

IN THE VAMPIRE'S LAIR

BY ARGUS

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One

"Raise your right hand a bit. More."

Tanko nodded and moved behind her, his foot pushing against her instep to shift her right foot a little further back.

"Now," he said, "feel your centre. Set yourself and your balance. Calm your mind. See the target."

The target, Sam knew, was not the board facing her. It was the opposite side of the board.

One did not hit the object before one, but focussed on a point an inch or two beyond that object."  
"Strike!"

She yelled as her right hand snapped forward and cracked through the board Jillian was holding. The pieces dropped on the floor and she fought to repress a grin as she turned and bowed to Tanko.

"Good," he said, his face expressionless. "Again."

Jillian held up another board, and Samantha repositioned herself, her right side to the board, drawing in a deep breath and focussing. Then she launched a side kick which slammed through the board and almost unbalanced her as the pieces fell away.

"Good," he said again. "You will be ready for next weekend. You will test for your next level."

"Yes, Sensei," she said, bowing deeply.

He bowed back, not nearly so deeply

She turned as he walked away and Jillian's grin fed her own.

"Congratulations, Brucey Lee," she teased.

"You'll get it. I started before you"

"It's those long arms and legs of yours," Jill said, following her towards the locker room. In fact, if anything, her long arms and legs had made it more difficult, for she had not been exactly graceful in her movements at the start. It had taken a lot of practice before she had been able to move with the

speed and fluidity Tanko demanded.

"You're not exactly short yourself," she said.

Jill was five foot ten, tall for a woman, but still well short of Samantha's own six, two. She felt a mild tension as the woman followed her into the locker room. Jillian was thirty one, and a very good sparring partner. Or had been before Sam had gotten her first dan black. Now she was just not good enough, and especially, too slow. She had the enthusiasm but not the patience. She was good humoured, though, and easy to talk to. And it didn't bother her that the woman was a lesbian, even a butch lesbian. But though she had had a few fantasies about females she was, more or less, a confirmed heterosexual herself. And even if she did give in and experiment it wouldn't be with a woman like Jillian.

It wasn't that she was bad looking, not exactly. But Jillian was almost the stereotypical butch dyke. She had taken up weightlifting before getting involved in Judo, and had wide shoulders and thickly muscled arms. Master Tanko had said these were the main reasons for her slow progress, as the kind of muscles she had developed were not right for the speed and dexterity required of the martial arts. That was why she still wore her brown belt and Samantha would test next weekend for her second level black.

Jill had very short dark hair, almost a crew cut, and Sam didn't even like that look in men, much less women. She wore no makeup or perfume, and had a large tattoo on her right bicep. She was also stridently anti-male, which grew tiresome whenever the conversation wandered that way. But for the most part she was pleasant company when Sam was training. Even her constant flirting and sexual teasing were easy to take. But Sam had long made her lack of interest known and yet Jillian persisted in believing she could somehow either seduce or challenge her into bed if she just kept trying.

She had not been at the dojo long enough to be going home, but was leaving early, Sam was sure, so she could shower with her, so she could see her naked and have another opportunity to try and seduce her. It was - wearying, and a little irritating. Besides, she was only twenty one herself and more than a bit young for the woman.

Unfortunately, Jillian had a thing for red hair, and Sam's red hair was a lion's mane of loose, dark, coppery ringlets spilling down her head and across her shoulders. She had latched onto her the moment she'd seen her and simply wouldn't give up.

"What you doin' tonight? Working again?" she asked as she leaned against the locker. Sam nodded and opened the locker, then undid her belt and opened her gi, slipping it off her shoulders and onto the hook inside the locker. She undid the string holding her trousers up and slipped them down her legs, aware as she did so that Jillian's eyes were drinking her in. She felt a little strange at that. On the one hand it was like teasing the woman, but on the other hand she could hardly avoid showering after a long workout, not when she had to work later. A part of her liked being admired, being lusted after, being wanted, yet it made her uncomfortable knowing Jill wanted her, almost as though she had an obligation to give herself to the woman and was being unfair by not doing so.

"Stop staring at me," she sighed, peeling her sports bra up and off. "If I can't touch you I can at least look," Jillian said. "It makes me feel strange," Sam said, slipping her thumbs into the waistband of her bikini briefs and sliding them down and off.

"I could make you feel so much stranger," Jill said with a teasing leer which dropped her eyes to Sam's shaven sex.

Sam took up her things and padded naked into the nearby shower room. She was not the least surprised that Jillian soon followed. It was an open concept room, with showerheads protruding from the otherwise blank tiled wall.

She stood next to one and reached forward, turning on the water and setting the temperature

"Aren't you going to undo your hair? It will smell sweaty if you don't wash it."

She had left it tied behind her purposefully, but she sighed silently, for she knew Jillian was right. And besides, it did no good to try to discourage her. She reached up and slipped off the band, shaking her head to free her coppery hair, knowing as she did so that Jillian was drinking her in. "God, you're gorgeous," the woman sighed.

"Jillian," she said protesting.

"Sorry. I know. You're reserved for people with large cocks."

"Don't be spiteful."

Jillian sighed and nodded. "Sorry."

Sam stepped beneath the water and let it wash over her. Jillian did the same, more slowly, eyes seldom leaving Sam for long. It made her feel a little like an exhibitionist and a tease and though she would never admit it to Jill, aroused her somewhat. Yet again she told herself there was little she could do about it. Yet she still felt a little guilty, especially since - honestly - she liked it. Well and who wouldn't feel a little pride about having someone praise her looks so constantly, so admiringly?

She soaped herself up, trying to do it as clinically, as chastely, as quickly as possible, turning as much as possible away from Jillian as she moved her soapy hands over her body.

"Want me to do your back?"

"No."

"Come on," Jillian begged, only half teasing.

"No."

"I won't touch any of the naughty bits."

"That's what you said last time."

"I apologised for that."

"Once bitten, twice shy."

"I hardly bit you at all. It was more like a little nibble."

"You squeezed my tits, Jillian."

"But they're such bloody marvellous tits," Jillian protested.

Again Sam felt that little swell of pride, and the accompanying guilt.

"No. It just gives you ideas."

Jillian laughed. I've no lack of ideas for you, sweetie."

"I mean it let's you think you have chance with me and you don't."

"So you keep telling me."

"I can't help my sexual orientation," she said, knowing it was a lock solid argument a gay woman couldn't possibly challenge.

Jillian didn't try to, only snorted.

Jillian finished at about the same time - of course, and followed her back into the locker room as they dried themselves off. Sam kept the large towel wrapped fully around her torso as she did a quick blow dry job on her hair. Jillian was ostentatiously nude as she rubbed herself dry, then moved to the mirror as if examining her face. As she had no hair to dry, really, and no makeup to examine it was clearly just another move to be near her, and Sam ignored her.

She dressed quickly, pulling on a lacy, dark blue thong and matching French half bra. They came from her employer, the lingerie store Tease, where she worked. The discount she got there, and the lovely lingerie she could wear, were primarily responsible for her having shaved her sex some months back. Nothing looked more gross, Mrs. Jennings, the manager, had told her, than stray pubic hairs sticking out from a high cut little bikini, thong or G-string. And that was certainly true.

She pulled on a blue button down silk shirt. It was tight across her ample chest, with a high collar. She would leave the top two buttons undone at work so customers could see the centre of her lacy bra. Mrs. Jennings liked her staff to be advertisements for her wares.

She slipped on a short, tight black wool mini and brushed out her hair a final time.

"Very sexy," Jillian said, wearing loose jeans and T-shirt.

"Thank you," Sam said with a pleasant smile.

She slipped on the heavy, full length leather jacket, stuffed her gear into a black leather bag, and closed the locker as she headed out of the room, saying a casual goodbye to Jill as she let her long legs stride across the dojo floor in a way which had little relation to the "gliding" Master Tanko had tried to show her.

Once outside she trotted down the stairs and up the pavement towards the tube station. If she were late again Mrs. Jennings would have kittens. Though Sam doubted she would find anyone better for a long evening shift than she was.

There was equality in hiring, naturally, but though it was never said, though it was, she supposed, probably against equal employment laws, Tease would not hire men, nor older women, nor minorities, nor a young girl, a giggler type, nor a girl who didn't look - well, like she could be wearing the lingerie carried at Tease. The girl also had to have a certain sophistication. Tease didn't want low class chatterers

from the East end. It wanted girls with a little poise, who spoke the Queen's English. Their lingerie was high priced, high quality, and so were their customers.

It paid a premium for that, but it was still quite difficult to get the right girls and to keep them, especially for an evening position, especially in the City.

Samantha had worked the evening shift almost three months now, and rather enjoyed it, but was under no illusions about it being more than a stepping stone to something better. With her looks she could find employment elsewhere any time she wanted. She worked at Tease because she wasn't interested in anything complicated just then. She'd dropped out of college after two years of law, deciding it simply wasn't for her, and needed a little down time to decide on her future.

She knew one thing: it wouldn't be in law. She did not want to spend the next decade going squinty eyed as she pored over dusty law books researching points and precedents for the even dustier old men who made up most of the top hierarchy of the major legal firms.

For now, working at Tease gave her enough to get by on, enabled her to trot over to the best downtown parties and clubs for midnight partying, and then sleep in the next morning. It was a life without complications, without stress, without pressure. After the round the clock studying at Oxford she needed the rest.

There were a lot of people around her in the station, and she knew more than a few eyes were cast her way. She was not self conscious. She was well used to being looked at, and had been since she'd started sprouting up - and out - at eleven. She had a model's good looks, with high cheekbones, a short, aristocratic nose, full lips perfect teeth, and bright, jade green eyes. Even without her height, even without her flaming hair, she would have been "noticeable" enough to draw eyes wherever she went.

The train arrived and she hurried to the doors and in, clutching her shoulder bag. It was the tail end of rush hour and there was nowhere to sit, so she took one of the centre poles and wrapped her arm around it as others hurried on around her. Then she noticed there was, in fact a free seat, even still, with people crowding on. She thought that odd until she saw the man in the next seat.

A perfectly normal man in a perfectly normal, if somewhat dated dark suit. Perfectly normal.

She turned her eyes away from him uncomfortably, then flitted them back. Perfectly normal, but - she felt a little shiver run up her spine for some reason, and turned her eyes away again. The train started moving, and the car was crowded, but there was still no one sitting in the empty seat. There was something about the man, something which made the hair on the back of her neck stand on end.

She looked again, and the man's eyes met hers. She felt herself frozen for long seconds, felt breathless. A shocked fear rolled through her, and then she jerked her eyes away. Weird!

There was a man's hand between her legs.

She looked down in shock, staring, unable to comprehend it at first. The man's hand was well up beneath her skirt, stroking her inner thigh just below where her thong was pulled tight over her pussy. She hadn't even felt it, for some reason. But she could feel it now, and could feel a thrumming heat in her tummy as she stared down at it.

Where had it come from and why hadn't she felt it and... why wasn't she doing something about it?

She felt a little dazed and raised her eyes. There was a man next to her, a man with a rough look to him, dark curly hair and a T-shirt. He was chatting with another man, not even looking at her, not paying attention. But his hand was under her skirt and caressing her skin with the most - incredible gentleness, coasting lightly along her flesh and leaving a trail of burning nerve endings behind.

His fingers slid up against her pussy and began to rub her through her thin silken panties. She did not, for some reason, find this shocking. Her arousal deepened and she gripped the pole with both hands as the train rolled along. No one seemed to have noticed, but she didn't really care about that either. She shuddered as the man's fingers traced a line along the border of her thong. Then one eased lightly inside and rubbed lightly at her soft, warm flesh.

The finger tugged on the crotch of her thong, pulling it aside, baring her soft mons. He had the skirt up high, now, and his hand was moving freely as his fingers caressed her smoothly shaven pussy and his index finger traced the line of her soft slit.

It pushed inside, and she groaned and pressed her forehead to the bar, heart pounding. Her feet shifted softly aside as his finger rubbed along her quite moist sex. She felt the tip brushing at her clitoris, and a wave of heat rolled over her. Then it slid downward and probed at her entrance, turning, twisting, then pushing slowly up into her body.

She raised her eyes, gulping in air, sweating now as she stared around the car at the crowd of people. None were paying her any attention whatever, and it seemed incredible that despite the crowd they hadn't noticed. She let out a soft whimper as the man's rough skinned finger pushed up past the second joint, pushed up to the knuckle in her velvety warm wetness, then turned slowly from side to side.

A wave of dizziness swept through her, making her legs tremble, and with it a shocked awareness. She was on a bloody train! What in God's name was happening! Fear, alarm, outrage, embarrassment and wonder twisted and churned inside her, and then - oddly - faded away as the man's finger continued to twist within her and his thumb pushed up slowly against her clitoris.

"Whore."

She blinked her eyes, looking about her. No one was looking at her. She wasn't even certain she'd heard the word, or who had said it.

She was quite wet, and a second finger pushed easily up into her tight sex. Her legs were trembling. Her entire body was trembling with arousal and she found herself gulping in air as sweat beaded her forehead.

Another hand pushed her coat aside, raised her skirt from behind and began to fondle her bottom. She turned her head dazedly and saw that the man on her other side, a distinguished looking gentleman with grey hair was also not looking at her, but was reading an advert on the side of the train. He acted completely oblivious to what his hand was doing as it squeezed and fondled her buttocks.

Another hand crept around her and cupped her right breast. It was a fat, dumpy looking Black woman whose eyes were half closed as she swayed to the rocking of the train.

Heat enveloped Sam. She found it difficult to breath. She felt a hand tugging at her thong, tugging forward - and backward. The thin waistband tore, then tore again, and the thong came off. Her eyes widened and she gasped in shock. She felt herself pierced front and rear as fingers squirmed up into her

body, and again pressed her forehead to the stainless steel pole, feeling faint.

Her blouse was being unbuttoned. She felt a thrill at that, a thrill of the forbidden, of the wicked. Fancy opening her blouse in the middle of a train! Another wave of dizziness brought alarm, fear, shock, embarrassment, and she stared around dazedly.

Her blouse was being opened. Yet she wasn't opening it, and she now felt no alarm at it being opened, at it being drawn back over her shoulders with her coat and off. Fingers fumbled at her skirt. It was undone and slid down her legs, and she stepped out of it as her bra was opened.

She was naked - on a crowded train, but no one seemed to be paying the slightest attention to her, not even the three people fondling and stroking her body. No, four, for a short, blonde teenage girl little younger than herself had turned from the girls she was talking to and bent to suckle on her left nipple.

Sam let out a soft gasp of pleasure. Her nipples were both erect, and even more sensitive than usual. The girl was grinding her teeth from side to side against the nipple caught between them, her tongue flitting expertly as she sucked.

There were conversations all around her, sports, politics, gossip, complaints about bosses. The train stopped at the next station and some people got off, including the fat black woman. No one appeared to notice her nudity, or think it awry.

She was backed against the pole now, both her hands up and gripping it tightly above her head. The teenage girl and an Arabic looking man in overalls were sucking on her nipples as they kneaded her breasts.

A middle aged woman in a shawl knelt between her legs and began to lick at her sex.

Sam arched her back and rolled her hips in helpless, wanton bliss. She'd never felt so intensely aroused in her life! Why hadn't she come already?! She hadn't imagined she could feel so much raw, burning pleasure without a climax!

The train stopped again and much of the crowd got off. There were only three other people standing now, none near her. She staggered, gripped one of the leather handholds with her right hand, then reached down and began to finger herself.

The train was brightly lit. On her right were two middle aged women discussing a husband and his lazy ways. On her left was a business man reading a newspaper and a dull eyed looking man in jeans and sweatshirt. Facing her directly was a woman with two small boys flanking her. Two dozen or so other people were looking in her general direction, but none seemed to be looking at her as she masturbated.

Except one.

The odd looking man in the corner was staring at her, was seeing her, watching her. Her face blushed a fiery red, yet she somehow could not stop her fingers from frantically stroking over her sex, from plunging into her body. The train lurched and her rubbery legs almost dropped her to the floor. She reached out and grasped another of the leather hand holds and - could not seem to let go.

She stared at the man who stared back. She was standing straight, legs parted, arms up and apart clutching the hand holds.

She gasped in pain as she felt a sting across her back. She turned and saw nothing there, but her back ached hotly as if -

She cried out softly as she felt another sting, almost a blow. Pain flared along her back near her shoulder blades and then began to soften to a throbbing heat. Another blow and another, each making her gasp and shudder and jerk. She moaned and her head shook violently, as if she were training to clear it.

Another and another blow and she moaned and twisted. Her back ached hotly. It felt raw and - another blow struck her and another and another. Her knuckles were white where they gripped the hand holds and it did not even occur to her to let go, to turn, to move.

She was flung forward sharply as a stinging blow struck the centre of her back. It was more forceful than the others, more powerful. She could actually feel the blow across her back, a sharp, jagged pain that made her skin burn like fire for long instant before slowly fading. Another powerful blow and her head was flung back as her body jerked violently forward. Yet her hands gripped tightly and held her in place.

She let out a shuddering sob, waiting for the next blow. Instead she felt a hand sliding down between her buttocks, squeezing and kneading her soft round bottom before curving down beneath to cup and squeeze her sex. She groaned and her legs shifted instinctively to make room as two, no three fingers thrust up into her. She was dripping!

She turned her legs, not expecting to see anyone. She was now the only one standing. There were several seats empty.

The fingers were long and warm and pumped firmly in and out, stroking deliciously across her swollen pubic lips.

"... so I says to him, Jack, if you wants yer damned breakfast yer gonna have to help wash the bloody dinner plates and..."

"...Aunt Helen wouldn't like it if your new dress was all dirty, dear so..."

"...bastard hasn't got the brains to pour piss out of an old boot but he's such a suckup..."

Another blow struck her back and she groaned in pain, swaying, arms aching as she clung to the straps. Then she cried out as she felt a sharp blow across her breasts. She could actually see them both jerk up, see their soft rounded surfaces broken briefly by - by nothing.

The pain was razor sharp and flung her head back behind her. Another blow struck across her breasts a heartbeat before a second struck along her shoulder blades.

She felt fingers stroking in and out of her as a soft, warm, moist tongue began to lick at her swollen clitoris.

Her pale skin was glistening with sweat. She felt as if she were afire from the inside. She cried out as another blow cut across her belly, and then another. Another blow sliced across her back. She could see red lines crossing her breasts now, as wide as her little finger, and more rising on her belly as she took blows there.

She spread her legs and arched her back, rolling her hips. Her clitoris was quivering violently now as a hot, invisible mouth sucked rhythmically and a delicious tongue licked strongly across it. The sensation was so powerful it was almost painful. And her head thrashed as she bucked forward against it.

Twin blows struck her back and breasts at almost the same instant, then another landed a breath later, just above her buttocks.

The fiery sexual heat was so intense she wanted to scream. Her groin was burning. Her pussy felt like a volcano ready to spew lava. Her breasts ached and throbbed with more than the red welts rising across their rounded surfaces, and her nipples were tiny crackling electrical wires. Oh how she needed to come! How desperately she needed to come. She could actually feel her juices beginning to drip down her thigh now as her sopping pussy spasmed and her muscles squeezed again and again.

A wave of dizziness, and she stared dazedly around, shocked, horrified. What was happening to her? How -

She needed a cock inside her. The sudden thought was feverish. Any cock would do, but the bigger, the fatter, the longer the better.

Six fast blows struck her, three in back, three in front, and she jerked and twisted and groaned. The fingers were still stroking gently in and out of her pussy, and her clitty was still being licked and sucked. The pain was irrelevant compared to the raw sexual hunger burning within her.

Six more blows sent her staggering back to the bar. She gripped it against her body, squeezing her breasts around it, trying to curl her sweating thighs around it as she ground herself feverishly up and down against its slick surface.

Another blow, and two more, across her already aching, flaring back. God they hurt!

She fell to her knees. There was a fat man sitting on the seat before her, staring out the window. Her trembling hands fumbled at his trousers even as a part of her mind felt a sense of revulsion and tried to draw back. But she couldn't stop herself, and got his trousers open, tugging at his waistband, reaching in for his cock.

He ignored her as if she didn't exist. But she got his cock free and brought her lips around it. It was warm and slightly sweaty. She placed her lips around the head, licking frantically, sucking it into her mouth and massaging it with her lips, squeezing and massaging his balls as he began to grow inside her mouth. He paid her no attention, but his body did, and he was very soon erect as her lips rode rapidly up and down the slick shaft and she sucked and licked at the head.

She gurgled as she forced her lips down all the way, taking him down her throat. Deep throating was something she and her girlfriends had discussed, and jokingly tried, but never succeeded in. The urge to gag was too strong, and every time she'd tried she'd jerked her head back. But not this time, as she pressed her soft lips in against the unknowing man's groin and felt his cock fill her throat.

She felt a blow across her bottom, as if from a strap, then fingers began to massage her soaking mound. She shuddered and thrust her bottom back, swimming in sweat and terror and revulsion and helpless lust as her lips moved up and down on the oblivious man's cock.

His head was turned towards his seat mate as he talked, his voice even and steady. "... Oh well, if you want to rely on the government for a pension that's all right, but I think..."

Her head rang and throbbed, and she bobbed up and down faster and faster. She felt another blow, and another, moaning and whimpering as she sucked, spreading her knees farther apart on the floor as she felt fingers pushing into her pussy, twisting around inside her.

The man came in her mouth and she tasted his warm, salty liquid, swallowing eagerly, and she shifted instantly to his neighbour, a thin, balding man, undoing his trousers and taking him into her throat as well, bobbing desperately as her own hunger became a rabid thing.

She could not control herself, no matter how she tried, no matter how shocked, nauseated and disgusted she felt. She moved down the line, opening trousers and sucking, feeling their semen fill her mouth or spurt over her face, horrified by her own actions yet revelling in how lewd and slutty she was acting. No one noticed her, and she could not understand it, was dazed by it. She knelt, bottom raised, legs spread wide, sex pointed up and out towards men and women sitting only a few feet behind her, and crackling sexual electricity rippled over the surface of her skin at what she was doing, at how wild and thrilling and forbidden it was.

The train stopped again and people left. Others entered. No one took notice of a lovely young girl kneeling naked on the floor performing oral sex on an elderly man.

The next person along was a woman, and without hesitation Samantha forced her skirt up and pulled the crotch of her panties aside, licking at her pussy, spreading the lips of her sex open as she pushed her mouth in harder. She felt nauseated, but wildly aroused as her tongue slid through the woman's soft pussy lips and her nose ground against her clit.

She felt another blow and another and another and another, and her bottom flared hotly, but not as hot as the fever gripping her lower belly. She was sure steam would be coming out of her pussy.

And then she stopped and like a puppet pulled by its string, turned and crawled back up the car, gasping and moaning, sweating, eyes wild, hair matted. She crawled up to the odd man in the corner and felt a whimper escape her as she stared at his gleaming black leather wingtips. She bent and licked at them, then grasped one in trembling hands and began to slide her tongue all across the surface.

He brought his foot up and placed it against her chest between her breasts, then flung her back hard. She cried out as she landed on her back, skidding on the floor, legs spread, sobbing for breath. Her hands moved over her body, squeezing her breasts, then sliding down between her legs. She thrust four fingers deep into her pussy and pumped violently in and out, her hips rolling, back arching.

She staggered up to her knees and fell forward onto her elbows, gasping for breath. She sobbed as a blow struck her back, then again as she felt herself pierced, as something was thrust into her pussy from behind. She rutted back frantically, looking up through wild eyes at the smirking stranger. She knew, somehow, that he was responsible for it all, and a searing sense of shame tore over her.

Yet she could not stop herself, could not control her body or hunger, and even as she trembled under his eyes, fearing, hating, and mortified, she continued to thrust her bottom back in desperate need, continued to gasp and moan and whimper and shake as she drove herself against whatever invisible thing was being pushed into her.

She crawled forward slowly, her fear growing, wanting nothing more than to throw herself out the opposite door of the train - even if it were moving. She grasped his ankle, licking at it, pulling herself up by grasping his knees, licking at his leg through his trousers, reaching for his groin. He slapped her face

and she fell back dazedly then started forward once more, pressing her face into his groin and trying to mouth him through the material.

He gripped her hair and yanked her head up then slapped her face hard enough to send her flying back onto her back on the floor. She sobbed brokenly, rubbing at herself, thrusting her fingers into her pussy. She crawled to her knees, jamming her fingers in, gasping in pain. She felt her knuckles pass through the taut wet lips of her sex, forced her hand up into her own pussy, felt her labia sliding closed around her wrist as she wriggled and twisted her hand inside herself.

The man was watching her, a small, contemptuous smile on his lips as she fisted herself, as she sobbed in desperate need and grunted with pain and exhaustion. Shame slashed across her mind, and a visceral hatred as her eyes were locked to his. She worked her fist in and out, ignoring the terrible pain, and staggered forward on her knees, jamming her face into his groin again. He did not stop her, and she got his trousers open and reached in for his manhood.

He was huge!

His cock pulled free like a firehose, thick and fat and long. She could hardly get her lips around it. She sucked and licked furiously, moaning and whimpering as blows rained across her back and buttocks. Somehow she got her fist free of her sex. He hardened quickly and she dragged herself up his body and straddled him.

She grasped the thick shaft as the man watched her, and sank her pussy down onto it. He was thicker than any other cock she'd ever had, but she was almost hysterical with the need to have him inside her, and her own fisting had opened her up. She sank down hard and let out a scream of wondrous pleasure as she felt him impale her, as his cock drove deep into her belly.

She began to ride up and down, grunting and gasping and sobbing at the rush of raw sensations which burned through her mind and body.

"So good! So good! So good!" she gasped, her eyes red and feverish.

She was going to come. She could feel it rising. Ecstasy burned through her mind and she hardly noticed as he grasped her breasts, leaned forward slightly, and took her left nipple into his mouth. She did not see the razor sharp fangs in his mouth, did not notice as he almost delicately brought two of them down on the top and bottom of her engorged nipple.

He bit down hard and she shuddered as the pain hammered against the wall of wildfire pleasure swirling through her mind. His tooth - fang - bit completely through her nipple and hot, delicious pain flowed through her breast. He shifted his mouth and bit her other nipple, again piercing it through so that she sobbed in exquisite pain.

He smiled as she continued to rut violently up and down, riding his glorious cock for all she was worth. He opened his mouth wide and took in the centre of her breast, then bit - hard. His teeth sank deep into her flesh and her breast burned.

She came.

Ecstasy was too mild a word.

An explosive hurricane of pleasure, pleasure of shocking intensity, tore through Sam's body,

shredding her mind. It completely engulfed her, yet its white hot core was the thick cock driven deep into her belly. And she bounced and rode wildly up and down as the climax build up to greater and more powerful heights.

His teeth remained lodged deep in the flesh of her breast as he drank, as he fed on both her wild sexual emotion and her blood. He sucked and slurped and licked at the soft warm flesh filling his mouth as Sam's head thrashed from side to side and her body twisted and writhed in mindless animal heat.

Exhausted and drained, she slowed her ride, yet her body continued to writhe and twist and shake and tremble, as the man's powerful hands gripped her tightly and his mouth pulled free of her breast. He had tasted deeply of her energy but only lightly of her blood. Now he gripped her head roughly and yanked it forward and aside, then bit into the nape of her neck, fangs sinking through the flesh and into her jugular. She shuddered and trembled and convulsed as pain and pleasure twisted within her, whimpering and moaning helplessly.

He fed more deeply now and she was becoming light headed. She felt as though she were hallucinating, as if her entire being, her life force, her energy, her very soul, were pouring out of her into his greedily feasting mouth.

And didn't care.

He drank her down like fine wine, heady and strong, her energy pouring into him as he sucked deeply. There was little left of her, but he didn't care, for he was full, content. He would leave a few drops, a very few, just enough.

He opened his mouth and his long fangs slid out of her throat, his saliva neatly sealing the wound. He gripped her hair and stared at the girl, caught her eyes. His grew intent and he felt her mind fluttering like a caged bird.

He smiled and cast her back onto the floor, then gazed at the man opposite him. The man rose and knelt between her legs, undoing his trousers. The girl lay sprawled on her back, legs splayed. The man had an erection. He thrust into her and began to ride her.

She trembled weakly, staring up at the man.

Her mind was suddenly released and she felt as if a heavy curtain had been lifted from around her. She gazed up in wonder and amazement, shocked, horrified. Her mind began to churn violently. How... how... what...

She was lying naked on the floor of a tube train as a man she didn't know thrust into her with all the casualness of a carpenter hammering a nail. She tried to protest, to raise her arms from the floor, to roll away. But she hadn't the energy. She was more exhausted than she could ever remember. Moving a single finger almost drained what energy was left. All she could do was stare upwards as the man finished and another took his place and another, and another and another.

None took more than a minute or two, thrusting hard into her body and then climaxing before resuming their seats.

Sam knew she was dying. Her chest rose and fell very slowly. Her breath rattled weakly in her throat. She felt regret but simply didn't have the energy to keep on living any more. One man after another thrust into her, and she saw, out of the corner of her eye, the strange man looking on, smirking,

as if it were just a game to him, just a private amusement.

Eric felt the surge of power for only an instant, but it was enough. It flitted across his consciousness for a mere instant, but he caught the thread of it and raced forward, leaping into the air. He did not - precisely - fly. The power of his leap simply hurled him forward a city block before his foot touched down again and then threw him up and forward another. A few people caught - something - out of the corners of their eyes, but by the time they'd turned it was gone.

Eric felt the power nearing as he flew between the cars and trolleys. And then looked downward. He was there! It should be here with him! Yet it wasn't, and he felt it still a distance away, a very small distance - beneath him.

He remembered the tube then. That delightful underground railway which carried people along. Could there be one below him? Running along on its tracks?

He spied one of the signs ahead and dove through the open door after a rotund man in an apron, the wind of his passing rocking the man forward. Before he could turn his head Eric was down the stairs and waiting for the train which pulled into the station, masking himself.

He howled through the open door of the car like a storm and the vampire sitting idly in the corner seat had only an instant to react.

Of course, an instant was all any vampire needed, and it surged up out of its seat as Eric slammed into him. The two bodies crashed heavily against the steel wall, striking with enough force to leave a deep dent and rock the train on its suspension.

Eric didn't know the vamp, and went for his throat, but the vamp, filled with its recent feeding, fought back savagely. They were a blur to the others in the car, but a dark ugly blur with a psychic reek of pain, fury and danger. The car emptied quickly as people fled and then the doors closed and the train started forward.

Eric flung the vamp across the car. It slammed into and through one of the steel support rods and Eric was on him before he could rise. He snarled in rage as he clawed at the vamps throat, but it twisted aside and with lightning speed and infuriating timing crashed through one of the wide windows just as the train passed a narrow side tunnel. Eric, following a second behind, struck the concrete and was hurled back into the car to land in a heap on the floor.

Cursing in rage he sprang up and started forward again, but halted as the train came into a brightly lit station. He looked down at the girl, sprawled naked on the floor. Leaving her would cause a mess, draw unwanted attention, make the old ones angry. It was his territory and without the dead heart of the one responsible he was as like as not to draw their wrath.

He bent swiftly. She was dead or - no, almost. A tiny spark of life remained stubbornly behind and her eyes were open, looking at him glassily.

Anger flared again at the waste, the stupid, needless waste, the waste of cruelty and arrogance. He blinked, as another thought hit. The girl would have a connection with the vampire who had taken her mind. It would have been implanted as a matter of course as he had controlled her. With a little luck Eric could use that to find him and tear out his throat.

But that would mean keeping the girl alive, and there was almost nothing left of her. He was

amazed she was even breathing.

He gripped her hair, thick and red and beautiful, and yanked her head up, drawing her upper body off the floor. He bent her head back and closed his jaws on her exposed throat where the other vampire had fed. He glared and turned her head to the other side, then bent. His teeth bit into the soft flesh, driving in to her jugular vein. He tasted the sweetness of her blood and felt the fluttering of her heart, and then he closed his eyes and poured energy into her.

Her body jerked violently, and he threw an arm around her torso to squeeze her tightly against him. In an instant he realized there wasn't enough of her left to revive in this way. But there was another, apt to cause trouble. He hesitated, then bit deeper. He felt his secondary teeth slide into her throat and injected his essence into her blood.

People were looking into the car now, but it took only a shrug of his mind to fog their eyes so they would see neither him nor the girl. They saw the broken glass, however, and felt a sense of coldness in the car, moving on to choose another.

Eric felt his essence, sharp and bitter, like poison, spreading through the girl's body. Her heart skipped a beat, then beat more strongly. Her blood began to race, her pulse to thump. He felt the flow of her body's power strengthen as her metabolism began to speed and her body began to heal itself faster and faster.

He drew his teeth up and back and looked up the length of the car. With the movement of his hand the girl's clothes flew across the car to him. He straightened, threw her over his shoulder, gathered the clothes, and stepped out at the next stop.

