner room. This one was lit in a hellish red with small tables and chairs where guys were drinking and smoking. Toward the side there was a leather goods, erotica store and at the back there was a stairs leading down. Billy ambled over to the store clerk, a 6 foot 3 inch blond Scandanavian hunk in leather shorts and chains wrapped in an "X" around his upper torso. One bicep strained under a tight black leather strap. Both his tits sported gold pins and he wore two gold hoop earrings, one in each ear. He was totally hot.

"What 's downstairs?"

"The playroom."

Billy nodded and blew a thick wisp of smoke. "Just like the name of the place."

The blond gave him a million dollar smile. "You've got it.. go on down. Its crowded tonight.. lots of action."

We finished our drinks and descended the circular stairs which ended in a fairly large room lit in both red and blue. The place was a giant dungeon replete with a rack, stocks, pillory, suspension harness, a Roman cross and one in an "X" shape, a stainless steel tub, lots of chains and manacles hanging from the ceiling, two mini jails, whipping posts, metal frames with hooks and another full length bar. It was crowded with guys in various stages of activity and it was hard to make out all that was going on. Some men were in the process of being worked over by other men, either singly or in groups. Other guys were just standing around watching, while still others drank at the bar.

"I'm going to wander around a while. Will you be all right?"

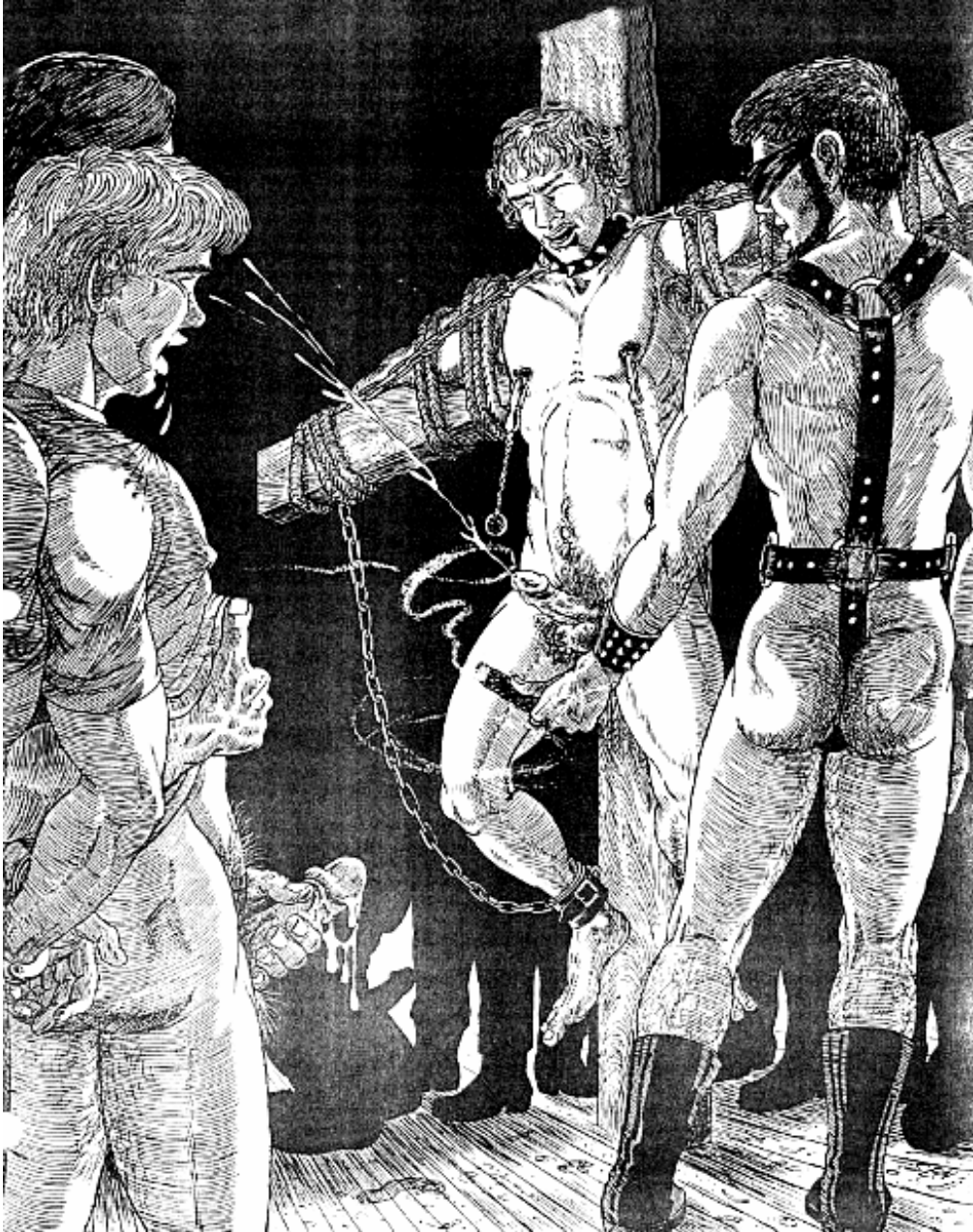
I told him not to worry and we separated. My cock had hardened the minute I had entered the room. My eyes began to cruise the various scenes. I passed by the tub as a hunky, black body builder was being pissed on by several white leathermen. Several guys were suspended from manacles in the ceiling, one of whom was being paddled fraternity style by three men in hoods and capes. A beautiful black haired, Italian stud had his head and hands locked in the pillory while a guy in leathers fucked him with a black leather dildo, and a guy, naked except for a dog collar, sucked him off with a raging hard on. A bald man was handcuffed to one of the jail bars naked, while a younger man with thick moustache lightly taunted his erect penis with a cat'o nine tails while pinching one of tits.

All of this was almost too much to take in. I finally focused on a young, adonis-like, blond boy who had been crucified to the Roman cross. His arms were positioned above where the horizontal beam meets the vertical one and were spread across the top

of the wood, where at his elbow, his forearms descended behind the beam where his hands were tied with loops of rope that were attached to more loops of rope around the beam. Two more coils of rope secured and supported his upper arms near to where the beams crossed. Outlining both his outstretched arms were metal chains attached to a studded collar around his neck. The chains were looped around the boy's tied hands and then descended to meet manacles on his feet where they were attached. His feet hung about six inches off the floor and the manacles were connected by another chain that was drawn tightly behind the center of the vertical beam. The boy was thin, about 5 foot 8 inches and sported an erect 6 inch cock. His master was a taller, more mature man in a leather harness with a beard and sunglasses. He was in the process of attaching a studded cock sheath to the blond's dick, which he pushed into place. The sheath was equipped with two long leather cords attached to the end near the base of the blond's cock. One of the cords was looped several times around the base and then was pulled up and attached to a circular hook on the right side of the crossbeam. The other cord was carefully tied around the captive's balls and ascended to the left crossbeam in a similar manner. The beautiful, white penis was now completely surrounded by black leather, the studs glistening in the light like jewels. The cords were drawn tightly, holding the captive cock straight out from the blond's hanging body, while the exposed crown dripped expectantly.

The master now drew his attention to the victim's erect nipples. A small alligator clip with a one inch ball weight hanging from a chain was secured to the left tit, the bite eliciting an agonized face and deep groans from the blond. A similar clip was attached to the right; both ball weights hanging near the waist, pulling the nipples on his heaving chest. The leatherman now pulled both balls away from each other and let them go as they crashed back into each other near the victim's navel. The blond squirmed as this was repeated several times.

The bearded guy surveyed his slave and casually pulled out a long cigar and lit it. The scene had already transfixed me, and this addition quickly brought me to the brink. As the master held the fiery brown stick in his mouth, he placed a long, wooden match stick a half inch up the blond's piss slit. With the burning end of his cigar, he lit the match head which flashed up suddenly and began to burn down towards the captive cock head. Just before the flame reached the skin, the leatherman would blow it out and a thin trail of smoke would rise from the crown like burning incense. The kid was sweating profusely as his master amused himself repeating the act more than ten times.



I soon felt someone close behind place his hands on my shoulders, a burning Marlboro smouldering in his right index finger. Billy whispered in my ear.

“This stuff is pretty wild”. His left hand came down to feel my crotch. “I think this needs some attention.”

As I continued to stare at the blond’s torture on the cross, Billy put his cigarette in his mouth and ran his hands down my shoulders and pulled my wrists behind my back. My eyes closed as I felt cool metal encircling them as Billy handcuffed me. With a snap they were locked in place. With one powerful move, Billy grabbed my pants and pulled them down to my ankles, freeing my erect cock. He embraced my restrained torso

closely from behind, a lit cigarette in his mouth sending smoke around my face and his hands pulling up and down my hard-on. I opened my eyes. The leatherman had removed the blond's cock sheath and was caressing his slave's meat with the burning cigar. In an inexorable rush I gave up my sperm to this sweet picture as Billy milked my swollen cock. As I finished, the blond heaved madly on the cross and ejaculated continually into the air. The guys standing around watching this as I had, shouted their approval, some of them applauding the blond's captive orgasm.

Billy pulled up my pants and escorted me upstairs. I felt the gratifying humiliation as hundreds of male eyes stared at my handcuffed wrists as we walked toward the bar in the front room. Billy ordered another drink and brought me to a dark corner. He pushed me to my knees and lowered his zipper and pulled out his pole. I sucked him eagerly, delighted in being watched by strangers as Billy sipped his gin. I worked lovingly on his tool and was rewarded with my Indian's sweet cum. Billy pulled me up and kissed me roughly, sticking his tongue deep into my throat.

