

J.T.Obrigon

The Tent Valley Massacre

A yellow cloud of dust roiled down the valley as if fleeing from the dreadful scene upon the valley floor. The battle was over. The screams of wounded and dying horses and the screams of wounded and dying men echoed from the high mountain walls and mingled with the victorious whoops of the Indian warriors to form a cacophony of death.

Major Langhorn's Cavalry had passed into the pages of glory. Two hundred troopers, their corporals, sergeants and officers lay scattered along the valley floor like dolls abandoned by some giant and destructive child. They lay singly and in heaps, grotesquely twisted and tangled together. The fortunate troopers were frozen in their silent poses by death, the unfortunate moaned and groaned and stirred with life.

Most of the troopers were German immigrants --- tall, blond, blue-eyed and muscular young men who were raised to the plow and driven by poverty to emigrate and enlist. Barely eighteen years of age with little English and less education, they joined the Cavalry for food and lodging when they could find no work. They belonged upon a farm and not upon the back of a horse. The blond innocents worked hard, obeyed orders and trusted their corporals and sergeants to take care of them.

Their corporals and sergeants were beefy Irishmen, the products of a previous wave of immigration. Red haired, green-eyed and not as fond of drink as usually supposed, their longer service and experience elevated them above the lowly Germans while their Irish heritage kept them from rising any further in the ranks. They did their best to protect their men but they followed orders even from headstrong, foolish officers.

Their officers were the scrapings from the bottom of the barrel at West Point. The second and third sons of wealthy eastern families, they compensated for their incompetence with their overweening pride. They viewed their duty in the West as the destruction of the Indians for their personal glory in the hopes of receiving a decent posting back East. They despised their troops, they overestimated themselves and underestimated the Indians. They brought death and destruction upon themselves, the Irish noncoms and the German innocents.

The painted warriors upon their painted ponies slowly moved toward the fallen men. In groups of two and three, they stopped beside the fallen troopers, slipped from the backs of their horses and landed softly upon the ground in the moccasin shod feet. They poked and prodded the cavalymen with the tips of their spears and the toes of their moccasins. Silently they fell upon the dead. With whoops, they fell upon the living.

To the victors belong the spoils and the painted warriors claimed their prizes. They stripped the troopers, both living and dead, of their uniforms. They pulled the polished, high black boots from the troopers' feet. They yanked off the cavalymen's blue trousers with the yellow stripe running down each leg, tore off their blue tunics and yellow bandannas, stripped them of their hats and gauntlets, pulled off their woolly long johns and left them naked in the sun. The warriors donned the boots and clothes that fit and the rest were thrown into heaps to be picked up by the women later.

Breech-clothed warriors in shiny cavalry boots and blue tunics bent over the naked white men and collected souvenirs from the dead. Sharp knives cut away fingers, nipples, genitals and scalps. The dead did not suffer, but the living did. The badly wounded felt the sharp edge of the blade slice into their skin. They knew the pain and the horror of castration. They saw their genitals clutched in bloody, savage hands. They saw their blond scalps hanging from the warriors' belts. They heard the flies buzz around them and felt the tickle of tiny feet upon their open wounds. They were the fortunate wounded. They died in minutes. For those with minor wounds, the warriors had special plans, the friendly hand of death would not touch them for hours, days and weeks.

Major Duncan Langhorn was among the unfortunate few. The tall, dark, muscular major lay upon the battlefield in his carefully hand-tailored, blue uniform with gold braid and in his high top, shiny black cavalry boots with his silver and gold washed saber laying on the ground just inches from his leather gloved hand. His plumed hat lay several feet away. His only wound was a red streak across his forehead where a bullet had creased his skull and rendered him unconscious. He was oblivious to his defeat, disgrace and impending doom.

The Indian warriors gathered round the fallen major in a circle like vultures. They reached out with bloody hands and stripped the uniform from his body. They pulled the boots from his sweaty feet, hauled down his pants, stripped off his tunic and ripped away his long johns. They stripped him naked and as they worked, they pinched and probed, groped and grabbed, and explored his muscular body. They pointed and made comments. They laughed and slapped and tickled his pale body.

Major Langhorn came to consciousness with a start. He tried to sit up and was roughly pushed back down. Before he realized what was happening, rough red hands seized him by the arms and dragged him across the field to a dead horse. His naked body was thrown belly down over the side of the carcass. One warrior sat on his shoulders to hold him down. Two warriors held his arms by the wrists. Two warriors took his ankles and pulled his legs apart. One warrior, who was wearing the major's boots and tunic, stepped between the white man's legs. With one red hand, he slapped the major's bare ass and with the other he pulled off the leather garment covering his savage loins.

The major twisted and turned. He tried to buck off the warrior sitting on his back. He tried to pull his wrists and ankles from the rough hands holding them. He fought and cursed and worked himself into a sweat to no avail. The Indians held him in their iron

grip. He could not free himself. He could not stop them from doing whatever their savage hearts desired.



The heart of the savage wearing his boots was set on one thing. He stroked his big, red cock to full erection, pulled back his foreskin, placed the snout of his big, red cock head to the major's tiny, wrinkled ass hole and pushed.

The major bellowed his horrified protest. He twisted, turned and bucked. He fought and squirmed and the savage behind him pushed and punched and thrust and ground until the major's ass hole gave way and he forced his cock head into the struggling white man's body. The warrior took hold of the major's hips and thrust his own hips forward. He drove his cock into the major's ass with one savage thrust and without a moment's hesitation started to fuck.