No one looked up. No one noticed a tall, powerfully built man walking through the station with a naked girl draped across his shoulder. Or rather, they all saw, but their minds shied away.

## Two

Samantha's eyes blinked open. She stared at a dark, rich green patterned canopy above her head, not seeing it. Her mind was adrift in time and space, like a record skipping repeatedly. She was trying to place who and what and where she was. The who fell into place, but not the others. She tried to sit up and found she could not.

And then it all crashed down around her and she let out a startled cry as memories flooded into her head and she rejoined the world with a painful snap. Eyes wide, she jerked her head up, staring wildly as the shocking memories continued to flow.

She was in a bedroom, the bedroom of someone quite well off, from the looks of it. The furniture

was all very old, very heavy, with a distinctive masculine tone. She was in an enormous old four poster bed, made of heavy dark grained wood, the posts reaching eight feet up to the straight green canopy above her head. Heavy green velvet curtains were drawn in against the four posts. And heavy leather straps were locked to her wrists and ankles.

She was nude, spread-eagled, strapped to a bed.

She pulled frantically at the straps, all together, then one at a time. They were immovable, and after a while she sank back, panting weakly. Her head ached and felt fuzzy, but that did not concern her so much as her apparent imminent rape. Or had she already been raped? It was impossible to tell. She was very sore there, but then, there was good reason to be.

Again her mind was filled with the lewd, crude images of her train ride, of what she had done, of the man in the corner, and how violently she had ridden him. Her face burned with humiliation as she tried and failed to tear her thoughts away from him.

And then a dark heat flowed into her body and she - felt - him. She didn't know how but felt his mind on her, in her. She shook her head. It felt as if he were looking out through her eyes, and she felt his anger, then amusement.

Lust.

It washed over her like a wave. Between one instant and another she was squirming in need, making soft, desperate animal like noises as she rolled her hips and tried to reach for her throbbing sex. The hunger grew more intense and she threw herself against the bonds, moaning and writhing in torment as her groin burned with a desperate need.

She knew somehow that he was causing it, and felt his amusement. A white rage grew within her, yet it was like a small umbrella in a hurricane wind, a pittance next to the force of his will and the rabid hunger of her body. Her muscles strained to break free of the bonds, strained painfully, and she dug her nails into the palms of her hands, clawing at them until blood flowed.

Her blood was sweet and hot. The pain was a gushing fountain of soothing pleasure. She needed more pain, more blood.

The door opened and the tall, blonde man entered. She recognized him only vaguely. She felt more recognition from within her, and anger - and fear.

The blonde man was on her in an instant, his lips crushing hers. Her body screamed in delight, and she ground her pelvis up against him. But his kiss was not one of passion. It was a violent, angry seeking. She felt his presence inside her, clawing for the other one, the one at the back of her mind. She felt herself inhaling him, drawing him into her body. The other tried to flee, twisting and turning like a fish on a line.

It broke free, and the blonde man drew his lips back, fury filling him.

She felt the presence leave her, both of them, and gasped in shock.

But the heat was still on her. The man lying atop her, between her legs, had only stoked it hotter.

"Fuck me!" she gasped.

He glared at her, eyes narrow pinpoints of rage, and terror filled her, but the hunger was too powerful to care.

He stared at her bloody hands and his tongue moved wetly along his lower lip. He hesitated, then leaned forward, licking at her hands. His tongue was incredibly rough, like a cat's, and she shuddered as he licked at her scratched palms, arching her back up at him.

He drew back and snarled and his mouth came down again, crushing hers, biting at her lips and tongue as his own tongue thrust into her violently. She felt his hands down below him, at his pants, and then she screamed as he rammed himself into her body.

She was already sore, the lips of her sex swollen and tender from - how many men who had used her - and his cock drove into her like a spear, a thick, long, hard spear, if blunt.

He filled her, the walls of her sex straining to envelop his thick girth, and his hips rammed himself into her again and again, that mighty lance thrusting deep and hard and so fast she felt herself being torn apart on the inside. He growled in her ear and she felt his teeth piercing her skin, her flesh, driving deep.

She was a raw ache inside. The pain was terrible, but the pleasure was - exquisite. She stared past his ear, moaning in pleasure as the sexual heat spilled over whatever walls had held it in check and flashed through her mind and body. She came with a scream that made the veins stand out in her throat, her entire body exploding with such intense pleasure she thought it would burn out her nervous system.

Through it she felt his cock, thick and powerful, spearing deep into her aching pussy, pounding up and down inside her like a butter churn, turning her insides to a frothing stew. The orgasm peaked or neared its peak. She didn't know. It was too much, too intense. Her mind blanked out like an overloaded fuse.

She woke again. Deja vu.

Nothing had changed except that her muscles ached and her pussy was even more sore than it had been; sore all the way up inside her. Aching.

No. Something had changed. She was not alone in the room. She saw him, or at least, the back of him to her right, standing by a dresser. He was nude and she felt herself purr in feminine approval. He had a magnificent body, even from the back, with wide shoulders, a powerfully muscled back, a beautiful ass, and strong, muscular legs.

He had shoulder length blonde hair. She hadn't noticed its length before. Perhaps it had been tied back.

Frightened and anxious, embarrassed and helpless, and still she felt a thrum of heat between her legs at the sight of him. He turned and the thrum grew stronger. His front was even more delicious than his back. He had a strong, square jawed face with dark blue eyes, magnificent pectoral muscles on his chest, a washboard stomach with slim hips and - . She inhaled sharply. His cock was soft, but even so it was thick and long.

He caught her looking, and humiliation gripped her. She snapped her eyes away, fear surging through her again as he walked over to the bed.

"Are you feeling better?"

She was not surprised at his perfect, upper class accent. She found herself unable to speak. She was lying naked before a strange man; legs spread wide, his eyes upon her. She wasn't a virgin, not even close after what had happened in the train, but she was not exactly casual about nudity either.

Yet despite the growing fear and a squirming embarrassment she felt a rising sense of lust within her. The man might well rape her. Cause enough for fear, but why did the thought give her a thrill of anticipation, as well?

He moved away from her, and drew on a long robe. She felt both immensely relieved and disappointed.

He walked back to the bed and sat down.

"How do you feel?" he asked.

"Wh-who are you?" she whispered, still not looking at him.

"My name is Eric."

That was helpful, she thought dazedly. He had a name now.

"What are y-you going to do to me?" she asked, her voice quivering.

"What would you have me do to you?" he asked in amusement.

"U-Untie me?"

He reached forward and unstrapped her left ankle, then back, and removed the strap from her left wrist. She half sat up, twisting away from him, her fingers fumbling at the strap around her right wrist. She got it loose and tore one of the sheets up and put it over her as she sat up and leaned warily away from him, reaching for the strap around her right ankle

"I bound you because I had to go out and couldn't be here to watch you," he said. "I didn't want him to hurt you."

She nodded anxiously, fumbling at the other strap.

"You've been touched by him now. He can reach your mind any time he wants to. You felt him inside you earlier; felt what he could do to you even from a distance now. Had you not been strapped down he probably would have had you strangle yourself, or done something nastier."

She got her ankle free and half fell off the bed on the opposite side, clutching the sheet around herself as she stared at him.

"As long as he lives he will be able to control you now, any time I am not with you." She remembered the man in the car, remembered the feel of him in her mind earlier. "Who are you?" she demanded anxiously. "Who is he? What is he?"

He smiled resignedly. "The closest approximation, though of course, the legend is only right in bits

and pieces, is that we are vampires."

Oh shit.

Her instinctive thought was that he was insane. But the memories of what had happened to her required something impossible. That or madness.

"Right," she said, panic colouring her voice.

He smiled, and she saw the fangs. She jerked back, fear rising.

"Some of the legends are true but - mostly not."

She reached up to her throat, feeling the soreness there. She gasped, backing further away, backing towards a large wall mirror framed in gold. She tore her eyes off him long enough to stare at her throat, and saw the bite mark there. Bite marks plural, on either side. Her eyes widened and she felt a shock ripple through her.

"As I said, the legends are only partly correct," he said, still sitting on the bed.

She whirled to stare at him, eyes wide.

"You aren't dead, and no, you aren't about to become a vampire."

"I-I'm not?" she asked, her voice quavering.

He shook his head patiently.

He was so beautiful! How could she be afraid of a man that beautiful?

"Come here."

She found herself walking forward without thinking, moving around the foot of the bed. She halted before him, felt a confusion, and then sat next to him.

He was tall, even taller than she. She felt herself bathing in his eyes and inhaled sharply, her heart beating more rapidly. She felt her nipples tightening and a soft liquid heat in her loins.

"Do you know what happened to you?" he asked.

She shook her head numbly.

"The legends of vampires say something of the ability to control, to fog someone's mind, do they not?"

She wasn't sure.

"They vastly understate the case," he said with a gentle smile.

"So he was - controlling my - mind."

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because it amused him. Because he wanted to feed."

She raised a hand to her throat again and he gripped her arm. She felt heat flooding her at his touch, and the thrumming between her legs grew stronger.

"Not there," he said.

He tugged down the sheet, and she blushed as her breasts were bared. Yet though she wanted to snatch the sheet back up her hands stayed in her lap.

"There," he said, brushing the tip of his finger across her nipple.

She gasped at the surge of heat within her. Her nipple burned with need at just that brief touch. Yet she looked down and saw the bruise surrounding her nipple, saw the puncture marks, and remembered the sensation of herself being swallowed by the man in the train, of her essence flowing out of her through her breast.

"It's not just blood, we drink. For all but the very oldest of us the flow of blood is merely a bridge which opens the way for your - your energy, for want of a better term, your life force. It was that he was drinking in, feeding off of."

She nodded weakly. Oddly enough she knew he was right. The description fit what she had felt exactly.

"Why the - the sex?" she asked, blushing.

He inhaled and she saw the soft skin of his chest through the partly closed robe. She felt her pussy muscles squeeze together.

"Great emotion - fear, pain, lust, make the feeding much easier, and give it a, well, taste is a crude description, but it's the best I can find for you. Besides, the vampire was amusing himself, sporting with you."

"Sporting?" she asked, feeling a sudden anger.

"Yes. He was enjoying himself."

Rage engulfed her as the events in the train whipped through her mind, and she thought of him sitting there smirking.

Eric's hand reached up and his fingers brushed along her cheek. Instantly she felt a surge of sexual need, an almost electrical crackle of lust dancing along her skin.

She gripped his wrist and drew his hand down to her breast, squeezed it against her as fire filled her. He smiled and pulled back, standing up and moving away. She stared at him in shock and disappointment.

"We need to talk," he said.

Fuck me first! Talk second, she thought in frustration.

The thought shocked her almost to the point where the need dimmed. Almost.

"The legends have it that vampires feed on blood, but as I said, that's only a part of the feeding. Even if were true a vampire couldn't possibly swallow more than a small part of the blood in a human body. In other words, we have no real need to cause harm to - mortals, much less kill them. That's why there aren't bodies littering the streets with jagged bite marks on their throats to make people suspicious."

He smiled as he opened a cabinet and took out a crystal decanter.

"The life energy of a healthy young person like yourself can sustain most vampires for several weeks, if we took it all. But there's no need to do that."

He poured something dark into a pair of wine glasses and replaced the stopper in the decanter before picking up the glasses and returning.

"I could take enough energy from you to sustain me for several days and you would only feel tired and in need of a sleep. The next day you would be fine."

He handed her the wine and she looked at it suspiciously.

"Do you think I have any need of drugging you?" he asked in amusement.

She made a face and sipped at the wine.

"An eighty two," he said.

She shrugged. "I drank a sixty four once," she said.

"Seventeen eighty two," he said with a smile.

She blinked and stared at the wine. "Oh," she said in a small voice.

"The vampire who fed off you was greedy and vicious and cruel. He took everything you had except for just enough to let you lay there and be aware of your approaching death. Then he freed your mind and caused the males in that train to make use of you as you lay dying."

She felt the rage rise up within her again.

"I intend to kill him for that. If it's any consolation."

She stared at him.

"Why?" he asked.

She nodded.

"A variety of reasons. Some selfish. He attacked you in my territory. That's - bad form, just not

done. A vampire who lets others poach on his grounds, so to speak, quickly finds himself without any. Oh I would let someone feed if they asked properly and were discrete, but I would never allow that kind of blatant viciousness.

"Then again he would have left you dead and naked on a train, with bite marks on you, of all things. That would have drawn a lot of unpleasant attention, and since it was my territory I would have been - criticised - by those who don't like attention."

"Well excuse me for dying," she snapped without thinking.

His lip quirked upward.

"I wasn't blaming you," he said mildly.

"So why didn't I die then?"

"Because I saved you."

"Thanks."

He smiled. "You could thank me, yes. There was more to it than er, mouth to mouth." For some reason he chuckled at the term.

"Then I'm grateful."

"You were very far gone," he said, serious now. "Very far gone. There was virtually nothing left of you. Simply pushing energy back into you, my own energy, would not have been enough, not fast enough. I had to do something else."

"What?" she asked warily.

She was abruptly aware of her bare breasts again. Yet made no attempt to cover them. Though it embarrassed her she found it also aroused her to have her breasts naked before him. And she was still quite deeply aroused. All the time he talked she continued to feel the need deep inside her. Her pussy was sore, but she wanted his cock anyway.

"You're controlling my mind," she said accusingly.

The words had no bite to them, no anger, as if she were numbed to it all.

He shook his head. "No. Not at the moment."

"But -." she bit her tongue.

"You feel aroused by my presence. You want me inside you."

She blushed and tried to deny it but couldn't.

"Partly it is my presence," he said without arrogance. "Most vampires give off a, well, call it pheromones, a kind of subliminal scent which has a well -." He grinned. "An effect on mortals."

"Uh huh," she said shakily.

"In your case there's a second cause. You asked what else I had to do."

He drew back his teeth to display his fangs. They were long and sharp, but as he opened his mouth she saw a second pair of fangs sliding down just behind the first.

"The first are for drawing blood. The second, rarely used, are for injecting a kind of poison."

"P-Poison?"

"Yes. A quite lethal poison. It causes the body's system to work faster, harder, far harder than it can handle, so it very rapidly overloads and burns itself out. However, in a small amount, like the one I gave you, it acts as a very, very powerful stimulant, not to the mind, but to the body. It helped you replenish the energy and life force you had lost much faster, helped you heal much faster as well."

"Oh."

"And -." He made a face. "In my... my anger earlier, at the vampire who escaped me I - unfortunately bit you a second time and injected more into your body. I apologise. I was - Vampires are subject to rages, and governed, to some extent by instincts. I was in a killing rage and when I was robbed of my target that rage shifted to you. I stopped myself in time, but only just. And by shifting the rage to lust."

She rubbed her throat.

"The effect is permanent."

"What?" Her eyes widened.

He made a face. "That's why we rarely use it in small doses. The human body can't metabolise it, can't consume it, can't break it down and expel it. It gets absorbed into the flesh and bone."

"Wh-what will it do to me?" she asked fearfully.

"Nothing so terrible," he said. "You will have much more energy, need far less sleep, less rest. You will be much stronger, faster. Your eyesight will improve as will your hearing and smell."

"Sounds like I'm going to be supergirl," she said, stunned.

"Your metabolism has just added a supercharger. You will need to eat a lot more than you used to. And - with your increased strength of senses will come an increased mental strength. You will be able to sense how others feel. No, you won't be able to read their minds," he said, as if reading hers. "But you will sense their emotions and needs, not nearly so strongly as a vampire, but it will be there. You will also be able to influence them."

"Like he did to me?!"

He nodded.

"I would never do that!" she said hotly.

"I don't mean - it doesn't work that way. At least, I don't think it does," he said uncertainly. "You aren't a vampire and you haven't the strength of one. Clouding the minds of a car full of people like he did would be far beyond you. Nor could you control someone's mind in the way he did to you. However, without even trying, your desires, your wants, will influence others."

"I don't -."

He held up his hand to silence her.

"You're at a job interview. You very much want the job. Unless the man across from you is extraordinarily strong willed and really doesn't want to give it to you, he almost certainly will be strongly effected by your desire and hire you on. You need to nothing consciously to him but be there. On the other hand, causing someone to do something they badly do not wish to do, such as strip naked in public, is probably beyond you even if you concentrate. The kind of mental influence you have is generally a more subtle thing, and works best when the subject does not really care one way or another. Strong opposition will probably ignore your desires unless you're dealing with someone particularly weak willed."

"That's still controlling them," she said anxiously.

"No. It's more subtle. "Now this is control."

His hand shot between her legs and she jerked as if shot. She began to come immediately, one orgasm after another exploding within her as she gripped his powerful wrist and ground herself frantically against his fingers.

He smirked at her, and she felt a savage resentment, but she could not control herself, and shuddered as three fingers were thrust up into her pussy. She began to ride them, gasping and panting and crying out in bliss as she felt his hard, powerful fingers driving through the soft, aching folds of her sex.

"Having fun?" he asked dryly.

She burned with humiliation and a rising anger, but she still couldn't stop herself, couldn't throw back the incredible pleasure roaring through her veins. She rode him wildly, frantically, hurting herself as she rode him, jamming his fingers up inside herself as her mind swam through a flood of sensory bliss.

She twisted suddenly, threw herself onto all fours and raised her bottom to thrust back at him desperately.

"Do me! Fuck me!" Please!" The word was a scream.

She hated herself for saying it. Felt humiliated about presenting herself like this, but she couldn't not do it. She felt her hand moving back between her legs, thrust her fingers into her own pussy and pumped them desperately as she moaned in pleasure. She pushed her other hand back, peeling open her sex for him.

"Please! Please! Fuck me! Fuck me!" she begged.

He moved behind her and let a single finger slip between the lips of her dripping sex. She came

again, screaming in pleasure as his finger twisted from side to side.

Then he pulled back and she collapsed, gasping, chest heaving, breathless.

He walked over to the cabinet and poured another glass of wine.

"Y-You f-fucking bastard," she panted.

"I am one, actually."

He turned and walked back to her. "But I didn't do that for fun. I wanted to show you that you couldn't resist me. So that you would understand that you wouldn't be able to resist him either."

"Maybe if I wasn't s-so fucking hot on your j-joy juice and your ph-ph -."

"Pheromones," he said.

"What fucking ever!" she exclaimed, panting for breath.

"No, you couldn't. It has nothing to do with that."

She got up suddenly and moved in front of him and then, as he looked on, began to do jumping jacks.

"Nothing to do with lust at all. But as I said, the poison - we call it Lis - is going to affect you there, as well. Worse, another kind of ahm, injection." He shrugged, a little embarrassed. "Everything from a vampire has a powerful effect on humans, every liquid, from saliva to Lis to blood, and, well to semen. The vampire who took you ahm, climaxed inside you. He expected you to be dead, so certainly didn't care. Well, he was a cruel bastard anyway."

"Y-You ca-came inside m-me!" she gasped, still doing the jumping jacks.

"I apologise for that," he said solemnly. "I was on edge but that's no excuse. As I said, vampires are creatures of instinct and emotion. But you're right. I also spilled my seed inside you. The effect won't be as dramatic as the Lis, but you will be much more - sexual now. You will be more easily aroused, your genitals will be more easily stimulated, and your orgasms will be far more powerful. You will also, to a more limited extent, give off the kind of pheromones vampires do." He shrugged. "You will have no trouble getting dates," he added with a smile.

"C-Can I s-stop now!?" she panted.

"Try."

"I did!"

"Then clearly not."

"Why don't you j-just f-fuck me!?" she gasped.

He sat back with a sigh. "Too dangerous for you. I might lose control again. Vampire males do not, as a rule mate with humans."

"Wear a m-muzzle," she taunted, arms and legs jumping in and out, in and out

"It's not just the teeth. It's the strength and power of a vampire. Your body isn't strong enough to take it."

"A-already did," she panted.

"Not entirely. Do you not wonder why the welts on your breasts are gone but your insides still hurt, down there?"

She hadn't even thought about welts on her breasts, but now, as she jumped, she looked down at her breasts bouncing up and down with her and noted that they were unmarked.

"I'm sorry," he said. "But were it not for the effects of the Lis giving you the ability to regenerate, to heal yourself much faster than normal, my use of you earlier would have killed you." "Wasn't that b-bad," she panted.

"No? I broke through your vaginal wall."

She blinked in shock.

"I was thrusting right up into your abdominal cavity. Fortunately, I did no real damage, only bruised a few internal organs. It's damned hard for any infection to overcome your immune system now. And the thin membrane of your vagina healed quickly."

"Shit," she panted wonderingly.

She stopped so abruptly she fell to her knees.

"The good part, however," he said, sipping from his wine, "Is that your mind will be far more difficult for other vampires to influence. Aside from our friend on the train, of course, because he's marked you. As have I."

She picked herself up off the floor, glaring angrily at him, looked away, and swung a fist as hard and fast as she could. Master Tanko had praised her speed, but she was sure Tanko had never seen anyone move like Eric. He was behind her before her fist moved an inch, and her arms were yanked up and back behind her head before she even realized it, pinned there as if by steel. "Vampires are very, very strong, and very, very very fast," he whispered into her ear. He threw her onto the bed and she tumbled and twisted around, then gripped one of the sheets and tried to pull it up over herself. Instead her hand released it and she sat back on her heels and spread her legs apart, dropping her hands onto her thighs. She wasn't even aware of taking the position. She tried to close them and couldn't.

"So what are you going to do to me?" she asked.

"What would you expect me to do to you?"

She didn't answer.

"There is a link between us now, and it will be there as long as both of us live. I will always know where you are, approximately. I will always be able to control you, even from a great distance."

"And why would you want to?" she asked challengingly.

He smiled. "Well, there is that. You are a beautiful morsel, but I can have my choice of females, and have for some years. So what use are you to me? The answer is little. I don't intend to make you into my slave, so stop worrying. I have no need of a slave, especially a weak one like you. Now and then I will ask you to do something for me, some small task or favour. That's all. Little enough for your life, and for the strength and endurance I have given you."

"S-sounds reasonable," she gulped.

"Other than that - you're a child, and of little interest to me."

"I'm twenty one," she said defiantly.

He smiled. "I was twenty one - a hundred odd years ago."

Her eyes widened.

### Three

She had spent almost two days at Eric's place, recovering. By the time she got out she had lost her job. She stopped by Tease to speak to Mrs. Jenson, however, and tell her how deathly sick she had been, and the woman reluctantly changed her mind. Sam wasn't sure if that was because she hadn't been able to hire anyone else or due to whatever strange influence she might now have on the woman's mind.

She didn't feel as if she had any kind of mental control, but Eric had said it would take time to really feel anything.

"Vampires," she muttered, shaking her head as she walked back to the tube. "I can't believe there's vampires in London in this day and age."

She was brushing past people as she walked. Her legs had always been long, of course, but now she walked so quickly she was finding the ordinary pace of other people quite sedentary.

She felt alive with energy, and really, would have preferred to run to the tube. She trotted and half jumped down the stairs, mind moving quickly as she tried to consider how to take advantage of this new "supercharged" system Eric said she had. She didn't feel any faster or stronger, but she certainly had energy to spare.

When she got home she tidied up her flat. It was small, the floor covered in cheap but bright throw rugs, the furniture Asian style pillows and a futon which doubled as her bed. Cleaning it took little time, so she did her laundry, then scrubbed the floors and walls - and roof, turned out the cupboards and washed them, did the windows, inside and out and took care of a dozen other small jobs she'd been meaning to get to forever. Then she went shopping, and as she flipped through clothes considered better ways of making money than selling lingerie.

She had felt a kind of arousal the entire time she was cleaning, a low purring within herself. Her breasts, and particularly her nipples seemed much more sensitive, and anything that pressed against her pussy, whether it was silk panties or just the pressure from sitting down, made her sigh in pleasure.

She didn't want to think about what she'd feel straddling a bicycle seat.

But she didn't feel the raw, irresistible need she had before. She found time to masturbate six times over the course of the day, all too colossal, gut-wrenching orgasms, but didn't feel that was something she had to do so much as wanted to do. It wasn't that she couldn't keep her hands off herself, but with the climaxes being so incredible now, well, there was just more reason to want to touch herself a little.

She felt a strange sense of arousal as she examined a little tank top. It was a definite hunger and yet - it seemed strangely isolated. If she hadn't already felt two different men in her mind she wouldn't have even thought of it, but the taste was - foreign - just as their touch had been. And she realized the arousal was not her own, but coming from someone nearby.

She moved her head casually, scanning the small store, and the moment her eyes passed over him she knew who the lust was coming from. She snorted and turned away. It was a fourteen year old boy and he was staring at her ass.

Well, she did have a great ass, she conceded, especially in the tight, faded, low slung jeans she was wearing.

She was used to guys staring at her, but it felt very strange to actually be able to feel their sexual interest in her. She moved out of the store and left the kid behind. But she was beginning to pick up more such thoughts now, brief flitting things, for the most part, as male eyes moved across her. She could actually feel the point where they saw her, could see their casual thoughts zoom in on her. Even when their eyes showed no interest at all but seemed to just flit past her she could sense their definite interest, a kind of soundless growling approval.

At first she felt quite uncomfortable, but then all that male lust began to set her pussy to thrumming. She wasn't exactly an exhibitionist but she did like male approval, and she could practically bathe in it as she walked down the mall. Some of it was casual, some just light brushes. Occasionally she felt a sharp spike as someone's eyes caught her and their sexual interest really spiked upwards.

One of the strongest of these was a very helpful sales girl she would never have guessed was gay, or even bi, who didn't show the slightest outward interest in her. But Sam could feel the girl's inner eyes racing hungrily over her body, could feel the rising hunger within her. The odd thing was that, even though she had never really felt anything for girls this one's interest was influencing her own desires, and she felt herself almost wanting to make love with her. And she knew, without the slightest shred of a doubt, that she could, that the young woman would do anything she asked of her. That startled her. She had always known she was, for want of a better term, hot looking, but had had no idea just how hot others found her. Then she snorted at her own arrogance and remembered what Eric had said about her having

the same pheromones as Vampires now, only not quite so strong. The girl was, she supposed, hot for her, but no doubt it was that which was making her so powerfully attracted to Sam.

She left the shop and continued on, striding through the slower people around her, still brim full of energy. She stopped at a restaurant and had a snack of four turkey sandwiches, then, ignoring the weird look the waitress gave her, carried on.

She was going to have to get a better source of income, a much better source of income. All the heat being directed at her had the effect of igniting her own arousal, and she was on slow simmer the entire time she moved around among other people. Worse, it was a definite mistake to wear jeans, for her pussy was growing more sensitive the hotter she got. The crotch of her jeans was digging into it even through her silk panties, and rubbing at her in a way which almost made her want to scream. Her nipples were so hard they ached, and even their gentle movement inside the cups of her thin bra made her moan softly.

She was, she thought, going to have to wear something really loose, and really ugly the next time she went out, and maybe a bag over her head.

She was getting so hot she was almost ready to attack someone, and knew she had to get home quickly and let off some steam. But if anything the male interest was intensifying. She was sweating now, and suddenly wondered if her own incredible arousal was making her give off even more - scent - to draw their sexual hunger.

They were starting to approach her now, grinning, lust written all over their face, trying to introduce themselves, asking her name. The longer she spent with one the more aroused they grew. The more aroused they grew the more she felt it the more intense her own sense of arousal. They were feeding off of each other, and she had to be rude to break away from one after another because she was now getting images of just - doing it, right there in the middle of the mall, right on the floor with everyone watching, and those images were scorching hot.

She hurried outside and felt the chill air strike her face, but it didn't seem to have much effect as she strode down the pavement. She stopped suddenly, panting for breath.

She couldn't go into the tube, lock herself into a car with a horde of men.

"Hey, honey, are you lost? Can I help you?"

She broke away from the hand on her arm and hurried on. She'd have to get a cab. But that would mean being in a small, tight car with a man. Perhaps she should walk. But then she would have to go longer without having that desperate need itched. It was all she could do to keep her hands away from her groin, and the faster she walked the more the crotch of her jeans seemed to dig into her sopping pussy.

She stumbled and had to clutch a nearby sign as an orgasm crashed over her. She shook and gasped, the air panting out of her open mouth, and barely kept herself from collapsing.

"You all right there, miss. Anything I can do for you?"

The man had a thick erection pushing out against his pants as he clutched her arm. She stumbled and he caught her around the waist, his hand squeezing her breast firmly. She felt another orgasm crash over her and shuddered.

"L-Let me help you inside," he panted, his hunger for her roaring in her mind.

She tried to fight through it but it was so overwhelming she could not resist. She managed to break away and staggered to a nearby door just as it opened. She stumbled inside. It was dark and music pounded. Men looked around from all directions as she moved through them, and she felt their rising hunger.

Panicking, she hurried through them, searching for stairs, a back room, somewhere she could be alone, where her scent would not arouse all the people around her and the throbbing heat of male lust could not overwhelm her.

"Want to dance, baby?"

She shook her head but he had her arms and was grinding his body against her. The feel of his chest pressing against her aching breasts almost pushed her into another orgasm. The music was pounding and she twisted, but ran into another man. He kissed her and she felt rather than heard growls of hunger coming from all around.

His hand was squeezing her breast as he chewed on the nape of her neck. Another man was behind her, and she felt her coat pulled off. She moaned and trembled, and her lips shot up against his as the man twisted her around, lifted her, and dropped her onto a nearby table. He tore open her top and then her bra, and a dozen hands reached for her breasts as she came again.

She was dragged back onto the table as hands fumbled at her jeans. She felt them yanked down and off and her legs spread wide as they crowded around her. She writhed in helpless, wanton need and screamed in bliss as the first cock was thrust into her pussy.

They were rabid, all of them. The raw scent of her now filled the room, and she could not control herself as their hunger was raised, reflected back to her, and then served to force her own heat higher. It was a deadly circle which was turning them all into animals. Hands fought for her body, for her breasts, fought to touch her anywhere. Her hair was yanked back so that her head fell over the opposite side of the table and a sweating cock was thrust into her mouth and straight down her throat.

The man thrust frantically into her, his balls slapping against her eyes, his pelvis smashing into her face as he yanked her head up to meet each stroke. Hands were clawing at her breasts and belly and arms and legs. One man would thrust into her for long seconds, then be torn away by the next, then the next, as fights broke out among them. A large man clutched her thighs tightly and held on as he pounded himself into her, resisting all efforts to tear him away.

She came, and came again, orgasms roaring over her writhing, twisting, thrashing body. Those who could not get between her legs pumped their cocks themselves and she felt their semen spattering over her breasts and belly and across her legs and hair and face.

The scent of her sex heat floated around the room like a cloud, and no one seemed able to resist it. There were thrusting, grinding, panting couples everywhere. Even the waitresses were being done across tables, on the floor, or in one case, across the bar, by the bartender.

It seemed unstoppable. The more aroused she was the more aroused they became. The more aroused they became the more aroused she became.

Hands pulled at her arms and legs and hair, trying to twist her around, to pull her away from others. The man thrusting into her pussy gripped her buttocks and staggered back, lifting her off the table. He fell back onto his knees and then onto his bottom on the floor and she screamed and came as she impaled herself on him. Almost at once the crowd of frenzied males shifted closer. Her hair was yanked up and around and a cock thrust into her mouth even as someone forced her back forward and jammed his cock against her anus.

At first she tried desperately to resist, to pull free, to fight them off, but the hunger was too great, the orgasms intoxicating. Soon she was drunk on them, and they took her over and over again, one, two, three at a time, hands all over her body as come rained down over her.

It went on all evening and deep into the night, long past when the club should have closed, her hunger feeding theirs and theirs hers until, finally, exhausted by too many climaxes, she blacked out. It still continued for some time, but gradually, without her own glowing heat to set fire to their minds those around her began to find themselves sated, or simply lose that uncontrollable hunger, and began to drift away. Some in confusion, some in shock, some merely drunk.

It was almost five in the morning before she was alone, laying spread-eagled across a round table, head and limbs hanging over the sides, her bruised body literally covered with male ejaculate, more leaking out of her pussy and bottom.

A small, slim figure rose slowly from her chair in the corner. She was barely five feet tall, with almost waist length black hair which flowed like black silk around a doll like face.

Katrina was seriously pissed.

"You would think," she said to the empty room, "that living somewhere for a thousand years would give others the general idea of where you were."

She walked across to where the girl lay, the welf. That someone would place a welf in her territory without telling her was an insult the likes of which she had dealt death for on other occasions. That they would let a welf run loose, a welf that looked like this one did, almost boggled the mind.

She had sensed the energy coming from this bar from twenty blocks away. It was so powerful that by the time she'd gotten there it would have taken a major effort to bring things under control. So she'd simply waited and let it burn itself out. She had already fogged the minds of the bar staff. Tomorrow she would have to return and do some delicate work to erase all memories of the night with the welf.

She looked at the come spattered girl distastefully. Welfs had their uses, of course, but they had to be controlled, and the proper welf should be as anonymous looking as possible, especially if its chemical makeup was going to be altered to the degree this one had.