He led me to the door and with a key removed the cuffs and placed them in a plastic sack. As we walked to the subway, I smiled at him and asked what was in the bag.

"I did a little shopping at the store. That blond with the two earrings was very helpful."

Billy had bought some toys. He knew I got off on this stuff since our first sex when he tied my cock and balls. I'm sure he'd be expanding my horizons. The visit to The Playroom certainly had.

VI

On the way back to school we stopped in Tulsa so Billy could show me the Gilcrest Museum of Indian Art. My lover was in his element during our visit, constantly enlightening me on details of folklore and symbolism. The paintings and artifacts were stunning and I learned alot more about native Americans.

That evening in the hotel after we had fucked, he lit an after sex Marlboro and began to tell me about his tribe. The Pawnee were a confederation of Caddoan peoples, predominantly farmers, that had migrated from what is now eastern Texas up the west banks of the Mississippi and Missouri to Nebraska and beyond. The U.S. government later settled them on reservations in Oklahoma. They were descended from mound building people as opposed to the typical plains tribes like the Sioux and maintained a complex religion rich in symbolism, poetry, and ritual. Their supreme god was Tirawa, the spiritual creator of the universe who with mother earth had created heavenly gods, the most important being Morning Star, the rising and dying deity of vegetation. Sacred

fire was guarded in their temples and the burning of wood and the smoking of tobacco were used extensively in their rituals, culminating in a splendidly gruesome sacrifice of a virgin woman to Morning Star at the time of the summer solstice.

Billy told me that in the Pawnee creation story, fertility and plenty had come to the world because Morning Star, the man god of light had conquered and mated with the Evening Star, the female god of darkness. Through their union the first human being was conceived, a girl. Once a year, Morning Star demanded a girl in return.

The victim, most often a girl but sometimes a young boy, would be captured from an enemy tribe in the winter and was treated with special honor by a guardian until the spring or early summer when an elaborate ritual, lasting several days would culminate in the victim's sacrifice on a special scaffold. The scaffold consisted of two uprights, one of elm and the other of cottonwood. Five crossbars were tied to the uprights; four to the bottom consisting of an elm, a cottonwood, a box elder and a willow; and one at the top, a willow. The different woods represented the four semi - cardinal directions (northeast, northwest etc.). The victim's arms were tied to the top crossbar and her feet stood on the highest of the four lower crossbars. There she was tortured with sacred fire after which her captor shot her through the heart with an arrow. Another warrior would then strike the victim on the head. After blood was drawn, the men and boys of the village welled up war cries and riddled the body with arrows ala St. Sebastian. Priests would then take the body down and move it a quarter of a mile east, lying it face down so that the blood would mingle with mother earth and insure a good harvest. Billy related that this was one of only two examples of human sacrifice north of Mexico and that there were definite links with the Aztecs.

The practice came to a halt in the spring of 1817 when the old Pawnee chief Lachelesharo, or Knife Chief, opposed the continuation of the sacrifice of a captured Commanche girl, fearing criticism from the white authorities. On the day of the sacrifice, the girl was bound to the scaffold of poles. Just as torches were about to be applied, the chief's young and handsome son, Pitalesharo, or Man Chief appeared. Facing the bloodthirsty throng, he announced his father disapproved of further sacrifices and that he'd come to rescue the girl or die in her place. He stepped up to the scaffold, and in the best last minute tradition beloved of Hollywood, he cut the girl free and led her away, no man daring to prevent the act of the young warrior chief. Pitalesharo saved a young Mexican boy the following year.

Stories of Man Chief's noble deeds were soon recorded in east coast newspapers. In 1821, he and several other Pawnee chiefs were invited to Washington. The dashing, 24 year old warrior bedecked in colorful feathers, brightly colored ceremonial robes, and wearing red and black warpaint created a sensation, culminating in the presentation of a medal for his bravery given by a young schoolgirl of Miss White's Seminary for Select Young Ladies. On New Year's Day, 1822 Pitalesharo and his braves performed a war dance in front of the White House before 6000 spectators.



Billy told this fascinating story with such relish, it was as if he had experienced it himself. My perception was borne out when he told me he was a direct descendant of Pitalesharo. He pulled a picture of his ancestor out of his wallet. It was a xerox of a lithograph made after an original portrait by Charles Bird King. Pitalesharo was a strikingly beautiful man. His resolute, noble facial expression perfectly embodied the translation of his name...Man Chief. I knew now where Billy got his good looks.

The Pawnee had a long tradition of fierceness in war-making and were respected by their chief enemies the Sioux, Dakota, Cheyenne, and Osage tribes. As with most North American tribes, males who were unfortunate enough to be captured in battle were elaborately tortured, usually on frames, with fire, arrows, and sharp objects. Scalps were taken as war trophies and a symbol of the captive's soul.

Curiously, the Pawnee were one of the few tribes to cooperate with the U.S. government and actually scouted for the army during the Indian wars. This accounted for the generally high financial status of Pawnee Americans as opposed to other tribes....they'd bought into the system early and had thrived.

I remembered in the movie **Little Big Man** the character of the homosexual Indian that had fallen for Dustin Hoffman. Billy smiled and told me they were known as Berdaches. The Pawnee respected the private sexual relations of human beings and if a man wanted to have intercourse with another man, it was accepted. Berdaches among the Pawnee were considered to have been influenced by the moon, and being instructed by the moon was sacred.

Thinking of **Little Big Man**, I finally thought it would be a good time to confess my fetishes for the cowboys and Indians of Hollywood and guys who smoked. I had been reticent to tell Billy these things.. .after all, these movies were laughable stereotypes of actual Indian culture. And I felt like a fool admitting to my turn on to cigarettes and cigars after making him so aware how much the smoke bothered me. Billy had cut down on his smoking just to please me!

He listened intently, smiling in his usual, peaceful way as he stroked my hair. To my surprise, he simply found my fetishes amusing. "Now I know why you fell in love with a fucking Indian" was his response as he flipped me over and raised my legs. His dick was hard and my warrior was ready to fuck me again.

VII

We blissfully made it through spring quarter. Billy invited me to spend the summer at a ranch he owned outside Stillwater, a town north of Oklahoma City. It was a place he inherited from his family and had not sold. I had told him what a great birthday present that would be.

"I didn't know it was your birthday."

"June 22.. .just after the end of school."

"Well, baby, I'm going to give you a birthday you'll never forget."

A week before school ended Billy told me that he'd be going up to the ranch early to fix it up. I told him not to fuss but he said it had been vacant for 9 months and needed to be cleaned. I was sorry not to be able to go up there with him to help out, but I had a few more finals and couldn't leave. Billy had already completed his exams and was skipping graduation and having his diploma mailed.

When my scholastic ordeal was finally over, Billy drove down to pick me up and take me north. I hadn't seen him for over a week and could barely keep my hands off him. After passing Oklahoma City and picking up more rural roads, I leaned down, undid Billy's fly as he drove, took out his fleshy cock and peacefully sucked him for 30 minutes

or so. His torrent of cum washed over my tongue as he heaved deep sighs of satisfaction causing the car to race forward under the pressure of his foot on the gas pedal. He told me how much he loved me as we drove into Stillwater.

Billy's ranch was a rustic looking farm house with an adjacent barn and corral, six or seven miles northwest of town. The property seemed quite large and was fenced in probably to prevent trespassing. The house was simple, comfortable, well furnished, and decorated with beautiful Indian artifacts.

After unpacking and getting settled, Billy made us dinner which we had by candlelight. He knew I was an incurable romantic. Towards the end of dinner I blurted out, "Where's the birthday present I'll never forget or is this it?"

Billy smiled, stood up and came over and kissed me. "No, it's in the barn." We cleaned up dinner and I went to take a piss. When I returned to the kitchen, we both walked outside. It was dark and in the Oklahoma sky you could see 1000 glistening stars. The barn was about 30 yards from the house. Billy lit a large kerosene lantern and opened the double doors. We ambled in and as I looked around, he closed the doors behind us. It was a typical barn..lots of hay, a loft up above, dirt floor. I couldn't see anything special. It was still somewhat dark and the light from the lantern gave the place an eerie, mysterious glow.

"What's going on?" I asked.

"Stand over here baby, and look at me."

I did as he asked. He slowly began to remove my clothes...first my shirt, then shoes and socks, jeans and underpants. I soon was naked, standing in front of him, a gentle breeze caressing my body from an open window. He went to a corner and brought back two coils of rope, the ends of which he swung over a crossbeam about 20 feet above me. The two ends of rope dangled in front of me as my cock began to quickly stiffen. He tied one rope securely around my left wrist and one around the right. The roughness of the rope against my skin brought bounces from my now erect dick. With the rawhide tong he always wore around his neck, he tied my two bound wrists together, palms facing each other. He then grabbed the ends of the two coils, pulling my hands over my head and forcing me onto my toes. The stretch on my body thrilled me. He secured the rope to a hook in a support beam completing the work of making me his captive. My cock stood straight out toward him, rigid. My bondage was incredibly pleasurable to me regardless of my uncomfortable position.

Billy approached and observed his white prisoner. His long black hair and silver earring glowed in the orange lantern light. He stood there and just stared at me. I couldn't take my eyes off him as I felt the cool breeze lick my hanging torso. He slowly reached into his shirt pocket and pulled out a pack of Marlboros. Constantly staring at me, he undid the package and ripped half the foil off the top of the pack. He knocked the pack against his fingers as several brown filters came jumping out. He grasped one with his mouth, pulling out a cigarette which beautifully nestled in his sensual lips. He returned the pack to his pocket and pulled a book of matches from his jeans. He struck a match and brought it to the tip of his cigarette, inhaling and causing it to glow red as it began to burn. Never taking his eyes off me, he sucked some blue smoke into his lungs which billowed playfully out of his nose and mouth. I was literally hypnotized by this

display. My cock had gone crazy, dripping pre-cum onto the dirt floor. My Marlboro man had come to take me.