The major screamed. The warriors surrounding him whooped. The savage on his back covered him and fucked. The red man bucked and plowed, he drove his cock in and out of the screaming major's ass. He hunched and humped and rabbit-fucked. He slapped his red balls against the major's white ass and ground his cock into the major's guts. He pounded the major's ass, punched his ribs, clawed his back, slapped his ass and fucked the whimpering white man like a dog.

The major grunted, groaned and moaned, hic coughed and squealed. He begged, he pleaded, he cried for mercy. The Indian on his back came. Great hot spurts of the red man's cum shot into the major's guts. The major howled and his own dick exploded and shot cum onto the side of the dead horse. The warrior whooped and drained his balls into the major's ass. The major sobbed. The warrior whooped as he drew his spent dick from the major's ass. The major hung his head in shame, the warrior stepped aside and was replaced by another. As the major felt another hard dick drive into his ass, he raised his head and shouted,

"Oh, no! Please, not again."

One by one the warriors mounted and fucked the major. They climbed on his back, drove their hard red dicks into his ass and fucked. They took turns holding his arms and legs and sitting on his shoulders. Other warriors, dressed in the tunics and boots of the fallen troopers, drifted across the field to join the fuck line. They brought with them one of the beefy Irish sergeants and six of the wounded, blond, German plowboy troopers.

While they waited their turns at the major's well fucked ass, the warriors set up poles in the ground and tied the Irish sergeant upright and spread eagle between them. His brown leathery face, neck and forearms contrasted sharply with his big, beefy, befreckled pink body. His red hair was repeated in thick patches in his armpits and his crotch and covered his chest and belly in a rich, red carpet. His heavy balls were drawn up to his dick and his hairy sack hung loosely beneath them like a beard. His big pink dick, long and fat and soft as a fresh sausage, hung down between his balls and his long drooping foreskin hung down below his ball sack.

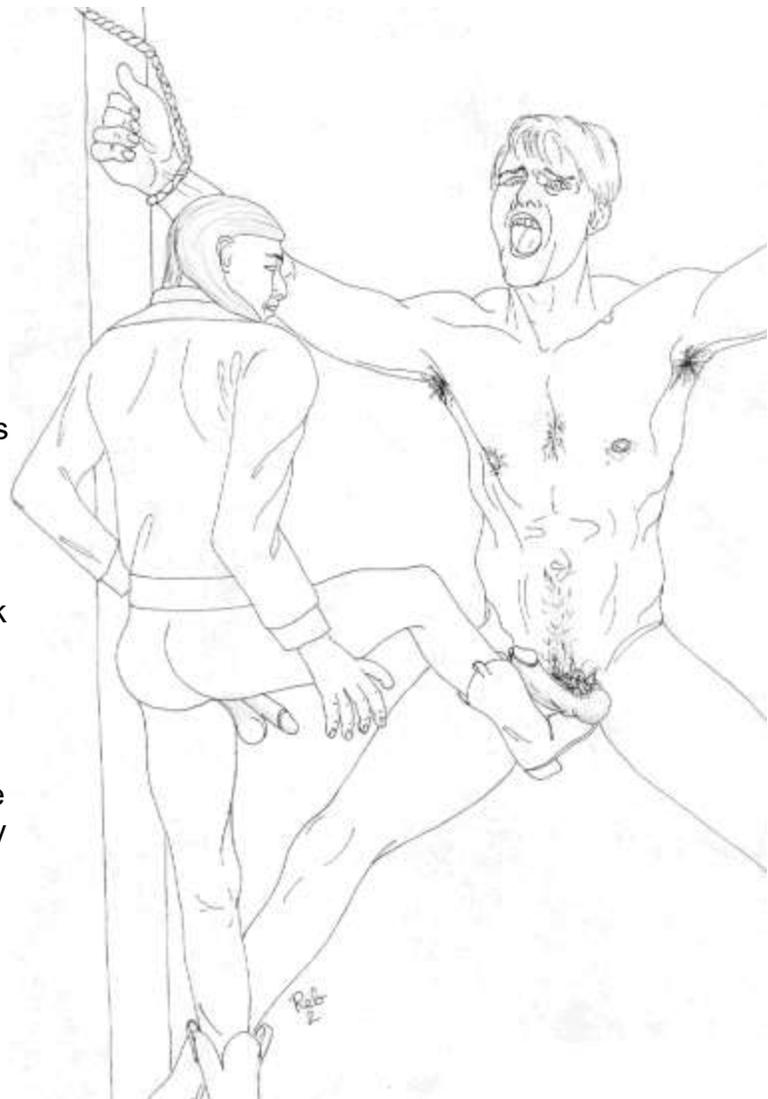
The sergeant looked wildly from side to side and twisted his beefy body. His green eyes were mad with fear, his cock swung from side to side between his legs, and he made pathetic animal sounds in the back of his throat.

The warrior wearing the sergeant's boots stepped in front of the terrified Irishman. A wicked grin spread across the red man's painted face, he drew back his booted foot and kicked the Irishman in the balls. The force of the shiny toe of his own boot landing in his balls raised the beefy sergeant up on his toes. His heavy balls were driven into his pink body. His cock flew up and slapped against his rounded, hairy belly. The sergeant's green eyes screwed shut, he threw back his head and bellowed like a wounded bull.

The warrior whooped and kicked the sergeant in the nuts again. He stepped aside and another freshly booted warrior took his place. Over and over, the whooping, grinning, red men kicked the sergeant in the balls with the sweaty boots once worn by his own men.