"Do you believe this shit, Geoffrey?" she demanded.

"Mistress?"

Her own welf hurried across the floor. She'd sent him to see the owner to his car and make sure he remembered little of what happened. He was almost the same height as she, but three times as broad, with enormous shoulders and hips and small, thick, tree trunk legs. He was bald and not particularly attractive. Small chance he would be inspiring lust from those mortals gazing upon him, she thought with amusement.

"This slut was already a walking sex bomb and some idiot of a male has now seen to it that's she become a chemical bomb that reacts to male lust by poisoning the air."

"And inciting more lust," he said, looking down at the girl.

"And then let her run loose!" she exclaimed in indignation.

"Yes, mistress."

"Maybe if I ripped up her face there'd be less male lust to rouse her, hmm?"

She placed sharp nailed fingers very carefully on the girl's flesh, then drew them back and wiped them on Geoffrey's shirt.

"Bring her," she said.

"Yes, mistress."

He found a blanket in the back and wrapped it carefully around her, then, careful not to touch her actual flesh, carried her out to the car.

"She's covered in semen. Put her in the boot," Katrina snapped as he moved to open the Mercedes' rear door.

"Yes, mistress."

He slid the unconscious girl into the boot of the car and then hurried to the front seat. "Wash her off as soon as we get home."

"She won't stay out for long," he said.

"I know that."

He drove quickly, without fear of getting a ticket and was soon in the garage beneath her deceptively small townhouse. It had two large floors above ground and two much, much larger ones well below. Both could feel dawn approaching, and it was evident questioning of the girl would have to wait until the next night.

"Clean her, shield her and prepare her," Katrina ordered. "You saw her in the bar. She's clearly new and helpless. It shouldn't be hard. See what you can get out of her before I rise." "Yes, mistress."

She narrowed her eyes. "I know your tastes, Geoffrey. Play with her all you want, but if you damage her before I waken you will deeply regret it."

He swallowed nervously. "I will be careful, mistress!"

"Of course you will," she said with a seductive smile. "You know my tastes as well."

She disappeared down the stairs to the lowest level while he dragged the girl into a shower and

stood back, letting the water pour over her and wash most of the semen off. She was starting to rouse as he knelt and began to soap up her pale body but she offered up no struggle until he started to shampoo her hair and got soap in her eyes.

"Sit still and I'll get you something to eat," he said. "I bet you're starved about now."

Sam was starved, ravenously so.

She was also dazed and exhausted and her mind was cringing under the avalanche of memories from the bar. She ached everywhere. She felt bruised and battered and her skin was scratched - had been scratched, at least. And she had been had by too many men to count. She had counted them in the train. There'd been eight of them. That had been bad enough. There'd been eight in the first minute at the bar.

Waking up naked with a strange man soaping her up thus had less effect than it otherwise would have. She was more than a little shell shocked.

She let him finish washing her, roughly towel her dry, and then lead her to a dimly lit but grandly furnished dining room. He was curt when she'd asked for something to wear, so she hadn't asked again as he'd gone to get her some food.

Her stomach was so empty it ached, and she was starting to tremble with the hunger. He brought her several slices of cold turkey and told her to eat it while he cooked up something better. She wolfed them down in nothing flat and was still hungry when he brought her a thick and barely heated steak he'd gotten from the microwave. She didn't care, and tore into it with a vengeance, downing a quart of milk in between bites.

"What's yer name?" he asked.

"Sam - antha," she said, her mouth full.

"Who made you?"

She looked at him in confusion, then started to talk, only to take another bite of steak. He asked her several times but she didn't answer. He didn't ask her after that.

With her hunger assuaged she asked again for clothes. He led her up a marble floor lined with heavy oak panels and into a round stone room. The centre was filled with a pentagram and he led her into its centre. There were two stone posts in the centre of the pentagram - no - they were some kind of gleaming ivory, and, she stared in surprise, the heads were carved into the shapes of cocks.

"Stand there," he ordered curtly, pushing her between them.

There were gold shackles hanging from the inside of the post, but it wasn't until he was fastening one around her wrist that she jerked and tried to pull free. He was immensely strong, however, and was able to snap the shackle closed before she could twist away, immobilizing that hand. It took him little effort with one of her hands chained to draw the other out to the other post and shackle that, as well.

"Why are you - why are you chaining me?!" she cried.

"Because mistress said to."

"Mistress?" She stared. Who's that!?"

He smiled. "And I get to play with you until she wakes."

She swallowed a sudden surge of fear.

"Who made you?" he asked.

She opened her mouth but the words somehow wouldn't come out.

"Simple compulsion spell," he said. "I'm sure mistress can break it unless the vampire was very strong indeed."

There were shackles on the bottom of the posts, as well, and he pulled her ankles apart until she was on the balls of her feet before chaining them in place.

"What - why are you - what are you going to do to me?!" she cried.

"Nothing that will cause damage," he said soothingly.

He ran his hands lightly up her body and she flinched, instinctively trying to pull free. He smiled and held her head between his hands, bending her forward to stare into her eyes.

She was back in the bar, but - she was him - and looking at herself, watching herself as the men crowded around her, thrusting into her, pumping their cocks eagerly to spew their juices onto her writhing, twisting body. She looked so incredibly hot, so wickedly, wantonly desirable, like sex incarnate. That was his thought, not hers, but she felt it instantly filling her own mind. She could feel the hunger he'd felt for her, and, because, like her, he could sense the emotions around him, could also sense the hunger filling the room.

She tore her mind free and lurched back, would have fallen had the chains not held her in place. Her heart was pounding and she was sweating, her heart racing. She was also tremendously aroused all over again.

"Bastard!" she gasped.

He smiled in satisfaction. She felt his hunger for her and something within thrilled to it. "We're going to have fun, you and I," he purred.

He slid his fingers between her legs and began to rub them along her sex. She tried to glare at him, tried to keep her face expressionless. But she was already quite wet, and his touch against her ferociously sensitive pussy quickly had her grinding and rolling her hips in helpless pleasure. She could not resist it, could not fight him. She was on the edge of coming when he stopped.

He turned away and then back, holding a long, thin, razor sharp knife. She moaned as she stared at it, trembling as he laid the blade against her throat.

"P-Please!" she gasped.

He smiled and let the knife slide lower, then slowly, almost gently, cut a line across her chest

above her breasts. She hissed at the stinging pain, muscles straining against the chains.

"The thing about our kind," he said, in a small, eager voice, "Is that we heal very quickly. Not as quickly as the vampires, of course. Oh no, not nearly so quickly. A vampire can heal almost anything. We're much more vulnerable. Still, the little things, it's just amazing how fast our bodies recover."

He sliced the knife slowly down along her rib and she shuddered and cried out. It was not a deep cut, but it stung fiercely and blood flowed sluggishly down her side - for a few seconds. He brought the knife up beneath her right breast and then, gently, sliced it along the underside, then up in a circular motion, circling her breast, drawing a line of blood as she twisted and cursed and sobbed and begged him to stop.

He giggled. He licked his thumb and rubbed it across the first cut he'd made, the one across her upper chest, wiping away the blood.

"Look," he said.

There was no cut there, just a fading pink line. She stared in disbelief.

"That fast," he whispered.

The knife sliced down the centre of her breast and across her nipple.

The pain was as sharp as the knife and she screamed and twisted and strained against the chains.

"Stop it! Please! Please!" she cried. "What do you want?"

"To enjoy your beauty," he said with a smile.

He let the knife move slowly, lovingly along her belly, circling, twisting and curving, cutting through her pale flesh, then back up again across her other breast, slicing through the centre of her nipple and up across her shoulder.

"We don't scar," he said in a break from her gasping, cursing, and moaning. "No matter how badly the damage. If we can heal, we heal completely."

He circled her, holding the knife against her flesh, carving a line along her ribs, then down across her buttocks and hip and thigh, then back up her belly once more and back and forth across her breasts.

She should have been covered in blood, but there was little beyond the actual cuts. It was as if the blood was too thick to flow through the thin openings.

He licked his thumb and rubbed it across her upper chest.

"Look," he said.

Even the pink line was gone. There was nothing at all to indicate she had even been cut there.

With her legs spread as widely as they were he was almost as tall as her. He was able to crush his lips against hers and send his tongue thrusting into her mouth. Tears of pain and frustration filling her eyes, she felt a rage and bit down hard on his tongue. He cursed and stumbled back, then laughed at her and

backhanded her so that her head snapped back and she tasted blood herself. "Takes more than that to hurt a welf, dearie," he said.

He moved behind her, and she could feel his hunger, could feel it inciting her own, despite the pain, pain which was rapidly fading. She felt his hardness rubbing along the inside of her buttocks, and cursed, twisting helplessly as he pushed himself against her rectum.

"What do you care?" he demanded, sneering. "You've had a hundred cocks in you in the last few hours. What's another?"

The difference was she was sane now, or almost. Despite her anger and despite the pain his own hunger and arousal was turning her on. She didn't seem able to shut out other people's emotions and separate them from hers. But still, she had not yet lost all control of herself. She held enough of her fragile mind together to feel anger, outrage, shame, and to try to force her body to ignore his fingers as they moved across it.

But she couldn't ignore his thick cock as it prodded against her anus, as it forced its way up inside her, pushing deeper and deeper so that cramps rippled through her aching belly.

"Stop it!" she gasped through clenched teeth. "You -."

Her words were broken off by a choked gasp of pain as he thrust up hard, burying his thick lance inside her rectum, jamming himself up between her firm, young buttocks. He chuckled, and bit painfully at the nape of her neck as he ground his pelvis against her.

"Welfs have a lot of resilience," he said. "We can keep it for a long time too."

He began to thrust up into her sharply. It hurt, and she suspected he was deliberately hurting her, but even so the pain did little to ease her rising arousal. His hips slapped hard against her bottom, jerking her forward in her bonds, and his hands reached around her and began to squeeze her breasts and roll her nipples. She found herself unable to resist and their hunger began to feed off each other as he thrust up into her rectum harder and deeper.

He had had far more time to learn to control himself, however, to learn how to shield himself from the emotions of others, and was not about to lose himself to uncontrollable lust. He dug his nails into her nipples, twisting and pinching violently, revelling in the pain he sensed ripping through her hunger. He'd never met a welf so completely at the mercy of her own heightened hormones and it delighted him.

He gently rubbed her clitoris to bring her to another heightened state, waited, sensing her nearing the peak, then jammed his nails into her clitoris and twisted viciously. He basked in the pain as she screamed, and guided her up once again before digging his fingers into the soft tissue of her breasts to twist and claw and squeeze until her screams filled the air.

He bit into her throat, growling, grinding his pelvis against her deliciously soft buttocks. She was warm and tight and he loved the feel as he twisted his cock around inside her narrow sleeve. He bit her earlobe deeply, her pain flooding his attuned senses like a narcotic. He bit her again and again, his teeth moving up and down her neck and shoulder as he thrust up into her rectum in short, sharp, savage thrusts.

He halted, gasping, his heat nearly overwhelming. But he held it in check by force of will, knowing his heat incited her own. He began to manipulate her sex again, to roll and caress her nipples as she

sobbed helplessly.

He moved before her and knelt, knife in hand; eyes dark pools of hunger, then drew the knife quickly across her belly. An instant later his tongue lapped gently across her clitoris.

Now that her initial fear of the knife's cuts was dampened she did not scream at the cuts. The pain was sharp and stinging and drew a curse, a short cry, or a hiss as her body flinched, but the pain was not enough to fight off her pleasure as he licked and sucked expertly at her sex. He began alternating, pleasure and pain, using his awareness of her mood to guide her where he wanted her to go.

Each slice of the blade was followed by a soft suckle at a nipple or a delicious lick of her engorged, swollen clitoris. Stinging pain was immediately followed by intoxicating pleasure until it was difficult for her to tell where one began and the other ended. He would not let her come. He could easily sense her swelling pleasure, and would deepen the cut of the knife, or slice several times so that the stinging would back her away from the precipice. It was a delicate act to keep her carefully balanced, to keep the pleasure flooding her body along with the pain. It helped that in her dazed, anguished state it was much more easy to subtly influence her mind, or at least her mood, to push his own arousal into her and help raise and sustain her own.

He moved away from her for a moment and returned with what no woman would term a sex toy. But it was to him, for he had a far different interpretation of sex - and of pleasure. The toy was for his pleasure, not for the woman he used it on.

In shape it most resembled a male phallus, even to its helmet shaped head - though it was three times as thick in girth. Yet the long thick shaft was covered in sharp studs meant to feel like claws slicing across the sensitive inner flesh of a female. That this female's pussy would be several times more sensitive as that of a normal woman was a delicious bonus, as was the fact that even were he to use it more roughly than he would dare on a normal woman he could not cause her any real damage.

Shallow cuts to her inner flesh would heal, after all, just as fast as those to her outer flesh. He licked and suckled at her clitoris as he knelt before her, two fingers, then three sliding up and down through the tight, constricted opening to her body. She was wet, soaking, and he pushed a fourth into her as she groaned and dazedly rolled her hips.

He pulled his fingers back and thrust the rounded head of his sex toy up against her pussy. She was tight against such thickness, and groaned in both pleasure and pain as his muscles bunched and he forced the thick cock up inside her body.

He twisted it slowly and gently, pushing deeper. She moaned, feeling the sharp studs scratching along her soft, elastic inner sleeve, yet the pleasure of being penetrated by something so thick was exquisite, especially as his tongue continued to caress her aching clitoris.

He pushed it higher, taking his time, letting her pussy get used to it a little, rousing her to an even more feverish pitch of sexual hunger and need before starting to move it more quickly.

It was too thick to get his hand around. He gripped the base instead to give himself a good hold, and pumped faster. Now the sharp studs were scratching more painfully, stinging more powerfully as he began to twist it as well as pump. Yet he continued to lick and suckle at her clitoris and the pleasure overrode everything.

He pumped faster, twisting more violently. The pain rose much higher as her soft insides were

clawed by the sharp studs. Her hips jerked and twisted and her head thrashed from side to side, spraying droplets of sweat across the floors. Her muscles strained as she pulled reflexively at the chains, and she sobbed and moaned as both the pleasure and pain rose together and twined around each other.

He kept her at the edge. Every time he sensed her starting to go over he pumped faster and harder and eased his tonguing of her clit. Each time the pleasure began to recede too far he pumped more softly and licked more powerfully. She was twisting and writhing in the chains, begging him to let her come now, caring about nothing else as sweat dripped down her body.

He rammed the thing deep into her pussy and stood up as her head was flung back in pain. He began to suckle on her nipples, licking away the blood from the cuts he had made which had now completely healed. He continued to finger and roll her clitoris as her come began to build. This time he would let her over the edge, but for his pleasure, not hers.

He felt her heat, her desperate, anguished need, felt the pleasure building, and sliced the knife across her breast. It did nothing to stop her. Her come was a juggernaut as it pounded forward to envelope her. He reached down and began violently thrusting the studded dildo up and down in her silken sleeve, his other hand slicing the knife across her breasts and nipples, across her chest and belly in a frenzy as her climax screamed down upon her.

She could not tell the difference between pain and pleasure now, and each stinging surge of heat from the knife cuts, each slashing, clawing cut from the studded dildo was oil on the fire of the sensory explosion tearing through her body. The power she exuded was too much even for him and he threw himself on her, thrusting deep into her anus in a single powerful stroke and hammering himself up against her bottom as he bit and chewed and clawed at her body like a madman. He was caught up in her orgasm, but then again, she was caught up in his, and like oil on fire they both screamed higher as the pleasure swamped their senses.

#### Four

When Geoffrey washed her off there was nothing left to show she had ever been cut, not even a faint pink line. It stunned her, but she was too drained to really think about it, especially since he proceeded to begin the entire agonizing, exhausting effort all over again.

The knife sliced all across her body, but he preferred her breasts, especially her nipples, her bottom, and her pussy, especially her clitoris. It sting like burning fire when the knife cut, but the pain faded quickly, and the cuts almost as quickly. And between each sting of pain was shuddering pleasure making it more than worth it. He forced her through a second incredible orgasm, then a third, then began to question her about her life, where she lived, worked, her friends and relatives, everything about her.

He did not touch her while he questioned her, and since he always brought her up near the peak of

climax before standing back to ask her questions she found it intensely frustrating. The questioning always ended when he picked up the knife, and she found herself - oddly - desperately waiting for him to do so, and exulting when she saw his hand close on the hilt and bring the sharp blade up against her flesh. For she knew that pleasure would follow immediately.

Hour after hour he continued in this manner, and just the sight of his hands raising the blade began to make her pussy burn heighten her senses. And then came the moment when the mere slice of the blade across her breast and through the centre of her nipple brought a flood delicious black heat to her body. And she knew he sensed it, felt it, by his own heightened arousal. For he sliced the blade across her chest a second time, then across her belly.

He did not finger her, for he had no need. Each slice of the blade through her skin made her hiss and groan and roll her hips in pleasure. He sliced the blade back and forth across her breasts, then down between her legs, when he cut it across her clitoris she came violently.

He licked and suckled her to reinforce the association he had made between pain and pleasure, and then washed her off again so that her skin once more glistened wetly, unmarked, unmarred.

Katrina woke. He felt it deep within him, and smiled as he stared at the bedraggled girl half hanging from the shackles. She was well prepared, and he knew Mistress would be pleased. She glided into the room, short and slender, with a dark presence which filled the chamber. The pentagram flared brightly for a moment as she crossed it, flickered, and then softened once more to a dim glow.

"She is prepared?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"I see you enjoyed yourself, Geoffrey."

"Yes, Mistress," he said shyly.

She smiled tolerantly and gripped the girl's hair, yanking her head up and back.

"Well, little welf, have we had an interesting day?"

Sam moaned and stared at her through glassy eyes.

"I want you to do something for me, little welf. I want you to tell me who made you." Samantha moaned. She couldn't. She had wanted to earlier, though now something stubborn made her want to keep it a secret, but she had not been able to.

"You do not have to speak aloud," the woman said. "Merely think about the one who created you and I will see him in your mind."

She wouldn't, and looked down at her glistening wet body instead.

Katrina smiled and a chair slid across the floor for her to sit.

"He will not sense you here, not within this pentagram. You are alone here, and at my mercy. And I am not a merciful person."

Samantha was breathing heavily from her last orgasm, but starting to think clearly again. The thought crossed her mind that Eric would punish the woman. It was just a slight hint of a thought, but Katrina caught it and laughed softly.

"Little child," she said mockingly. "I can tell you already about the fool who made you. I can tell you he was very young. He probably did it as much by accident as anything else. Perhaps because he could not control himself?"

"H-He wasn't young," she said with defiance.

Katrina smiled again. "No doubt to you almost all vampires are old. No doubt a mere century or two is ancient to you."

She stood up and seemed to glide across the floor.

"A vampire's strength and power are due, in large measure, to his - or her - age."

She gripped Samantha's hair and forced her head back painfully, then ran a hand lightly down the centre of her body.

Heat flared within her and Sam's hips bucked violently, helplessly, as she gurgled in desperate heat.

"I am nearing a thousand years old, child," she whispered. "I have no fear from any young upstarts stupid enough to create a welf and leave it to run alone."

The words stunned her almost as much as the heat flaring along her skin. A thousand years old!? How was that even possible?!

"I have taught her a trick, mistress," Geoffrey said eagerly. "It should loosen her mind." "Have you, Geoffrey?" she asked, her smile cool, her eyes dark. "Well show me, dear. I always like your tricks."

Her fingers slid between Samantha's legs and one penetrated her. She screamed at the intensity of the pleasure which slashed across her body and mind, arching her back convulsively.

Geoffrey produced his "toy" and knelt between her legs. He thrust it up hard and deep and she hissed in pain, her body quivering. But the pleasure came with the pain and the hunger screamed as he rubbed his fingers along her clitoris. He had a second "toy" and rammed it up deep into her anus. The pain burned and clawed at her, but the pleasure burned like white fire.

He began to slice her skin again, and the stinging pain was twisted into dark, terrible pleasure. Cut after cut burned her senses and her hunger and heat deepened. She sobbed weakly, trying, for moment to fight against it, but her defences collapsed like a flood wall before high tide. Her body danced and writhed to the cut of his blade as he circled and danced around her body, slicing and cutting.

But no matter how much pleasure, how much exquisite hunger and need, how intoxicating the sex-heat burning through her mind and body she could not come. Not this time, and she realized, dazedly, that Katrina was preventing it, letting her mind become more and more frazzled, more dazed. Every fibre of her being screamed for an orgasm, yet the hunger and pleasure continued to build.

He moved away, leaving her shaking and trembling, and drew a whip from a cupboard. It was

eight feet long of thick black leather. He let it uncoil, dropping to the floor, and moved up behind her as Katrina sat back and smiled.

She was going to be whipped!

She felt shock of fear but it was almost instantly overridden by burning heat. The whip snapped forward and struck heavily across the centre of her back. The pain was far greater than the knife, far greater even than the blows she had felt on the train. But the pain flashed into heat almost the moment it hit her. It was pain regardless, yet this pain made her body writhe exultantly, bathing her in ecstasy.

The whip sliced across her back a second time, a third, a fourth, the heavy blows snapping her forward against the chains. These were not mere stinging pains, but a terrible, jagged blast that made her cry out and twist violently against the chains.

The whip curled around her body and the sharp little tip snapped into her right breast hurling it up and back. She screamed as a deep, red bruise appeared on her pale flesh. The whip cracked heavily across her back again, and as before, the tip curled along her ribs and bit viciously into the soft, warm flesh of her breast.

Geoffrey was an artist with the whip, and knew how to please his mistress, who had, to say the least, jaded tastes.

Every blow now curled around her body, the hard tip snapping at her aching nipples, making her breasts bounce and shake as she screamed and writhed. The pain was even more intense, but the sexual heat remained sweltering, an all-devouring hunger and need that churned her mind into near madness.

The whip curled along her hip and down and the tip snapped at her swollen clitoris. Her bottom snapped back and she howled, an orgasm flashing into existence - and just as quickly halting, as if it had struck a wall. Another blow, and the whip curled across her left hip and down across her abdomen to crack directly against her clitoris. Another shriek was torn from her body, and the orgasm churned and burned like acid at the wall around her mind.

"Show me the picture of the vampire who made you," Katrina asked calmly. "And I shall let you have your climax."

The whip curled across her right hip, and then her left, striking her clitoris again, throwing her hips up and back, knocking her off her feet each time. She had no energy to spare to stand, and hung from her wrists, shaking violently. The whip curled around her ribs and bit at her breasts, then sliced down over her hips to bite into her clitoris again.

The pleasure was now so intense it was agony, and tears fell from her eyes to trickle down her breasts along with the sweat.

"Just picture him for me, dear. Picture the vampire who made you."

The whip slashed squarely across her back, and perhaps the sharp spike of pain which filled her mind drew her back to the tube train and the memory of what was done there, and the face of the sadistic man in the corner who had caused it. His face seemed to brighten and sharpen as if a picture were held before her eyes. She felt his cock thrusting violently up into her belly as his teeth bit into her throat.

Her clitoris was swollen to three times its normal size as the whip hissed along her hip, down across her abdomen and struck it directly.

The wall collapsed. The orgasm fell upon her, and she shrieked as an avalanche of ecstasy hit her like a bomb going off.

Rapture.

A white world of endless pleasure gripping her body, without sound or sight. Her body thrashed wildly but her mind bathed in the rapture of the most incredible and extended orgasm she had ever known. She convulsed again and again and again, mindless, gurgling, unthinking. She did not even notice Katrina coming up to her and biting into the side of her throat, did not feel the pain or the strength draining from her as the world collapsed around her and the white became black.

She woke in a large four-poster bed not unlike the one she had seen at Eric's house. She supposed when you were centuries old you tended towards the traditional.

She was nude, as before, yet noticed, as she slowly sat up, that she wore a thin gold band around each wrist and ankle and another around her throat. They were not collar and shackles - not precisely. They were of pure gold, and the ring around her throat was only a half inch wide, and quite nicely made. She had been washed, and even her hair brushed out. There were no marks on her body, no welts, no cuts, no bruises.

She was ravenous.

As if knowing how hungry she would be her captors - hosts? - had placed a large bowl of fruit on the night table. She devoured them, letting the soft liquid of peaches, oranges and melons pour down her throat as she consumed one after another.

Slightly sated she rose, and looked for something to wear. There was nothing, and after all the people who had seen her naked of late it seemed pointless to do something so lacking in dignity as drag a bedspread out into the hall.

If they wanted her naked she would be naked. What shame should she have from a body like hers?

She gazed at herself in the mirror with no small pride, looking at her high, firm breasts. She blinked a bit after a moment, though, cupping and squeezing them. They had always been firm, for she was a young woman with an excellent exercise regime but - these were so perfectly firm they hardly moved at all as she did. And her hair, it wasn't her imagination, she was sure. It was longer than it had been just the other day. Her body felt so - strong and healthy and filled with energy. She wanted to try a back flip, wanted to jump and climb and see how it performed.

She traced the line of gold around her slender throat, looking for a catch, an opening. She lifted her wrists up and examined the similar gold bands around them. There was no opening. The rings seemed to be of a single piece.

Geoffrey entered the room and she stepped back warily. He smiled.

"Aren't you glad to see me, little welf?"

"No," she said softly.

He smiled. "But I brought food."

Her mouth watered as she smelled what was under the covered platter he carried.

He moved into the room and she turned to keep him in front of her. He put the tray on the floor and lifted the cover. The smell and sight almost drove her to her knees. It was a thick sirloin steak, covered in mushrooms, steaming.

"Come. Eat."

She hurried over before she could stop herself and reached for the tray. He blocked her, shaking his head. "Eat it here," he ordered.

She was so hungry she didn't care. She dropped to her hands and knees and leaned over the tray, looking for knife or fork. There were none. Her stomach throbbed with hunger, and she gripped the steak, lifting it and biting into it. The juices dripped down into her mouth and over her lip and she moaned in ecstasy, tearing off a piece, chewing voraciously and swallowing.

She felt his hand stroking along her back, but ignored it as she bit off another piece, and another. His hand was caressing the shapely curves of her bottom now, and gliding down along her ribs to each beneath and gently knead her breasts.

She felt her sexual hunger rising, but the other kind still prevailed as she continued to bite off pieces of the thick steak, her teeth tearing into it with enough force to rip free large pieces. She moaned as the sexual heat rose, as well. He was kneeling beside her. His right hand was between her legs, his fingers stroking along her slit. His left was kneading her soft breast. She felt a violent anger towards him, towards being used, towards being manipulated so easily, yet the anger did nothing to ease her hunger and arousal. And so she did not fight him, her body exulting in the heat even as she shoved food into her mouth to push back the terrible emptiness in her belly. He did not push her to orgasm, letting her continue to feed as he very gently caressed her body. When she was finished eating he picked up the tray, smiling as he walked out. She licked her lips and sat back on her heels, watching him leave with hooded, resentful eyes.

Her own body was being used to betray her, and she did not know how to cope with it. She hated it that Geoffrey or anyone else could twist her so easily around their fingers. Yet, at the same time, the sexual pleasure and arousal was undeniable, and delicious. She ran her hand down over her body with a groan of languorous sexual pleasure. Hating his smug, casual abuse of her as she did she found herself wishing he had mounted her as she had knelt there.

She wanted to masturbate, almost needed to masturbate, after what Geoffrey had done, yet she tried to resist it. I am not a fucking sex toy! She glared at the door fiercely, trying to summon enough pride to push back the throbbing hunger between her legs, and climbed to her feet, a little shaky with the arousal flowing through her blood. Her breasts felt warm and swollen, her nipples hard, her pussy hot and moist and ready.

She determinedly searched the room, looking for something to wear, something to cover her nakedness. But there was nothing. She yanked the satin sheet off the bed and wrapped it around herself, angry at the pleasure her body felt as the soft fabric pressed against her aching nipples. She felt Katrina wake, somehow, felt a power and a darkness blossom. She could even sense where it was, off

to her right and below her somewhere. She was startled by the feeling, and wondered at it. It was as if she had developed a new sense, one which fed its input directly into her mind. Was it only Katrina, she wondered, or would she -.

Katrina wanted her.

She did not know how she knew, exactly, but felt it with that new sense of hers, felt the woman's mind turning towards her, felt an imperative. She turned almost without thought and opened the door, walking quickly down the hall. She turned left unerringly, up another hall, and then into a large room.

Katrina lay on a leather recliner, which made Sam want to smile. She had thought something more traditional would be to the woman's preference. The room, in fact, was quite modern, from the deliciously thick wall to wall carpeting to the glass and chrome tables and butter soft leather chairs and sofas.

She felt a sense of awe grow within her as she saw Katrina. The woman was absolutely beautiful, and she could sense the hot, raw power in her now like a glow against her mind. Without conscious thought her arm moved from her chest, where it had been clutching the sheet and it slid apart and down around her ankles. She felt a flush of hunger and pleasure as Katrina's eyes moved over her naked body with approval.

And only a small part of her felt amazement, embarrassment, uncertainty and anxiety. Katrina smiled at her and she felt a rush of delight. The woman held her hand out to her and Samantha slid to her knees beside her chair. She took the small hand and licked lovingly at her fingers, then took them into her mouth, sucking gently. She felt her awe growing into an almost worshipful reverence, felt love blooming within her as she rubbed the woman's fingers over her cheeks and licked and suckled at them adoringly.

Katrina pulled her hand back and combed it softly through Samantha's rich red ringlets. "Such a pretty little thing," she said.

Samantha felt a wild thrill of pleasure at the compliment.

Katrina reached down and rolled Samantha's nipple between her thumb and forefinger, and just like that a deep hunger blossomed within Sam's belly.

But she drew her hand back

"So what are we to do with you, welf?" she asked with a soft smile.

"I don't know, mistress," she replied breathlessly.

Anything Katrina wanted would be perfect.

"The easiest thing is to simply kill you, but you are a pretty little thing. And I suppose one like you has its uses."

She was wearing a long black, silk dress. She spread her legs now and drew the dress slowly up her legs, over her knees and up her thighs. She slid back on the recliner, and Samantha crawled between her pale thighs. She felt uncertainty and fear take her. She had never been with a woman before, and was not sure what to do. The thought of being anything less than perfect with Katrina horrified her. Perfection was the least Katrina deserved.

But then Katrina's hand guided her forward and she began to lick at the woman's sex. The connection between them made it easy. She felt what Katrina felt, knew exactly what felt best and where and how fast. As Katrina began to roll her hips and moan so too did Samantha, rolling her bottom and gasping for breath as she sucked rhythmically on Katrina's clitoris. She did not come as Katrina did, for Katrina blocked her, and she was thus able to continue licking and sucking her through it, plunging her tongue deep into the woman's warm, wet sex, mashing her face against her soft pubic lips, her fingers stroking and caressing as she exulted in every moan and sigh of pleasure her mistress gave out.

Katrina motioned her back afterward and sipped from a glass of brandy.

"You are like a cat now," she said, smiling, running her fingers along Katrina's arm, "But I like my Welfs clean shaven."

She let her finger slide down between Samantha's legs and brush against her pussy and the redhead moaned in pleasure.

Yet she was aware that her previously shaved pubic hair had grown back, and, for that matter, her legs needed shaving.

"Your metabolism is much faster now," Katrina said, as if she could read her confusion. Which, of course, she could. "You not only heal much faster but your hair and nails will grow much faster. But I like my food hairless, so you will go to one of those hair removal places in the morning and have it removed."

Samantha nodded eagerly, happy to do anything which pleased Katrina.

"Stand up," the woman ordered.

Samantha stood, and Katrina sat forward and slapped at her thighs so she would spread them apart.

"I like feeding from this artery," she said, looking up the length of Samantha's body as she closed her fangs over her groin.

Samantha felt a stinging as the teeth slid into her flesh, but held still, trembling, moaning in pleasure as the woman fed. She could feel the blood being sucked from her body, could feel her energy flowing across to the other woman. Yet there was also a feeling of immense pleasure and contentment in feeding her mistress on top of the sexual heat within her.

Katrina did not feed as deeply as the other had, and drew back with a smile as Samantha stumbled.

"Very tasty," she said. "Come to me."

Samantha crawled into her arms and lay across her body like a small child, laying her head against her shoulder. Katrina caressed her hair and breasts lightly

"I will claim you," she said. "You are mine now. I have a number of tasks for you, none of which should be unduly difficult even for a girl with your simple mind."

"Yes, mistress," Sam moaned, her heart fluttering as the woman slid two fingers into her pussy and

began to stroke her thumb along her clitoris.

She began to writhe and twist in the woman's lap as Katrina teased her upwards into more and more all consuming sexual desire. She fell back across the left arm of the chair, gasping and twisting, her arms hanging down, fingers twisting and jerking on the carpet as she felt the woman's teeth biting into the soft flesh of her breasts.

She saw Geoffrey standing across the room holding a tray, waiting calmly. And then two long fingers thrust into her sex and she screamed as she came, arching her back again and again, her head thrashing and twisting as the pleasure shook her like a rag doll.