Billy silently smoked the entire cigarette in front of me, slowly, methodically inhaling and exhaling the smoke. I was enchanted by the sleek white stick as it was consumed by its own fire. The play of the filter in his lips and the patterns of smoke around my drawn body delighted me. When he finished, he stamped out the butt and slowly lit another one. As he smoked the second, he removed his shirt and in the lantern light his dark body glowed like a crimson god. He knelt down near my cock and took the lit Marlboro and stroked the underside of my dick with the cigarette. Involuntary spasms seized my shaft as it begged for the sweet torture. He took a puff and blew the hot smoke towards my throbbing member. The rush of the thick vapor enveloped my naked penis in a whirlwind of warmth. Then he placed the burning end of the cigarette about an inch or two from the underside of the head. The heat was suddenly intense and I groaned as I looked down to catch him looking back up and smiling. He blew several more wisps of smoke toward my cock as the fiery tip burned down to the filter.

He stood up and lit a third. Out of a pouch on the floor near where I was suspended he took out some of the leather toys he'd bought in New York. With the smouldering Marlboro lodged in his beautiful lips, he held a set of tit clamps connected by a chain in front of my face. He removed the cigarette and brought the burning tip an inch from my left nipple, heating the tender, erect nub as I squirmed helplessly. This ordeal prepared my tit for the bite of the clamp as he secured the plastic ends pressurizing my roasted nipple. He repeated the procedure on the right as the stinging pain coursed through my chest increasing my gasps of submission. The metal chain felt cold on my heaving chest as smoke from his cigarette wafted near my face. He pulled the chain downward a few times, stretching my captive tits and eliciting deep groans from his prisoner.

Billy then went over to the hook where the ropes that suspended me were tied, and slackened them a bit, bringing me to the flats of my feet. He retied the rope and returned and placed a 4 to 5 foot log of wood between the insides of my feet, spreading them apart and better exposing my balls. His cigarette half finished, he knelt down and secured a studded leather cock ring around the base of my dick, fastening it tightly. Quickly, my ball sac was pulled downward and a matching ball stretcher and separator were snapped neatly into place. I was getting very hot now, a cold sweat dripping down the sides of my torso. My cock was very red and now my balls were distended and pressed against the skin of my sac.

Billy finished the third cigarette and returned to the pouch and pulled out several metal ball weights attached to chains. He connecting these to a ring at the bottom of the ball separator. The pressure on my sac was a further tactile reminder of his total dominance over me. He knelt down and gently set the weights in a swinging motion as he licked the underside of my hard, red prick with his tongue, sending waves of



desire through my groin. He rose quickly and walked behind me. As he embraced my hanging body, he whispered sensually in my ear. "You love this baby, don't you?"

"Oh God yes.. .yes.. .oh please.. .fuck me Billy.. .fuck me."

"Soon...very soon."

He came around and stood in front of me again, pulled out his cigarettes and slowly lit his fourth Marlboro. He did it in such a fucking sexy way, I felt I'd come right there and then. He knelt down and repeated blowing hot smoke on my bound cock and balls, alternating that with quick licks and kisses on my burning shaft. I thought I'd pass out. He took the end of the cigarette and alternated heating each one of my captive

testicles as well as the underside of my cock head. He finally stood up and leaving the cigarette dangling in his mouth, flicked off his shoes and removed his pants. He wore a leather cock ring and his dick was hard, standing straight toward me as if commanding my obedience.

He finished the cigarette and came up to me and embraced me from the front, his hard pole pressing against my own. He grabbed my head and french kissed me deep and hard. He tasted like an ash tray, but I was beyond caring. It was such a fucking turn on. He shifted behind me and soon I felt cold grease being applied to my ass. I whimpered as he probed my waiting hole with his finger. Suddenly without warning he plunged deep into me. I yelled and then calmed down as I accepted the impalement from my Indian warrior. He fucked slowly at first, his firm strokes forcing me to feel the power of his manhood. He kissed my neck and whispered in my ear, "This is what we do to our white captives. We bind their cocks and take their asses." My cock was virtually dripping strings of pre-cum. As he fucked more furiously my legs weakened and the ball weights rocked back and forth driving me wild. With his free hand he pulled the tit clamp chain as he began tonguing my earlobes. Deep whispers entered my ear. "The white man likes to be fucked by a Pawnee brave. His white cock is my trophy of war, and when I send my cum into you, you will be my captive forever." His hands went to my cock and he began to stroke my shaft as his tempo of pummeling increased. My body began to spasm in shock waves as my long awaited orgasm built to a climax. "Give up your seed to the warrior who has taken you in battle and has conquered your ass." I vocally welled up a massive groan as my cock spewed forth its heavy load straining against the tight constriction of the cock ring and ball bindings. My body thrashed about in its suspension as I screamed my release continuing to spurt gobs of semen in the air. Billy's breathing became heavy now and our two bodies writhed uncontrollably as he came, filling my ass with the gift of his cock.

As the double orgasm subsided we both continued to breath heavily still connected. I had gone limp, totally exhausted from the ordeal. Billy withdrew and stood before me. He reached for the pack of Mariboros and smoked a final cigarette in front of me, contentedly savoring his victory over my body. He moved close to me and blew the sacred smoke on all parts of my body ending with a long drag which he french kissed into my mouth. He stamped out the butt, removed the toys from my body and pushed the log separating my feet away. He then carefully lowered the ropes as I fell to the ground. He ran over to me and untied my hands, picked me up and carried me to a large mattress sitting in the hay on the other side of the barn. He laid me down and we cuddled as he told me how hot I was. We kissed and he gently rubbed my chest and stomach as I fell asleep in his arms.

VIII

I awoke the next morning to find Billy not next to me on the mattress. I had no idea what time it was, but could see through the barn window that it was already daytime, probably late morning. I must have slept a long time and I felt fairly refreshed considering the ordeal of the previous night. Next to the makeshift bed was a bowl of fresh fruit and a note from Billy: "Breakfast for my white birthday boy." I laughed and

figured he'd gotten up before me to do chores. I ate some fruit and finally stood up and began looking for my clothes. Curiously, they were gone. I figured Billy had taken them in to be washed. I stretched a few times, did some push ups and sit ups and ventured outside in the nude.

As I walked toward the house, I heard Billy, some distance behind me call out "white man". I turned around and let out a short gasp. About 30 feet away, Billy stood facing me in full Indian regalia. What 's more, there were seven other braves standing with him, all his age, all quite beautiful, and all like Billy, in what seemed to be warrior's costume. A few of them were in short loin cloths, the others in buckskin pants. All eight were bare chested, smooth and hairless with beads and ornamental jewelry adorning their necks and upper chests. On their wrists and biceps were beaded leather bands decorated with fur or small feathers. Four had long hair like Billy, two of them sporting thin braids. The other three had scalp locks which resembled punk mohawk cuts. All of them wore anywhere from two to four long feathers in their hair and all had black and red war paint on their faces, arms, and chests. I was completely dazed as they stood there stoically sizing me up. Gaping at the war party, I forgot that I was naked or in fact that I was even there.

Billy let out a war whoop and all eight of them rushed toward me answering his cry with yells and screams. I couldn't even turn around. I wanted to be taken. They roughly seized me and I was taken several yards and pushed to the ground on my back. I noticed four short stakes had been driven into the ground. While being held down by three braves, the other four stretched my appendages and tied my wrists and ankles with raw-hide to the stakes, spreadeagling me naked, exposed to the morning sun. My cock had hardened and stood like a flagpole on my groin.

The braves stood around me and examined my stretched body. In unison, they kneeled around me on their haunches as Billy stood by my feet holding a long ceremonial pipe. "Let the captive be bathed in the sacred smoke." He knelt between my legs and placed the pipe on my abdomen. A brave handed him a pouch of tobacco and he filled the bowl with the dried, brown weed. The seven braves leaned toward me and held the pipe above me, vertical with my chest. One brave near my head attached three short feathers to the bowl which hung down toward me. Another brave on the other side struck a match, held it over the bowl, and lit the tobacco as Billy's lips pulled smoke from the mouthpiece. He blew a puff of white vapor straight up toward the sky. The second puff was blown over my body, and a third towards my erect cock. The pipe was now passed from one brave to another. Each took a long drag and blew smoke onto the part of my body closest to them. Once it completed the circle, Billy took the pipe again. He took a puff and lowered his mouth towards my ass and bathed my crack. Then he stood up, took a final drag and blew it straight into my face.

One of the braves took the pipe and handed Billy a short stake which he held near my face so I could see it. He stepped back, kneeled down and positioned the stake so its sides pressed tightly against my ass crack and balls. With a loud whack of a mallet, he drove it into the ground so that it was virtually standing adjacent and in contact with my erect phallus. He took three pieces of rawhide and tied my cock to the stake. One cord went around the base. "This is the binding of Tirawa." One cord encircled the center of the shaft. "This is the binding of Mother Earth." The last was looped around the underside of the crown. "This is the binding of Morning Star."