The sergeant screamed and thrashed and twisted. He peed, he puked, he shit, and he chafed his wrists inside their leather bindings until they bled, and he drove his fingernails into his palms. He screamed himself hoarse. Foam formed upon his lips and turned pink as he gargled the blood oozing from his raw throat. His balls bloated and turned deep purple. His cock swelled and turned blue. He shook, he convulsed, and he prayed for death and could not even pass out of consciousness.

The warriors grew tired of their sport. They took their turns with the major and returned to the sergeant, stripped of their loincloths with their dicks half hard and dripping with the major's ass juices. They turned their attentions to the cringing, German plowboys. They forced the frightened, blond teenagers to their knees, tied their hands behind their backs and explored their lean, hard muscled young bodies with rough red hands. Some of the young troopers snarled, some cried like babies, some resisted and others accepted their captors' rough caresses.



The warriors slapped the blond troopers' faces. They pinched, pulled and twisted the young men's nipples. They pulled the troopers' blond hair and slashed the backs of their knives across the cringing plowboys' foreheads in mock scalping. They pushed the young Germans' faces to the ground and made them lick their own boots that now encased sweaty red legs and feet.

One by one the warriors dragged the cowering, naked German troopers to their groaning, Irish sergeant and forced the frightened young men to take their sergeant's bruised and swollen cock into their mouths. As the blond troopers sucked their red-haired sergeant's aching dick, the warriors moved behind the groaning man and rammed their hard red dicks up his ass. The Indians fucked the screaming sergeant standing up. They pressed their hard red bodies against his back as he stood spread eagle between the posts. They rubbed their stolen cavalry tunics up and down his back. They ground the brass buttons into his beefy Irish flesh. They reached around his body and pulled, pinched and twisted his nipples. They drove their dicks into his gut and pounded his ass with their pubes.

The warriors fucked and hunched and humped. They plowed and plunged. They slapped their big red balls against the sergeant's white freckled ass and ground their cocks into his guts. The sergeant screamed and squealed and grunted. The troopers coughed and choked and wretched as each vicious thrust of red dick into the sergeant's ass, drove the Irishman's bloated dick down the German troopers' throats.

The German troopers swallowed their sergeant's cock. They slurped and sucked and tongued it. It grew hard and hot in their mouths and plowed in and out of their throats. The naked, blond teenagers coughed and wretched, gagged and choked and tasted cockslime for the first time. The sergeant's Irish dick filled their young throats and mouths. His bruised balls slapped against their chins. He pumped cum down their aching throats and the warriors pumped their hot cum into the sergeant's ass.

Over and over the warriors raped the beefy, Irish sergeant's ass. Over and over the teenage, German troopers sucked their sergeant's dick. Over and over the sergeant grunted and groaned, whimpered, begged and came. He threw his head back and howled. Sweat poured down his body and matted his red hairs to his freckled white skin. His tongue hung out of his mouth like a dog as he whimpered and came. His Indian captors' cum dribbled from his ass. His Irish cum dropped in ropy strings from the lips of his German troopers. The warriors drained their balls inside the sergeant's aching ass. The sergeant drained his balls inside his young troopers' unwilling mouths. The troopers' balls were left fully packed and boiling with cum for later torment.

The sun was setting. The valley was growing dark. Major Langhorn was lying naked,

belly down and fucked to unconsciousness on the side of a dead horse. The Irish sergeant was hanging naked, cum drenched and nearly unconscious, by his wrists between the two poles. The six teenage German troopers were kneeling in a semicircle

before their sergeant with their naked, white bodies drenched with sweat, their sergeant's cum dripping from their swollen lips, and their hands tied behind their backs.

The warriors busied themselves collecting weapons and revisiting the badly wounded troopers who had not yet had the good fortune to die. Up the valley the remainder of the tribe, old men and women and children, advanced in a ragged column. Soon the camp would be set up and the evening's fun would begin.

As soon as the camp was set up and the campfires were burning, the Indian women and children descended on the battlefield like a horde of rats. They scurried across the field in packs, collecting the clothing and equipment, stripping the horses and the troopers, and whooping with delight whenever they found a man who had not been mutilated or was not quite dead. The children carried back to the camp the spoils of victory, while the women and teenage boys worked on the few troopers the warriors had thoughtfully left alive and fully clothed for their amusement. The women took charge and the teenage boys had to wait like hungry dogs for the scraps of living male flesh their sisters, mothers, aunts and grandmothers left for them.

The women surrounded the fallen troopers in a laughing, cackling circle. Their hands reached out like claws for the troopers' bodies. They wrenched and tugged and pulled the boots from the sweaty legs of wounded troopers and tossed them to their brothers, sons, nephews and grandsons, who sat upon the ground and pulled them up their own sweaty red legs. They unbuttoned tunics, opened belts and pulled down trousers. They stripped the uniforms from the troopers and tossed the sweat soaked, blood stained garments to the children, who carried them back to camp. They pulled the long johns from the troopers' bodies and left the muscular, blond, German plowboys naked, while they argued over which woman would keep the woolen prize.

When the fallen trooper was stripped and the spoils collected, the women turned their attention to the trooper's fair, young, muscular body. They pinched, they poked, they groped, they pinched, they poked, they groped, and they probed and explored his body with rough hands, cruel fingers and sharp claws. They laughed and cackled and made comments in their native tongue that required no translation to expose their crudity and lewdness. They slapped, they punched they pinched, they scratched and clawed the troopers until the young men screamed and their fair bodies were covered with bruises, cuts and blood. They beat the young men with branches, sticks and leather straps. They ground the plowboys' nuts between heavy rocks as if they were grinding corn. They shoved sticks up the screaming troopers' dicks and fucked them in and out while the young men shrieked. They tortured and tormented the wounded troopers to the edge of death and turned them over to the teenage boys.