## Five

She did not seem to feel the cold as she had. Yet she clutched her leather jacket against her as she moved along the pavement.

She still wore the gold bands around her throat and wrists. Geoffrey said she would wear them for life. They not only marked her as Katrina's possession but would aid her in sensing Samantha's thoughts from a distance and also shield her mind from the thoughts of the one who made her so he could neither seek out nor control her. Katrina would "deal with" him, he said, and it was not for her to ask what that meant.

She was gaining more control over her ability to sense the emotions and feelings of others now. Geoffrey had helped immensely, for Katrina had ordered that he work with her and that she not leave her home until she had more ability to screen out the stray thoughts of others than she had shown the other evening.

Vampires did not like to draw attention, not to themselves and not to those associated in any way with them or their world. And welfs were expected to be as discrete as vampires themselves. She felt soft fuzz along the surface of her mind, like a hiss of static on a television or radio turned low. Beyond that she could sense the interest of males she passed, but only lightly and was well able to control her own sexual appetite.

She wore a very short skirt. Trousers were simply out for her now, as was anything which pressed too firmly on her puss. She had had her first session with a hair removal specialist already, another welf, ironically. Though she could see how that would be something in demand among those like herself. She'd have to get a haircut soon, as well. She estimated the hair on her head was growing at about an inch a day now and was already well past her shoulders - the length she usually kept it. She'd had her legs and pussy shaved - which had been somewhat embarrassing as the welf doing it had been quite clinical and professional and Sam had climaxed anyway. And she'd had the first long session of laser work done to keep it from growing back. The laser burned rather hotter than normal, for as with everything else if it

could heal it would, and quickly. So the hair follicles had to be utterly destroyed.

Geoffrey had also taught her somewhat about the odd, hidden world she was now a part of. There were, apparently, several hundred vampires in London, all in their separate territories, for the most part, although it seemed many young ones were controlled by older, more powerful vampires. There were about a hundred welfs in the city, but only twelve were female, and of those only three others were "sexually enhanced" as Geoffrey put it, the way she was.

Apparently it only happened with females. There was at least one gay welf he knew of who had been used by a male vampire and managed to survive it, but there had been no observable effect to equal the change which had been made to females.

There were other things in the city besides vampires, he had said, other beasties, as he called them, but he had refused to elaborate. He had also declined to speak about the pentagram on the floor during his first "session" with her, or to discuss whether magic existed, or how it worked.

"Hi, Rhonda," she said, greeting the day girl as she entered Tease.

"Hi Sam, Nice to see you again. You feeling better?"

"Ever so much so. Thanks."

Katrina had "spoken" with Mrs. Jennings, who had fired her a second time when she had missed two more nights, and abruptly hired her again. Though no doubt she'd had no idea why Katrina wanted her to continue to work at Tease.

For she now had two jobs. One was to sell lingerie. The other was to watch for girls who were particularly beautiful and had a particular mental outlook on life.

Rhonda finished quickly, off home for dinner, and after setting herself in with the cash and calling Mrs. Jennings to confirm her presence Samantha took out the stylish colour print Katrina had provided her with and placed it behind one of the clear plastic advert displays they had in the back.

It was allegedly an ad for a well-known brand of lingerie but with a twist Mrs. Jennings would never have accepted. It featured a beautiful young blonde girl wearing only a pair of tiny panties. Her wrists were shackled, and drawn up to her chin as if begging - discretely hiding her obviously bare breasts. A long chain hung from her shackles and she was looking sorrowfully into the camera.

The manufacturers name was to one side, along with the brand name - Submission.

A week ago she would have found the picture quite beautiful and even a little erotic. Now she found it simply scrumptious and felt a little thrill between her legs as she looked at the girl. She placed the advert right on the end of the sales counter so that everyone who came to pay for something would see it, and she, of course, would sense their reaction.

There was more to it than that, of course, for a sexual interest in bondage was not the entirety of what they were seeking. But it was the foundation, and if she noted a strong response Samantha could then speak to the girl and try to draw out more from her.

Katrina had not said why she wanted to know about such girls, and Samantha was slightly wary about it, but her outlook had changed so abruptly over the past few days that even if she wanted to leash

and enslave them it was hard to feel particularly outraged. She didn't think that was the case, however. If that were all she wanted Katrina could simply have taken any girl off the street.

She was rather looking forward to a quiet night in hopes of sifting through all that had happened to her over the previous week and trying to understand it all. Like most, she had always dismissed vampires as a Hollywood legend and never given any thought to the supernatural. And she had always taken her own complete freedom for granted, especially the freedom to think freely and do with her body as she and only she desired.

Or rather, chose, she thought bleakly. For since she no longer controlled her desires -.She was quite certain, in an intellectual fashion, that the love and awe she felt whenever she thought about Katrina had been somehow emplaced within her by some means. Yet even knowing it did not lessen its effect. She did love Katrina desperately, to the point of worship and her pussy throbbed with hunger anytime she thought of her. She was resentful of her for forcing such thoughts upon her, but the resentment was a small thing next to her burning love. She could forgive Katrina anything - literally.

Even as she ran through what they had done to her, even as she felt her anger, her outrage, her indignation bubbling up at the indignities and pain they had inflicted upon her, even as she tried to imagine how she might regain control of her body and life her love for Katrina bubbled up to distract her and soften her resolve to somehow fight back.

For the first hour there were few customers other than adolescent schoolgirls giggling over the scantier thongs and see-through teddies. Tease wasn't in one of the big urban malls but in the lobby of a pricy office tower, with only a dozen other shops around, most of which closed when the office workers went home at night. Most of its clients were professional women who worked in the building or one of the others crowded around it.

Many of them worked long hours, and Mrs. Jennings had long figured out that after working a ten or twelve hour day in a utilitarian business outfit more than a few women - especially younger women - liked to be reminded of their sexuality. One of the most interesting things about the shop for Sam was the regular view of women dressed so businesslike they were almost androgynous, hair pulled back tightly, wide shouldered, mannish blazers and long trousers, gazing into the shop in the evening and then almost furtively browsing quickly through the more scandalous lingerie in the back, as if it were something they oughtn't to be doing. She liked to think of those women going to their next meeting with a sexy little G-string and see-through bra beneath her power suit.

Around seven she began to get a steady flow of the professional women dropping by after work. She was able to lower her screens somewhat now, but not all the way. She was a little dismayed - and flattered - at just how many women found her arousing and desirable.

With her greater familiarity and control of her abilities she was able to narrow the focus of their thoughts a little better, as well. Quite a few were enchanted by her hair, jealous, and wanted to slide their fingers through it. A few really liked her legs. And the rest was general lust, no doubt inspired, at least in part, to the chemical effect she now had on people, the pheromones Eric had spoken of. She did not try to influence any of them, at first, but simply scanned them lightly as they looked at the phoney advert.

A lot paid it little attention. A few feminists were offended. Some thought it quite stylish and pretty. And a few were aroused by it, though not strongly.

She focussed more strongly on those who were aroused by the advert. Two saw themselves in the shackles. Two saw themselves as being the one to whom the girl in the shackles looked. Three saw

Samantha in the shackles.

A couple of hours into her shift she pulled out the book she'd gotten from the library. It was on witchcraft and demonology, a thick and colourful take on legends which treated the entire business far too much like a supermarket tabloid for her to put much confidence in it. She would have to find one of the local shops where people who fancied themselves witches shopped for supplies. No doubt they'd have something better and more reliable.

Business trailed off after eight and would, she knew, pickup only around ten, just before closing. With little better to do she continued leafing through the book and paid minimal attention to new customers until they actually wanted her for something. Her screening had also dropped off; so that when she felt a sudden raw hunger she blinked in surprise, and jerked her eyes up and around. The girl dropped her eyes to a table of panties but Sam could still feel her interest. She was about her own age, with what looked like dyed black hair slashed off just below the ears, one of the Goth types. She was quite pretty, even with the overdone makeup and black lipstick the Goths seemed to prefer. She wore a long black jacket (naturally) over a black skirt with a chain through the loops, long black hose and bulky black boots.

Samantha went back to her book, but could feel her lust every time the girl looked at her. She raised her own screens a little to shield herself from being too heavily influenced, but then her boredom took hold and she wondered just how much she could influence the little Goth. After all, she was clearly not a regular, clearly not a professional woman, and so less dangerous to toy with. Should she make her lose her interest in redheads? Eric has said it was easiest to influence people to what was in their nature. Easier to sway a slut to sleeping with a man, say, than a dedicated nun. So for a first try, surely she should go with the way the girl already felt.

She raised her eyes and looked past the girl, but saw her clearly, and delicately tried to incite her hunger, to rouse her to more lust than she was already feeling. She could feel the girl's heart beginning to pound more quickly, her breaths coming faster.

She stepped out from behind the counter, continuing to pretend to ignore her as she walked past, showing off her long legs. She paused at a table nearby to rearrange the panties, bending forward a little at the hips.

It was difficult for she didn't really want the girl to do something, as Eric had explained it earlier. She could not project her own desires onto the Goth for they would have to be desire for herself. Or would they? She remembered the men in the bar. They had not been able to tell the difference between their own lust and something they picked up from her.

But that was an entirely different aspect of what she'd become. She knew she could turn on an entire room that way. This was something else and she wanted to use her mind and not her "perfume" to turn the girl on.

She looked at the girl again as she moved around the room. She had no doubt the girl would buy something black. It was pretty much all Goths wore other than the occasional blood red. She smiled. There was a lovely set of lingerie which had come in the other night, aimed at the mid teen market. It was a thong, the back shaped like a butterfly, and a matching half bra. They were quite cute, really. They came in a number of bright colours and she began to think of the pink and how sexy it would be to see someone wearing it. She pictured herself in the set, and then the Goth girl and let a little pulse of hunger and arousal fill her mind.

This was a challenge, she thought. It was surely not the kind of undies a girl Goth would want to wear. On the other hand, the girl was hot for her, and would definitely want to wear something which she thought Samantha would like.

"E-Excuse me?"

The girl's face seemed a little red, and she appeared nervous.

"Hi," Sam said with her friendliest smile.

"I ahm, I heard somewhere - I mean, that like, there was this uhm, this thong that were like a butterfly in back -."

She blushed even more.

"Where did you hear that?" Samantha asked, coming out from behind the counter again. "I-I'm not sure."

No doubt true.

"We do have some like that, as it happens."

She led the Goth to the counter in back where the sets were, resting a hand on her shoulder and feeling the girl's wild elation at the touch.

"These were made for younger girls but I just find the butterfly thong adorable," she said. "I mean, there's not much you can do with a tiny triangle of fabric in back of a thong and I think it's really creative. Would you like to try on a pair?"

She carefully did not flirt with the girl, or try to give her any visual look which would show an interest.

"I ahm, yes. Th-thanks," the Goth said.

Sam eased back and the girl snatched up a yellow pair.

"Let me show you to the change room."

She led the girl there and hung around outside. She could feel confusion and nervousness inside, along with a deep longing and lust, and a frustration at being unable to do anything about it. The girl wanted to throw herself on Samantha, or perhaps at her feet, but was too controlled for that. She might want to be a rebel with her Goth fashion but was still quite bound by societal conventions. "How does it look?" Sam asked outside the curtain.

"Okay," the girl stuttered.

Sam slipped the curtain back and the girl gasped, her pulse rate rocketing.

"May I see?" she asked.

"S-s-sure!"

The girl's face was beet red, and Sam felt the first sense of real satisfaction over her ability to influence someone. She felt powerful, in control of the girl, knowing, absolutely knowing without a doubt she could have the little bitch any time she wanted. And why shouldn't she? She could practically taste the girl's lust and heat. One touch and the slut would -

She blinked her eyes in confusion at the thoughts, wondering where they had come from.

"Very nice," she said.

The girl was almost trembling with lust, and despite having achieved her initial goal she felt the need for more, pouring more desire for herself into the girl as she had her turn and pose for her, showing her pale bottom and the little butterfly at the top of her buttocks.

"Come out into the light a bit," she urged.

The girl felt stricken at the thought of going out into the shop in just a thong and lacy half bra but at Sam's smile she jerked forward, pulse racing as she looked around. They were at the back of the shop, but the open front was not far off, and though it was far from crowded there was a few people passing back and forth.

All the racks and counters offered up some cover from casual eyes, but if someone stared into the back of the mall they'd certainly notice that the girl wore only underwear. The girl stood, trembling with fear, wide eyes fixed on the nearly empty mall beyond the shop, where the wretched Muzak drifted past the glass of the closed shops and over the plastic plants.

"Maybe another colour would be better. Let's see."

Sam put her hand on the Goth girl's arm and felt a ripple of sexual electricity flow into her. The girl jerked and stumbled forward.

"What's your name?" she asked casually.

The girl was almost speechless. "T-T-Tara," she stuttered.

"Now this purple set would go beautifully with your colouring," she said. "Why not just switch them off here?"

She could feel a sudden shocked terror at the idea of changing in the middle of an open shop, but the girl's sexual hunger was intense now, and the thought of doing it under Samantha's eyes was too much to resist. Her fingers trembled as she undid the bra and awkwardly removed it.

"You have lovely breasts," Sam said quite casually.

The girl started again. It felt quite bizarre to sense just how emotionally overwrought she was on the inside when the girl, aside from a few blushes, stutters and fumbles was doing her best to show not the slightest sexual interest in Sam on the outside.

Sam held up the purple thong and the girl slipped down the yellow one and took the purple. "Oh what a neatly trimmed little bush," she said.

She ran her hand down the girl's belly and slid her fingers over her pussy. Tara jerked violently, letting out a soft cry of alarm and shock.

"Sorry. Didn't mean to startle you."

"I-I mean - you -."

"Just a minute," Sam said, her voice curt. "You'll have to buy these."

The girl stared at her in confusion and she turned the thong inside out to show the moist mark on the crotch.

Shame filled the little Goth. She wanted to bolt, to drop through the floor.

"You're supposed to wear something underneath," Sam snapped.

"I-I- s-sorry," the girl stuttered.

"Well that's not good enough, now is it? We can't have slutty little girls coming in here and getting their pussy cream all over panties someone else will be wearing."

The girl's shame deepened even further, and Sam felt terribly sorry for her, yet did nothing to ease her embarrassment.

"Are you always dripping wet?" she asked with a sneer. "Are you a nympho or something?"  
"N-N-No!"

"Why are you so hot then, hmm? I see your nipples are pretty hard too. Are you hot for me?" she laughed, are you a little lesbian hot for my body?"

The girl was mortified, on the edge of bursting into tears, and Sam felt a confusion and a sense of guilt. Why was she humiliating the poor thing?

And then she realized that it wasn't so much her at all. For she felt the soft touch of Katrina in her mind and knew her mistress was seeing through her eyes, feeling with her senses and - toying with the girl.

The girl turned to bolt and without thought Sam's hands shot out lightning quick, her fingers seizing the Goth's long pink nipples, pinching them and pulling them up so as to force the girl to her toes.

"Not so fast, little slut. I think you need to be punished for violating the rules."

She stared into the girl's open mouthed, wide eyed, sweating face, then leaned in and kissed her full on the lips, her tongue thrusting into the girl's mouth as she twisted and pinched her nipples. The girl started to melt against her and she jerked back suddenly.

She yanked the girl back a few feet to where there was a chair and sat down, pulling her across her lap. The girl fought for only a second, and then shuddered as she found herself draped across Sam's lap and felt her hand moving over her upraised bottom.

Sam smacked her hand down hard, and the girl helped and jerked.

"We take our rules seriously here," she said sternly, smacking her hand down a second time and a third.

She began spanking the girl's bottom very strongly and the Goth writhed and twisted and moaned and cried out, but made no effort to free herself. Sam could feel her twisting emotions and dazed confusion. She couldn't believe what was happening to her, and was shocked, appalled and horribly embarrassed. At the same time she was intensely aroused and was desperately anxious to have Sam touch her between the legs.

Sam spanked her until her hand burned and the girl's bottom was bright red. She could feel the pain, humiliation, and confusion in her, but the hunger was much more intense.

Katrina, you're such a tease, she thought.

"Of course, dear," she heard in her head.

Sam's hand slid between the Goth girl's thighs and rubbed her dripping pussy. The girl cried out and shook violently, thrusting her pussy back against her fingers.

Sam pushed two fingers through her pussy lips and rubbed her thumb down across her clit and the girl came with a shriek that filled the shop, crying out again and again as the orgasm rolled over her.

Sam felt Katrina's presence, felt her smirking satisfaction. She dumped the girl on the floor, but it wasn't her. Katrina was in control of her body and Katrina - felt like playing.

She gripped the Goth girl's arm and yanked her to her feet. Tara stumbled and gasped as she jerked her through the racks of teddies, robes and nighties.

"W-wait! Stop! No!" she gasped as she staggered along behind Sam, dragged helplessly closer to the front of the store and then out into the mall.

It was a small mall, with polished reddish brown brick floors and walls. Each shop window was framed in oak with large, tasteful plants at every corner. Down to the left were the elevators leading upstairs. The two shops across from her were closed, as was the one on her right. The store on her left sold magazines, candy and cigarettes and was owned by an Arab man. He was still open and sitting behind the counter reading a newspaper.

The mall was much more dimly lit than the bright shop, but it was still more than clear enough for anyone passing to see the nude Goth. Of course, with Katrina fogging everyone's mind through Sam there was little if no chance of being seen. But Tara didn't know that.

She flung the nude girl further out into the mall, and she stumbled, wide eyed, staring frantically around her. Tara was holding her hands together behind her back and after a moment Sam realized that the girl thought they were tied together somehow. In reality she was simply holding her own hands. But the effect was the same.

"Nasty little slut," she purred.

She forced the girl onto her knees and held her there with a fist in her hair as she tugged up her short skirt.

Or rather, Katrina held her there as she tugged up her Sam's short skirt, using Sam's hands to do it.

Tara needed little encouragement to thrust her mouth up against Sam's pussy, but Katrina provided it anyway, tugging on her hair and thrusting Sam's hips forward to grind her sex into the girl's face. Tara began to lick wildly, moaning, eyes rolling, terrified of being caught but at the same time too intensely aroused to resist the heat now beginning to pour out of Samantha's body. For the feel of that wriggling pink tongue on her pussy was too much for her to resist in her new incarnation. It struck her - vaguely - that this was the first time a girl had licked her pussy, and that she really didn't have a thing for girls, but that really didn't seem to matter very much. As with the bar the other night her hunger fed the girl and the girl's hunger fed her until they were both moaning and gasping and panting for breath, heat swirling through them.

Tara kept her hands behind her back, sucking and slurping wildly until Sam came with a wild, undulating cry of ecstasy, her hips grinding and rutting furiously into the girl's licking, sucking mouth.

A man and woman walked by behind them, chatting, and saw nothing.

Sam staggered erect, gasping for breath. She watched her hands pull the panting girl to her feet and place her against the far wall, then lift her hands up and press her wrists together against her wall above her head. She could see, through Katrina's presence, that the girl's dazed mind now thought her wrists were bound together above her head there. She ran her hands slowly over Tara's body, and the girl rolled and bucked her hips desperately.

Then she turned, smoothing her skirt down, and went back into the shop.

Why, she asked, trying to throw a mental query at Katrina.

She felt dark, amused laughter in her head.

She was behind the counter, trying to catch her breath. The counter was in the middle of the shop, so there were a number of counters and shelves between her and the door, but Sam was quite tall and had a very good view of Tara still standing naked in the hall, staring in at her desperately, rolling and grinding her hips in need, head turning constantly from the side to side, waiting to be seen.

Even though Katrina's presence faded Sam could still sense Tara's feelings and emotions. She could actually feel the girl's heartbeat pounding, her pulse racing as the elevators opened and a man got out. The man walked up the mall and Sam could feel Tara's horror building as she waited to be spotted. She dropped her eyes as he grew closer, and stared at the floor by her feet as the man's footsteps echoed over the muzak.

Then he walked past, seeing nothing.

Tara raised her head slowly, bewildered yet sick with relief.

Sam tried to ignore her, feeling wretchedly guilty as the girl stood with her back against the wall, shifting her weight from foot to foot, arms stretched overhead, still under the impression she was bound in place.

Why was Katrina keeping the girl like that? For simple amusement? Sam herself hadn't sensed

anything in the girl beyond an immense lust for her. But that was true of most of the people who'd been in the bar the other night, so why - .

Movement in the mall drew her attention as Geoffrey showed up and walked up to the girl. Sam hurried out from behind the counter as he placed a collar around her throat, then turned her around, drew her arms back behind her, and placed metal shackles around them.

"What are you doing?" Sam exclaimed.

"Mistress says to deliver her to Richard, a friend of hers. She's just his type."

"Deliver? I mean, what is - ."

"Don't try and ask the mistress to justify what she does," he said coldly.

"But - but the girl - ."

Geoffrey twisted the girl's head back sharply, so Tara whimpered in pain and fear.

"She'll be one of the guests at Richard's never ending parties," he said in an irritated voice. "And when they're done with her in a day or a week or two she'll be sent home and forget everything that happened. She'll think she took some bad drugs. That's all."

"But - ."

Geoffrey attached a leash to Tara's collar and turned, leading her down the mall.

"But that's not right," she protested.

Geoffrey ignored her, and Tara scurried along behind him, whimpering, but otherwise silent. She turned back into the shop, biting her lip unhappily.

Was this what Katrina was going to use her for? To find pretty girls her vampire friends could use?

"No fucking way!" she growled.

She thought of the way the vampire in the train had mind raped her and felt her blood beginning to boil. What was different about what Katrina was doing to Tara? Tara might have been naturally aroused by her, for whatever reason. A lot of people had always found her quite - attractive. But that didn't mean the girl consented to being used by a bunch of arrogant bastards who had the power to allow them to play with people's minds.

She could still feel a distant connection with the girl, could feel her fear as well as a ravenous sexual hunger. She did not know what the girl was doing or what was being done her, but could feel her fear racing higher, could sense the anguish and terror and pain, and the helpless sex heat which bewildered and enthralled her.

She tried to ignore it and continue with her duties but each time fear or heat peaked within the distant girl she felt it at the back of her head. Finally, she tried to focus on it, to concentrate, trying to see what else she could see. She was able, after a time, to sense a direction, or at least, to think she did, but

could not pinpoint it.

And then she felt a sense of cool amusement, like a door opening in her mind, and knew that Katrina was there. Suddenly she stumbled, as her vision exploded. She was seeing the world through Tara's eyes, and her horror and heat were overwhelming.

A shadowy room in which a half dozen men lounged at their ease on comfortable chairs and sofas. Men who had already used her repeatedly and violently, had already hurt her, mocked and jeered her, men she had very quickly come to fear and despise. Yet she barely noticed them. She was on her hands and knees, a chain around her throat bound to a ring set in the floor. And she was being mounted, being raped, being ridden by a thing out of any woman's worst nightmares.

It was about five or six feet long, and a cross between a cockroach and a slimy octopus. It was insect-like with its chitinous head and swollen abdomen, but in place of arms it had octopus like tentacles which writhed around her, holding it tightly to her back as it lay upon her. It also had a massive male organ which was thrusting violently into her belly as the men lounged back and laughed in amusement at her terror, pain, revulsion and helpless, feverish heat.

For she was being held on the edge of orgasm, her body trembling and shaking with a nearly delirious hunger and pleasure as the thing thrust into her. The vampires had already shown her that when it reached orgasm it would spew out a thick creamy mass of tiny eggs, like white creamed corn, pouring it into her belly so they could nestle there and hatch and consume her. Terror and horror were too mild to describe her thoughts.

Yet her body hungered so deeply, so desperately, that she did not focus on anything but her pleasure. The thing was covered in slime, slime which was dripping down her arms and legs and forming a pool beneath her. She was disgusted and nauseated, but her body rutted back against its thrusting member with a desperate obsession to take it deeper still, despite the pain within her. She was exhausted, drained, battered and bruised, but could not hold herself still, must rut back like an animal as the thing rode her. Its tentacles were curled around her belly and thighs and upper arms. The thing did have two thin, insect-like legs in front and those were curled over her shoulder and around her throat. Two more narrow tentacles were wrapped around her breasts and tiny, tongue like suckers were fixed to her nipples - which burned and throbbed in agonized pleasure. Another sucker like tentacles was pressed against her clitoris, which was swollen to the point of agony, every minute touch making her scream. The thing had been bred to use human females and would cause her body to climax as it did, so her vaginal contractions and spasms would suck its eggs into her deepest depths.

Her mind was a shattered mass of fragmented thoughts and emotions: desperate, horrified, revolted, hungry, aroused, panicky, enraged, miserable, excited. It was a whirlwind which sucked Sam in and made her want to shriek in horror.

She tore free, and fell back against the counter, losing her balance and tumbling to her knees on the floor, where she held her head and fought to keep from vomiting as Katrina's laughter echoed in her head. And then, despite her wishes, she was drawn back into the shadowy room, where Katrina showed her that the thing riding the little Goth was in fact, merely a product of the playfully cruel minds of the vampires surrounding her. In reality only another vampire was thrusting into her, not a monstrous creature.

She was dropped back into her own body, into her own mind, to lay gasping for breath on the floor, her body wet with sweat. She reached out and grasped the counter, pulling herself up slowly, trying to make her shaky legs work. She turned and leaped back with a scream as she saw one of the creatures

from Tara's waking nightmare crawling slowly towards her.

She stared at it in terror, again feeling Katrina's amusement. Then the thing was gone, with an unspoken warning from Katrina that her punishment, should she disappoint her mistress in any way, would be only begin with the creature.

## Six

The first two magic shops she went to were little more than clichés, places where teenage girls went to find love spells and get their tea leaves read, where the desperate found potions for acne removal and cancer cures. There were little plastic packets of herbs which were alleged to have been picked under the full moon and charms meant to bring success and happiness.

Geoffrey had not been willing to talk much about magic, or what powers the vampires had. He had grudgingly said that she would "feel" it when it was present and see it, after a fashion. She had certainly felt something around Katrina, a sense of restrained power, power. She felt nothing in the shops, and nothing for their charms, potions and herbs.

The third store was slightly different. For near the cash register there were several small wooden boxes filled with small charms. The charms were little bags of herbs, and they glowed very lightly to her eyes. There was also a soft shimmering feel to them when she laid her hands on them, an almost electrical tingling, though not as sharp. She did not think they were very powerful, but they were the first sign of real magic she had seen.

The woman behind the counter had not wanted to tell her where they had come from, but under Sam's need, focussing desperately on her mind, she reluctantly gave her the phone number and address of the witch who produced them.

Her name was Gloria, and that was really all they knew. The girl did not seem to place any higher degree of faith or importance in her charms than she did on any of the other ineffective things her shop sold, which told Sam she really didn't have any knowledge about magic.

She walked the six blocks to the old Victorian home Gloria lived. It had long been divided into separate flats, and Gloria's was up a flight of outside stairs leading to a narrow green door. Sam knocked hesitantly, not sure what she was going to ask when and if the woman appeared.

The door opened and a middle aged woman nearly as tall as she answered it. Her curious, welcoming smile faded almost at once as she looked at Sam, and became a suspicious frown.

"Yes?" she asked, looking warily around.

"I uhm, my name is Samantha," Sam said hesitantly. "I was hoping you might know something - might be able to suggest where I could get information on - on magic."

The woman's eyes narrowed.

"Why?" she asked.

Something about the woman's wariness caused Sam to look around anxiously as well, though really, it wasn't something physical she needed to worry about avoiding. As if thinking the same thought the woman drew back and motioned her through the door. Sam felt a kind of tingling, as if she'd walked through a curtain, and turned to look at the doorway as it closed. There were small leather bags fixed to the corners of the door jamb.

"A warding," the woman said suspiciously.

Sam bit her lip lightly and nodded, as if such a thing were only natural.

"You're a welf, aren't you?"

Sam stared at her in shock, then looked down at herself as if to see what about her clothes had revealed that bit of unlikely information.

"I can see it in your aura," Gloria said. "You have that kind of liquid grey tinge that I see around the vampires, but not nearly enough to be one of them."

"I - yes," Sam said anxiously.

Gloria walked down the hall, motioning her to follow, and then into another room, this one with stronger wards, wards which made Sam gasp and clutch her stomach as she passed through them. The door was closed and Gloria swept her arm across it as if clearing a cobweb from the air, then turned to confront her.

"What do you want?"

"I want to know about magic, about... about what the vampires can do, and - ."

"How to stop them? Gloria asked darkly.

Sam drew in a sharp breath, fearing such a thought would get back to Katrina.

Gloria made a face. "Even were it awake your master wouldn't be able to sense anything through these wards," she said. "Even with those on you."

She nodded at the gold bands on Sam's throat and wrists.

"These?" Sam held her wrists up in confusion.

"From what I can see on the runes those will enhance your master's ability to communicate with you, which is much the same as saying they're supernatural eavesdropping devices to let him see what you're doing."

"Won't he - she know something is wrong then?" Sam asked anxiously.

"Not unless she tries to contact you. Vampires can't see what you do all the time. Imagine walking around and trying to function with someone else's thoughts and words and what they're seeing in your head all the time. It's impossible. What vampires usually monitor in a welf are things which are almost unconscious, emotions, for example. If you were to suddenly feel a great emotion, fear, say, that would draw her attention and she would then concentrate on you and find out what was happening."

Or lust, Samantha thought silently.

"You haven't been a welf for long, have you?"

She shook her head.

"And you didn't volunteer for it?"

"No!" she exclaimed, drawing back in shock.

"Don't take offence. Almost all welfs do."

Sam stared at her in amazement.

"Those with power will always find those without who want to be in their glow. And being a welf is no small thing. The vamps can reward their servants by stroking their pleasure centre in a way which, I'm told, makes the most powerful drugs seem like aspirin. Imagine how addictive that could be," she said with a cynical smile. "It also makes you stronger, faster, helps you heal most injuries quickly and brings a longer lifespan."

"It does?" she exclaimed again.

Now it was Gloria who stared at her.

"You really don't know anything, do you?"

"I only know that since one of them chose to... to play with me last week my life has turned upside down. And I'm now - the property - of a woman who says she's a thousand years old and can make me think and feel almost anything she cares to. Including love for her."

A trace of sympathy appeared on Gloria's face. "I see. And you hope to learn enough magic to counteract that? You've small chance, I'm afraid. Your mind is an open book to your mistress, if she cares to read it. And that love you speak of is no less real for all that it's been manufactured."

"I know," Gloria said bleakly. "But I want to know whatever I can."

The woman motioned to a chair and pushed some books out of another to sit down.

"There isn't a lot I can tell you. I can give you a book which says what we know of the vamps and their abilities, but much of it is heresy. Only they really know, and their welfs, to a degree. It's nothing like the idiot TV shows and movies you see now, where ordinary mortals fight with them and kill them with a stick thrust into their chests. They're so incredibly fast and powerful that no mere mortal could hope to fight one even for an instant."

"If a vampire let me hit it between the eyes with a club, as hard as I could, it might cause it a tiny bit of pain, but only for a moment. They're that strong, that hard to hurt. And it would have to let me because they are so fast they can almost move faster than the human eye can follow. No ten or twenty men could kill a vampire while it's awake. It would slice them into so much mince pie with its claws before they could move."

"But what about their magic?"

Gloria shrugged. "It's internal, for the most part. That is, they are natural creatures of magic and need only discover how it's used. And, of course, they have a considerable amount of time to devote to that discovery."

"Can you... hurt one with magic?"

"My dear, you can hurt anything with magic, provided you have enough of it and it's strong enough. Creatures of magic are even more affected by it than mortals, though they can sense it more easily and combat it."

"Could I learn it?" she asked hopefully.

"Yes," Gloria said with a certainty which surprised Sam. "You have it within you now. That is probably what drew them to you. And a welf, of course, is given power simply by being what it - she is. Magical power is influenced to no small degree by the strength and spirit of the person who wields it. And welfs are much stronger and more resilient than ordinary mortals."

"Do you have a uhm, a book or - ."

Gloria made a face. "Were it only that easy. Yes, I have some books which would provide you an introduction to power, and its uses. But to wield it properly against creatures of power requires much more knowledge than I possess. There are some books on deeper spells, but who knows where they are? Certainly they're not available in book shops, these so-called magic stores, or from hearth witches like me. Only the most powerful own spell books of any real depth, and they aren't about to copy them and hand them around for the rest of us to admire."

She showed Samantha some of the books she had gathered, many of them hand written or photocopied from other hand written books. One especially intrigued her, for it was a translation of what was known of the kinds of runes engraved into the bands around her neck, wrists and ankles. And she had seen books with similar odd runes at Katrina's place.