While Billy bound my cock, the other braves had begun to build four small fires around my body; one each near the bottoms of my feet and two more positioned a foot

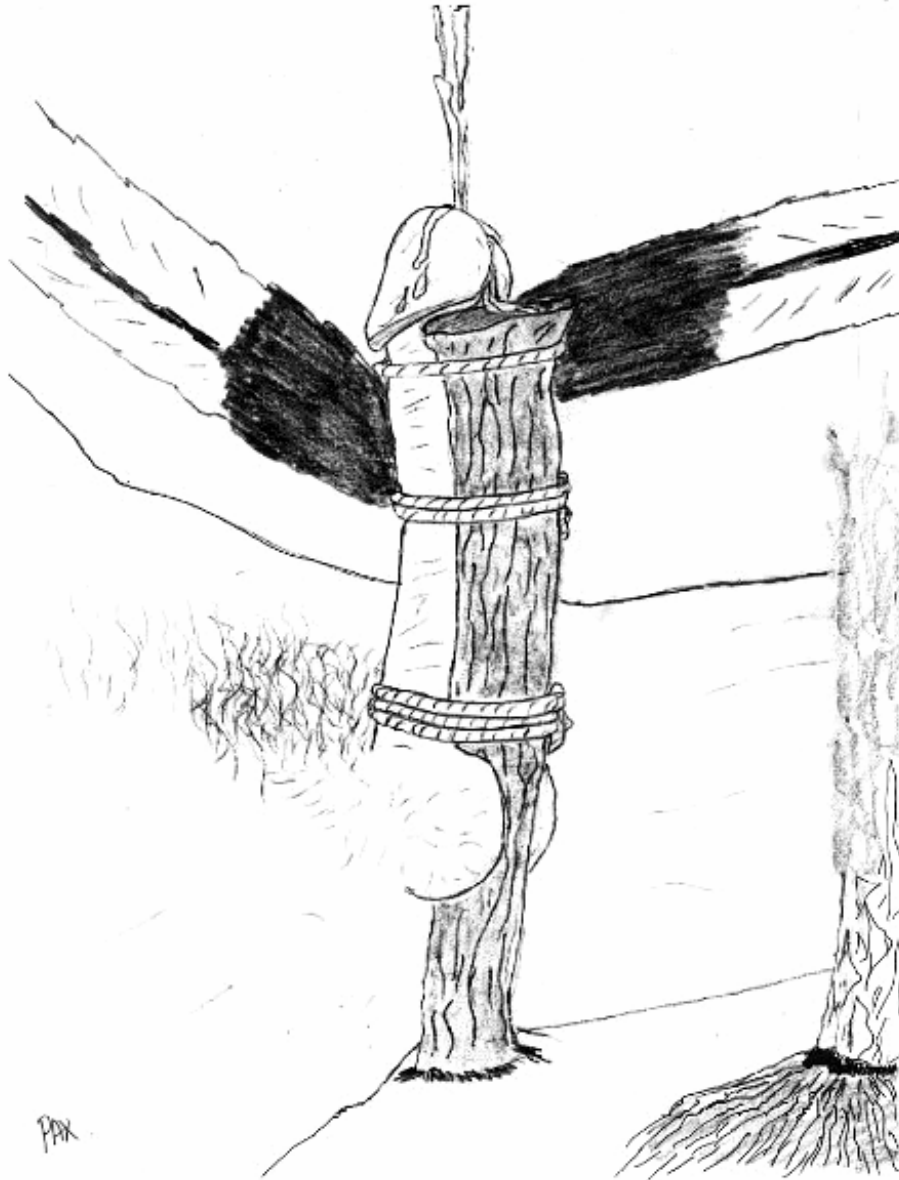


or so from my underarms. When this had been completed, Billy stood up, straddling the center of my body and looking toward the sky with arms raised, he called out, "Morning Star.. we offer to you, oh great man god, this white sacrifice." The small flames billowing up smoke and my flat, stretched bondage coupled with my bound erect phallus pictorially gave the impression of a primitive, sacrificial rite.

As the fires lovingly heated my feet and armpits, Billy squatted over my face exposing his ass which he lowered toward my mouth. I stuck my tongue out eager to worship him and gently bathed his crack and asshole with my saliva. My lover's groans spurred me on to dig my tongue deeper as he smothered me with his hard buttocks. Billy

soon shifted to his knees and straddled my chest. He lifted his loin cloth and displayed his hard cock which he slapped on to my face by drawing it away with his hand and then letting it go. He let the head of his dick rest near enough to my mouth so that my tongue could barely reach it, teasing me with a slight grin on his face. A few times he'd let me taste the hot flesh, but then would withdraw. Finally he let out a yelp and thrust his Indian prick full in my mouth, causing me to gag and sputter. He allowed my throat to relax around his searing shaft and then began to slowly fuck my face.

All the while he did this, I was feeling a wild sensation on my bound cock.



Because Billy's thrusting loins were blocking my view, I couldn't tell what was happening, but it felt like a thousand fingers were very lightly stroking my penis. It was maddening because the lightness of the strokes made my cock desire stronger pressure which never materialized.

Billy continued his rape of my mouth, rolling his big dick almost in a circular motion, stretching my oral cavity. My tongue eagerly lapped his hot shaft. He quickened his pace steadily and I could hear his heavy, rhythmic breathing accompanied by the most musical sighs. Soon I felt his thighs and ass tense above me and suddenly my mouth was filled with his creamy, salty cum which ran out the sides and down my cheeks. He pulled out and squeezed a few more drops of semen onto my face with his fist. As I gasped for air, he leaned over and licked his seed from my face, kissing me several times in the process.

Billy stood up now and I could finally witness the exasperating torture of my cock. Several of the braves had taken their feathers and were lightly caressing the entire length of my bound shaft. This had gone on continually during Billy's fuck of my face...maybe 20 to 30 minutes. I began to squirm on ground, begging for release which the light touch of the feathers seemed incapable of giving. As the fires around me continued to be replenished by two braves, the feathers were replaced one by one by moist tongues, while one brave transferred his feather to my nuts. The hot moisture of their mouths and the airy caress of the feather on my balls began to bring me over the edge. I pulled my head up just in time to see my cock, bound to a stake, erupt like Old Faithful, spurting semen high into the air. The braves greedily lapped up my juices adding war cries when they had tasted their captive's cum. As my cock withered in its bonds, a new fire was lit a foot away from my groin between my thighs. Billy again straddled my midsection and with the other braves standing around him in a circle and five fires burning about me, he called out, "Morning Star.. the cock of this white man is yours. Our fire will render up his seed to your light."

IX

They left me there about ten minutes until the small fires began to wane and finally went completely dead. My wrists, ankles, and cock were now untied and I was quickly raised to my feet, immediately faltering, dizzy from the sudden shift of position. Several braves supported me as my equilibrium returned. My cock having receded somewhat, they now dragged me away from the barn to a clearing beyond some trees, stopping to let me contemplate my next ordeal. My heart stopped. In the center of the clearing was a tall, smooth wooden stake about 10 inches in diameter and 7 feet high that had been driven into the ground and stood vertically in phallic splendor. My cock had already been tied to a stake and I felt a rush knowing my entire body was to be next. My dick had quickly risen again to the delight of the braves as two of them held me, while two others stroked my hard-on. Billy was now in front of me holding a rubber butt plug. One of the braves brought a bowl of some red salve which looked more or less like blood. Billy dipped the plug into the thick liquid, coating and lubricating it. The brave with the bowl went behind me and applied the salve to my ass. I was now turned around and my legs were spread as Billy pressed the plug up my hole. The braves let out a loud war whoop as the plug popped into place in my anus, causing me to convulse forward. My ass now violated, they led me to the stake.

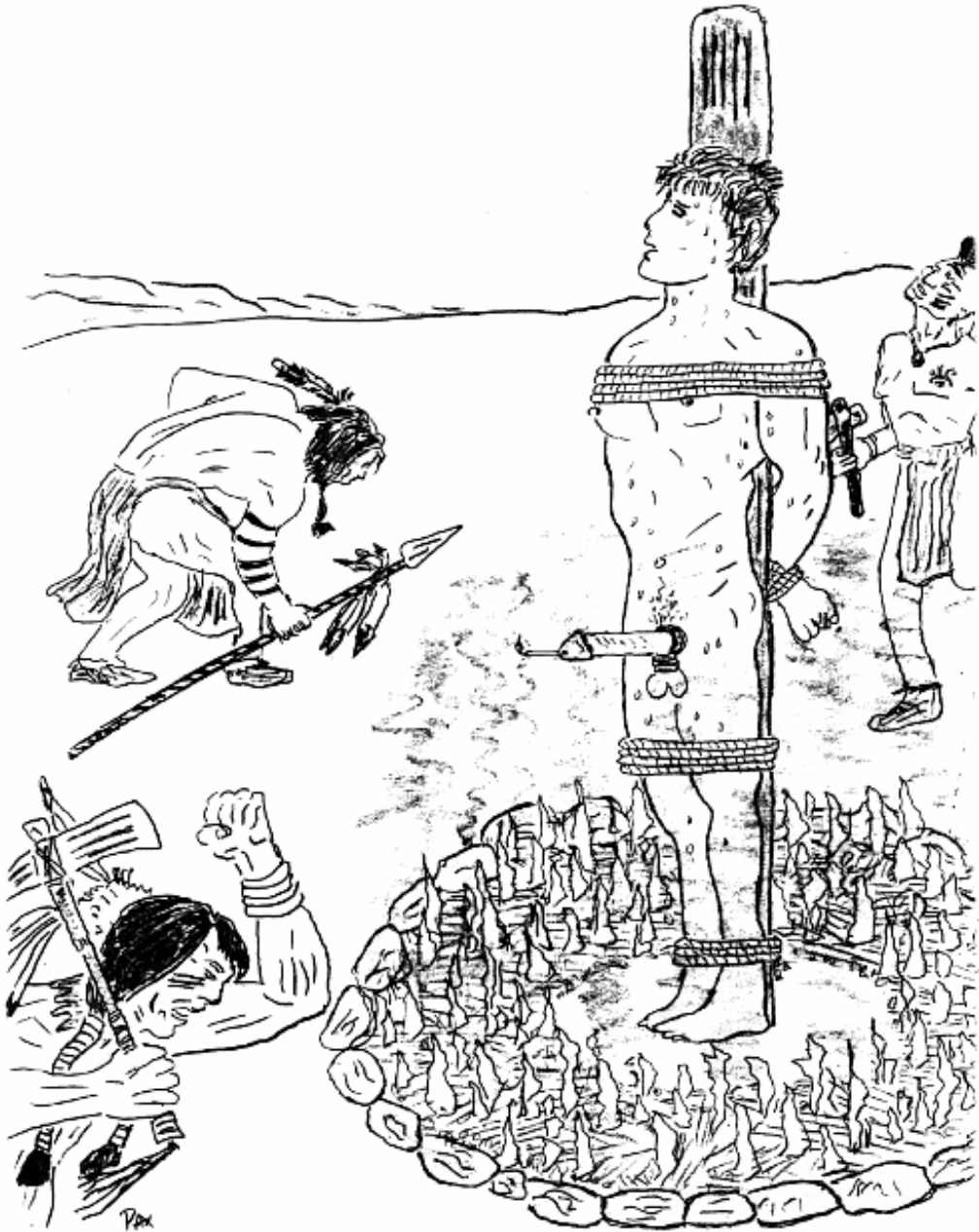
Around the stake was a circle of large stones about 4 feet away from the center on all sides. My back was pushed firmly against the smooth wood by two braves and the contact of my ass cheeks against the post increased the pressure of the butt plug. My wrists were quickly tied behind the pole by one brave, while the others looped rope around my upper chest, my legs just above the knee and my ankles. I was now securely fastened to the stake and my pleasure for this kind of bondage knew no bounds. I 'd seen it and desired it in a hundred movies. My cock stiffly pointed away from my immobile body, ready and willing to be taken.