Too young to be warriors, the eighteen and nineteen year old boys were eager to prove themselves to their older brothers and to the elders of the tribe. They fell upon the troopers' with an eager cruelty fueled by their desire to make a good impression. They kicked the troopers with their own boots. They stomped the young troopers' balls to mush. They broke fingers, toes, hands, feet, arms and legs. They tore finger and toe nails from their beds with their teeth. They gouged out eyes, tore out tongues, rammed sharpened sticks into ears. They sliced off eyelids, ears, noses, lips, nipples, cocks and balls. They cut off arms and legs, slit open bellies and carved designs into living, human flesh. They tortured and tormented the fallen, German troopers and prolonged their suffering as far as inhumanly possible before cutting the blond scalps from their foreheads.

The women and the teenage boys turned the battlefield into a circus of cruelty. Each living trooper became a star, the center of attention in a circle of excited red faces. He

sang, he danced, he performed contortions of agony and recited odes to pain. Each man suffered for the entertainment of his Indian captors and his final bow was to death.

By a fallen wagon a group of women entertained themselves with a wounded German trooper. The young plowboy was stripped naked and tied to one of the wagon wheels. His strong arms were drawn out to his sides and his muscular legs were spread wide. Around his balls was tied rawhide strips, which separated his nuts and compressed his them into two tight packages. An old hag with gnarled fingers tied his boots to the end of the strips. The trooper lifted his head from the rim of the wheel and saw the old woman holding the boots up.

"Nein! Nein!" he cried and the old woman let the boots drop.

The weight of the boots hit the plowboy's bound balls and dragged them down between his legs. His big white body tensed. The muscle in his arms and legs gathered into bunches. The cords in his neck grew thick. His eyes bulged out. His mouth gaped open and his tongue shot out as if trying to escape the dreadful torture of his body. The plowboy screamed a bellow of agony that made his chest swell and his stomach contract.

The women around him laughed. The old hag lifted the boots and let them drop again. The plowboy screamed and thrashed and twisted on the wheel. His balls turned dark red as his boots danced between his legs. The old woman lifted the boots and dropped them again.

The trooper screamed and writhed and rubbed his wrists and ankles raw beneath their bindings. He turned his head aside and puked. He pissed and shit. He cried and begged for mercy. His balls turned black and the old hag continued her torment until her scrawny arms grew tired and she had to take a rest.

A younger woman of fair face and with few teeth took a bone needle threaded with sinew and applied it to the sobbing plowboy's chest. She pinched one of his pink nipples and pushed the through it from one side to the other. The plowboy screamed anew as the needle passed through his nipple and the sinew was pulled through after it. A dot of red appeared on each side of his nipple, grew quickly into a crimson dome, which broke and ran down the side of his heaving chest in a bloody stream.

Without a blush, the Indian woman dropped her hands to the German trooper's crotch and captured his soft, fat prick. She pulled his foreskin back and pushed the needle into his peehole and out the bottom of his cockhead beneath its thick ridge. The German boy sang a new song of agony as the sinew was drawn through his bleeding cockhead.

The woman returned her red hands to the trooper's white chest and thrust her needle through the plowboy's other nipple. She made a neat triangle of suffering. A long thread of sinew ran from one of the German boy's nipple down to his cock and back up to his other nipple. She took both ends of the thread and drew them together. She drew his nipples down and his cock up until they were stretched tautly and quivering with pain.

The German trooper shrieked and shook like a leaf. He banged the back of his head against the rim of the wheel to which he was tied. He arched his back and threw his chest out. He thrust his hips up and raised his ass from the wheel. Every breathe and every movement tugged on his pierced nipples and his cock and made the boots swing and tug on his balls.

He was driven mad with pain. Every movement was agony and he could not stop moving. He screamed and thrashed and screamed again. Foam formed on his lips and turned pink, as his throat grew raw and bled. He chewed his lips to shreds. He bit his tongue and cut his wrists and ankles to the bone beneath his bonds.

The Indian women turned from him and searched through the discarded clothing and equipment for belts and straps. They reformed in a circle around and laid the leather across his writhing white body. They beat him from his shoulders to his knees. They laid welts across his chest and belly. They cut his white skin and bathed themselves in a shower of his blood and laughed and whooped most happily when the straps landed across his skewered nipples or his bleeding dick or his deep blue balls.

The German trooper shrieked and twisted every way that he could. He tore open the back of his head on the rim of the wheel. He broke his fingers by clutching at the spokes. He bit through his tongue and gargled his own blood. He threw out his chest and thrust his hips into the air. He made the boots hanging from his balls jump up and down. He tugged his nipples down and yanked his cock upward. He tortured himself with his struggles and the Indian women tortured him with the belts.

The German trooper starred in the first ring. A fine Yankee gentleman with black whiskers and lieutenant's bars suffered in the second ring. A gang of eighteen and nineteen year old Indian boys dragged the naked lieutenant to a dead horse and popped in a sitting position against the bloated belly of the dead beast. They pulled his arms out and tied his wrists to the front and rear legs of the horse. They pulled his legs apart and drove bayonets through his ankles and into the ground.