She returned to her flat and began to go through the books with a desperate sense of need, skimming, for the most part, except in the book of runes, where she sought to memorize every word and rune on every page she turned. In that way, Gloria had helped her, for while she had no great power or ability herself she did own some knowledge and power, and gave her a small charm which she made for students, a charm which would aid her memory and sharpen her thoughts as she read. She could only read during the day, when Katrina slept. Even then she must also take at least an hour or two - she needed no more now - to sleep. And for the first few days she also had to spend a couple of hours at the laser salon owned by the welf who was burning away the hair follicles in her legs and groin.

As the day approached dark she knew she had to go to Katrina's, for if she did not she would feel a desperate need when Katrina woke, and her race to her mistress' house would be a frantic and almost

feverish one which would sap her strength and turn her mind to mush.

Besides, it was the best time to greet Katrina if she did not want to give anything away. The vampire would waken hungry and slightly confused, and in feeding from her would grow relaxed and comfortable even as her mind turned Katrina into a whimpering, love struck, awed slave incapable of thinking of any kind of resistance.

And so that night she stood by Katrina's bed (Vampires did not, despite the legends, usually sleep in coffins where locked doors were available) and waited her pleasure. She was tense and nervous and tried to steel and calm her mind. The woman looked so sweet and helpless as she lay on her bed clad in only a black silk robe. Samantha felt her emotions twisting and churning. She felt a sense of love and devotion filling her, yet a stubborn part of her fought it, clawing and screaming in fury. She had no reason to love this woman, and many to despise her.

She imagined her hands closing around the sleeping vampire's throat and was horrified by the thought, as a mother would at imagining strangling her children.

And then Katrina's eyes opened and Samantha swallowed a scream. The woman looked up at her, then sat up and swung her legs out of the bed. Samantha gave her a tremulous smile, legs shaking a bit.

"Come here."

Katrina's voice was low and dusky, and beyond compelling. Samantha's feet began to move before she had finished speaking.

She was wearing a short leather skirt and white satin blouse. Katrina looked at her and then reached out a hand, sliding it slowly up her leg beneath the skirt. Her eyes seemed slightly dazed as she stared at Samantha's skirt, then her fingers closed her on shaven sex and began to rub almost idly along the neat, tight slit.

Samantha moaned softly, unable to repress the pleasure flooding her body at her mistress' touch. Without thought, without will, her hands peeled her blouse up and over her head, tossing it behind her, removed her bra, and then undid her skirt and let it drop. Her mind wakened only slightly as the skirt slid to the floor, with a wash of embarrassment and frustration spilling over her as she stepped out of them and exposed herself to the woman.

She did - not - love - Katrina. She - did - not!

She struggled desperately to hold that thought as Katrina's hands caressed her inner thighs and her feet shifted apart on the floor. She had never been aroused by women. Not ever. She was not aroused by any woman!

She shuddered as Katrina's mouth closed on her mons, her lips sucking softly, then more hungrily on her soft, sensitive flesh.

Sam arched her back in pleasure as she felt the vampire's open mouth surround her soft, hairless groin and bite down. Katrina's teeth drove into her flesh and she felt a sense of awe, love, and stomach churning sexual hunger overwhelm the stinging pain as the woman began to feed. Eric had lied to her, or at least, not told the entire truth when he had spoken about what fed vampires. It was true that younger vampires did not need that much blood, but it even to them it was more than a mere "taste" to

the power and energy the vampires fed on. It was absolutely necessary. And to older vampires like Katrina, blood was even more important, and was required in greater quantities.

She swayed on her feet, gulping in air in small, shaky breaths, heart pounding, blood racing, then slowing as Katrina's teeth sank into her artery and she began to suck. Her body felt warm, then cold, and she felt herself being drained away. She stared at the woman sitting before her, the woman's mouth tight against her sex, and again tried to fight the sense of adoration which gripped her.

She - did - not - love - Katrina.

As the blood sated the vampire's hunger she looked up the length of Samantha's swaying body and her eyes narrowed in sadistic amusement. She let her tongue slide up and down the girl's soft, moist slit, driving her insane with hunger, and let her hands glide up the girl's body to squeeze and fondle her full breasts. Yet she did not let her come.

Samantha could not control herself. She sobbed weakly as flooding waves of sexual pleasure rolled across her mind and body. Each one seemed to drive the small, desperate, independent part of her mind deeper, to muffle and drown it in a wall of sensory bliss, until all she could feel was the pleasure gripping her body and the adoration she felt for the woman who sat before her feeding.

Katrina took the equivalent of a pint of blood from the artery in her groin before withdrawing. Sam's rubbery legs gave way on their own, dropping her to her knees and Katrina spread her legs so that she could sate another of the vampire's needs.

Samantha stared dazedly at the woman's sex, and a flicker of anger and repugnance were quickly swept away by love and lust. She half fell forward, diving forward between the vampire's thighs and licking hungrily at her mistress's pussy. Again she felt Katrina's mind on hers, melding with hers, showing her where and how, the precise degree of pressure and speed to use on her clitoris, and where to put her fingers, communicating with her, mind to mind, so that Samantha could feel what Katrina felt with each touch and lick.

She felt a strange sense of shifting in her mind, as if someone were sliding through the pages of her brain, and then suddenly, the haze around her mind seemed to clear and she felt - almost - herself. She stared at the moist pussy in front of her and felt a sense of shock and disgust as she tried to pull back.

"Lick, little pretty," Katrina said in a soft, guttural voice.

Samantha resisted, still trying to draw back. The woman chuckled throatily, her fingers combing through Samantha's hair. She felt herself inching forward and then, filled with disgust, saw her tongue slide out and drive between the woman's pussy lips, tasting her soft, moist interior as her musky scent filled her nose.

She felt nausea grip her, and hatred and fear, but her mind was trapped in a body which would not obey her, and despite her disgust for what she was doing she felt the tremendous heat of lust gripping her body as her tongue slid upwards and began to lick at Katrina's clitoris.

"Poor little girl," Katrina said in a dusky whisper.

And Samantha realized she had deliberately freed her mind, done so out of the sadistic desire to show her how helpless she was. If you liked demonstrating your dominance, she thought furiously, you didn't want their mind asleep, or worse, enjoying it while you forced their submission. You wanted them

to feel how small and weak and inferior they were, wanted them to feel fear and hopelessness.

And she felt them now, felt them screaming through her, as she tried to pull back with every fibre of her being - and couldn't. Her tongue lapped against the woman's sex, completely out of her control. Her fingers stroked and caressed, and she could not stop them. She - could - not!

Her mind twisted and screamed. She felt as if she were pounding her fists against an airtight wall which enveloped her. Yet her body paid absolutely no attention to her mind.

"You are mine, little slut," Katrina said with a sneer.

She reached down and gripped the back of Samantha's head, jamming her face into her moist sex, then reached below her to fondle and roughly squeeze one of her breasts.

She caught a swollen nipple between two powerful, needle like nails and began to pinch and twist it. Sharp pain stabbed into Samantha as she knelt licking, and she cried out, sobbing, moaning, trembling. Yet she could not stop licking at the woman's sex, could not prevent her lips from sliding up to suckle and kiss her clit, could not throw off the heat gripping her body.

Katrina climaxed with a groan, and gripped the back of Samantha's head with both hands and throwing her legs up and around her, jamming her face into her warm sex as she rocked and shook and bucked her hips up against her. When she relaxed her grip Samantha continued to lick, her face wet with the woman's juices, her tongue circling her puffy labia as Katrina began to calm. Then teasing the edges of her clitoris to rouse her once more.

Her shame, anger and dislike faded under a steaming cloud of sexual heat, then disappeared altogether, until all she felt were a sense of reverent love and respect for the vampire as she drove her upwards towards another climax.

She climaxed again, but held Samantha on the edge. The redhead could feel no resentment within her, but only awe and admiration and love, as, crawling on all fours, she followed Katrina out of her locked chamber and down the corridor to the front rooms.

But Katrina had no interest in her after using her to satisfy her hungers. Samantha was almost like a pet thereafter, though a pet owned by a sadist. Katrina had things to do and places to go. She had no real need of Samantha, so after a short time she was permitted to dress and leave for her job, there to continue searching out likely young women for her mistress.

Sam spent the evening working, as usual, trying to keep extra busy to keep her mind from floating on things which would be dangerous should Katrina "drop by". One of the ways to do that was to practice influencing the minds of people who came in. Trying to avoid sex, she simply tried to persuade them to purchase this or that colour or style of lingerie or robe, and found that it often worked.

After closing the shop she walked through the dark streets to the tube station to return to her mistress and wait her return. She walked slowly, a part of her dreading the return, and what the woman or Geoffrey might do to her, might force her to do to herself. There were two half drunken men drinking from a pint at the entrance, and both greeted her with delight, staring at her long legs and crowding around.

"Hey there, baby. How's about coming home with me?"

"Cor, you got a beautiful, fuckin' body."

"What you wearin' under that little skirt, girly?"

One squeezed her bottom and the other slyly reached around to squeeze her breast. She cursed and hurled one backwards, both of them surprised as he flew back to slam heavily against a nearby post box, then tumble to the pavement. The other reached for her, only starting to look angry, but she twisted like a cat and punched him, the blow faster than he could see, hurling him back against the wall.

Much stronger. Much faster.

She had called Master Tanko to postpone her test for her second dan. She had done no practising and was not yet entirely sure of what her body was capable of, how it would respond. She would have to find somewhere she could practice, a dojo which did not know her and would not wonder at her increased speed.

She looked down at the two, almost wanting them to get up and try her again, but they stayed down, dazed and bleeding, and she strode past them and down the stairs to the tube. Even before the vamps had changed her she could have handled a pair of drunken louts like that. She might have been shocked and terrified, but she was sure her training would have enabled her to slip past them, perhaps with less violence than she'd just displayed but - .

But more than her body had changed. With her mind she could sense just how powerful, just how dark and cruel Katrina could be. After spending time in her company, yes, and Geoffrey and Eric, how could she fear or even be shocked at a couple of fools like that? Should she fear being raped by them, after what had already happened to her, after what Geoffrey did to her? She made a face as she moved through the turnstiles and out onto the platform.

She wondered how good she would be now, how much her increased speed and strength would add to her abilities in the martial arts. She still had much to learn, of course, and even with increased speed and strength she knew little compared to someone like Master Tanko. But learning would come with time, and if she were as fast as she felt - .

She had never thought of herself as dangerous before. Even when she'd earned her black belt she had felt that her knowledge would be little more than a desperate last ditch thing, when running failed. The idea of physically hurting a man, even to protect herself, was quite foreign. But it bothered her much less now, after the tube, after Geoffrey.

Bastard. The bastard had whipped her. What century was the miserable son of a bitch from? And would she be able to do to him what she'd done to the drunks? He was big and strong, but she had reach and speed, and with her martial arts training - but the thought was scary. Who knew what he was capable of when angered. He was bad enough in a good mood.

She returned to Katrina's home and waited her return. Geoffrey was present that night, and had plans for her in his mistress' absence. Even if she could have resisted him she would not have dared, as Katrina had instructed her that she must obey Geoffrey as she would her.

And Geoffrey was far from done in teaching her body to take pleasure from sexual pain.

He began by placing a thicker leather collar around her throat, then binding her wrists in shackles

and forcing them up high behind her back, so her trembling fingers were brushing the collar they were attached to. He then used a pair of thick leather strap to pull her arms back together behind her until her elbows were jammed together.

She was forced to kneel straddling a thick metal post which protruded from the floor, and take it up into her pussy. It was thicker even than the things he had used on her the previous day, although quite a bit easier on her velvety flesh than the studded cocks he had raped her with then. Still, it hurt quite a bit as she slowly forced her pussy down onto it and took it into her sex. A pair of straps around her legs just behind the knees were pulled wider and wider, forcing her legs out to either side and dropping her even lower on the post. As she descended he rubbed at her clitoris, keeping her in a state of feverish sexual need even as the pain rose to unbearable levels and her tormented screams echoed through the small, stone room. With her legs spread wide and the metal post deep inside her agonized sex her ankles were wrenched upwards and a thin chain tightly affixed to her big toes, then lifted high and attached to rings overhead.

It was almost impossible for her to remain balanced on just the tips of her knees, and took only seconds for the feel of her knees grinding into the stone to make her moan in pain. Her body swayed back and forward, and from side to side, and each time it did she felt her soft insides pushing against the thick metal post, which ground savagely into her belly to hold her upright.

"Starting to feel better?" he asked in amusement, as her desperate gasping breaths began to ease somewhat.

He held what was almost a fish hook in his hand, and he squeezed her right breast. "Do you know that many young girls today have their nipples pierced?" he asked in a slow, toneless voice as he thrust the sharp end of the hook against her protruding nipple.

The pain dug into her as sharply as the hook dug into her nipple, and she cried out, clenching her teeth as Geoffrey twisted it from side to side, pushing it through the thin pink button and out the other side.

"Welfs can't do that, unfortunately," he said. "Within minutes of the ring or stud being removed the hole would have closed up again."

There was a thin line attached to the hook, and as it fully penetrated her nipple he slipped his fingers down from the hook to the line and pulled it outward then up, shifting back on his heels, maintaining the pressure as he stretched her nipple and areola out. He raised it to a ring on the wall before her and then pulled harder, forcing her rounded breast up and out more before tying it off. He returned to squat before her again, holding a similar hook, and Samantha, gasping and moaning, pain sweat dripping down her forehead, knew it would be pointless to beg him to stop. He smiled as if waiting, gently rolling her nipple between thumb and forefinger, making it throb and tingle and crackle with sexual electricity and heat, and then drove the sharp end of the hook into it, watching her eyes as he forced it slowly through the flesh.

As with the first one he forced it through and out the other side, then pulled the line up and out to the same ring before her to tie off.

The agony as the hooks were driven through her nipples was almost exquisitely pleasurable. Yet it was still agony. And she fought to restrain sobs of pain as he ran his fingers along the taut lines and caressed her wounded nipples with the tips of his fingers.

He reached a hand down between her legs, stroking and caressing her swollen clitoris as she mewled in helpless pleasure, and leaned forward to lick at her straining nipples to bathe her mind in the fire of raw, animal lust.

Despite the agony in her nipples, her knees and her shoulders and arms the gnawing hunger of ferocious sexual need was consuming her from within, and twisting everything around its wild, uncontrollable desire. She shuddered as Geoffrey ran his hands lightly over her body, moaned when he licked at her nipples, and arched her back, heedless of the pain, as his fingers stroked against her clitoris.

He produced a third metal hook, and caught her clitoris between his thumb and forefinger, tugged on it, then thrust the sharp hook into it.

Samantha screamed and writhed as pain and pleasure rolled over her. She came explosively, yet the orgasm was filled with darkness and agony that twisted savagely through her mind and body even as sheerest ecstasy screamed through her body .

So dazed, so shell shocked was she that she hardly felt his fingers in her hair as he moved behind her, barely noticed as he wound it into a thick, heavy braid, and only moaned carelessly as he pulled her hair back, forcing her head up and back, and back - and back further, until she was staring up at the ceiling overhead. She felt something pressed against her rectum, felt it twisting from side to side and then slowly pushed up inside her and lodged there, like a hook, over her tail bone. Her hair was attached to it. She sensed that almost at once, and moaned as this damaged her balance even further.

She moaned and then choked as he thrust something down into her open mouth. It was a candle, a thick one, so thick that despite opening her mouth as wide as possible her teeth shaved wax off the edges as he forced the base of the candle down into her mouth, almost gagging her as it stopped at the entrance to her throat.

Another hook was forced through the middle part of her nose, just between her nostrils, and a wire attached to it wrapped around the candle to hold it in place. Then Geoffrey lit the candle above her and, chuckling, moved away. She rolled her tear filled eyes, trying to see him as he bent low before her but with her head tilted back he was simply too low.

Then she felt his hands against her taut belly, stroking softly. They were slick, slippery, and moved across her skin like warm liquid silk. Despite the pain and discomfort stabbing into her from every direction her focus began to narrow to his soft hands sliding across the surface of her skin.

They moved up, lightly brushing along her flesh, then caressing the undersides of her straining breasts, slowly circling higher, his fingers widening to cup and stroke expertly. Wherever his hands went they left a trail of fire behind, as whatever his hands were coated with seeped into the open pores of her skin and burned.

His hands stroked upwards over her breasts, then forward until his fingers were gently stroking and caressing her aching nipples. Her body jerked as her nipples flared, and she groaned in pain as her insides twisted around the thick post impaling her, then cried out, the sound muffled by the candle, as wax spilled from the top of the candle and spattered against her cheeks.

His hands abandoned her breasts, sliding down her sides, fingering her ribs through her soft flesh, gliding down over her hips and along her buttocks, circling the ring of her anus where it gripped the hook binding her hair, then moving around to caress her thighs.

She felt his tongue at her groin and sobbed as the wildfire sex heat flared within her, her body trembling and shaking on its impaling post, her nipples tugging violently against the hooks piercing them.

His lips caught at her clitoris and began to suck in a gentle, rhythmic way that made her want to shriek at the sensory overload boiling through her nervous system. He eased back and then his slippery hands stroked over her groin, circling the edges of her taut flesh around the post, then rubbing almost casually across her clitoris.

She saw him as he rose to his feet above her, smiled and turned away. He snapped off the light and closed the door behind, leaving her shaking, sobbing and aching with pain and need. Above her, wax from the candle began to dribble down the sides, and she moaned and hissed as it met her lips.

An hour passed before he returned. An hour spent in torment, the floor below her knees cutting like razors, her back breaking, her shoulders numb and throbbing, and her body on fire within and without, the heat of her sexual need almost equalled by the heat of the slippery liquid he had massaged into her flesh.

His hands caressed her again, tortured her through a shaking, sobbing whirlwind of rising and falling sexual hunger, then, near its peak, abandoned her once again.

He returned every hour or so, as the thick candle slowly burned lower and wax covered her mouth and jaw and cheeks, returned to torture her with lust and a feverish, animal need without relief. In a sane part of her gibbering mind she thought he must surely be getting help from Katrina, to prevent her from reaching a climax. And indeed, she thought she felt the brush of Katrina's mind now and then, as if she were looking on in amusement.

Late in the morning he returned and tugged the hooks free of her nipples. Because her body had completely heeled the piercing - save for the space actually occupied by the hooks, removing them was even more painful than inserting them. Geoffrey chuckled at her cries, smiling at her wax covered face, the candle still burning several inches above her nose.

He once again began to rouse her body to now painful levels of sexual pleasure, and when she was trembling and shaking sufficient to his judgement, he began to whip her.

It was a light whipping - at first. The short, single tailed, braided leather whip snapped across her chest and breasts and belly with stinging force. But something was missing from within her, as if the check on her release had been removed, as if a tight wall around her had been breached, and the pleasure within screamed through her body as she felt the release roaring up within her.

The whip came down harder, harsher, slicing into her belly and breasts with cruel force, cutting into the soft flesh to leave welts, and cuts behind as her orgasm spiralled up to frightening heights and then burst.

Like a dam, the release started out as if in slow motion, massive, powerful, spilling over the edges of her mind and body and then picking up momentum and as it roared through her. She screamed again and again, writhing and twisting and bucking, her insides grinding and crushing against the thick post as her mind was tossed like a cork in a flood tide. The whip slashed down again and again, and every burning, cutting blow threw oil onto the fire consuming her from within.

## Seven

Slack jawed, eyes glazed, she felt Geoffrey's hand in her tangled hair, felt the pain as he dragged her along the floor. Her hands were no longer bound, and dragged along the floor at her sides, yet she could not bring herself to raise them, to ease the pull on her hair. She had not felt so completely drained since the tube train, when she had lain still as the passengers had casually used her naked body before the cruel eyes of her tormenter.

She could see the welts and cuts across her breasts and belly left by the whip, but did not care or even acknowledge them. Her mind was numbed, shell shocked, unthinking.

Geoffrey released her and she grunted as her head hit the floor with painful force. Then water began to pour down upon her, ferociously hot, hot enough to penetrate the fog of lassitude around her so that she almost moaned aloud. The water stopped and he bent over her, roughly soaping her up, clawing away bits of wax from her face. Then the water came again, burning, and then freezing so that her body chilled and her teeth chattered lightly.

He seized her soaking hair and dragged her from the room, leaving a wet trail behind, then picked her up entirely by the hair, sliding his hand beneath her groin only when her knees had been lifted from the floor, and heaved her into a large, wide bed. He was above her, then, thrusting into her with casual violence, biting and chewing at her mouth and throat and ears until he obtained his release.

And then he was gone and she slept.

Starvation woke her, a burning, empty, desperate hole in her belly demanding sustenance. She still ached, but the aches were nothing to the hunger consuming her. She staggered out of bed and stumbled to the door, then up the dark stone corridor and up a flight of steep wooden stairs. There was no sign of Geoffrey and she could feel - somehow - that it was daylight and the Mistress slept.

She tore open the refrigerator. There was food aplenty in sight and she stared dazedly at it for a long moment before snatching up a package of ham. She stuffed half the package into her mouth and chewed frantically before swallowing it almost whole. It hurt her throat going down, but pain was not a real consideration. She wolfed down the other half, then ate most of a package of cheese and a half a roast beef - cold.

With the edge taken off her desperate hunger she put a steak into the microwave and let it warm before consuming it, drank a quart of milk, and had several bananas and an orange. Then carried a glass of juice back down the stairs to the bedroom she had now twice wakened in. As on her last occasion, she saw that her body had made a miraculous recovery from its wounds. There were very faint pink lines across her breasts, but the holes in her nipples and clitoris were gone, as was most of the soreness within her bruised sex and her strained shoulders and back. Her knees were still a little red and sore, but that was a minor thing, seeping away even as she looked.

By the time she had finished washing and brushing her hair even the pink lines across her chest were gone. She did not see Geoffrey as she emerged, clothed, and moved back up the corridor. She hesitated at one of the side rooms, eyeing the books on a shelf within sight of the door, then, looking around warily, she slipped inside and ran her eyes across the ancient covers.

She could not read the writing.

Disappointed, she turned and fled before Geoffrey could appear and question her.

It was just past nine in the morning. She had slept over three hours, which was more than was her usual now. She hurried to keep her appointment with the hair removal salon, enduring another two hours of burning as the laser moved down her legs to complete the job there before returning home. She had wanted to get her hair cut, but Katrina had expressed a desire for it to stay long for a while yet. It was halfway down her back now and would soon be down to her bottom.

She spent the day looking through the texts Gloria had loaned her, learning much about vampires and what was known about their ability to cloud and influence minds, as well as the use of magic.

Magic was not something anyone could learn. It was either within you - rarely - or it simply wasn't. At least not in sufficient strength to accomplish anything. What the great majority of those who wielded magic knew and could accomplish was a bare minimum, partly due to their lack of power but also to the fact there was so much ignorance about what magic was and how to make use of it. There were no schools, after all, and the only really knowledgeable texts were written by the more capable witches and sorcerers centuries earlier, and either lost or hoarded by a very few. With very few exceptions true magic was lost to mortals and reduced to the stuff of myths and fantasies. And that fact made it even less likely for those with power to ever develop it, for its use required absolute belief, and who, aside from those who had felt it, would have that strong a believe in the twenty first century?

What she was able to find were bits and snippets of the writing she had seen on the books in Katrina's library. They were fragments of a badly burned book recovered from a fire a century earlier, and much of the book which included them was devoted to a discussion of what the book was alleged to have contained and the language it was written in. It was a language created by ancient witches and sorcerers to help hide their secrets.

To learn what was in the books at Katrina's she had to first learn the language they were written in. Not an easy task, especially as the pronunciation of spells was required to be precise. However, there was a shortcut. Witches and sorcerers were always searching for knowledge and new spells. There was a snippet, one line of a common spell said to be in one of the great texts, a spell to teach language.

If she could learn that spell she would be able to learn the others.

The phone rang mid-afternoon and she looked up from the text then lifted the receiver from its cradle.

"Hello?"

"Mistress has a job for you," Geoffrey said brusquely.

"Why didn't she tell me?"

"Are you questioning mistress? Or are you questioning my orders?"

She would not dare do the first, and doing the second was virtually the same as doing the first since Katrina had ordered her to obey Geoffrey.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Write down this address."

She fumbled for a pen and obediently write down the address.

"You'll be there at four. Sunset isn't until seven-fourteen. You have about two and a half hours before you'll have to leave and get here for when Mistress awakes."

"What am I supposed to do?" she asked in confusion.

"There is a mortal there who - helps Mistress from time to time," he said, his voice sounding amused. "She has gifted him with your body for the afternoon."

"What?!" she exclaimed.

"Your body belongs to mistress to use any way she wishes and give to anyone she chooses," Geoffrey said, his voice hardening. "You will obey or explain to mistress when she wakes why you chose to ignore her orders."

Samantha thought of the thing she had seen riding the Goth girl and shuddered.

"I'll do as she wishes," she said in a strangled voice.

"Of course you will," he said smugly. "One way or another."

The line went dead and she stared at it a moment before hanging it up. She felt mildly stunned. She was going to have to go a strange - house, she presumed, and there let a stranger make love to her. No, to fuck her, she supposed, as there would be no love involved. Katrina was loaning her, as if she were a used sweater or a whore.

Her stomach churned with anger and she paced back and forth, mind spinning as she tried to figure some way to avoid obeying Geoffrey's order. Could she leave the city? The country? How far could Katrina track her? That she could feel the Goth girl from some distance was no reassurance given how powerful Katrina was. She could probably find her anywhere.

There was no way out, no place to go and no one to turn to who would not laugh at her or have her locked up. She did not even dare show any sign of rebelliousness. If Katrina looked into her mind she would see what Samantha had been doing, and what she was planning. Her only hope of eventual escape was to keep Katrina content that she was a good little - slave, so she wouldn't bother to keep too close an eye on her.

She threw on her coat and bitterly slammed the door behind her as she headed for the address Geoffrey had given her. It was in St James, Geoffrey had said, off the mall, so shouldn't be hard to find.

She did not bother to dress up. If Katrina's friend wanted to fuck her he could fuck her as she was. No doubt he'd be interested in nothing more than getting her clothes off anyway. Perhaps she'd be

lucky and she'd be done with him in a half hour or so. Then she could get back to her studying and perhaps find some way, some day, to get away from the evil bitch.

She walked for several blocks after coming out of the station, a little nervous now. It wasn't as if she were any blushing virgin, but the thought of walking up to a complete stranger and offering him her body was more than a little daunting. Would he think she was a prostitute or something? Would he know what a welf was, that it wasn't her idea to be there, that she had no choice?

The people in the tube train hadn't even seen her. The ones in the bar had been crazed. But this would be a stone cold, sober man, a gentleman of some means, she expected, who would meet her at his door and, she supposed, believe she was a cheap tart. She was surprised she had enough pride left to care about that.

She had been expecting a salivating middle aged man in a smoking jacket eager to get his wretched, chubby fingers on her breasts. She was more than a little surprised to be greeted by a young man in jeans and a muscle shirt, a young man who was so flaming queer that he might as well have tattooed a big letter "F" on his forehead.

"About time you got here," he sniffed. "The guests will be arriving in less than an hour." "What? But I - .."

He took her arm and yanked her through the door, hurried across a wide hall and into a large open room where several people - apparently servants - were setting up tables with crystal place settings. There were paintings, a lot of paintings, on the wall, and they were all of naked women being tortured. There were a variety of small sculptures on pedestals as well, featuring the same theme.

A white plastic box sat on a table. A pair of large black breasts protruded from the top near one end. Two black legs, visible from mid thigh up, stuck up out of tight holes at the other end. There was a narrow cut-out at that end where her pussy was, and the woman's pubic lips had been pulled wide and clipped to the sides of the opening. A hole at the other end showed teeth and a trembling tongue.

Another woman hung from the ceiling next to it. She had dusky skin, but her face was invisible, fully enclosed in a black, shapeless hood. Her arms were pulled tightly, and, she guessed, painfully together in a leather sleeve which extended almost to her shoulders. Her legs were likewise wrapped in a tight sleeve to the thighs. The visible portion of the girl's body was a pin cushion, bristling with dozens, scores of slim, silver needles.

And there was Tara! The Goth girl had been shaved bald, however, top and bottom, and more than shaved for Sam saw not a hint of stubble in either place. The girl was standing straddling a thick metal post which was driven, she guessed, quite deep into her naked pussy. Her arms were strapped back behind her to the elbow and her nipples were pierced, the rings attached to wires which ran straight out in front of her.

There was another, higher post couple of feet in front of the Goth. A T-shaped top held a pair of rings on either end of the T, and the wires went through them and were attached to small weights which sat on the top of the post below. Samantha did not understand why, just then. Nor why the girl's feet were shackled in place so that her heels were pressed down on a pair of metal pedals. "Over here."

He sat her down and another obviously gay man hurried over, gasping in delight at sight of her long hair and running his fingers through it. He drew it back, coming his fingers through it, and bent to rub his face against it. Then he drew over a tray and began to brush it back, to pull it into a tight, criss-crossing

braid which, oddly, was centred at the very top of her head rather than towards the rear.

When he was done the first man returned, pulling her to her feet, brusquely turning her, and then using three large, thick leather straps to bind her arms back together behind her back all the way to the elbows. The discomfort as her shoulders were forced back was intense, but compared to so much else which had been done to her of late easily tolerable.

They pulled her next to a wall and reached above her for a hook and chain, then bound her long, braided hair to it. She tried to look up, nervous now, but the pressure on her hair prevented her from moving her head at all. Then a leather ball gag was forced into her mouth, a narrow leather strap circling her head and buckling behind.

Leather restraints were fit around her ankles, and the restraints attached to chains which were pulled up and out to either side to another pair of hooks overhead. Then pressure was placed on the chains and she felt her legs being slowly pulled apart. She resisted as best she could, but strong as she was now she was not strong enough to resist the steady pull of the chains as her feet were forced farther and farther apart on the floor.

This served to lower her body, of course, and increase the pressure pulling at her hair. She was forced onto the balls of her feet, then her toes. And then, sobbing in pain, her ankles were pulled to far apart and lifted off the floor. Almost all her weight came down on her hair now, and it felt like a thousand needles being driven into the top of her skull.

It at least served to distract her from the pain in her groin, for her legs were still being pulled wider and wider, the chains lifting her ankles up and out to either side. This did serve to take some of the weight off her hair, but as they continued to pull the tendons and muscles in her groin began to stretch and strain and burn.

As this was happening the men looked on, speaking about her as if she were an inanimate object, discussing the way she looked, and how best to turn her to best advantage. Whether to use makeup, whether to let her continue to sweat, as distasteful as they found perspiration, because that gave her a look of "realism".

Another pair of men dragged over a long, stainless steel post. It looked like a metal broomstick which had impaled a half dozen softballs.

There was a notch on the floor just below her and they placed the base of the thing there, one of them bending to screw it in. Then her body was lifted by several pair of hands so that her gaping sex could be placed on the top of the post.

"Up a bit."

"No, this way."

"Move her back a bit. There."

"Down. Slowly."

She groaned as she felt the rounded ball pressing against her tight, round opening. It jammed against her pubic lips, pushing them back painfully and trying to force them wider. At the same time the pressure took some of the weight off her hair, and she felt a sense of relief from the stinging needles.

"Good. Excellent," one of the men said in high pitched, girlish glee, clapping his hands together happily.

"Get the baldy plugged in," another said.

One of the men moved to where Tara stood and slapped her bottom, saying something to her. Sam saw the girl rise onto her toes, the pedals rising with her heels. Then the man plugged something in at the base of the post, and pulled back on her shoulder. Sam saw the weights attached to her nipples pull reluctantly up from the metal plates they rested upon, and then saw the man push another plug into place.

Now the purpose of the device was more evident. The girl must keep her back sharply arched to keep the weights off the metal plates, for they were metal contacts, and if they touched electricity would flow up the wires into her nipples. Likewise, the metal post impaling her was an electrical contact, and the amount of power flowing into it was controlled by the pedals beneath Tara's heels. As she watched, the men attached a muzzle around her face, and thrust a thick tube into the girl's mouth, buckling it in place to the muzzle. When one of them reached between her trembling legs and ground his nail across her clitoris the tube gave out a high pitched, whistling moan of complaint.

Samantha was distracted by her own plight, however, to care overmuch about what happened to the Goth girl. The chains were no longer pulling at her ankles, which were wide apart. However, gravity was doing the rest. Some of her weight was still on her ankles, which were spread wide apart. Because the chains were up and out to either side rather than down, there was a natural tendency for her legs to spread further, for her ankles to rise even higher.

In order to stop that she had to use the muscles of her legs, her thighs, to hold her ankles in place. But it was hard, and the rarely used muscles which did so were growing sore and tired very rapidly. She could feel the metal ball beneath her mons pushing up hard, could feel herself slowly, achingly spreading as her weight pushed her body down, and tried to pull her ankles closer together, to hold herself up. She managed, but it was, she knew, a losing fight.