Billy surveyed the handiwork, smiled and called out an order in the Pawnee language. Immediately the braves began filling the stone circle with twigs and small branches. They piled the wood about 2 to 3 inches high leaving a 12 inch wide semi-circle around my feet. While this was done, two of the braves had built a large fire about 12 feet away. Bill took 4 large branches which had been prepared as torches and kindled them in the fire, kept one and distributed the remaining three. He slowly walked toward me, let out a war whoop and lit the wood in front of me. The other three torchbearers had formed a circle with him and ignited the wood with similar cries of victory. A small fire began to blaze on all sides of my bound body. . . not high enough to actually burn me, but the effect of the heat and smoke was highly potent. I was being burned at the stake and my heart was pounding madly as I gave myself up to the Indians' fire. The flames seemed to leap all about me as I gleefully strained and squirmed against the massive pole to which I was bound. My cock never faltered as the heat rose up around me and cooked my helplessly exposed meat.

During my ritual burning, Billy and his friends relaxed and watched my delighted torment, laughing and conversing in the most casual manner. One of the braves pulled out a pack of cigarettes and the guys began to calmly smoke and drink beer that they' d brought. The 20th century contradiction turned me on. Here I was, tied to a stake as I'd dreamed when I was a kid, with a group of exotic, hot men smoking and enjoying the spectacle. My eyes drank in each cigarette that was lighted and it made me fantasize that the stake I was tied to was really a giant Marlboro!

The blaze lasted about 20 minutes and then burned itself out. Two braves now approached me carrying tomahawks. They stepped in the ashes around me and lightly ran the sides of the blades along my protruding dick. Next they teased my balls and then moved the blades up to caress my breasts. The cold stone was harsh on my tender, hot skin and I moaned deeply. The two braves now stood on both sides of me with their tomahawks raised. Billy approached me and kissed me on the mouth and twisted my nipples as the remaining braves refilled the stone circle with wood and leaves. Billy slowly ran his tongue down the center of my chest, licked deeply into my navel, and then continued down to my groin going to his knees. With a sudden animal-like growl, he took my aching cock full in his mouth as the two warriors brandishing the tomahawks brought them down into the sides of the stake just above where my head was positioned. As Billy sucked me, the braves formed a circle around me with every other one holding a torch. Billy ate my cock voraciously, biting and chewing as his friends silently watched. Slowly

his sucking became less intense as he teased me by lightly tonguing my balls. As he



shifted to licking the underside of my cock, two braves stood in from of me and slowly lit cigarettes. They took a few puffs and then knelt down next to Billy, one on each side. They positioned the burning tips of the cigarettes a few inches below my cock shaft as Billy continued to tongue the underside of the head. The mixture of heat and moist wetness was too much and I let out a long sigh and came on Billy's tongue as he greedily lapped up his captive's fruits. With each ejaculation, I felt the muscles in my ass grip and then release the plug stretching my anus. On my initial spurt onto my captor's tongue, the braves greeted my orgasm with war cries and the torches came down to relight the fire around the stake. This time, instead of relaxing, the seven hunky men began to dance around me, chanting a song of victory in celebration of the Pawnee

chief's drinking of the white man's seed. Billy took his leather tong and tightly bound my spent cock and balls, retaining my erection and turning the organs red. He then took a thin birthday candle and inserted it into my pee hole a half an inch. Another brave passed him a lit Marlboro which he puffed several times, blowing smoke around my impaled dick. He slowly brought the burning end of the cigarette to the wick and ignited the candle. He leaped up and joined the dance just as the fires that had been lit around me spread to the front. This blaze was higher and more intense than before and I began to perspire and sweat. Being mock-burned the second time took on greater pleasure as the circle of braves whirled around me. The candle slowly burned its small flame toward my purple cock head as my bound body was surrounded by the sacred fire.

X

The braves continued their dance until the second fire had burned itself out and was smouldering beneath me. Billy had removed the candle just as the flame had become dangerously close to my cockhead. He dripped a few remaining drops of hot wax on my tits before extinguishing the candle. Each drop resulted in sudden heaves from my tightly tied breast and sighs of pain from my parched throat. I was dripping heavily in my own sweat and felt cramped in my bondage. The dance ceased. Several braves came over and began to untie me while the others sat around and began to eat some food that had been brought. I was helped over to a large rock where they seated me still with the butt plug up my ass. My cock had gone limp and Billy removed his tong and retied it about his neck. One of the braves came over with several wet towels and Billy applied one to my forehead and face while the other brave wrapped my ankles. The cool moisture refreshed my feet which had baked near the two fires for the last hour or so. Billy wiped most of the perspiration from my face and body and peeled off the wax drippings which had felt bad, but had left no burn. He hugged me and whispered in my ear. "I hope you're having a good time?"

I looked at him and smiled, nodding my head and admiring my beautiful lover in his feathers and war paint. Billy gave me some fruit and a coke to drink while he and his friends enjoyed a smoke. I silently cruised the other braves and each one was a real looker. I watched them intently as they blew wisps of smoke from their cigarettes, talking and laughing.

After about a half an hour, the braves approached me again. Billy signaled for me to rise. One of them had a long, fairly straight tree branch about 5 to 6 feet long which was placed behind my neck spreading horizontally to the sides. Two braves lifted my arms, looping them around the branch as my wrists were quickly tied to the ends of the wood. More rope attached my elbows. My arms were now secured to the branch which balanced against the back of my neck creating the feeling of being half crucified.

Billy placed his tit clamps on my nipples and a rush of light pain encircled my chest. Another brave took a cord and looped a knot around my rising cock and balls. There was plenty of slack and this acted as a leash as I was pulled by my hard prick, arms outstretched and marched for about a quarter of a mile to a grove of large, tall trees. As I walked, each step poignantly reminded me of the plug still lodged in my ass.

Billy took the leash and looped the slack around my neck and tied it off to the tree branch on which my arms were bound, forcing my cock to stand flat against my

stomach. Two of the braves came toward me and lowered me to my knees. Both had hard cocks outlining their loin cloths. They pulled the cloth to the side and the first one seized my head and thrust his dick into my mouth and began to fuck. His 7 inch thick pole filled my throat with hot flesh. He drew his penis in and out slowly and methodically as my tongue tasted his hard meat. My head was soon transferred to the other Indian's cock, as large as the first and curiously circumcised. This brave had the stronger grasp and fucked my face mercilessly as I gagged and gasped for air. The first brave had knelt down and was lightly pulling the tit clamps adding a sweet sting to my swollen nipples. All the while, my arms were balanced horizontally outward, bound to the branch and I found it difficult to keep my balance as the two men worked me over.

I soon noticed three other braves standing around us observing, their hands stroking their stiff red pricks. The brave working on my tits now stood back up and both men came close together forcing me to take both cocks at once, stretching my aching mouth to its limits. After a few minutes of my generous tonguing, they pulled out and all five braves stood around me and began working their proud cocks faster and faster. Soon, almost simultaneously, accompanied by yelps and screams, they began to cum on my face, shooting multiple waves of thick jism onto my skin and wagging tongue. As they sighed their pleasure, they worked their dicks over my face, painting their semen onto my white skin.

I was roughly raised to my feet as another brave wrapped what seemed to be some foam rubber around my ankles. Billy was now in front of me, Marlboro in his mouth, with a long coil of rope. He kneeled down and tied my ankles together with 6 loops, the foam rubber serving as a buffer to protect my skin. Billy then hoisted the free end over a strong tree branch high above me. All eight men quickly grabbed the rope and began pulling. I instantaneously fell over, first finding myself on my back as my ankles were hoisted upward, pulling my body off the ground and suspending me upside down, my arms still outstretched crucifix style. The braves tied the rope off around a nearby tree trunk as I swung back and forth, a human pendulum.