The lieutenant threw himself back against the horse and bellowed his agony. His pale face turned ashy gray and large beads of sweat popped out on his forehead. He clutched the horse's dead legs, his biceps contracted into rocks and the muscles of his forearms quivered. He shook with pain and dared not move his legs. He joked back his screams and his tears and looked from one red face to another. All he saw was tiny white teeth and cruel smiles.

The boys divided into two packs and took turns kneeling on either side of the lieutenant. They applied their tiny white teeth to the ends of is carefully manicured nails. They clamped down their teeth, twisted their heads and pulled. Slowly the nails lifted from their beds and peeled away.

The lieutenant shrieked and tried to clutch his fingers. The boy's by brute force straightened them out and bent them back until the bones snapped. They broke his

fingers and ripped the nails from their beds. The torn beds filled up with blood as the lieutenant screamed and the boys stood up to display the torn nail clutched between their teeth.

The lieutenant's fingers swelled into fat purple sausages. The raw ends of his digits dripped blood. Every time he clutched his fingers, he screamed. Every time they tore a nail off he clutched his fingers. Ten boys had a turn at his fingers and each one took his bloody prize.

The lieutenant screamed himself to exhaustion. His chin dropped to his chest. Drool ran from his lips. He was barely conscious and expressed his pain in long, low moans.

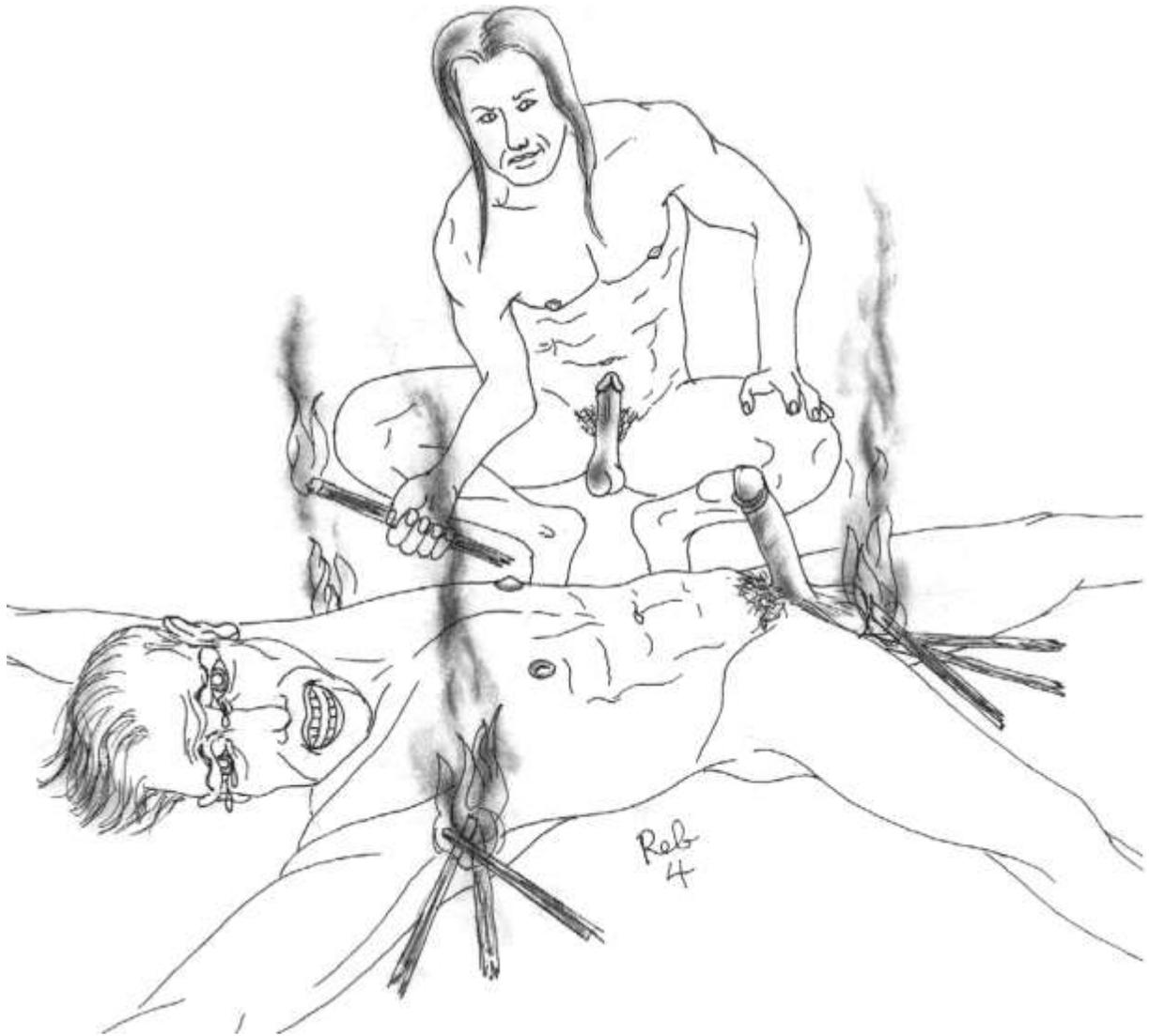
Two boys knelt down, one on either side of the groaning lieutenant. Each boy pulled a hunting knife from his belt and cut carefully around the base of one of the lieutenant's thumbs. The agony of his torn fingernails was such that the Yankee lieutenant could not feel this new insult to his flesh. He did not lift his head nor did he change the tone or intensity of his moaning.

Each boy took a thumb and twisted it until the digit popped out its joint. The Yankee lieutenant's head lifted. His eyes grew wide. His low moan slid up the scale to an intense wail.