Guests began to wander into the room, then. They were of the beautiful people, Samantha decided, classifying them in an instant. Gaudily dressed men, flamboyantly attired "artists" and hangers on, women in the latest fashions and hairstyles with plastic breasts and collagen injected lips, clutching the thin crystal stems of their wine glasses as they moved about the room. With them were the usual collection of defiantly gay women dressed to look like stevedores; with short, bristly hair, wide shoulders, T-shirts and heavy, clunky boots. And, of course, a colourful assortment of gay men wearing skin tight, short leather shorts and chain harnesses, or trousers with the back end removed.

Her recent experience in public sex certainly braced her for being nude in a public place, but it only slightly reduced her embarrassment and shame. She had, after all, been almost mindless with lust on the one occasion, in a darkened room, surrounded by people driven to a near animal state of lust with her. On the other she had been almost invisible to those watching, until the men had separately dropped atop her and ridden her in their mechanical fashion.

She had also been almost crazed with lust on the first occasion, and dazed to the point of death on the other.

Now, with her mind intact, she hung naked and brightly lit before the eyes of a group of well-dressed, casual onlookers, the centre of attention as they examined her the safe, uninvolved distance of spectators. Her face flamed red at the smirking, lazy faces which looked her up and down, and the

amused voices which insultingly commented on her anatomy and worth.

There were two couples standing almost immediately before her. One was a pair of middle aged gay men. The other was a thirty-something man in dyed green hair accompanied by a girl a decade younger wearing a blue, Christian Dior gown. All of them were sipping white wine as they looked at her, and she found she could not meet their eyes, her shame dropping her chin.

"How many of them do you think she can get inside her?" the green haired man asked in amusement.

"Ffft," one of the gay men replied. "They were built to take big hard things inside them." "I don't mind that myself," the other gay man said in an amused, lispng voice.

The others chuckled.

"You'd be walking strangely if you took something that fat up your bottom, dear," the woman said.

"He walks funny anyway," the other gay man replied, to more amusement.

"I wonder if those are real tits," the green haired man asked.

The girl reached out and fondled her breasts quite casually, and a crackle of heat slid through Samantha's breast.

"They're real," she said in admiration.

"Very nice tits," her partner said.

"What good are tits for if you're not drinking milk?" one of the gay men sniffed.

"They make a lovely fashion accessory," a new man said as he walked up to the group. "Edward, good of you to come," one of the gay men said. "How's the magazine going?"

"Could be better."

It was evident that the men who had set her in place had achieved a narrow balance of support between her hair and her ankles. Whatever was bound to her hair had give in it, and was willing to ease her lower if enough weight pulled on it. Her own weight was pushing down, and the muscles in her thighs burned as her legs slowly eased further apart, unable to hold together under that weight.

She felt herself inch lower, felt her trembling legs losing strength as the metal ball, now moist and warm with her pussy juices, slowly pushed up. She cried out in pain as her pussy took it in and it thrust fully into her body. Her pussy lips slid down along the underside of the metal ball and clasped the narrow metal post briefly, then were squeezed in as they pressed against the next ball down. "Bet that felt good." The woman laughed.

Samantha gulped in air through her nose. She could feel the thick metal ball inside her pussy, could feel the pressure as it pushed out against her narrow sleeve. Her pussy mouth ached as it crushed down against the top of the next ball, her lips spreading slowly as her trembling legs inched further and further apart and her ankles rose.

A loud whistle of pain drew their heads around, and momentarily distracted Samantha. Tara's stiffly arched back had relaxed slightly, enough for the two dangling weights to make contact with the metal plates just below and send a charge of electricity up into her nipples. Jerking her body back was not enough to pull the contacts free, and Sam watched her body shake as she pulled again and again, the wires tightening and tugging, her nipples straining outwards before the two metal weights came abruptly free.

It was evident they were magnetized, just to make it that much more difficult to keep them away from the plate, or to pull them free once they touched. When the magnets broke free suddenly her body lurched back and her heels pressed down on the pedals beneath them. Her whistling scream of pain was louder still as the metal pole within her sent electricity flooding up into her abdomen. Her back arched and she jerked up and forward violently.

This allowed the metal weights to make contact with the plates, and another loud whistle filled the air as she jerked back, more carefully, if just as desperate. Sam saw her nipples stretch out painfully before the weights popped free, and her heels pressed very lightly again on the pedals. This time the whistle was brief, and she was able to balance herself between the two, body shaking and sweating, eyes wide,

The talk turned momentarily to the device impaling her, and how brilliantly wicked was the artist who thought up the device some years earlier. Tara was gasping for breath, still trembling from the electrical shock which had torn through her. Her ragged breaths were warbling whistles through the tube filling her mouth as men and woman laughed and congratulated the man who had set up the piece for their amusement.

Sam's legs inched apart. She bit down desperately on the gag filling her mouth as she felt her pussy lips slipping down the ball, felt her pussy opening. Then there was a bolt of pain as her weight pushed lower, her pussy was torn wider - momentarily, and the fat ball slipped into her belly. There was a moment's relief as her straining pussy lips narrowed after the metal ball, but then they were squeezed down against the next one. Meanwhile she felt the other balls thrusting up higher through her soft, moist folds of her sex.

A man in short leather shorts began to whip the hooded girl in the leather sleeves, and the guests watched appreciatively as he flogged her shaking, moaning body. Her pail flesh turned pink, then long thin welts and cuts began to blossom up and down her body.

But Samantha had her own problems. Her ankles were being forced every further apart, and the further apart they moved the more pressure there was on them, and the less leverage she had to keep them from going further. The chain holding her hair was only keeping her in balance, preventing her from falling forward or to the side. And as her feet moved higher she sank further onto the terrible post.

She cried out as another of the fat balls was forced up into her pussy. Now she felt a terrible, cramping ache deep inside her abdomen, for the balls were high inside her and bloating out her insides. She could feel the tight, stinging pain in her thighs as the tendons were stretched further than they had ever been before, as her legs were slowly forced wider and wider, her feet rising up higher. Already she was almost doing the splits, her legs forced almost straight out to either side of her body. The ball pushed through and she cried out as she lurched down. Her toes were now actually higher than her hips as her legs strained straight out to either side, and her groin burned ferociously with the pain even as her insides throbbed and ached from the thick, fat balls stuffing her to the brim. The top one was grinding against her cervix now, and the pain only grew worse as the muscles in her groin grew too numbed to support her.

The woman leaned forward and began to lick her clit.

Helpless against the intense sensations which burned through her body Samantha trembled and moaned, her pussy squeezing against the metal balls and post inside her, her nipples aching. Despite her shame and anger she had been gripped by a low, rolling sensual heat from the moment her clothes had been removed. Now the heat baked her from within as her ankles slowly rose and her legs spread wider.

And then she felt a clicking noise as her ankles lifted just that much higher and she slid just that much lower. A spring lock snapped into place and she felt a sudden powerful pull on her hair. Her scream was audible even through the ball gag, even over the soft music being piped from discretely hidden speakers, as she was pulled up by the hair, lifted inch by inch, the fat, softball sized metal balls popping wetly out of her pussy, torn, one by one from her body as she rose more than a foot in only a few seconds.

And then, when it reached the top the pressure eased and she sank back down. The muscles in her thighs were exhausted, her tendons strained, her pussy muscles beaten down. She tried to hold herself up, but everything was working against her now, and her legs were still spread too far for her to have any kind of leverage.

Her pussy swallowed the first ball, and a minute later, the second, and the third and fourth within another minute, and she ached. Her insides burned and throbbed and cramped. And the spring clicked and she was yanked back upwards. One, two, three, four, the balls popped out of her aching sex and then the pull on her hair eased and she sank down once again.

The pain was terrible. The pain in her scalp, in her pussy, in her groin, and she felt shamed by their laughter and amusement. Yet even so her arousal was a powerful, heady thing, and growing worse by the minute. She did not understand why she had not already climaxed. Or, for that matter, why her own lust was not inciting those around her as it had in the club.

There were several more of them standing before her now, amused and appreciative smiles on their faces. The woman leaned forward and rubbed tauntingly at Sam's clit and she moaned helplessly, to tittering laughter. She reached out for the woman's mind, trying to thrust her own frenzied arousal into it - and met a wall.

She blinked in surprise. Her mind searched, traced, followed. It was not the woman's but - her eyes shifted behind the crowd in front of her and she saw a smirking, white haired man in a pink blazer sipping on a glass of red wine. A vampire. She should have known. If Katrina wanted to please the foppish little man running the party then there was something about him the vampires sought, and now that she looked with other than her eyes she could see several more vampires present, most engaged in dull conversation, jaded to the point they had little interest in the demonstrations which set the rest of the guests to delighted giggling.

The whistle howled and she tore her weary eyes from him to the Goth girl, whose body was undergoing violent convulsions now, for one of the guests had "playfully" slipped the long, thin, polished leather toe of his shoe in beneath her heels and pushed the pedals down all the way. Tara's body writhed and crackled with the power of the electricity flowing through her, and as she twisted and writhed the careful position needed to keep her back arched and nipples holding the weights aloft was abandoned and they too snapped down and poured electricity into her body. The guests looked on appreciatively, smiles on their faces, little quips and jokes flying back and forth as painted lips sipped from crystal glasses.

The man let up on the pedal, but it took long, long seconds before Tara was able to balance herself and shut off the flow of power into her body.

Meanwhile, Samantha's body began to rise and fall on the post faster and faster as she all but gave up trying to fight against the gravity. The balls popped through her pussy lips as she slipped down and then popped back out as she was yanked up. And the guests smiled and complimented the little man on his artistry.

## Eight

Katrina had a present for her that night. It was a head. More precisely, it was the head of the vampire who had created her. The day had been traumatic enough, and black dots danced before her eyes at the sight as she abruptly felt her shaky legs give way and drop her to the floor. Katrina laughed down at her, ages past any kind of squeamishness towards the dead - or anything else. "Keep it in your memory, my sweet, in case you ever decide to do anything which angers me," she purred. "And know that you won't get off nearly as easily as he did."

Keeping it in mind was not, she suspected, going to be a problem. Getting it out of her mind was. She had never come face to face with violent death before, and she was shaken by it, so shaken that even as Katrina fed from her - from the artery in her groin, of course - she felt nothing but a sense of numbness.

She was kneeling by her chair a short time later when Geoffrey shoved her forward onto her elbows and mounted her. At any other time she would have felt a sense of shame as Katrina looked lazily on, a sense of anger and resentment at Geoffrey using her so casually, and a churning heat she would have found impossible to resist. But now she simply accepted it, a little aroused, a little irritated, but simply kneeling in place, knees and elbows apart, staring at Katrina's shoes as she felt Geoffrey thrusting into her, his hips striking her bottom, rocking her forward on her elbows and forearms again and again.

Katrina took a phone call, and stood up, pacing across the room as she talked, then out of it. Geoffrey finished, gave her bottom a slap, and stood up, doing up his trousers and moving away. She knelt in place, feeling cold, only slowly easing up and back to sit on her heels.

Did she dare continue her efforts at learning a way to escape Katrina's power? Did she dare not? For what ways would the woman find to casually hurt her if she stayed with her for year after year? Would she get tired of her and do to her as she had done to - whoever the vampire had been?

Not that she was sorry that bastard had gotten his due. His cruelty towards her had been what had trapped her in the first place, what had interrupted what had been a very pleasant life and brought her to the point of being a helpless sex slave. No, anything that happened to him had been too good for

him.

She would just have to try and make sure it didn't happen to her as well.

She drew in a deep breath and climbed to her feet. She remained naked, save for the gold bands. Geoffrey dressed normally, but Katrina had decided that she would wear nothing or something filmy, sexually alluring, designed to accentuate her body. Partly this was because she liked the look of Samantha's body. Partly it was to remind her that she did not even have enough say in her life to decide what to wear.

But it also a sign of her contempt for Samantha's weakness, particularly her sexual weakness. Because of what had been done to her she was a slave to her own body's uncontrollable sexual hunger. And that made her a cheap, weak whore, to be used sexually by anyone who wanted her. Katrina enjoyed reminding her of that, enjoyed rubbing her face in her own sluttishness, and enjoyed degrading her.

She moved through the windowless room and out into the empty corridor. The lights were, as always, dim, but her eyes, she found, could see far better in the dim and darkness than they ever had - before. She moved down the hall slowly, warily, her ears and mind alert to any sign of a presence nearby. At the same time she did her best to keep her mind almost distant from what she was doing. There were Jiu Jitsu exercises to calm the mind and she practised them now, wanting no stray thoughts to attract Katrina's attention.

It would have been much safer to search through the books when Katrina slept, of course, but she was not trusted to be around then, even with Geoffrey to watch over her. She would be sent home before dawn, so had to conduct her search when it was most dangerous.

She found the small room with the shelves of old books and, with a final look around, stepped inside and moved quickly along the shelves, her eyes scanning for anything familiar, any word or scrap of word in English, or any runes which matched the ones from the books Gloria had loaned her.

Nothing looked even vaguely familiar. The books were ancient, the runes carved into their spines in gold and silver. One shelf even had scrolls, which, for all she knew, had been written in ancient Egyptian. She pushed one fat book back onto its shelf, about to give up. She was squatting, sitting on her heels, balanced on the balls of her feet - and then she saw something, something she took to be little more than a scrap of paper, at first.

She shifted sideways, dropping onto her knees. There was a table set against the left wall. It was necessary to actually crawl halfway under the table to get at the bottom corner shelf and to see, in the dim, shadowed light, a tiny book almost hidden by all the others. It was perhaps five inches high and less than a half inch thick. She tugged it slowly out into the open and sat back on her heels again to examine it.

There was a strap running around the book, actually attached to it. She unbuckled it and pulled the old book open, her hopes rising as she recognized archaic Roman letters. It was not English, but it was almost as good. It was Spanish. Her Spanish was poor, to be charitable, but it was enough to recognize a few of the words. Better still, lines of Spanish words were followed by runes on page after page. If the words explained the runes - then the book could be exactly what she needed.

She stood up, fighting to keep her mind neutral, uncaring. Book in hand, she turned, peering around the corner, then left the room. She could not hope to smuggle the book out with her. That would be far too dangerous. Geoffrey always watched her dress, always with a smirk as she drew on the folds

of her dignity, a smirk that said she might wear clothes outside, might pretend she was anything but a brainless sex toy, but he knew better.

She made her way to the kitchen, instead, silently chanting a mantra to try and keep her heart from pounding too loudly. If she drew Katrina's attention, if she turned her mind Sam's way and decided to find out what had excited her she might envy the dead vampire.

She found the garbage by the heavily locked and bolted rear entrance and shoved the book into a bag, then turned and strode away. If luck was with her she could search the garbage after Geoffrey threw it out. It would still be a little dangerous, but she doubted Geoffrey was putting any effort into guarding the garbage, so only bad luck would get her seen.

Meanwhile, it was time to go to work. She searched through the house until she found Geoffrey. Katrina had made it clear that she could do nothing at all without Geoffrey's permission. She found him in the laundry room pressing Katrina's clothes. She had often wondered why he hadn't tried to get her to do such menial work. She wondered if he was so devoted to Katrina that he felt the need to look after such personal things himself.

"I have to go or I'll be late for work," she said.

"One moment."

Her heart skipped a beat and she fought to calm herself.

"Mistress bought you something new to wear to work," he said with a shark's grin.

Samantha blinked warily. "She did?"

"Mistress doesn't want her property to walk around dressed in cheap clothes, now does she? Makes her look bad."

He led the nude girl up the hall and into a small side closet where clothes were hung along one wall and sat folded on shelves on the other. He slipped his thumb into the waistband of a filmy black thong so thin it was almost invisible.

"Try this one," he said in exaggerated courtesy. "Do let us know if it - fits."

She licked her lips, knowing that whatever Katrina had gotten for her - or Geoffrey in Katrina's name - she would have to wear. She stepped into the thong and drew it up her legs.

"And is it up to your usual standard?" he asked mockingly.

"It's fine," she said warily.

"I'm so delighted. I'm sure Mistress will be, as well."

He turned to the shelf and took a pair of black leather pants down, pushing it into her arms.

"Geoffrey, you know that I can't - ."

"Put it on," he said, eyes cold, lips drawn up in a smile which had no humour.

She stepped into them, drawing them up, her heart sinking as she felt how tight they were along her thighs.

"They're too tight," she said hopefully.

"Oh I think not," he said.

She tugged them up higher, grunting with effort as she slowly forced them up over her buttocks.

"If I - ungh - wind up affecting everyone in - ung - the tube car and - ."

"Oh but you won't, for you've been taught how to practice self discipline. So we expect you to show enough strength of will to resist whatever bodily urges a simple pair of tight trousers bring on. Or else."

She gasped as she tugged the trousers up, pulling the front together. Already the crotch was digging up into her soft pussy, squeezing the warm flesh. She pulled harder, the seam forced up between her pubic lips before she could button the trousers together in front. They were incredibly tight against her groin and buttocks, and she knew she was going to have difficulty controlling herself.

He handed her the next garment, what she took to be a leather bra, but it was, she realized, an open cup bra, designed to support the breasts without hiding them at all. There were a few of them at Tease, so the thing was not a surprise. She pulled it on, squeezing her breasts into place.

"And jewellery," he said with a shark's grin. "Mistress is generous to her servants." It was a tiny gold ball on a two inch gold wire as thin as that which held Christmas tree ornaments. Geoffrey pushed her hand away. "Allow me," he said with phoney generosity.

He squeezed her right breast and let his fingers press tightly together at the base of the areola to force her nipples out. They were small and pink but almost a half inch in length when erect. And they were always erect now. He wrapped the wire tightly around the nipple just past the areola and smiled as he let her breast go. The wire stung a little, and the weight pulled down on her nipple, though not enough, given how firm her breasts were, to distend the shape. He squeezed her left breast, then tightly wrapped the second wire around her left nipple, letting them go and smiling as if pleased.

"Lovely," he said.

"If I lose control - "

"Then you will be severely punished," he said with that same shark's grin.

He reached down with his right foot and drew a pair of boots away from the wall. They were black leather, as well. That was no surprise. Nor was it much of a surprise that they had stiletto heels, five inches, it looked. They were mid calf length, of wet look leather, with a toe so sharp she could have stabbed someone with them. She straightened up, a surly look on her face, and Geoffrey smiled.

"Just what I need to make me anonymous," she said.

He smirked and took down a green blouse. It was thick enough to disguise her erect nipples, and buttoned together in front - but there was only one button, just below her breasts. It would give anyone

looking tantalizing glimpses of her body whenever she was turned sideways.

"What - ."

She opened the shirt and looked at the inside. It was soft linen everywhere but over her nipples. There the material was rough and scratchy. It wasn't sandpaper, but it was definitely irritable against soft skin, to say nothing of her exquisitely sensitive nipples.

"This material - ."

"You may leave now," he said, pushing her coat into her arms. "Don't forget to come back after work. We'll see how your control is by then."

He leaned in against her. "Maybe if you're lucky and beg me, I'll give you a good rodding when you get back. I suspect you'll need it."

She felt like it now.

She pursed her lips against the curse inside her, twisted around, and strode away, ignoring his bark of laughter. He followed her up the hall to the door and closed it behind her.

Due to her height she had rarely worn heels, and never anything which approached the height of the tight leather boots. She had to cling to the banister as she made her way down the stairs, and then walk very slowly along the pavement as she tried to get used to the tall heels.

And more. For the leather pants continued to squeeze up against her pussy, and the gold balls swung and shifted beneath her coat as she moved, tugging on her nipples. The rough material inside the blouse rubbed against her constantly, and she tried to fold her arms across her chest to hold it in place and ease the movements of both the fabric and the gold balls.

It helped, and chanting her mantra aloud helped, and closing her mind to everything around her helped. But she was still tremendously aroused. She had to clutch the banister once more as she made her way down the stairs to the station, glad that her long coat hid everything but her height. She ignored the women who stared at her as she moved by, quite sure they were wondering what kind of a woman would even wear a five inch heel, much less a woman her height.

As usual at this time the train was crowded, however, there was a seat free, and she slipped quickly into it, sighing only a bit as her pussy pressed against the hard seat. She was still sore after what had been done to her earlier. It had only been a few hours, and though her healing powers were shocking, her body had not had enough time to heal all of the bruising and soreness.

Had she been a normal woman, of course, she'd have been in agony for days, and that was presuming she wouldn't have had to visit a hospital first. A woman's sex was designed for much gentler, more tender treatment. Bastard queers, she thought angrily. Naturally enough those sadistic sons of bitches had taken pleasure in hurting her there.

The soreness helped, but only a little. She was still steaming down there, and her nipples were pinpoints of fire. She did her best to discipline her mind, but lewd images kept flashing before her eyes, images of raw, carnal, violent sex at the hands of large, powerful men. Men like Eric. If, she thought sourly, she could call a vampire a man. Had he really fucked her so hard his cock had actually torn through her pussy walls?

The idea was shocking, but in her present mood, more than a little - hot. Because she wanted to be fucked hard, just then, very, very hard. She knew she was soaking inside the leather pants and her pussy was burning. Still, she was able to hold it all within herself. There were certainly eyes on her, certainly lust directed at her, but it was no more than usual, and she could shield it out. She got to work on time and took over the counter. She was grateful Cherry, the girl she replaced, left quickly, before she could take off her coat. Once she did she felt - exposed. She carefully examined herself in the store's mirrors, and she decided she wasn't too indecent, especially if looked on from directly in front. Still, she looked - sexual, in a way which helped her pussy burn hotter. She ran her hand down the smooth leather over her abdomen, down between her legs, and gave herself a little squeeze that made her groan aloud.

It was going to be a long night.

She tried to keep her mind off sex, tried to keep her mind off the thoughts of the women who entered her shop, and what they were thinking, but it proved impossible. Her own excitement made her daring, made her want to see what they thought, whether they too thought she was hot. Some did. Some thought she was dressed sluttily. Some were jealous.

Every time she moved her throbbing, swollen nipples brushed lightly against the rough fabric inside her shirt, and the weights swung lightly on the end of the short lines pulling on her nipples. The sensations were growing so intense it was difficult to repress small groans and gasps as they played like lightning across her mind. Her breasts felt swollen and sore, and whenever the shop was empty she took the opportunity to slide her hands in through the front opening of her shirt and caress them.

Whenever her soft fingertips brushed across her nipples her legs grew rubbery, and three times she climaxed merely from the gentle brushing across the hot, burning pink buttons. Once, again with the shop empty, she stood with her belly against the counter, under her tight leather trousers, tugged them down over her sweating buttocks and thighs, and thrust two fingers deep into her dripping sex. She came at once, gasping and sobbing, grinding and bucking her hips against her fingers as she struggled to keep from falling.

A shopper entered the store, then, and she was almost discovered, forced to tug her trousers up again quickly.

That was in the first hour.

A breeze drew her attention, and she turned, staring at the entrance to the back rooms, where the supplies were. Then a noise made her turn again, to stare at the mall, drawing her out from behind the counter. She was glad of a distraction and hurried to the front, then looked up and down the quiet, dimly lit mall. She saw nothing, and returned to the counter, yet as she stepped around it she felt a strange tingling along the surface of her skin.

She blinked in surprise and stared around her, her heart beginning to beat faster as she swallowed nervously. She turned and gave a scream, falling back against the counter at the closeness of the man there.

She stared, gaping.

"E-Eric!?"

He grinned back and winked at her.

"Where - how... "

She thought of Katrina suddenly and felt a thrill of fear swirl through her.

"I've warded your little ahm, counter area," Eric said, showing the small brown packages he had placed at the four corners of the counter area. "Your mistress won't sense anything amiss. Well, unless she decides to look in on you just now."

"I - you know about Katrina?"

God, he looked hot! She felt her pussy sizzle at the thought of having him inside her. "Oh yes. I think almost everyone knows. She's a fairly notorious person, and any new member of her er, household, makes the news."

He stared into her eyes and she felt his mind in hers, felt his amusement at her heat, then his own heat rising in response."

"I don't like being a sex toy," she moaned, even as she pushed forward from the counter, sliding her hands over his chest.

"And I don't like having what is mine taken from me," he said in a half growl, his teeth nibbling at the nape of her neck as hands slid up and down her back.

"I-I - ohhh," she groaned, as they slid down onto her bottom and kneaded her buttocks through the tight leather.

In a trice he twisted her around and then yanked the trousers down. His hand gripped the back of her neck and bent her over the counter, and she screamed in pleasure - and pain, as he drove himself into her. He was as big and thick as she remembered, and his heat was being roused ever higher by her own as it spilled out of her in waves. His hips pounded bruisingly against her buttocks, jamming her thighs against the counter.

He pistoned inside her like a machine, and all she could do was cry out again and again as a glorious orgasm howled through her system. Then he tore himself free, twisted her around again, and lifted her as though she were weightless, dropping her bottom onto the counter. He yanked her ankles up and back, dropping her onto her back on the counter, dropping her head and shoulders over the other side, and then he slammed into her again, clutching her legs wide, his steely cock pounding savagely into her body as she shuddered and sobbed and moaned in feverish sexual heat and wondrous pleasure.

She felt the shirt torn from her body, felt his mouth on her nipples, on her breasts, his teeth biting into the soft flesh, drawing blood, as his cock continued to skewer her. It was a raw, violent, animalistic sex which had her climaxing again and again as he rained bites all over her body. She felt his teeth at her neck, at her shoulders, at her breasts and belly, and at then her inner thighs and groin

And then she was draped across his lap, groaning exhaustedly, as he sat on the floor down behind the counter, sated, for once, though, she knew, not for long.

"D-did you - tear me again?" she panted, her insides sore and aching, like the rest of her.

He smiled and nuzzled her throat. "Not now. You're stronger now, your flesh is stronger, more resilient, harder to damage. And I was more careful."

"Tha-that's what you call c-careful?" she gasped weakly.

He bit gently on the underside of her earlobe and she groaned.

"You belong to me," he said.

"Tell that to Katrina."

He squeezed her breast, lifting it and examining the nipple. He plucked at the weight still attached, the wire still tightly wrapped around the pink button.

"Katrina is not invulnerable," he said. "But she is extremely powerful."

"Sh-she killed - ."

"I know. I was nearby, hunting him. But I am much stronger than he was."

He plucked at both the weights now, grinning as he tugged her swollen nipples up and away from her breasts. She clutched at him but he forced her wrists back easily behind her neck and held them there with one large hand.

"A-are you going to attack her?" she asked, feeling her nipples burn and sting, and the heat beginning to flow back into her body again.

"Hardly."

"But you said - ."

"I am much stronger than he but not as strong as Katrina."

"Do you know what she does to me? Her and her - and Geoffrey?"

"I can imagine," he said apologetically, releasing the balls and kissing the nape of her neck. "I have not her power."

"You're bigger than her."

"Physically. But there is more to it than that."

"Magic."

"You can call it that, yes."

She looked up at the top of the counter. "I suppose you've done something to keep customers out."

He nodded.

"My boss will wonder at the lack of sales."

He smiled and drew a wad of bills out of his pocket, then let them fall into her lap. "Where does a vampire get money anyway?" she asked.

"I steal it, like everyone else."

She turned around and stared at him.

"Steal it?"

"It's not difficult. Especially these days. You simply persuade a little man at a computer to transfer a lot of money into an account, then you persuade another little man to approve it. Then you have them forget what they did and walk away."

"That's terrible!"

He shrugged.

"Isn't the money ever missed?"

"If you have the right little men they'll simply keep covering it up, even though they won't know why or even what they're doing."

"But surely, eventually someone must miss the money?"

"Not if it's done properly."

"So I could make money that way?"

She felt a little flicker of greed rise within her.

"Probably not. You're not strong enough mentally."

"I'm not sure what I want to do," she said with a sigh.

"Prostitute would do you right."

"Excuse me?" she demanded, hands on hips.

"Don't go all moral purity on me, Samantha. You are what you are; a highly sexual creature. There are any number of men in this city who would be delighted to pay a thousand pounds or more for a few hours with you."

"I don't think so," she said, disturbed both by the idea and the little flicker of desire she felt at the thought of so easily, and pleasurably, earning so much money."

"Katrina is probably going to use you to help influence men in power anyway, so you'll be doing the job. You just won't be getting any pay for it. Why not do a little business on the side, as well?"

"I don't suppose it's occurred to you how degrading that would be?" she flared.

"Not nearly as degrading as many of the other things you've done and will do for Katrina."

"Well I don't have any choice in that," she said sulkily, fidgeting now, on his lap.

"Just how strong is Katrina?"

Eric smiled ruefully and shook his head. "Don't even think about it."

"Well, but I was thinking. I was supposed to test for my second dan last weekend in Jiu Jitsu."

"Forget about it," he said, now smiling openly.

"But you said I was faster and stronger."

"Yes, than ordinary humans." His hand slid between her thighs and his fingers began to caress her swollen, moist sex.

She moaned and wriggled and twisted in his lap.

"I cancelled the test," she said, ploughing on in irritation, "because I figured with my new speed and strength I'd be a lot better, I mean, it would be - ."

"More difficult to control exactly where you wished to land a blow, or how strongly to throw an opponent," he said. "Wise decision. Those will certainly be affected by your new, er, condition. And you could hurt someone."

"Well - ."

"A donkey can run much faster than a human, Samantha."

She blinked. "What?"

"A donkey. They have four legs. They can run quite fast. But while they can outdistance humans they idea of pitting a donkey against a racehorse is a trifle absurd, no?"

She frowned. "So I'm a donkey?"

"If you try to fight Katrina you are."

She slumped resignedly. "I suppose I'd have an even worse chance using magic."

She expected him to laugh but instead he merely shook his head. "You have power in you," he said. "I can see that. Clearly Rupert saw that. Katrina sees it as well. It's the main reason you were taken."

"I thought it was my looks," she said.

"Those certainly didn't hurt, but there are a lot of beautiful women in the city, and all of us have had more of them than we can count.."

She glared, trying to resist the careful strokes of his fingers and concentrate.

"That's not an insult, merely a statement of fact. Most of us go through a phase where we're delighted at being able to have anyone we want, and we run through a lot of bodies before it becomes old."

"Uh, when you say run through a lot of bodies "

"No, I don't mean we kill them all," he said. "Though it does happen. But when you can have a different supermodel type woman every day, or a half dozen of them a day, for example, and you do that for a few years, well, you become a little jaded."

"And you went through this phase, did you?" she asked, shuddering a little as two long, thick fingers slid gently up through the bruised entrance to her body and began to massage her inside.

"Almost all of us do. Yes. For me it was beautiful women of class and breeding, women who were completely beyond me before I was turned. Today, for the new vamps, it's supermodels and Hollywood starlets."

"Really?"

He made a face. "Think of any attractive actress or singer and you can bet she's been had by dozens of new vamps. Especially the famous Americans. The most famous and most beautiful have been had hundreds of times."

"By had you mean raped," she accused.

"If by raped you mean screamed with pleasure while she was had?."

"With her mind controlled."

"True, but it isn't like they're left traumatized and weeping. For the most part they don't even remember."

"It's still not right!"

"I didn't say it was, but little about what we do is right by most moral standards. But we're far more influenced by instincts than you. And a young male vamp is like a horny teenage boy."

She snorted in disapproval then gasped as his thumb pressed up against her clitoris. Even with the exhausting orgasms she had just had, at least ten or twelve, it had taken him a mere minute or two to rouse her body once more.

"You're developing a very strong control yourself. Has it occurred to you you can have just about any man you want, any actor you see on the silver screen, any race car driver or football star?"

She rolled her eyes.

"Yes, well, I suppose that isn't anything particularly new to you anyway. Women who look like you can pretty much do that anyway."

"Let's get back to Katrina."

He was still holding her wrists up behind her neck, but she tried to clamp her thighs around his hand to ease stop his thumb from doing such exquisite things to her. She failed and knew that her thinking processes would soon dissolve into hunger and need again

"Katrina is old but she's lazy. And while age does confer strength and ability in vamps it doesn't necessarily affect their magical abilities. The reason a lot of older vamps are more powerful in that regard is they've had centuries to work at it, to practice. Katrina's too lazy to bother. That doesn't mean she's not powerful, but she isn't extraordinarily gifted with magical talent, and she hasn't put much effort into it for centuries. I'm not saying you can defeat her, but you could learn enough to at least hide from her and perhaps defend yourself long enough to flee if she caught up to you."

"T-that's a s-start," she panted.

"But to actually challenge her? Not without years of studies, little girl, and even then you'd stand little chance. For one thing, while you're trying to figure out what spell to use she'd be tearing your throat out."

"N-no matter how good I g-get in Jiu Jitsu?"

"No matter. You might deflect a few blows, might send her flying once or twice, but you're not going to be able to hurt her enough to slow her down, not with your hands anyway. You could put a full clip from a pistol into her and it wouldn't slow her much. And while bullets don't kill us they hurt, believe me."

She was beyond talk now, and merely lay back, her head against his shoulders, gasping as he masturbated her, as her overheated body twisted and strained and her hips ground against his fingers in a way which was both embarrassing and lewd. Yet his softly stroking thumb was sending crackling sexual electricity rippling through her frame.