The feeling of upside down suspension was wild. My head was dizzy and I had trouble focusing my eyes. My lover was now standing beside me and I found my face to be even with his groin. He removed his loin cloth and shoved his cock into my mouth. At the same time, he cut the cock leash with a knife as my dick bounced back to a right angle with my hanging body. As I blew him, he caressed my pole with the side of the knife blade. Suddenly the feel of cold metal on my cock was replaced by a warm mouth as his lips encircled my hard shaft. He embraced my hanging body tightly and fucked my face as he sucked my cock. His free hands went around to my ass and he lightly put pressure on the butt plug sending shock waves to my prostate. I began shaking in my suspended position, moaning under the thrusts of my lover's cock in my mouth. With great spasms that pulled sharply on my bound ankles, I shot another load into my warrior's mouth. I could feel Billy gently sipping the man milk from my exploding cock sending tingles down my back. He continued to fuck me after my orgasm subsided and finally with a deep groan he gushed into my mouth. I choked and gagged, finding it hard to swallow in my suspended position.



I soon felt heat baking my scalp. I realized that while Billy and I had 69'd, the braves had prepared a small mound of wood directly under my head and lit it. Everytime I had cum today, a fire had greeted my orgasm. Billy pulled his cock from my mouth and he and his braves sat around the fire and talked and joked as they lit cigarettes. The ceremonial pipe was brought out and filled with grass, lit, and then passed around. Occasionally one of them would purposely blow smoke into my face causing me to cough. Two or three of them stood up at various intervals to play with my penis, which remained semi-erect.

The small fire under my head soon took its toll, increasing my dizziness. My discomfort from the unnatural position began to make me hazy. The blood having rushed

to my head was giving me a headache and the stretch of my own weight on my body was becoming unbearable. My lover immediately sensed this and I was carefully let down. Both my ankles and arms were untied and the tit clamps were removed. Again, Billy gave me some food and drink as well as some aspirin, as the others settled down for dinner, heating skewers of meat they'd brought in the fire. I was extraordinarily tired by this point and as Billy caressed me with strokes of his hand, I dozed off to sleep.

XI

When I awoke, I found myself in the same place with Billy beside me. "How long have I been asleep?"

"About two hours. Still got a headache?"

"No.. .I'm just a little woozy."

"Good, because we've still got the final act of the opera.

"Well I don't see how you can beat the first three." Billy smiled and gave me a kiss. The sun was setting and the braves were sitting around finishing dinner and smoking. Billy got me up and let me take a much needed piss. I found, considering all I'd been through, that I was still physically in decent shape. As I finished peeing, several hands grasped me from behind and my hands were quickly tied behind my back. It was really beginning to get dark now as the braves escorted me farther into the wood. In the distance was a clearing lit by a large campfire. As we approached through the trees, my heart leapt when I saw what had been erected.

In the center of the clearing two thin stakes stood in the ground about 5 feet apart attached at the top by a similar crossbeam which had been tied to the two vertical poles forming three sides of a wooden square with the ground below. Except for the absence of a lower crossbeam near the ground, it resembled a Natchez torture frame or "cadre" pictured in many of the books I'd read. With the Natchez Indians, I remembered, a captive was first scapled and then tied to the frame and burned. My captors had prepared variations of this for me.

I was taken into the clearing and forced to my knees about 10 feet from the frame. Billy took a length of rawhide and tied it around my neck, looping it into a collar. As he did this two braves removed Billy's feathers and placed an elaborate head-dress of twelve eagle feathers in a fan-like shape on his flowing black hair. Billy removed his loin cloth exposing his proud, erect phallus. "Let the white captive know his master." Billy pulled my mouth onto his cock as two braves tied the slack from my rawhide collar around my lover's waist, securing my head impaled on his thick cock. As my tongue tasted the manhood of my captor, I felt my hands behind my back being untied. My arms were stretched outward and new rope was looped about each of my wrists.

My neck was untied from Billy's crotch and my head pulled away, leaving a glistening coat of saliva on his beautiful cock. Billy pulled me up to a standing position

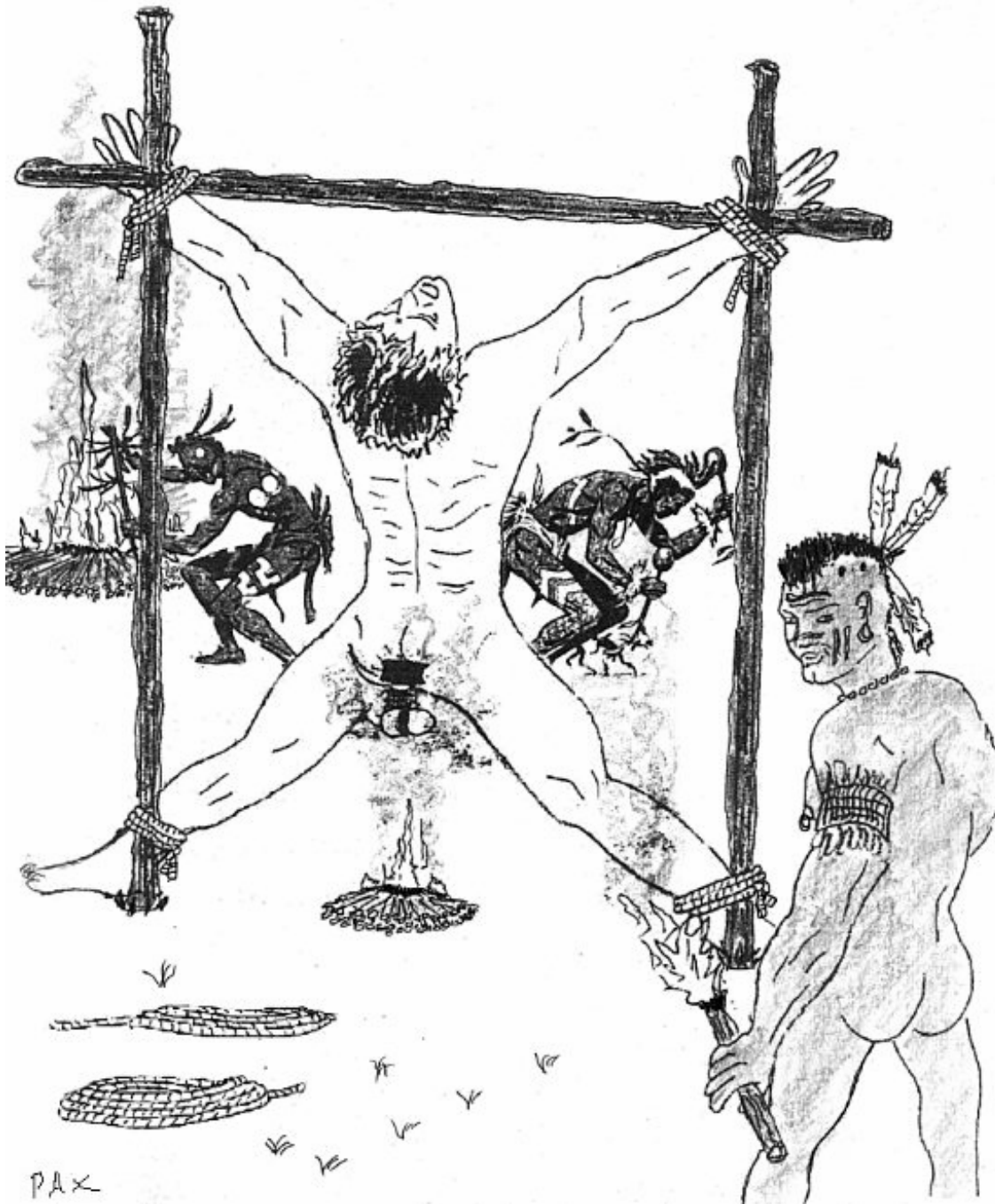
and I could see the ropes tied to my outstretched arms, the slack being held tautly by two braves. Two more braves ran over and secured rope to my ankles in the same manner as my wrists. I was now pulled by the four braves toward the torture frame where I was carefully shifted upside down and my ankles tied to the top crossbeam as I balanced myself on my palms.

Billy approached me with a razor and a can of shaving cream. He spread the foam around the pubic hair of my groin and balls. My cock, which had been rock hard since seeing the cadre, now quivered up and down as the blood engorged shaft throbbed with excitement. Very carefully, Billy shaved all the hair from my private area. The rough sensation of the razor blade pulling at my hairs sent chills through my loins and I whimpered and groaned. Billy then applied witch hazel to my newly shaved area which momentarily burned, forcing me to twist in my upside down position. My cock and balls had effectively been scalped.

My ankles were untied and the braves shifted me to my knees drawing my arms upward and looping the slack of the rope about my wrists to the top crossbeam. Billy was now handed the ceremonial pipe which was filled with tobacco and lit. He moved around me, smoking and blowing the puffs into my hair. When he completed the circle he placed the pipe in front of me with the burning bowl facing my naked groin and lowered it to the ground. He took his knife and grabbed a wad of my long, sandy hair and with a shrieking war whoop cut several inches of my hair off. As he held the cut locks in his hand, the other braves added their cries to his. I had been scalped. Now the torture could begin.