The boys pulled and twisted. The lieutenant's thumbs with the sinews and tendons attached pulled away from his hand. The muscles in his forearms contracted. He clutched his broken, bleeding fingers and drove the raw nail beds into his palms. He screamed full force and tried to pull his hands away from his Indian tormentors.

The boy's put their booted feet against the lieutenant's arms to brace themselves and tugged and twisted. His thumbs pulled away from his hands. The attached tendons stretched into tight bands. The lieutenant's forearms swelled. He shrieked as the tendons tore from his elbows and pulled through the muscles of his forearms. The Indian boys whooped and waved above their heads the lieutenant's bloody thumbs with the tendons attached like ribbons.

The lieutenant wailed and shook his head from side to side. His forearms swelled and turned dark blue. Blood spouted from the sockets of his thumbs with each beat of his heart and dripped upon the carcass of the dead horse to which he was tied. As the swelling in his forearms spread to his hands, the gouts of blood turned into trickles and the Indian boys turned their attention to his remaining eight fingers.



The shrieks of the Yankee lieutenant could not drown out the tenor voice of an Irish corporal staked out spread eagle upon the ground. His pale freckled body was covered from head to foot with deep scratches from the claws of the Indian women and crusted with the salt they rubbed into his wounds. In his armpits and between his legs, low fires burned and the stench of singed hair filled the air.

The Irish corporal's tenor voice rose and fell in a complicated rhythm of pain. Around him a group of women stood, while four nineteen-year-old Indian boys stripped the torn skin from his chest and belly and his arms and legs. The Indian boys made long, shallow cuts across his chest and belly and down his arms and legs. With the points of their knives they lifted the end of the strips and peeled them back. Slowly they pulled each strip down, ripped it off and threw it into one of the fires.

The Irish corporal's tenor voice cracked and he screamed off key. Each strip of skin pulled away small chunks of flesh and fat and left a bloody track across the corporal's body. The Irishman was encased with pain. He could not move or escape the flames or

evade the cruel hands stripping the skin from his body. He screamed in his rich tenor voice and convulsed. He quivered and shook. Foam bubbled from his mouth. His eyes rolled up into his head. His life oozed from him in pink syrup and thick red drops.

The women, the children, the teenage-would-be warriors moved across the field and strong, hard muscled, white men screamed and died until at last the battlefield was quiet. The bloody handed women returned to camp with their bloody-handed children. The bloody-handed, teenage-would-be warriors whooped and hollered as they crossed the field and waved their bloody trophies above their heads. Blond scalps, fair genitals, torn tongues, severed hands and feet proclaimed that the bearer had all the cruel and vicious qualities to be a warrior.

The warriors were not idle while the women and children gleaned the fields and the teenagers tested their prowess. The warriors set two stakes into the ground. They tied ropes around the necks of the six blond, German troopers and tethered them to one stake. They revived Major Langhorn by tearing his thumbnails off and rubbing salt into the raw and bleeding nail beds. The major screamed and choked and coughed up gobs of thick cum and screamed again. The warriors dragged him to the second stake, pulled his arms above his head and tied his wrists close to the top of the pole. They tied a rope around one of his ankles, ran it around the post and tied the end to his other ankle. The major twisted and turned, cum oozed out his raw and bleeding ass hole and ran down his legs. The major and the troopers were left to watch as the warriors returned their attention to the beefy Irish sergeant tied spread eagle between the two posts.

The tall warrior dressed in the sergeant's tunic and boots stepped up to the beefy Irishman and spit into the panting soldiers' gaping mouth. The half-conscious sergeant

coughed and swallowed and coughed again. Bloody foam bubbled to his lips and dripped from the tip of his extended tongue. The warrior captured the sergeant's thick tongue between his rough red thumb and forefinger. He pulled the sergeant's tongue out of the man's mouth, drew a porcupine quill from a pouch on his belt, and thrust it vertically through the thick muscle.

The Irish sergeant screamed and tried to pull his skewered tongue back into his mouth. The porcupine quill thrust up through his tongue acted as a bar as it pressed against his lips and prevented the big pink muscle from sliding back into the Irishman's gaping mouth. The beefy sergeant screamed again and thrust his tongue back out.

The warrior whooped and seized the quill with one hand and used it as a handle to hold the sergeant's tongue still, while with his other hand he shoved a quill horizontally through the mouth muscle from one side to the other. The sergeant shrieked and quivered and thrashed. The warrior added a second and a third quill, while the sergeant made horrible strangled sounds and gargled blood.

The warrior released the sergeant's tongue and the beefy Irishman shook his head from side to side as if he were trying to throw off the quills piercing his tongue. His big blue

eyes were wide with fear and watery with the tears of agony. Blood ran down the sides of his tongue and dripped from the tip in fat red drops. He made unintelligible animal noises which might have been prayers or curses or pleas for mercy. His big rough hands opened and closed in spasm. His hairy belly heaved and the muscles of his chest contracted into hard masses beneath his fair freckled skin.

The warrior had a pouch full of quills and was not finished with the sergeant. The red man pushed quills through the Irish sergeant's nipples and chest muscles, through the muscular ridges of his belly, through the muscles of his thighs, through the knuckles of his fingers and the joints of his toes, under his fingernails and toenails, through his lips, nose, ears and eyelids, down his back and through his buttocks. Each quill was carefully pushed through the tender flesh to inflict the maximum of pain and suffering. Each quill was twisted and turned, thrust in and out and played with while the beefy Irish sergeant screamed and shook and convulsed in agony.