She came, crying out, arching her back, bucking wildly as he smiled down at her and continued to stroke, his fingers still twisting and pumping inside her. Then she collapsed limply, moaning, burying her face against his shoulder.

"Bastard," she moaned.

"You've such a soft body."

"You did this to me," she sighed.

"And Lucas."

She blinked her eyes tiredly.

"The one who took you in the tube car. He was the one Katrina killed."

"Lucas? I didn't know his name," she sighed.

His hand moved lightly, smoothly over her body, caressing, stroking.

"I wish I had a gun," she said, her lower lip pushed out. "I wouldn't mind causing you a little pain right now."

He grinned, sliding two fingers into her wetness again.

"W-what about silver bullets?"

"You'd probably not be able to hit me - or Katrina. If you want to use silver get a silver dagger. Or better yet, drop your Jiu Jitsu and take up Kendo. I saw a Chinese fellow kill a vamp once with a pair of butterfly swords. He was lightning fast, and lucky, and the vamp was lazy and overconfident, but it did happen, and he was a mere mortal."

"A sword will kill a vampire?" she asked in surprise.

"Anything that cuts a vamp's head off will."

"I thought it was the heart?"

"A stake through the heart won't kill a vampire. Remove the heart and burn it and he or she is done for dinner. Otherwise, it's the head."

"Gory."

But somewhat distracting from his fingers, which continued to taunt and tease her. He nodded. "Better than dying yourself."

He bent to chew gently at her throat again.

"E-eric," she moaned. "I'm exhausted. My belly is sore from coming. My pussy is bruised and - ."

"Do you know how a vampire reads a person's mind?"

She blinked in surprise.

"It isn't like reading the pages of a book. It isn't like viewing a video tape on fast forward. What Katrina does is scan for strong emotions. Powerful memories are always attached to strong emotions, be they love, happiness, fear, or whatever. Then she draws you into remembering what inspired those emotions. What I am doing, little one, is surrounding this meeting between you and I, with lust. And there is so much lust in your mind now, so many powerful thoughts caught up in lust and hunger, that it will be like trying to find a grain of sand in a desert. She will gloss right over the lust, searching for something else, for fear, most likely. "

She cried out softly as a third finger entered her and they began to slide gently in and out. "I am building a small, secret place in your mind," he whispered, his lips next to her ear, "A small, hidden place where memories of us can lay, where you can hide all your secret thoughts, all the things you fear Katrina discovering. Feel it building, feel the walls rising?" he asked, his voice hypnotic. "Think lewd and dirty thoughts, Samantha. Bring to your mind all the nasty, exciting things you've witnessed, and I shall bind them up in a thick curtain to shield us."

Her mind filled with images, pouring over her one after another, images of herself, of other women, of other men, of fantasies never fulfilled. His mind drank in the images, and he smiled, lifting her

into his arms and carried her through the store, then out into the mall.

"W-wait!" she panted, gasping as she stared around.

"You thought it quite arousing. You fantasised about it."

"But - but it - ."

"Is too much like what happened on the tube train, and so you feel it's wrong to find the thought arousing. But it really doesn't matter, Samantha. What Lucas did is done. Hate him for it but don't let those images poison you."

He lowered her to the floor of the mall, and slid her off his lap, then turned her, lifting her hips, placing her on all fours in the centre of the floor. She groaned, looking up the mall, staring at the security guard sitting by the elevators, at a couple walking towards them. Eric moved behind her, his hands caressing her upraised bottom. She felt his cock sliding up and down her furrow, and then she cried out as he thrust into her.

Her knees shifted apart on the polished stone, and her head thrashed as the couple passed them by unseeing.

"Oh fuck!" she gasped.

And he did, right there on all fours in the middle of the mall. And just as when she - really Katrina - was playing with Tara no one noticed. It was earlier, and more people were present, walking back and forth in ones and twos as Eric's hips slammed against her upraised bottom and his cock sliced back and forth between her aching, bruised pussy lips.

He drew back on her hair, raising her head up and back, and then held his wrist down below her mouth. He had bitten it, and his blood flowed softly.

"Drink."

She licked at it feverishly, sucked, feeling the metallic taste fill her mouth, then a gushing, frothing wall of energy poured into her body, and the climax which exploded between her legs threatened to blind her. Her body shook to the violent blows of his hips and the deep, aching thrust of his massive cock, and pleasure and pain twisted and twined within her mind as his fingers caressed her scalp and his magic poured through her.

It was just after midnight when she returned to Katrina's. She fell to her knees before the woman, gripped by love and admiration, licking at her knuckles as the lush, raven haired vampire smiled coolly down at her.

"And did you find me any new recruits tonight, little one?"

"No, mistress," she whispered.

"Not many up to your standards, hmm? Well, no matter. We are going out. Dress, and we shall leave."

This was something new, and not entirely welcome. A part of her thrilled at the thought of accompanying Katrina anywhere, but another part wanted to be left alone, not to have the woman play her cruel games of pain and humiliation. Rebellion was out of the question, however, and she followed Geoffrey down the stairs to the same place she had dressed for work.

The outfit he, or Katrina had chosen for her was infinitely worse this time. It consisted of an array of black patent leather straps linked together by small stainless steel rings. They circled her breasts, tightly enough to squeeze in on them from all sides, yet left them completely bare. More straps crossed her lower chest and belly, and angled down together to join in a narrow V of leather which covered her sex and pulled up tight between her buttocks in back. The straps also criss crossed her arms down to black leather gloves, and criss crossed her thighs all the way down to the five inch stiletto heeled boots she wore.

They left little to the imagination, and to ensure they left nothing at all, there were a pair of strategically placed holes over her pussy and anal opening through which Geoffrey thrust long, thick penis shaped vibrators which ached and bruised her deep inside. The vibrators were designed to go with the outfit she was wearing, and the base of each was a round red cap designed to screw into the openings in the crotch.

They protruded about two and a half inches from her body, and from the gleaming black covering her. The caps could be unscrewed so that batteries could be replaced without having to remove the vibrators themselves. Despite her resentment, and even anger at him Sam shuddered as he flicked them both on and she felt the buzzing vibrations begin to roll through her groin. With a sharp stab he pierced both her nipples, ignoring her cries of pain, and placed rings through them. The rings were then attached to thin silver chains which rose to attach to the front of her collar. He brushed out her hair, then turned her and ordered her to return to Katrina while he dressed himself.

"Lovely," Katrina said.

She herself was dressed in a black silk and satin gown which showed plenty of cleavage, but was entirely modest compared to what Samantha was wearing. Geoffrey then arrived dressed in a red fringed black tuxedo complete with cape.

"What, no top hat?" Sam asked sarcastically.

He smiled coolly as Katrina laughed.

"Let us be off."

There was a Rolls waiting outside. Trailing the two of them, feeling quite, quite naked outside, Sam

felt the cool winter breeze against her bare flesh as she fought to keep from slipping down the stairs on the high heels. The chauffeur showed not the slightest surprise at her gear, but did look at her carefully as she caught up to Geoffrey.

Katrina was already in the car. Geoffrey got in beside her. Sam, because of the vibrators protruding from her body, could not sit. However, there was plenty of floor space in the Rolls, and she knelt, sitting on her heels, as the chauffeur closed the door behind her. She was trying to ignore the vibrations from below her. Her clitoris was aching, squeezed in hard by the leather, but swollen and moist, as was the rest of her.

The vibrators weren't touching it, but such was her new sensitivity they scarcely needed to, and she was already feeling her pussy and belly thrumming with hunger and desire. If it hadn't been for Eric - her mind blanked briefly at the thought, and her eyes flicked towards Katrina - if it hadn't been for her already getting such a wonderful pounding earlier, she'd already be grinding her hips like a nymphomaniac.

"Is this going to be the same kind of party I was at this afternoon?" she asked.

She cringed almost at once, feeling Katrina's displeasure, knowing she should not have spoken. Geoffrey glowered at her and she dropped her eyes.

"This is not a party, child," Katrina said in a chill voice. "I am meeting a few friends. You are along to fetch for me. Is that clear or must I explain it in more detail?"

"No, mistress," she whispered, feeling a weight of displeasure and then a sudden sense of terrible fear which had her trembling.

She threw herself forward, clutching at Katrina's boot, licking at her ankle as she begged her to forgive her. The terrible fear eased and then Katrina pushed her back with her foot. "Don't slobber over my boots," she said in irritation. "I shall forgive you your insolence this once, though I am sure Geoffrey will discipline you when we return home."

"Of course, mistress," Geoffrey said.

As the fear and misery receded Samantha straightened, sitting back on her heels. Her face flushed with humiliation at her cringing subservience, and her cheeks pinkened in anger, knowing that Katrina had forced them into her mind.

She sat silently during the ride, not looking at them, trying to calm her mind and steel herself for the ordeal which lay ahead. Whether there was pain or not there would certainly be humiliation. For the way she was dressed, and the very obvious vibrators protruding from her pussy and rectum would make it obvious to anyone they met that she was nothing but a sex toy.

Her hard, bared breasts felt slightly chilled, and had goose bumps, but her nipples felt warm and tingling. The pain from their piercing had already worn off, and she knew that her nipples had healed around the rings. The length of the chain had been precisely calculated, however, so that her breasts were tugged just slightly up. As long as she sat absolutely still there was only that gentle pressure, but as soon as she began to move the natural movement of her breasts would repeatedly pull against the chains, against the rings, and the tingling would grow much stronger.

And, she admitted to herself, she was beginning to enjoy showing herself off in a sexual way. It

still embarrassed her, of course, but there was a hot, dark little undercurrent of lust when she was exposed to strange eyes, and her supercharged hormones always exulted in being an object of sexual desire for others, especially groups of them. How many would there be? Would they be vampires who would take her nudity for granted or ordinary humans who would leer and stare with wide eyes? She dared not ask.

The car turned and bumped a little as it went over a low curb, then the noise of its engine told her it had turned into a garage. Yet it continued to drive, angling down. So. An underground car park. That bespoke a large building. Perhaps a penthouse flat? She forced her thighs to remain open, against the instinct to close them and squeeze them together. The vibrators were making her belly churn and the thought of herself bent over while a line of men used her was beginning to seem quite enticing.

The car stopped. The driver got out, and opened the rear door. Because she was in the way on the floor Sam climbed out first, her eyes avoiding his as she moved aside and let Geoffrey and then Katrina emerge. They were in a small, private section of an underground car park. She could see the large door closing on a long, wide area of parked cars. Before them were the gleaming gold doors of an elevator, and Geoffrey moved to summon the lift even as Katrina got out of the Rolls.

Her heart beat a little faster now, in anticipation of her imminent public exposure. She dreaded the first moments when she walked in and eyes moved over her bare flesh, then down to see the devices protruding from her nether orifices. Would it be a large party? With women dressed in gowns? That would make her feel even more naked.

The doors opened and Geoffrey got in, followed by Katrina. Sam brought up the rear, while the chauffeur, of course, stayed where he was. The doors closed smoothly and Katrina turned to smile at her, then reached down to feel the base of the vibrator inside her.

"Still going strong, I see."

"Yes, mistress," she said.

"See how much control you have now?" Katrina said. "A few days ago you'd already be coming. But don't worry. I shall help you tonight. You can release your heat, and not fear losing control, for I will keep the reins in my hands."

Samantha blinked in surprise, not sure she understood. It very much sounded like Katrina wanted her to act like a sex bomb, to turn everyone around her - everyone human - into a slavering sexual animal.

"Let me feel your heat, child," Katrina ordered, sliding a hand over her breast.

Samantha obediently dropped her shielding, letting her mind flare, letting her body bathe in the heat of her desires. It was like releasing a too-tight corset, and she inhaled deeply as Katrina purred in satisfaction.

"And what do you say, Geoffrey?" she asked, turning to smile at him.

Geoffrey licked his lips. "Very - powerful, mistress."

Katrina smiled. "Do you want to throw her down and use her right now?"

"I feel the need, mistress," he said, his voice steady.

"And if you do, with your control, imagine how Silvia's new pets will react."

The doors opened onto a wide, red carpeted hall, lined with oak panelling and antique chairs. Geoffrey led the way up the hall, which momentarily surprised Samantha, until she realized she sensed his tension and alertness and realized he was acting, to some extent, as Katrina's bodyguard.

They did not appear to be in a residential building. They passed a small alcove with a counter, behind which sat computers and file cabinets, then swung right and into what appeared to be a large board room. The centrepiece was an enormous, oval shaped mahogany table surrounded by high backed leather chairs. Beyond, red velvet curtains covered whatever windows there might have been.

Most of the seats, about two dozen, were occupied, and the people in them spoke quietly among themselves as they eyed the newcomers. It took her only moments to realize all of those seated were vampires.

Perhaps a dozen people stood along the walls behind the chairs. And as Katrina took a seat she and Geoffrey moved to stand behind it, and she found she could sense which of the other people were welfs and which were ordinary humans. The welfs seemed more emotionally controlled, more alert, more relaxed. The humans were more excitable and easy to read. She wondered if all humans were like that to the vamps.

She felt many eyes on her as she stood there, and felt a deep sense of embarrassment which she did her best not to show. But there was hunger there, too, and because of Katrina's orders she made no attempt to shield herself from it, but allowed it to stoke her own arousal, and for her own arousal to bleed out into the air to enhance their own.

"Fashionably late, as usual, Katrina."

Katrina smiled across the table at a peroxide blonde with large breasts. The woman looked like nothing so much as a cheap Hollywood actress. Her colouring was completely wrong for blonde hair, and her dress was tacky, designed, she thought, to hide a too wide belly.

"Traffic," Katrina replied with a sleek smile which held no warmth.

Behind the woman were a pair of blonde men, twins. They were large, muscular and exquisitely beautiful, their features almost girlish. They wore nothing but mesh G-strings and leather boots, though both had a long knife sheathed at the hip. They glowered at Katrina, but Sam could tell their hearts weren't in it, for their eyes kept flickering up to her, and their mesh G-strings were starting to strain against their hardening cocks.

Brothers. Twins. She'd never had twins. She allowed herself to fantasise about being in bed with them, and pulled her head back a little so that her collar tugged up on her nipples.

"As old as you are I would have imagined you'd have learned how to cope by now," the blonde said in a catty voice.

"At least I've learned how to control my weight, Sylvia" Katrina replied in the same sweet voice.

Sam felt the flare of outrage and indignation from both twins. They were entirely human, and

entirely besotted by Sylvia. They scowled at Katrina, and Geoffrey scowled back.

Two men arrived together and took their seats, and a man at the end of the table raised a hand to gain everyone's attention. There was no gavel as there might have been among humans, but a sudden wave of - something - a sense of power or demand, Sam felt, turned everyone's eyes towards him and silenced conversations.

"I'm sure we all have many things to do so I suggested we get to it," he said.

He was very old, even for a vampire. It was hard for her to measure age but the sense of oldness told her the man was far older than Katrina. Samantha almost shook her head at that. Just how old could a vampire get, anyway? Did they live forever?

He was tall and thin, with a full head of grey hair but looked entirely alert and physically fit. He was dignified in a black suit, with a splash of blue colour coming from a handkerchief protruding from his breast pocket.

It was, she came to realize, a business meeting, of sorts. It was a means of keeping each other informed on what each was doing so as to not conflict with others, on both economic and political sides.

Their business interests were diverse. The man at the end of the table was Lord Hawthorne, and he ran a lobby group which lobbied politicians on behalf of some of Britain's wealthier corporations. Small wonder he'd be successful at that, she thought idly. Another, a plump man near the middle, ran a chain of funeral homes. She shuddered at the thought of what was done with the blood drained from so many corpses.

The bottle blonde, meanwhile, made money from kinky porn videos and movies, the kind not found in video stores and featuring unknowing participants. Several of the others were clearly uncomfortable with her, not because she was, in effect, raping young men and women to star in her videos, but for fear the "actors" would come across videos and go to the authorities. No one wanted public speculation about mind control.

"I told you I'm being careful," Sylvia said in irritation. "These are lower class people and the videos are sold at a thousand pounds each. Not only could they not afford to buy them they won't even know anyone who could afford to buy them. Besides, most of the sales are in Asia, the Middle and Near East, and America. And if by an amazing chance they did see one I think it most unlikely they would want to draw anyone's attention to it. They're quite delightfully kinky and wicked films, you know."

She smiled slyly.

"And do they feature incest?" Katrina asked casually.

"Why yes, Katrina dear. Does that light the fires in your ancient furnace?"

"No, I was just thinking about what kind of a video you had made with your pets there."

Sylvia glared at her. "They are not in any videos," she snapped. "And while we're at it I protest you bringing that here."

She did not quite point a finger at Samantha, but Sam realized she was referring to her. "She's smelling up the room like a bitch in heat," the blonde accused.

"She's new," Katrina said with an amused shrug. "She hasn't quite got the hang of shielding yet, but she will very soon. Perhaps - oh, of course, your pets are just humans aren't they? No way for them to shield anything."

"At least I don't need plastic toys to arouse them," Sylvia said hotly.

"Yes, they appear very aroused," Katrina said with a smile. "But not by you."

"Enough." Lord Hawthorne's voice was soft and low yet as powerful as an avalanche rolling across the room. "To other business."

Sam felt the tension ease, and relaxed. She realized she was grinding her bottom against the wall and squeezed her pussy muscles around the vibrator purring inside her. It was becoming difficult to hold still and she was beginning to overheat from the excitement burning inside her. She was almost unconsciously easing her head back again and again so as to provide a kind of rhythmic tug against her hot, sparkling nipples.

She wanted to leave, wanted to go somewhere and fuck. She imagined herself sprawled naked across the board room table, one of the blondes thrusting into her hard and fast. Their sweet faces blurred into Eric's and she felt a pulse of searing heat roll through her groin.

One of the twins' mesh G-strings tore and his erection thrust out and up into the air. There were a few snickers from others around the room, but though the man's face reddened he tried to pretend nothing had happened and held still behind Sylvia.

No one said anything, but Katrina smirked and Sylvia's face tightened in anger. They continued to discuss business, and she learned through a casual request from Lord Hawthorne that Katrina had a very high class escort business featuring exquisitely beautiful professional women. The reason why she was to watch the women who came into her shop became clearer now, though she was sure the Goth girl had been taken for another purpose entirely.

She wondered where Tara was, and let her mind float outwards, searching for the small bright spark of the link between them. And there she was. A cloudy sort of haze surrounded her mind and after a few moments Sam realized she was sleeping.

She was about to draw back, yet something drew her nearer, almost a calling to her. She shut out the board room and tried to push forward, wondering if this were how Katrina saw her thoughts from afar. She realized then that Tara was dreaming, and dreaming about her. She felt a little rush of pleasure and pushed deeper.

The dream was not really sexual. She was there in all her glory, and she did look glorious to Tara, but they were simply chatting about something inconsequential as they sat together. She wondered if she could influence the dream, and for some minutes tried to push her own arousal into it, to strengthen it and affect the Goth. It would be harmless, after all.

The dream images strengthened under her influence, and soon were making love, soft, but passionate love, their naked flesh sliding moistly and hotly together as their tongues swirled and twisted within each other's mouths. Tara's hunger was a hot, raw thing, and Sam felt it burning hotter as her dream image slid between the girl's legs and began to lick her.

She felt a kind of mental slap from Katrina which tore her free of the dream. She blinked her eyes to see the woman glaring at her in irritation, and then looked around the room. No one else seemed to be watching her, but the mesh on the other twin's G-string had torn and two erections were thrusting pinkly up at her. She realized, then, that the other human males along the wall were also squirming with their own desires. And even the welfs were having difficulty shielding themselves.

Her very skin felt as if it were radiating heat and she knew that were it not for Katrina she would already have climaxed several times. Yet Katrina had wanted her aroused, and the vibrators had assured it.

Some of the vampires were clearly irritated at Katrina - and her - and shielded their servants from the brunt of Samantha's influence as the meeting continued. There were discussions on territorial boundaries, on "wild" vamps who were causing trouble by hunting and drawing attention to themselves, and on a new vampire movie being shot by Hollywood which would be more flattering to vampires than any previous.

Then the meeting was done, and some of the vampires and their human servants left. Others mingled to talk more casually, and she heard a gasp of pain as Sylvia reached behind her to run her claws cruelly across the exposed cock of one of her servants. It shrank, as did the other one, and she glared at both men, her eyes boring into their heads, into their minds.

Then she flounced around the table towards Katrina, her pets in tow, looking sulky and resentful now, rather than aroused.

"I see you have a new whore, Katrina," she said, looking scornfully at Samantha.

"Isn't she lovely? Your boys seem to be fascinated by her."

"Where did you get a sexually enhanced welf?" Sylvia demanded.

"She was bred by a wild male named Lucas. He was quite careless and naughty. Didn't ask the council or anyone else."

"And the council didn't order her killed?" she demanded.

"Well, Lucas is dead now, as punishment. But since I took charge of the child they saw no harm in letting her live. You really shouldn't miss meetings, Sylvia darling. You never know what's going to pop up."

Samantha blinked in astonishment at the news she and her possible death had been discussed at an earlier meeting.

"Some of us have business to deal with," the woman said hotly.

"I don't get personally involved in my business," Katrina said with a smile.

"Perhaps that's because you're so old your clientele would gag at seeing you wander into the room."

"Perhaps I should dye my hair and get my lips, breasts and bottom stuffed with plastic." "Bitch!"

"Cheap whore."

Her two pets bordered her, glaring indignantly as the two women snapped at each other. Geoffrey eyed both of them while keeping a second eye on Sylvia. Samantha stood a little back watching the show, not particularly involved in which of them won. But she noticed one of the blonde men flicking his eyes at her venomously, and perhaps it was her own calm which let her instinctively respond when he yanked out his knife and slashed it towards her face.

It was a silly, catty, sulky thing to do, and in an instant she saw his intent was to scar her beauty rather than cause any real damage. But as she was a welf no scar would have remained even if he had struck her, and the attempt was so amateurish it was clear he had never had any training. Her hand shot up with unnatural speed, snatching his wrist and twisting it around as she dodged back.

A couple of weeks earlier it would have flipped him over painfully, and probably sprained his wrist. Now her added strength and speed caused his wrist to snap and he screamed as he was thrown up and forward to land sprawling across the table.

It suddenly became impossible to move, even an inch. She realized that both the twins and Geoffrey were frozen, as well, and both Sylvia and Katrina seemed slightly dazed. Lord Hawthorne moved towards them, clearly irritated, and she sensed a tremulous flicker of fear from both women.

"This is not a cheap pub for jealous young girls to claw at each other," he said contemptuously. "If you two don't establish a measure of self discipline we shall reconsider the merits of accepting your views on this council."

"I apologise, Nigel," Katrina said, bowing her head slightly.

"And so you should," he said, glowering. "You brought the welf here aroused in order to affect Sylvia's toys. And while we all find her insistence on dragging them here with her tedious a council meeting is no place for such behaviour. She's too strong and is influencing the other humans and welfs as well."

"I think the council should reconsider allowing Katrina to possess a sexually enhanced welf," Sylvia said hotly. "She's clearly - ."

"Enough," Hawthorne snapped. "You behave more childishly every month, Sylvia. You are powerful but without wisdom your lifespan will not be a long one. Take your pets away and have that one seen to."

He looked down at the man trembling, white faced and clutching his broken wrist, then at Katrina.

"And have that one seen to, as well," he said, glowering at Sam.

"Geoffrey can - ."

"As you've seen fit to incite the welfs and servants of the other members here I'm sure you can find a way to - relieve- them of that stress, Katrina. You may let your welf do it this time, but if there is a recurrence of this you will do it yourself."

Katrina's eyes narrowed. "Do not get above yourself, Nigel Hawthorne," she said. "You are not that powerful."

"The council is, and you have annoyed them this night. There is a smaller board room there. Send your welf to see to the humans' needs."

Sam didn't like the sound of that. It made her feel like a whore being sent to satisfy the soldiers in a barracks. Yet at the same time her heat was such the thought of being gang banged by a group of lecherous men made her pussy throb with excitement.

Geoffrey saw her down the hall to the other board room, and while Katrina and the other vampires continued to chat. The room was much more modestly furnished, the board room of simple wood, half the size of the other. There were already three men there, two middle aged welfs and a young, handsome redhead with piercing blue eyes.

She flushed as Geoffrey led her in, feeling like a piece of meat being fed to dogs, but her pussy burned as one of the welfs slipped its fingers around one of the chains between her nipple ring and collar and tugged her forward. The other undid the buckles of the strap outfit and then roughly bent her over the table as two more men entered.

She groaned as she felt the bottom of the outfit pulled away, for it took with it the two vibrators, sliding them wetly into the light. The waft of hot, moist scent from her sex made a low growl roll through the room, and there was some jostling before one of the welfs pushed into place behind her and then thrust into her pussy.

The remains of the straps were pulled over her head and shoulders as he used her roughly and violently, his hands racing up and down her body, through her hair, and beneath her to squeeze and knead her breasts.

There were no words spoken. The only sound was the steady, harsh, slapping of his hips against her upraised bottom, his low panting breaths and her soft, ragged gasps and moans as her heat flared higher and hotter around his plunging cock.

She came before him, crying out in a low, warbling, breathless moan of ecstasy as the heat blossomed between her legs and raced through her body. He rutted harder, grunting with the effort, pounding his hips against her as he held her hips, and then spewing deep within her spasming belly.

The next welf pushed into place behind her and she let out a shuddering cry as he entered her just as harshly as the first, thrusting hard and fast while his hands roamed her body.

The door opened and closed behind her as someone else entered, then again, and still he pounded, riding her through a second orgasm, then a third, before finally coming inside her.

The next welf gripped her thigh and flipped her up and over so she sprawled nakedly on her back on the table, then he gripped her ankles and dragged her back, spreading her legs wide as he drew her bottom to the edge of the table. He thrust into her, bending over, his hand going behind her head, seizing her hair as he crushed his lips down against hers.

She sensed his age. He was old enough to be her grandfather, her great grandfather, yet he looked young and vigorous as he crushed one of her breasts in his hand and let his hips twist and roll from side to side to thrust into her from different directions. Hot and aroused he might be, but he hadn't lost control, and was giving as good as he got.

Her pussy was a swamp as he pounded into it, but as tight as the rest of her resilient flesh and body, and she squeezed down around his thrusting cock each time he drew back, her tongue thrusting up to meet his as her arms went around his back.

It was much more civilized than the bar scene, and they took her one at a time, thrusting hard and passionately, but not out of control. The welfs took precedence, apparently, and each used her first, including Geoffrey, before the mere humans were permitted to relieve themselves in her overheated body.

There were five welfs and four humans, and all of them used her eagerly and fully, thrusting hard, hungry erections into her pussy - or anus in one case, and relieving their sexual hunger by spewing into her body. It was difficult not to feel degraded by such use, yet her body craved it, and she writhed and twisted and cried out again and again as her heat rose to orgasmic levels and she bucked and arched through the storm waves of pleasure.

As the men finished with her they left the room, returning to their masters, until finally she was alone with Geoffrey, who used her a second time, on her knees, in her throat.

"Don't forget, little welf," he said, leering down at her. "You will still be punished for your insolence with mistress earlier. And I will get to do the punishing."

When he finished with her he "dressed" her, thrusting the vibrators back into her body but not turning them on. Then she accompanied him back to the larger room to stand by Katrina as she finished chatting with another member of the council. Whatever that was.

It was a strange feeling standing rigidly in place, pretending a casualness she did not feel, in a room of two dozen people who knew she had just had sex with eight or nine men. The humans smirked towards her from time to time but the vampires appeared quite casual about the whole thing. She supposed it was as Eric had said, and that after centuries of power they had already had more hedonistic sex than any fifty humans combined.

She accompanied Katrina and Geoffrey home, sitting on the floor of the limo, once again, unspeaking as the two of them discussed Sylvia and her pets. Katrina was quite smug about how poorly the two had been able to control themselves around Samantha. When they got there Geoffrey took her arm and led her downstairs, stripped her, and led her into a small room equipped with an odd little frame.

Geoffrey called it the horse. It was so named because women were to ride it. The saddle, however, left much to be desired in the way of comfort, consisting of a narrow, triangular shaped wooden slat covered in brown leather and set so the top of its triangle faced up. It was that which she was forced to place her soft pussy atop, to let her weight down upon so that it drove up between her aching pubic lips and pressed forcefully against her sensitive flesh.

At the rear of the metre long "saddle" a metal brace thrust out a foot to left and right, and her ankles were bound tightly to either end, forcing the weight of her body forward, driving the top of her sex against the thinly covered wood. Her wrists were pulled up above her head and then back behind her, attached to a narrow post which rose to shoulder height behind the saddle. Her hair was gathered into a narrow tail and pulled down and back to attach to the same post, but lower, holding her face upright, towards the roof, forcing her back to arch sharply and painfully.

With her back so arched, her breasts thrust out tautly, Geoffrey picked up a Cat with nine sharp, knotted tails, positioned himself to her right, and, slowly, enjoying every moment, began to flog her breasts and belly. Sam tried to keep from screaming as the cat clawed her flesh, the thin leather slashing

down across her taut, sensitive breasts with vicious power and force. The sharpness of the jagged pain tore screams from her mouth as fiery pain flared all across the surface of her skin.

A dozen blows, a hundred. She didn't know how many. Her eyes were watery with tears and her body shook to sobs of pain as his arm rose and fell again and again, and the cat whipped its many claws across her tortured flesh. Her trembling, shaking body rode the "saddle" painfully, adding to her agony, and when he was done he clipped wires to her nipple rings which led up and forward, lest she relax her position. Then he left her as she was.

Samantha thought she was getting off lightly, though her pussy ached as it pushed down against the narrow edge of the triangular wood beneath. Yet time was not on her side, nor was gravity. The weight of her body was all supported by the saddle and her pussy began to burn and ache with ever increasing pain as every minute passed.

Her spine ached softly due to her rigidly bent position, but like the pain in her sex it grew worse with the passing of time. She could not relax her stiff back at all, for the pressure on her already taut nipples quickly grew unbearable.

And yet the pain between her legs, and the stiff, burning of her back were soon scarcely less so.

She tried desperately to ease her position, to shift, however minutely, a bit of weight back onto the rear of her pussy, or perhaps even onto her tailbone. But it was quite difficult and exhausting, and any new position she took was only a small change which rapidly grew as painful as that which it replaced. Her body was soon slick with perspiration, her breaths coming in ragged little gasps and moans.

She called out to Geoffrey, then to Katrina, first orally, then with her mind, desperate, then frantic with the jagged agony washing over her. But neither would hear her, and as the hours passed tears filled her eyes and trickled down the sides of her face as she sobbed miserably, her groin a vast, terrible ache, her back threatening to break, her spine to snap.

Hours passed, and she felt Katrina's presence fade as the woman returned to her sleep with the coming of dawn. She felt a gibbering, frenzied hope that with Katrina asleep Geoffrey would come for her, want to rape her, or at least, torture her in some other manner. Yet as the time continued to pass that hope was quashed, and plunged her deeper into despair.

Had she not been what she was the exhaustion of the unrelenting agony would have dropped her into unconsciousness. Yet her body had a remarkable strength, and so she could only sob, or scream as the pain gathered her in close and clutched her tightly against it, hour after raw, ragged hour.

She spent more than a full day on the horse. For even after Katrina awakened she was not released. Katrina only touched her mind occasionally, satisfied at her pain and misery, content that she was being put in her place. Only towards the end of the night did Geoffrey come for her, drag her from the horse, and throw her to her belly on the floor. She was then permitted to drag herself along the floor and up the stairs on her belly and beg Katrina for her forgiveness.

She could barely walk, and was forced to spend much of the day at Katrina's, in bed, while the terrible bruising and aches of her body healed. That evening she went to work as usual, almost fully recovered, though her groin was still somewhat sore. She took a chance as she left for Tease, and visited the rubbish bin in the alley behind Katrina's. She was desperately afraid that her unexpected delay in recovering it would have seen it delivered to a trash mound somewhere, but the bag was still there and she retrieved it without difficulty.

Over the next several days she worked at basic translations of the Spanish phrases, using a translation program on her computer and a Spanish/English dictionary. Some of the phrases made little sense, perhaps due to how archaic the language use was, but others were quite clear in their explanation of the accompanying runes. She was able to pick out certain runes, especially the ones for translation, for language, for reading and writing, for teaching and learning.

Each night, she visited the "library" at Katrina's and wrote down the runes on the spines of the books there, then smuggled the small, twisted up papers out in her pussy. In this way she was able to slowly translate the titles, one by one, and discern the contents of the books. She did not find a spell to teach her language, but did find one for memorization which looked quite simple.

She gathered the ingredients carefully and mixed them as the spell specified. This involved drinking a small potion, then setting the rest on fire and inhaling the smoke as she spoke the words to the spell. There was no immediate result that she could detect, but when she turned back to the Spanish book and read a page she found that the contents were as bright and crystal clear in her mind as if she were still looking at the page.