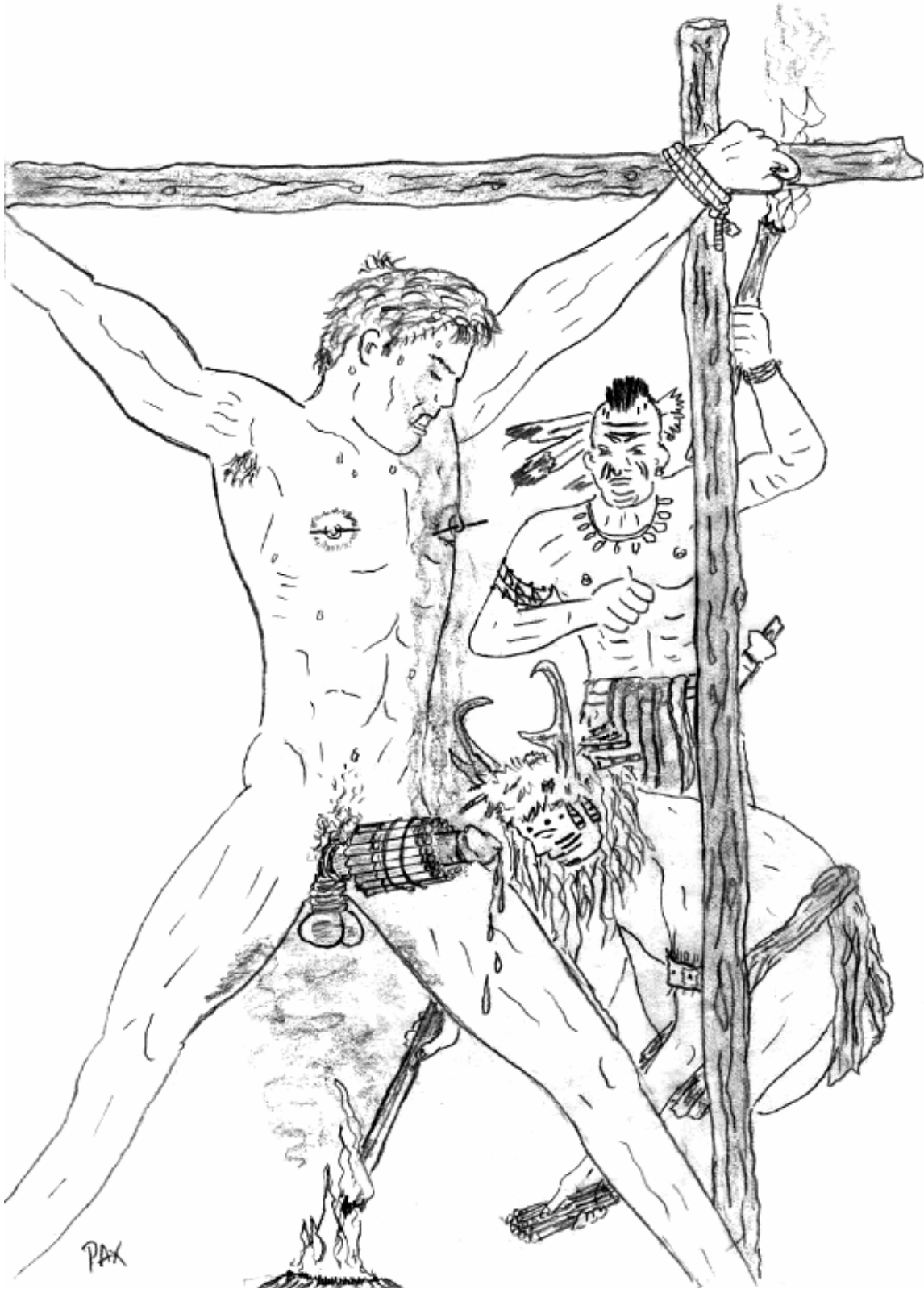
Two braves now began to simultaneously draw the ropes attached to the upper crossbeam lifting me from my knees and pulling my bound wrists to the corners of the frame where they were securely tied. At the same time two braves grabbed the slack of the rope attached to my ankles and drew my legs apart securing my feet to the bottoms of the uprights. I was now tautly stretched on the frame, speadeagled, with my feet on the ground. My heart pounded filling my erect cock with more blood as it jutted proudly out towards my captors. Of all the bondage I'd been subjected to, this was by far the most intoxicating. Every part of my body was exposed and ready for the whims of my torturers.

The guys had brought a ceremonial drum of some kind and at the exact moment of my scalping, one of the braves had begun a steady beat. Billy kneeled in front of me in his glorious head-dress and took his leather tong and tied a knot around the base of my cock. He then looped the leather carefully around my hairless sac in a downward motion pushing my balls to the bottom and creating a tight, intense ball stretcher. The end of the tong was looped back upwards and tied off to the original knot. While he did this, one brave painted red circles around my tits while the others gathered some wood which was placed in a small pile beneath my bound balls. One of the braves brought a torch from the campfire and Billy lit the wood beneath me. The fire was small enough to effectively heat my quivering loins and distended balls, but not high enough to actually burn me. The feel of the warmth on the insides of my thighs and my crack was very sweet torture. As the wood burned and the fire died down, a brave would replenish



it so it wouldn't go out. Billy now placed his attention on my throbbing cock. He took out a package of rubbers and slid four of them, one after the other, onto my dick so that a layer of tight rubber hugged my penis. Curiously, he took his knife and carefully cut off the ends near my cock head. Once he'd done this, he pulled the condoms further toward the base of my cock until the head was fully exposed in opposition to the trussed up shaft. Next he slid three plain leather bands about a half an inch in depth onto the shaft, equidistant from each other; one just below my cockhead, one near the base and one in the center of the shaft. Next he attached two thin elastic bands which he pulled in

between the leather ones. While he did this, I began to notice the other braves had taken out a carton of Marlboros. A pack was opened and each brave began lighting up.



After a puff or two, one by one they kneeled by my cock and slid their lit Mariboros onto

my shaft filter first, securing it with the elastic bands so that the burning end rested below the crown. The entire length of each cigarette was buffeted from my skin by the rubbers and three leather bands. This process was continually repeated until the entire pack of twenty lit cigarettes neatly encircled my dick, a ring of brown filters around the base and one of burning ash below the head. My cock was now totally surrounded with fire from the objects of one of my most potent fetishes. A circle of heat surrounded my cock where the lit ends of the Marlboros smouldered, the rubbers and leather bands effectively preventing actual burning of my skin. A trail of heavy smoke rose in front of me and was led by the breeze away from my body. The sight of twenty lit cigarettes around my cock was enough to nearly make me pass out. The head of my dick was a deep purple as pre-cum dripped continually from the piss slit.

Billy now stood in front of me, placed a Marlboro in his mouth and lit it. Repeating his display of the previous evening, he slowly smoked the entire cigarette as a symbol of his dominance constantly staring at me. I couldn't take my eyes off him as I felt the heat of the fire on my loins and the circle of heat from the cigarettes around my cock gradually move down the shaft as the tobacco burned away leaving gray ash on the rubbers. It was dark and the sight of the glowing red ring hugging my imprisoned penis mesmerized me. The other braves, save for the drummer joined Billy, each lighting cigarettes and staring at me. It was too much. With a sudden jerk, I came forcefully, spurting out my seed toward the handsome warriors as my chest heaved with heavy breathing.

When the cigarettes around my cock had burned to the filter, they were removed. Billy had gone behind me and removed the butt plug from my ass. Spreading some new lube on my open hole, he thrust his dick into me with a long yelp. For the first time of the day my ass was being fucked. As he thrust his hips into me, the other braves lit cigarettes and repeated the encircling of my cock. A new ring of burning white stakes sweetly smoked down my shaft as my lover ravaged my rear end with his spear. Two braves lit pipes and after several puffs, kneeled down and held the hot bowls under my distended nuts adding to my trial by fire. The mixture of wood and tobacco smoke greeted my nostrils as Billy continued to screw me spreadeagled to the cadre. Another brave took a Marlboro and placed it in my mouth. Telling me not to drop it, he lit the end and I was forced to begin to smoke it, making sure it didn't fall from my lips onto the braves torturing my balls below. Smoke oozed into my lungs and then out of my lips and nose, the burning tip of the cigarette nestled in my lips hypnotizing me.

Billy increased his tempo to a fever pitch kneeding my nipples as he roughed fucked my white ass. With a triumphant war cry, he shot his searing load deep into my rectum coating it with his red man's cum. He quickly pulled out and another hard cock replaced it as one of the braves began to fuck me. The cigarette in my mouth had been consumed. Billy came around to the front of me and removed it, dropping the filter into the fire below my loins. He put a fresh one in my mouth and then took one for himself, smiling at me with a strange satisfaction as his lips encircled the filter. He lit his cigarette and took several drags and then brought the burning end of his to mine, igniting it and sending tobacco smoke into my lungs again. He stood and peacefully smoked as I continued to be fucked, watching me struggle with the burning Marlboro in my mouth.

The second brave fucking me let out a cry and came, driving his cock deep into my willing ass for the discharge. He pulled out and immediately, a third dick replaced it. It now became obvious I was to be gang raped by all the braves, one after another. As

the third brave shot into me, both the cigarettes in my mouth and those around my cock had burned down completely. As the fourth brave entered me, the braves repeated their cock torture, this time with a significant variation. Instead of cigarettes, the braves now lit filter tipped cigars and a circle of burning brown stakes encircled my dick. The cigars were slightly longer and burned slower down the length of my cock. It took 18 of them to surround my shaft and the more pungent aroma of the smoke filled the air. When this had been finished, a third Marlboro was put in my mouth and lit. My heavy breathing forced deeper inhalation of the thick smoke, making me dizzy and light-headed.

During the fourth or fifth fucking of my ass, Billy drew his attention to my tits which had previously been painted with circles. He kneaded then gently making them hard and erect. One of the braves handed him a piece of cotton and he rubbed some liquid on them which was freezing cold. Even with the cigar and cigarette smoke in my nostrils, I could smell it was rubbing alcohol. Billy removed the finished cigarette from my mouth and tossed it into the fire below me. He produced two dried pine needles each about an inch and a half long which he displayed in front of me.