The tribe gathered round to watch the torture of the sergeant. They laughed and whooped and offered suggestions as to where the next quill should be placed. The six naked, pale, blond, muscular, German troopers tethered to their stake by ropes around their necks huddled together and tried not to look at the horrible sight of their sergeant's torment. Major Langhorn, stripped naked, oozing cum from his raw ass lips and lashed to his stake with his arms pulled above his head, moaned and groaned and shook his head in horror.

The warrior worked with steadfast deliberation. He rendered the sergeant's big body prickly with porcupine quills and saved the tenderest portions until last. The tribe pressed in closer and whooped louder, as the warrior squatted before the beefy sergeant. The sergeant's fair, freckled dick was captured by the red man and slowly skewered from side to side through its thick base. The sergeant's screams, which had grown faint, burst from his barrel chest with renewed vigor. His big body shook and his skewered tongue quivered. Every inch down the length of the meaty shaft, the warrior thrust a quill through the tender flesh until the last one pierced the aching shaft just below the thick ridge of the cock head.

The warrior flicked the sergeant's skewered cock with his thick red fingers. He pulled and tugged and played with the quills. The warrior smiled and laughed. The sergeant screamed and shook. The six cowering, naked, German plowboys moaned and groaned and trembled. Major Langhorn begged for mercy for his big, beefy, Irish sergeant and wept. The tribe whooped and hollered and demanded more.

The warrior pushed quills into the screaming sergeant's cock head and down the length of his skewered dick. He pushed quills into the Irishman's pee hole and down the belly of the beefy sergeant's cock. He took the sergeant's balls and squeezed them down to the bottom of the freckled sack. With slow deliberation, he pushed quill after quill through the sergeant's heavy Irish balls.

The sergeant shrieked and howled like an animal. He thrashed and shook. He twisted and turned. He threw his head back and bayed his agony to the twilight sky. He convulsed and drove his fingers into his palms until the quills imbedded beneath his nails snapped and his palms were cut to shreds. He bit his skewered tongue, foamed at the mouth, twisted his wrists and ankles until the rawhide bindings cut him to the bone. No pain in any other part of his body could distract him from the agony in his balls.

The warrior pushed the last quill through both of the sergeant's nuts, dropped the freckled sack and stood up. The warrior stood back and a group of old women and mature squaws formed a circle around the pain mad sergeant. They pulled flaming brands from the campfires and started chanting. As they chanted they walked around the big Irish sergeant and touched the flaming brands to his fair freckled flesh. With each touch, his flesh sizzled and he screamed and the warriors and the children, and the other women whooped and hollered and cheered in delight.

The sergeant's fair freckled flesh was quickly covered with ashy blisters. The quills piercing his body caught fire and burned down into his flesh. No part of his body was spared. The women burnt great, blistered, bald patches in his hair. They charred his ears and nose and lips. They roasted his tongue, shoved burning twigs into his ears and up his nose and into his eyes. They burnt his nipples off, charred his dick and roasted his balls. They shoved flaming sticks up his ass and cooked his fingers and toes like sausages. They reduced the big, beefy Irish sergeant to a blind and deaf mass of roasted flesh that was barely able to breathe and could only grunt and twitch with each new application of the flaming brands.

The six cowering, German plowboys tethered to the stake grew sick at the smell of burning human flesh. Major Langhorn, cum drenched and tied to a stake with his arms above his head, prayed for death for the sergeant, for the troopers, for himself. The sergeant would not live the night. Each of the white men prayed that he would not be the next source of the red man's entertainment.

The women, the children, the teenage boys and the warriors lost interest in the grunting bag of burnt flesh. The women dropped their burning brands in a pile between the grunting Irishman's spread feet and returned to their evening chores about the camp. The children and the teenage boys rushed off to collect limbs, branches and brush which they threw onto the burning brands until the big Irishman was the screaming center of a bonfire which engulfed his body up to his chest and finished roasting him alive. The warriors left the shrieking sergeant to the flames and turned their attention to the cowering troopers and Major Langhorn.

The six naked troopers huddled together on their knees around the stake to which they were tied. They bowed their blond heads. Their pale muscular bodies were smudged with dirt, blood and cum and glistening with sweat. The young men groaned and clasped their bound hands behind their backs. They trembled and shook. They emptied their bowels and bladders and vomited with fear. They soiled themselves and their brethren, they cried, they wept, they sobbed like children and cursed like men. As the

warriors approached them, they shrank back and cast their eyes downward and each young trooper prayed that he would not be taken.

One by one the warriors untied the cowering German troopers and lead the naked plowboys off by the ropes around their necks. Soon from six different parts of the camp the shrieks and cries of the young men could be heard. Women, children, teenage boys and full-grown warriors tormented the pale, German troopers for their own amusement and the glory of their people. The muscular, young plowboys were raped and tortured while the camp whooped and hollered and laughed with delight. Hard red cocks plowed their asses and their throats. Gouts of hot cum were pumped into their guts and their gullets. They sucked and swallowed, they bucked and fucked, and they took one red cock after another and knew that once the red men drained their red balls they would do worse to the young troopers.

The troopers were whipped with their own belts and straps and ropes. They were cut with sabers, kicked in the nuts with their own boots, force fed the roasted cocks and balls of their fallen comrades, made to drink piss and eat shit and forced to crawl on their knees and lick the filthy boots, which they once wore and which now encased the sweaty legs and feet of their tormentors. They were scratched and clawed, prodded, poked and probed, punched, pounded and beaten bloody. Their eyes were blacked, their noses broken and their teeth knocked out. The nails of their fingers were torn from their beds and their nipples and balls were pierced with porcupine quills, bound with leather thongs and weighted with canteens filled with water. They were forced to walk about the camp as the women burnt them with brands and at last they were allowed to collapse and were then dragged off to the tents of their new owners.

Major Langhorn stood with his naked body pressed against the stake to which he was bound. His nostrils were filled with the stench of the Irish sergeant's roasted flesh. His ears were filled with the screams of his men. All about him were the stripped and mutilated bodies of his troop and before him stood the warrior chief dressed in the major's tunic and boots and six gigantic, hard muscled, Indian warriors striped naked and with log-like hard-ons in their callused red hands.

The warrior chief cut the major down and laid him on a blanket. The six naked warriors surrounded the blanket as the chief climbed onto of the major. The warrior chief kissed and licked the major's face. He sucked the major's mustache and caressed the white man's body. The warrior chief worked with slow deliberation. He kissed and caressed, he stroked and tickled and fondled. He made love to the major. He took his time and he aroused the major and made the white man respond.

Major Langhorn was repulsed by the reaction of his body to the warrior's gentle caresses. His nipples grew hard, his cock erect and his balls engorged with the blood. He moaned and groaned and kissed the red man back. He stroked the warrior's hard muscles, clutched the red man's naked ass and sought the warrior's lips and mouth and tongue with his own. He could not resist the warrior chief. He was too overwhelmed by pain and suffering to resist any gentle touch or source of comfort. He wanted the hurting

and the horror to stop and in the red man's warm body and gentle touch there was a few moments of surcease from suffering. The major could not resist in mind or body. He surrendered to his red master.

The major kissed and caressed his Indian lover. He groped the red man's body. He stroked and fondled the warrior's cock and balls. He licked the red man's nipples. He played with a man, a red man, and touched the warrior's hard, sweaty body to arouse in the red man the same feelings that pounded through his body and made his white dick hard and his white balls ache.

The warrior lifted the major's legs to his shoulders and lifted the white man's ass from the ground. He put the big, blunt, drooling snout of his big red dick to the major's raw and battered ass lips and slowly pushed his big, red cock into the white man's ass. The warrior fucked, slowly and gently. He touched places inside the major that made the defeated white man shudder and groan with pleasure.

The major moaned and groaned and fucked back. The warrior's dick felt so good inside him that he welcomed every penetration and clutched the retreating dick with his ass to hold it a little longer. With one hand the major clutched the red man's thigh and drew the warrior to him, while with his other hand he stroked his own hard dick in rhythm with the red man's fucking.

The warrior strained and grunted and came. He filled the major's ravaged guts with spurt after spurt of hot cum. The major shouted in ecstasy and shot his hot cum onto himself and the warrior straining above him. The warrior looked down at the major and laughed. He dropped the white man's legs from his shoulders, pulled his dripping dick from the white man's ass, stood up and stepped aside.

From the circle of six big warriors surrounding the blanket, one mightily hung warrior stepped forward and took the chief's place between the major's wide spread legs. With sparkling eyes and smiling lips the major welcomed the big dicked red man. He moaned and groaned and sought the warrior's lips and tongue. He sighed at the red man's caresses. He lifted his legs and offered his battered, cum dripping ass hole to the red man's drooling dick.

The warrior took the major, slowly and gently, and the major responded like a cock hungry slut. He kissed, he licked, he lapped he sucked, he fondled and caressed every part of the red man's hard body that was within the reach of his mouth and hands. He bucked and fucked and ground his ass into the red man's cock. He moaned and groaned and played with his own dick. He played the whore for this warrior and for the other five. They came, he came and when they were done he wanted more.

Major Langhorn was no longer a cavalryman or a white man or even a man. He was a cock hungry whore. His mind was gone. All he could think about was cock. All he wanted was cock. Red man, white man, warrior, chief, cavalryman, plowboy, teenager, man or beast made no difference to him as long as it had a cock, a big juicy cock to fill

his mouth, his throat, his ass, to pump him full of cum and to keep him from thinking about what he had brought upon himself and his men.

Major Langhorn was a national hero for a few weeks and a slave to his Indian captors for many years. He and his six German troopers learned to serve their red masters through weeks and months and years of rape and torture. The major became camp whore for all the warriors. By day, he crawled about the camp on his hands and knees, licking the boots of his masters and begging to suck their cocks. By night, he lay upon a blanket inside a tent and welcomed between his legs any red man that came to him. He grunted, groaned, groveled and came and never had enough cock or cum to completely drown the memories of his men's screams.

The six German plowboys labored about the camp doing all the hard work and dirty jobs that the women and children shunned. The women and children tortured them for amusement, the teenage boy's tortured them for practice and their bodies were available for the sexual amusement of anyone who would have them. They worked and fucked and sucked and took it up the ass. They labored and suffered and knew each day would only bring more physical and sexual abuse. Their only comfort was the thought that the Army was searching for them and that someday they would be found.

The Massacre at Tent Valley was a national sensation for a few weeks. The newspapers reported in lurid detail the destruction of Major Langhorn and his troop by the savages. Fables of their heroic stand and awful death filled the pages of the papers. According to the Army reports every man was killed and not one soldier was taken alive.

There were rumors that many of the wounded troopers and their officers had been tortured to death after they were captured. There were rumors that the bodies of six of the German troopers and Major Langhorn were never found. The Army denied the rumors. The Army was satisfied that all of the men were dead and made no search for them.