“Hold on baby, this is going to hurt.”

As my ass continued to be ravaged and the fires beneath me and around my cock burned, Billy carefully pulled my right nipple from my chest and drove the needle through horizontally. I screamed as the stinging pain coursed through my breast. When I had calmed down, he repeated the procedure, skewering my left nipple. I cried out again and my diminishing gasps were greeted by war whoops from the braves who watched. Soon the familiar sensation of feeling a man's orgasm behind me brought fresh cum coursing into my ass.

Both my tits felt like they were on fire as the next two braves drove their pricks in and out of my well fucked hole. The circle of cigars around my cock had finally burnt down and the fire beneath me had gone out and was smouldering occasionally sending up some red embers which glowed in the moonlight. More jism filled my moist and sticky anus as the brave who'd been drumming all this time stopped and approached my rear end for his turn. As he entered me, Billy removed the circle of butts from my cock and pulled the rubbers and leather and elastic bands off, freeing the still hard and sweaty shaft and refreshing it in the cool night air. As the last brave slowly fucked me, Billy knelt down and first teased my cock with a feather. After several minutes, this torture became unbearable as I writhed on the cadre begging him to stop. He replaced the feather with his mouth and slowly began to lick the underside with his tongue, starting in the middle and drawing forward to the head without ever taking me full in the mouth. He was driving me wild as I continuously whimpered and sighed. I felt the brave behind me tense and with a loud cry he delivered the eighth load into my ass. Billy now totally encircled my aching cock with his lips and continued to slowly draw his mouth away from the center in a steady rhythmic motion. My loins soon began to stiffen and my entire, speadeagled body began to shiver. I noticed the seven braves were standing around me silently observing, one holding a flaming torch and another behind me placing fresh wood below.

My spasms became violent as Billy continued his slow tempo of sucking and I once again had reached an incredibly heightened pitch. Finally with guttural groans and screams, I exploded onto Billy's tongue. The braves immediately sounded their war whoops and as before, the Indians' taking of my captive seed signaled a new fire kindled below me. As they had done during my torture at the stake, they began to dance around

me, this time to loud drumming and still louder chanting. I slumped in my bonds completely spent and exhausted, accepting their complete mastery over me.

One of the braves had now brought two bowls of paint, one white and one red. As the others froliced around me, the brave began to apply paint to my body. With the red, he painted completely the left half of my face, my left tit, the left side of my cock, and my left ball. He also painted a straight line of red along the length of my outstretched left arm and my left leg. When he finished, he took the white paint and applied it identically to the same places on my right side. The coolness of the liquid on my body and the sensuous feel of the brush strokes had revived my sagging dick again, which now stood straight, painted in red and white, saluting my captors.

The braves continued to whirl around me until the fire roasting my loins went out. The dancing and drumming stopped and Billy and the seven braves now stood in a semi-circle in front of me. Billy called out, "Let the white captive know who his Pawnee masters are." One by one, the braves announced their names to me.

"Black Bear"

"Silver Fish"

"Grey Wolf"

"Eagle Feather"

"Yellow Hawk"

"Proud Hunter"

"Fire Dancer"

"Running Deer"

As each announced his name, the brave approached me and tied a short rawhide cord around my erect, painted dick. Black Bear had started near the base and the cords were successively tied down the length of my penis until Running Deer's outlined the crown. My manhood stood straight out toward them displaying the eight individual symbols of my bondage and captivity.

Billy now approached me and called out, "Tirawa, accept this white man as an honored captive of the Pawnee Nation. He will be called the name "Straight Pole" by all the Pawnee and he will be sacrificed to Morning Star every year at the summer solstice." He then produced two silver rings. "These rings will honor the breast of Straight Pole and remind him of his honored captivity among the Pawnee. They are placed on his body by his principal captor, Eagle Feather."

Billy took the two rings and sterilized them in a torch which Fire Dancer held. The others encircled me and a fresh pile of wood was placed below me. Billy came close and removed the pine needles from my tits and replaced them with the rings. As I cried out and my chest heaved under the burning pain, the braves raised the war whoop, the fire was relit beneath me and the drumming and dancing resumed. Billy now displayed a

long, thick brown-green cigar which he placed in his mouth and lit with the torch. He took several manly puffs making the end of the cigar red hot as he blew the smoke on my ringed tits. With an elastic band he attached the cigar to the underside of my penis so that the fiery end burned two inches from my cock head. Then he lit a Marlboro and after finishing half of it, placed it in my mouth and stepped behind me. I felt his hard cock tease my ass and with a cry of victory he entered me. The burning cigarette fell from my mouth as I sighed with renewed pleasure.

As the warrior's danced, he fucked me a final time-slowly, with great deliberation and love, completing his total dominance over my body. There was something incredibly fulfilling being tied to the cadre and having the man I worshipped, fuck me as his friends danced jubilantly around me and a warm fire danced beneath me. My erotic wellsprings overflowed and without his touching my dick, my loins tensed and my cock erupted in a final orgasm. My cum spewed out onto the end of the cigar below my crown and was instantly boiled by the blazing tobacco sending tiny whists of steam. Billy held me close and came in my ass as he whispered how hot I was, tightly hugging my suspended body. As I slumped in my bonds, Billy joined the dance around me. My cock had shriveled completely. The dance came to a halt as the braves faced me in two semi-circles; one in front and one behind my hanging body. They took out their cocks and pointing them toward my chest and back, pissed on me. The warm urine splashed over my body on all sides, dripping onto the fire below me causing steam to rise. I was fading fast now as vapor and smoke engulfed me. As the warriors renewed their wild dancing, a haze fell over me and I finally passed out.

XII

The smell of crisp, clean sheets greeted me when I awoke the next morning. The light comforter cuddled my naked body as I turned in the bed. In my morning blur I could make out Billy sitting by me with a breakfast tray. The inviting aroma of bacon and eggs pervaded the room.

"How's my birthday boy?"

I suddenly felt like Vera Charles in **Auntie Mame** -"What time is it and what day is it?" I turned over toward him with difficulty. Every muscle in my body ached. My tits hurt. My cock hurt. My hands and ankles hurt. The urge to go back to sleep and try again fled through my mind.

"We put you through alot the past day and a half. You were really stunning on that frame last night."

Lucidity was coming faster. "How did I get here?"

"After you passed out we washed your body, took you down, and carried you up here. You came to a few times, but you were never really coherent. The minute we put you in bed, you were out like a light."

"You made alot of dreams come true. I 'll never forget it, Billy.. .I've never been so turned on..."

"I lost track of how many times you came!"

"It was fucking great. I love you so much."

"And I love you. You can be my adopted white captive anytime." He leaned over and pressed his lips to mine and we kissed a long time. He threw off his clothes, hopped in the bed and we just cuddled. My battered body welcomed his warm embraces. His affection for me was a soothing ointment. As he massaged my chest lightly playing with my silver rings, he whispered sweet nothings in my ear.

Billy fed me breakfast and we lounged and relaxed for the greater part of the day. He'd invited over his seven friends for dinner and a chance to meet me more socially. They all showed up about 5 o'clock, this time wearing regular clothes and taking sincere opportunities to talk and get to know me. We all enjoyed a terrific barbacue and just chilled out after dinner. After all the smoking that had been done yesterday, not one of them lit up. Billy had forbidden it. It was my birthday party and his lover, the opera singer, liked a smoke free environment.

During a free moment I asked Billy if they were all gay. Four of them were. Grey Wolf was AC/DC and Silver Fish and Running Deer were straight!

"How did you get the straight guys?"

"They're blood brothers of mine and sexual orientation doesn't count for much when a Pawnee is dealing with the torture of a captive. By the way, they're both married with kids!"

My mouth fell to the floor. Two straight, married men had poked me. Just the thought of it began to make my cock harden and it really took an effort to make it behave.

One of the gay guys with the perfect name of Fire Dancer was only 18 and quite beautiful in his mohawk cut and two earrings. We hit it off tremendously and I found out he was interested in classical music and had planned to attend the U. of Oklahoma to study oboe. I told him I had a year left and that I'd show him the "ropes" of gay life on campus. He laughed at my bad pun and with a wink said he'd be sure to take me up on it.

The party lasted until about 10 PM and the guys congratulated me on my birthday, said their good byes (several of them with kisses), and left. Billy and I cleaned up and went upstairs for an easy going night of vanilla sex. After sweetly blowing me for what seemed like an hour and drinking my cum, I turned to my Indian who had a lit a sensual Marlboro and asked if he really meant to sacrifice me to Morning Star every year. He smiled, kissed me, and whispered, "Straight Pole speak with fornicating tongue." He rolled me over, as we both laughed, and prepared to fuck me as he smoked.

I've gone on to a lucrative opera career and Billy is assistant curator of the Gilcrest Museum. Our love has never been stronger and we continue to have many peaceful nights of sex laced with more interesting trips to leather and bondage land. However, my trial of fire and smoke is always saved for my birthday at the summer solstice. Every year, Billy and his braves bind and torture me in four different ways, constantly coming up with blissful variations on an Indian theme. I am the white gift to Morning Star and Billy devises new turn ons to make my cum rise to the gods.

The End

Illustrations by Sean and Pax

Author's addendum

The characters and events of this novella are fictional and any resemblance to living persons is purely coincidental.

Information about the Pawnee Indian tribe and methods of Indian torture and treatment of captives is based on factual information. The reader who wishes to delve further into these areas, is directed to the following sources.

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