Excited beyond measure, she read through the two Spanish language teaching texts she had next to her while listening to a Spanish pronunciation tape on her stereo. She was able to memorize them effortlessly, and within a few days her Spanish was near perfect. This allowed her to read through the book of runes far more quickly, and, of course, her new memory skills let her memorize the contents on first reading.

It was not the spell she had searched for, but it was a close second. She was now able to read through the spell books in Katrina's library, searching for those spells which would defend her from her mistress' cruel attentions.

Perhaps just as important, she discovered one of the texts was not on magic at all, but devoted to the powers of the mind. It detailed what those powers could achieve, how to use them to delve into the secrets of others, and how to defend against the mental intrusions of others. It provided mental exercises to condition the mind, and showed how to create a shallow surface of compliant, loyal thoughts to mask the darker secrets which would lay underneath. That, it explained, would pass a surface reading, but not one by a stronger mind intent on delving deeply into another's thoughts.

One spell she did make use of was a negation spell. This involved lightly smearing the runes on her collar, anklets and wrist bands with a substance created with the spell. The effect was to greatly diminish the effect of the runes Katrina had placed there. She would still be able to use them to aid her in reading and controlling Samantha from a distance, but only to the degree Sam wished it.

She could have erased the runes altogether, but that would have alerted Katrina, and Sam was nowhere near ready to confront the powerful vampire.

She spent the days practising spells and her evenings at Tease practising mental exercises while still obediently scanning the women who came through.

That was how, one evening, she met Rachel Donnelly.

Her mental strength and her knowledge of its use was such now that she could sift lightly and gently through a mere mortal's mind and draw out not merely their active surface thoughts and emotions but what lay deeper within. It was not the mind reading of the vampires, not exactly. She had to stroke certain parts of the mind and hope that the kind of thoughts she wished to view rose to the surface.

Rachel was a striking woman in her late twenties. Just shy of six feet she had enormous blue eyes beneath unneeded steel framed glasses. She had a narrow, oval shaped face with seashell ears and a small, nearly dainty mouth. Her chestnut hair was drawn back tightly into a bun behind her head so that her hair was drawn straight back top and sides, giving her an almost androgynous look.

She was wearing a mannish style blue suit when Sam noticed her, and her face was bland, almost expressionless, very very controlled and distant in that upper class British way. Her clothes were almost asexual, but scanning her mind Sam discovered she wore crotch less panties underneath her linen trousers, and a tiny French lace bra beneath her blouse.

Her mind was drifting through fantasies of orgies and ménage a trois, of wild, lewd sexual escapades, none of which she had ever experienced. She was bored with her life: bored, bored, bored. She had studied desperately hard throughout her teenage years to please a cold father who had never wanted a girl child. She had done brilliantly, and gone on to Oxford, barely meeting his approval as she had graduated at the top of her class.

She had been a junior solicitor at a top London law firm for four and a half years, working long hours or drudgery researching case law and preparing legal arguments for the senior partners, most of whom were old, conservative, stodgy men who liked nothing better than to destroy those less knowledgeable and experienced than they at the law.

When she produced brilliant work it was accepted with a grunt, yet her slightest errors drew scathing and often humiliating public criticism. She had been so desperately earnest when she had started out. Now she dreaded each day's unrewarding drudgery, desperately trying to get everything perfect so as to avoid making mistakes, however minor.

She dared not leave the firm, however, for her father had used his influence to get her hired in the first place, and he would see her resignation as not only repudiation of him, but of reinforcing his belief that women were weak and useless. He would accuse her of humiliating him and she would never hear the end of it.

So what was her fate, then? To spend the next ten years desperately trying to work her way up the seniority ladder to the point she had any real power?

Such were her thoughts as she browsed through the scanty things at the back of the shop, and Sam found herself feeling quite sorry for the woman, even while thinking her stupid and weak to continue to sacrifice her life in a vain attempt to satisfy her father.

When she reached the front and her eyes saw the poster there her mind twisted abruptly, and she thought wistfully of how peaceful, how wonderful it would be to be a sex slave, to be so brazenly sexual and to not have to make any decisions of her own, to be told everything, controlled, allowed to drift on a sea of hedonistic pleasure.

She was not a virgin - quite. She had had a couple of brief interludes with men at college, fumbling things in dark dorm rooms and the backs of cars. She had seldom enjoyed them, though she did enjoy masturbation. She had a rich masturbation life, and never went to sleep, nor had a shower or bathe without closing her eyes, fantasising something lewd, and rubbing her clitoris to a climax.

Sam caught the image in the woman's own mind, a shadowy image of herself in bondage being ravished by a handsome man, and felt the flicker of arousal between the woman's legs. Then the woman's eyes moved to Sam, and again she felt her mind shift, saw the image shift, saw herself take the place of the handsome man, holding a leash attached to her collar. The woman's face was utterly composed as she laid her purchases on the counter, almost tranquil, but behind her eyes she imagined herself bound and tied, with Sam laying atop her, their tongues sliding together.

It was such a small thing to intrude into that train of thought and cause it to move faster, a small thing to smile and chat with her, and push aside Rachel's insecurities and fears and anxieties and draw her into experimenting, to taking a chance for once in her life. Sam had complained of having to take the tube home in the dark and cold, and persuaded the woman to offer to drive her. She could feel Katrina at the back of her mind, could feel the woman's imperative. She wanted Rachel, wanted her quite badly. And there was an unspoken command for Sam to get her. And so Rachel drove her home, all aquiver with lust, mind spinning at the, she was certain, unlikely possibility something might come of the drive, that she might make a new friend, or - more. Of course she accepted when Sam invited her into her flat, and dazedly allowed the younger woman to seduce her, to strip her, to masturbate her to climax, and then to bind her to the four corners of her bed and make long, slow love to her.

The torture was gentle: candle wax on the nipples, light slaps and pinches, ice cubes and nipple clips, and the pain was eclipsed in the shocking, wondrous ecstasy Samantha sent scalding through her body.

When Katrina arrived the punishment became harsher, but the pleasure even headier. Rachel was a sexual submissive just waiting to be brought under control, a drifting mind looking for a harbour. Controlling her mind was hardly necessary, though Katrina did so ruthlessly though subtly.

Rachel called in sick the next morning, and Sam was joined by Geoffrey, ordered to tone his act down by Katrina. The dazed woman was lightly whipped as she hung by her wrists, and Geoffrey rode her roughly to orgasm after orgasm as Sam taught her how to please a woman with her tongue and lips.

Other men arrived through the day, men to help accustom her to being used by strangers, to feeling the pleasures of her body. During the while Sam and Geoffrey worked at her mind, shifting it into the direction they wished it to take.

Sam felt somewhat guilty over that, for she knew by now that Rachel was to become one of Katrina's prostitutes catering to the city's wealthy. Yet she told herself this was probably no worse than her previous occupation, and probably would result in a more enjoyable life.

After the one night at her flat Sam drove her to Katrina's. She would become her mistress' newest toy for a while, as she was fully conditioned into her new role in life.

The distraction gave Sam a little more time on her own, especially after darkness, and while she was studying in her flat one night she felt a stirring in the air and looked up to find Eric standing before her. She blinked in astonishment, turning towards the locked door, then back at him again.

"How did you get here!?" she demanded.

Raw heat flowed over her in reply and she felt her body catch fire. She could have done something to fight him but did not want to. He tore off her clothes and took her violently there on the couch, then on the table, then on the floor, and finally in her bed, both of them rutting like wild animals until she was a sodden, exhausted, sweat covered mass of bruised and aching muscles.

"Bastard," she panted afterwards, laying spread-eagled and exhausted.

He rolled half atop her and let his tongue slide slowly over her tortured nipple. Her breasts were covered with teeth marks and her nipples were swollen and aching.

She groaned and pushed him back, rolling away. "Not again," she pleaded.

He smiled smugly and sat up.

"Wh-what if Katrina had dropped into my mind?" she panted, rubbing her aching forehead.

"I warded your flat."

"If she had tried - ."

"I would have detected it, fled, and released the wards."

"God I'm sore," she groaned, cupping her sex.

"You'll get over it. Welfs are strong."

"And how many welfs have you fucked?" she grunted, rubbing herself gently.

"Not many. Just one, in fact, not counting you."

"And where is she?"

"She died some years ago. I knew her in the twenties, in Brazil."

"I keep forgetting how old you are. I suppose you've been a lot of places."

He nodded.

"Had a lot of lovers."

"Eaten at all the finest restaurants," he said.

"Fought in all the wars?"

"I was in Rio during World War Two, and in southern Africa during the first one." "You're a draft dodger?" she said in amusement.

"I've seen enough killing, even without wars."

She slipped out of bed, padding naked into the kitchen to find something to eat. He followed more slowly, not bothering to dress either.

"So of all the places in the world you prefer London?" she asked, pulling a packet of ham from the refrigerator.

"It has it's moments. But it depends on my mood. I rather enjoy Paris."

"Not California?"

"Not for a long time. It's gone downhill since its heyday."

She snorted. "I bet you've fucked a lot of actresses."

"No comment."

"When were you there?"

"The sixties sometime."

"Ooo, Marilyn Monroe?"

"There was a line-up to get at her," he said. "So many vamps wanted her they had to take numbers and wait in line. Some nights she'd have them one after another, eight or ten in a night." "That's awful!" she exclaimed.

"Never seemed to do her any harm."

'And how did she die?"

"I wasn't there at the time. I never had Marilyn if it makes you feel any better."

"What about British actresses?"

"None recently."

"Singers?"

He smiled.

"Who?"

"Well, there is young Zara."

"You're kidding? Little miss innocent virgin?"

"She's neither," he said, chuckling.

"I take it you weren't her first."

"Not nearly. Not even her first vamp. She has a lovely voice when she - sings."

She snorted and wolfed down a sandwich.

"And was she as good as me?" she demanded.

He smiled and shook his head. "No one matches a welf, especially an enhanced welf. I don't need to hold back with you."

"You mean you don't need to worry about punching through into my womb any more?" she asked doubtfully.

"You're much stronger now."

"I know that."

"I don't mean muscle power. I mean you're far more difficult to hurt. A blow which would have cracked your skull open a few weeks ago would only set your ears ringing now. Your bones are stronger, your muscles, your flesh. If you had to have an operation the doctors would find your skin as tough to cut as old leather."

"That's not very flattering," she said, running her hand across her body, disturbed.

"Your skin is still quite soft, my dear," he said, adding his hand to hers, "And will remain so for many, many decades to come."

Something in his voice reminded her of Gloria, the witch, and her suggestion welfs lived longer lifespans.

"How - how much longer do welfs live than - ordinary people?" she asked.

"Hmm, that depends on how strong he or she is, on how heavily - ah - ."

"How long?"

"Well, baring getting on the wrong side of Katrina or some other vampire, or an enormous explosion, or drowning in the ocean, or some other similar misfortune, you ought to live for another two hundred years or so."

Her eyes widened.

"Jesus God!"

"You'll not be subject to the normal diseases and sicknesses, either. You've quite a robust system now."

He slid his hand down onto her backside and kneaded her buttocks as he chewed lightly on the

nape of her neck. "Starting to feel a little more grateful?"

She pushed him back before he could arouse her to the point her mind fogged over. "I'm not going to be Katrina's fuck toy for two hundred effing years!"

He sighed and leaned back against the counter. "Katrina is a powerful vampire. If she wanted me dead, well, I have the power to flee, but I could never stand against her directly."

He moved away from her suddenly.

"I brought something for you," he said.

He returned with a long, wooden case, set it on the counter, and flipped the top back. Inside was a gleaming sword and two long, thin daggers.

"Silver," he said smugly.

She picked up one of the daggers and folded her fingers around the leather hilt. It was almost a foot long, and razor sharp.

"They're spelled to sharpness," he said. "And perfectly balanced. "Don't try to throw one at a vampire, however. They're far too slow to hit us except, perhaps, from behind."

She picked up the sword. It was about twenty inches in length, a short sword, comparatively light weight.

"Just over two pounds," he said. "That gives it the solid weight needed to lop off someone's head, but still be light enough to move it quickly. And you will need that speed, girl, if you hope to use it against someone like Katrina."

"I suppose you'll teach me how to use these?"

He shook his head regretfully. "The time I can spend with you is limited. Every minute I'm here is risky, if only slightly. I have no intention of spending hours each day with you as long as she lives."

"And if I kill her?"

He smiled. "Then you belong to me."

Her eyes narrowed. "And do I need to kill you too?"

He laughed and leaned in to bite lightly on the side of her throat, his hand sliding so quickly between her legs she had no time to protest before the heat ripped through her.

"You will not find me so demanding or cruel a master as one of the old ones," he whispered, his finger flicking across her clit and bringing her to orgasm in an instant.

Martial arts lessons were expensive, but fencing lessons were far more so. Lessons in the more practical use of knives and short swords were even more difficult to come by, and consequently, more pricey.

The thought of living for two centuries, of not getting old (or at least middle aged, which was much the same to her) in twenty years, as would normally be her fate had altered her thinking somewhat. She needed a way of making money. She had no intention of being a shop girl, nor did she want to have her nose to the grindstone like poor Rachel had for so many years. Yet she did not have the kind of mental control the vampires had which would enable her to loot businesses. Even if she were so inclined, which she was not.

There was a way of making money quickly, however, and that was prostitution, which would soon be Rachel's profession.

She knew Katrina would take the greatest share of money if she were to propose the idea to her, so set out to develop her own client list. Given her skills and beauty this was not difficult. She wore a tight, short grey skirt and heels, as well as a short jacket and too-tight blouse and went to a few of the more stylish venues of the wealthy, catching the eyes and minds of many. While those eyes and minds were on her she followed their surface thoughts and sifted lightly through them. There were men who had more money than they could possibly spend in their lives, men to whom a thousand pounds was so unremarkable a sum they would have barely brought themselves to stoop to pick up such a note were it to fall from their pockets.

And they wanted her.

The first of these was named Jeremy Banyon. He was an investment banker who made millions each year and had a frumpy wife and two sullen teenage children. He was extraordinarily aroused by the sight of her, and easily approached. With almost no effort at all she had finalized a deal with him and accompanied him to a small flat he kept in the city when working too late to return home to his country home.

Small, of course, was a relative term. The flat was far larger than hers and far more luxuriously appointed.

She felt oddly shy stripping in front of him, and a little embarrassed and degraded to do so as a prostitute, but the moment his tongue moved up the length of her tight slit she melted against him, and she was soon groaning and gasping and writhing under his body as he thrust into her.

By the time he had left it had become her flat, on condition that he had limited "visiting rights".

She was a kept woman, but rather than being shamed she was quite pleased.

That showed, she knew, how much her morality had shifted over the previous weeks.

She showered, put on the same outfit, and went looking for more clients. Her empathic skills made it a fairly simple task, for she never had to actually proposition anyone, merely give off a few hints. She could tell what they thought before ever going deeper into the conversation.

She settled on three "clients" to begin with, each delighted to pay a thousand pounds for a few hours of her company each month. That allowed her to pay for lessons, and most everything else, especially as the flat was free, and still made little claim on her time.

She devoted her free time to practising the exercises and control of the mind the book described, to learning swordplay - which she was surprised to find she enjoyed quite a lot - and to learning the runes, spells, potions and flows of power which she hoped would allow her to stand up to Katrina. Or at

least, to keep herself from being consumed by her.

Each night, Katrina fed from her, casually used her for sex, and then sent her off to work. Occasionally she would have guests over, and Sam would act much as a servant, though a nearly nude servant, waiting on them and sometimes servicing them sexually.

She had gotten fairly adept, now, at the role which Katrina expected of her; meek acceptance of whatever Katrina wanted, and was even able to shield her surface emotions of resentment and anger so that the aged vampire failed to pick up on them. That meant she was seldom punished, and she knew this frustrated Geoffrey.

He could practice his painful hobbies on any girl, but she realized he had a particular interest in her. Part of it was a kind of jealousy and rivalry of her as a new welf he suspected of vying for his mistress' attentions. He was determined to crush her spirit, to make her fully aware of his superior position and abilities. Besides, Geoffrey hated beautiful girls, for they had rejected him time and time again over his long lifespan.

This, she realized, was the downside of being gifted with psychic abilities. He got to see the rejection in the mind of every woman he met, every shop girl he did business with, every woman he passed on the street. And he'd been seeing it for centuries. Small wonder he took pleasure in degrading and abusing them.

Sam, of course, had been tall and beautiful even before she had become a welf. Now she fairly glowed with health and vitality. Her hair was softer than silk and flowed around her like a fiery lion's mane. Her breasts and belly and bottom were as firm as a perfect, marble statue. And her sexuality filled her aura and surrounded her like an invisible cloud of steam. On top of that she was a welf, which allowed him to practice his games on her with less restraint.

There was every reason then, for him to attempt to provoke her so that he could punish her again, and she found it more difficult to shield herself from his persistent cruelties than from Katrina.

There were words and concepts she was forced to drop from her thinking and vocabulary, words like "unreasonable" and "unfair". For to think something being asked of her or being done to her was either was to open her mind to the anger and indignation he was trying to rouse. He had not Katrina's permission to punish her, to torment her without cause. Yet Katrina had made it clear she was his to use sexually, and his to command in all else.

She would be sitting at the table eating when he would walk up beside her, roughly grip her head, twist it about, and thrust his cock into her mouth, and then violently use her throat until pulling back and coming in her face, then walk away. He would wait until she was dressed and ready to leave and then grip her hair and slam her belly down across a table, kick her legs apart, tear off her panties, and thrust into her as savagely as he could, hammering himself against her bottom until he came, then laughing in contempt.

He would also send her on stupid, time wasting errands, smirking at her as he waited for her to protest. She spent six hours on a train north to purchase a bus schedule at a small northern town, and then six hours back. When she handed it to him he smiled gravely and then threw into the garbage, bent her over, and used her.

Her weakness was always her pride. For the stronger she grew physically and psychically, the more power she gained, the more control she had, the more beautiful and sleek she was, the more

degraded she felt by his contemptuous use, and by the dirty little games he played with her. One day he had her put on a five hundred pound blue satin gown, wrapped a priceless diamond necklace around her throat and took her out in the Rolls. They went to the East End, and drove down gritty, yet quiet streets. When he spied a pair of men standing against a wall he ordered the chauffeur to stop, and reached past her to roll down the window and motion them over.

"What do you think of her?" he asked the two suspicious men.

They looked at each other, than at Sam. "Nice," one said.

"Want her to suck your cock?"

The men stared in shock, and Geoffrey grinned and squeezed one of her breasts.

She couldn't help blushing as shame squirmed within her.

"I'm teaching her a little lesson in pride, you see," Geoffrey said. "She thinks she's better than you are, thinks you're scruff."

He opened the door and gripped the back of her hair, forcing her to lean out.

"Show her what bitches like her are made for," Geoffrey urged.

One of the men grinned and pushed forward, undoing his trousers and taking out a soft cock. Geoffrey's fingers tightened in her hair and forced her closer to him, and the man pushed his cock against her mouth. She opened her lips reluctantly and he slid inside and over her tongue.

She spent most of the morning like that, giving blowjobs to men out of the window of the car, or on her knees beside it. Then Geoffrey began searching out alleys where the shambling wrecks of homeless people lay or sat, and she was forced to mouth them as well, then to kneel on all fours, the gown flipped up over her bottom as those who were able to mounted her and grunted dazedly.

It was all just too much. She was able to restrain herself with Geoffrey, but only just, and when Katrina, on waking, commented that she smelled a little Sam's reply was hot and angry. "Perhaps if your precious welf didn't seek to amuse himself by driving me around the city and into every filthy alley he could find so I could sexually service drunks and homeless men I'd be a bit more pleasant to smell," she said resentfully. "Do you like the taste of me? Many of the homeless men had their hands and mouths and cocks right there, you know."

She needed no special powers to sense Katrina's anger, and knew at once she had fallen into the very trap she had tried to avoid. She fell to her knees and begged her forgiveness for speaking out of turn. But of course, Katrina had little concept of mercy.

She summoned Geoffrey and told him to have her punished for her impudence. However, she was clearly unhappy with Geoffrey, as well. Perhaps it was Samantha's comment that the wretched wrecks she had been forced to satisfy in alleys had touched her exactly where her own lips fed. So Geoffrey was to be punished as well. His punishment was to forego her sexual favours and the power to command her to service others.

"She has too much pride," Katrina said, staring at Sam with cold, dead eyes. "Put her down in the cellars with those others who have annoyed me over the years. Let them see to washing away the purity

she believes her body possesses."

She turned those eyes on Geoffrey. "You will put her with them and - let them scent her blood, Geoffrey. But you will not taste or control the giving of the pleasures of her body yourself again unless I grant you that right. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mistress," Geoffrey said diffidently, head bowed.

Geoffrey dragged her off, his fingers digging into the soft flesh of her arm.

"You thought you were too good for the rubbies and winos and crazies?" he growled out of the side of his mouth. "You'll wish you were only with them". "Perhaps so, Geoffrey," she said between clenched teeth, "but you will never do it again, nor will you get touch me until mistress forgives you. And she is not very forgiving, is she?" He snarled and opened a thick wooden door and she stared down a narrow stone stairwell, heart pounding.

Geoffrey led her downwards. The air was cold and clammy, moist and foul smelling. Water trickled lightly along the ancient stone walls as they plunged deeper, the way lit by bare light bulbs strung along the ceiling.

## Eleven

The corridor was no better, only a metre or so wide, of rough, slimy stone. The walls were the same, and small, thick doors black with age lined it on both sides as Geoffrey dragged her relentlessly along to the end.

There he opened another door, one like the others, but it did not give upon a small, bare cell, as she had expected. Instead the room was large, its edges lost in darkness. There were no electric bulbs here, but high torches flickered in the darkness along the walls, and she saw movement in the shadows, and heard a low animal growl.

Gripped by fear, she tried to draw back, only to have Geoffrey tighten his grip and drag her forward to a wall covered in some dark green mould. Her bare feet pushed through something wet, then bits and pieces of white bone. He lifted her wrists over head and heavy metal shackles were wrapped tightly around them, then snapped shut.

He drew back and produced a thick, coiled whip.

She moaned, twisting to place her back to him as he drew a mighty arm back and let the whip fly.

She screamed as it cut across her back, the pain like fire across her pale flesh.

He laughed, and the whip snapped violently, cracking across her back a second time, throwing her forward so her soft breasts pillowed against the cold, mouldy stone.

The whip cut across her thighs just below her buttocks, then across her lower back, then across her rounded bottom. Geoffrey was snapping the whip forward again and again, putting no effort in artistry, thrashing her quickly and violently.

Another blow, and another, and another, then the whip began to curl around her body, to cut into her belly and breasts and groin as she sobbed and twisted and turned, and felt, despite herself, the rising hunger he had trained her body to.

He halted, and drew the whip in, curling it around his fist. He moved up behind her, his face against her ear.

"Filthy sow," he whispered. "You think you're something special? You think you can question me? This will show you how low you are."

She groaned as she felt the whip handle thrust up into her pussy, felt it driving violently in and out.

Then he pulled back and turned to the room behind her.

"Supper," he called. "Don't eat it all at one sitting or you'll be hungry for more."

He laughed in cruel delight, then withdrew, slamming the heavy door shut behind him.

Samantha stared around her, heart pounding, eyes darting from one pool of shadowy darkness to another as she saw movement. She feared wild animals who would devour her, yet Geoffrey had spoken as if - ."

A pair of red eyes stared venomously from the darkness, and she quailed in terror, jerking back until her buttocks felt the slimy cold rock against them. Another pair of eyes, and another, and another, as shadowy shapes began to move forward, lurching and stumbling, shambling and grunting.

She screamed at the sight of the first one moving into the light. It was a man - or what had once been a man. How long, she wondered, had the paper white, hairless creature with the darkly recessed eyes been kept locked away? It stared at her as it shambled forward, and another beside him, shorter, and squatter, his skin almost green, just as hairless, his mouth enormous, tongue lolling out the side, drool dropping from it.

She twisted around, facing the wall, trying to hide her nudity, terrified, as more and more of them began to limp and stumble towards her. There were at least a score of them, all bones and peeling skin, sores and filth, grunting and breathing in rattling breaths.

"Don't touch me!" she screamed, staring wildly over her shoulder as they drew in around her.

She screamed as a filthy hand squeezed her bottom, kicking out at the man and sending him sprawling. Another hand, and another and another moved onto her body, between her legs, squeezing her breasts, pulling on her hair. She screamed again, twisting and thrashing helplessly as they surrounded her, as dozens of filthy, claw like hands fought to grasp her soft, warm flesh.

Lips and tongues pushed against her body, moving along the long welts and cuts Geoffrey's whip had left in her flesh. She felt them desperately lapping at the thin trickles of blood, rubbing their faces against her skin, squealing and fighting to get at her.

They spread her legs and pulled her bottom out, and then she felt a hard cock thrusting up through the soft folds of her sex. She screamed again, nausea and revulsion filling her as their vile scent filled her nose and mouth and she felt their teeth at her breasts and throat and legs. Little quivers of sexual heat stirred within her, but her horror and shock held them back.

A hard, slick feeling cock was driven into her pussy. Bony hips slammed against her bottom again and again, and a never ending wave of hands rolled up and down her body, hard, tiny fingers prodding and squeezing and pinching her soft skin as mouths and teeth fought to line against the softest portions of her anatomy.

"No!" she screamed, terror and loathing warring with the rising sense of hunger within her groin.

Fingers pushed against her eyes, thrust into her mouth. She almost vomited at the foulness of the taste, and bit down hard. She heard a squealing and the fingers jerked back. She stared wildly about, horrified at the ugly, slack jawed, cadaverous faces, at the peeling skin, the mottled, green and blue mould and oozing sores.

The thing thrusting into her fell back and was instantly replaced, the creatures continuing to swarm about her, continuing to paw and grope and pinch at her, to struggle to push closer. A dozen hands squeezed, groped, and pinched at her breasts. Her body began to respond, yet even so she continued to feel the disgust and revulsion at the filthy, grunting things swarming around her.

A third thrust into her, a fifth, a tenth and even as tears trickled down her cheeks she began to gasp and pant in excitement, her body flaring with sexual hunger as fingers stroked and pinched and rubbed against her clitoris and nipples. Then she was sodomised, groaning as a fat, sausage like cock slid into her.

She did not know how many there were. They filled her vision, climbing atop each other in their efforts to get at her.

She felt an orgasm building inside her body and sobbed in misery as her bottom jerked under the impact of the man thrusting into her. She screamed as she came, helplessly rutting back against him, against it, as the cock drove violently into her aching orifice.

A mouth closed on the centre of her left breast, the teeth sharp and jagged as they bit into her soft meat, the tongue lapping at her aching nipple as she came violently.

Another cock, and another, were thrust into her, and then she was turned abruptly, turned to face the pack, though with two of them behind her, rubbing themselves against her, fighting with the others to claw at her hair and breasts. Her legs were lifted up and apart and a new a monstrous face leered down at her as he forced his cock into her pussy.

His dark rimmed eyes were sunken deep in his skull, and he had no teeth. His nose was a swollen slab of meat, and his skull was misshapen and bald. His body was covered in filth and sores as he clutched her soft flesh against him and thrust into her pussy. She screamed in despair, and his mouth clamped tightly against hers, his tongue thrusting between her lips as she climaxed again.

All through the night, if it was still night, they rode her, groped her, pinched and fondled her, raped and sodomised her. She came repeatedly, miserably. And then, she felt Katrina go to her rest, and as if a light were turned out all of them fell back, sank to their knees, and then dropped unconscious on the filthy floor, leaving her dazed and half hanging by her wrists, staring wildly down at them.

Were they vampires? She didn't think so. Yet clearly it was only Katrina's power, her strength which kept them moving. Who were they? What were they? People who had once defied her? Would she become like them? She saw no women among them, no females, she thought with a shudder, but that did not mean she could not be the first.

She looked up above her to the shackles, and tried to somehow twist her wrists free. But nothing gave, and she stood, exhausted, as the hours slid past in agonizing slowness, until finally she felt Katrina waken, felt her dark power and then, briefly, the touch of her cold, amused mind.

The creatures around her began to stir, began to shift and moan and grumble, and she whimpered and drew back until her back was pressed against the stone.

They rose, one by one, and first a few, then the entire pack closed around her. It was the same as the previous night, and she sobbed and twisted and kicked out as they used her again and again and again, their hands clawing at her flesh. There were forty two of them. She had counted as they lay still under the now dimly flickering flames of the torches. And her mind shrank from them as her body thrummed with heat and her pussy welcomed each new cock thrusting into it.

They were still swarming around her when there was a loud clang of shifting bolts and the door was thrown back. They squealed like rats, and scurried away from her, crawling, shambling, shuffling, limping, stumbling into the darkest corners away from the door as Geoffrey entered. He carried two enormous buckets of steaming meat, which, one by one, he upended on the filthy floor. Then he turned and leered at her.

"Please!" she gasped. "Please! I'll do anything, Geoffrey! Please! I promise to obey! I promise - ."

He slammed the door shut and threw the bolts as her voice rose to a scream.

The creatures threw themselves on the meat, howling and yowling like animals as they fought over it. She stared at them in frantic terror, watching as they fought violently amongst each other. Were they even human any more?

And then, as they finished their meal, their red rimmed eyes turned towards her again, and she whimpered and drew back against the wall as they began to come for her.

She was hanging limply in her shackles as the door was thrown back. It was mid day, and the creatures slept around her. Bruised, filthy, aching, she moaned as she stared at him and whimpered in desperation. "Please," she begged.

He smiled and moved about the room, replacing the flickering torches with fresh ones, then returned to her. He yanked back on her hair, forcing her head back, then thrust a large funnel into her open mouth. She gagged as the funnel rammed down into her throat.

"Can't have you starving, now can we?" he said with a smirk.

He poured - something - down the funnel. It was a thick, cold, oozing substance which filled her

belly with a twisting, roiling, heaviness that began to cramp her guts.

She coughed and choked as he pulled the big funnel up and out, again begging him, again drawing a sneer of amusement as he slammed the door.

The night went the same as the previous ones. With Katrina's rising the creatures, the men, the prisoners, whatever they were rose as well, and began to feast upon her, to thrust and prod and grope and bite at her soft flesh. She was used to it, to some degree. She no longer shrank back from their filth, for she was, she was sure, every bit as filthy as they were now.

They were wild, rabid. She had tried to speak with them, to communicate with them, even to touch their minds. But there seemed little mind there to touch. What she felt were the animalistic thoughts of madmen; hungers, cravings and instincts, lust and hate, fear and rage.

They hated and feared her, despised her beauty and health. Their clawed fingers tore at her flesh each night, leaving long scratches and cuts across her pale skin. Yet her body healed them almost as quickly, so that her body remained whole and healthy. They wanted her, in the distant part of their minds which was still capable of thought - to be as they were, covered in running sores, mould growing in her hair, with skin peeling. Despair and hate swirled through their animal like minds every time they looked at her.

She sensed Geoffrey there often. He did not enter the cell except to feed them, but she sensed him at the door, felt his hunger for her as he watched through the small opening, and began to taunt him, to pour out her heat and sexual steam each time she felt his presence. It made the prisoners even more violent and voracious, but she did not care if it tormented Geoffrey, as well.

And it did. She knew he wanted to use her as the others were, that his hunger grew with each passing hour. She could feel his mind buzzing with emotions, with lust and anger. For the first time she dared to reach out to his mind, to prod both, to make his anger at her and at Katrina for forbidding her to him grow stronger.

Would Katrina even know? How would she know? Who would tell her? She fed those thoughts each time she felt his presence, fighting through the walls of heat and raw sexual hunger the rutting, groping, clawing crowd of dazed men forced into her body.

The door opened and he came in. It was daytime. His heart was pounding and he was wary of Katrina, even though she slept the sleep of the dead. His eyes were red and burning as they stared at her.

Sam dazedly pushed her chest out and taunted him.

"Can't have me, little man," she gasped. "Poor little Geoffrey. Better go upstairs and abuse yourself instead."

His open hand cracked across her face, rocking her head back, she let her head fall forward again, leering at him, and he slapped her again.

"You want me, don't you," she taunted. "You want me on all fours with my ass in the air so you can ride me. But you can't."

She giggled and ran her tongue along her lower lip. It was a long tongue, now, for Katrina had forced her to exercise it, to strengthen it so that she could slide it deep into her pussy.

"Poor little hunchback," she whispered.

The next blow was with his fist, and it dazed her, almost knocked her unconscious. She groaned weakly as he unchained her and flung her to the floor, kicking her legs apart and dropping to his knees between them. His big hands gripped her hips and yanked her bottom up into the air, and she stared at the dirt and pools of slime on the floor as she felt him centre himself against her. She cried out as he rammed himself into her, but braced herself, fighting through the pain and forcing herself to all fours.

"I know why this is your favourite position," she gasped as he rode her. "This way your lovers don't see your face. You don't have to feel how revolted they are by the sight of you."

She cried out in pain as he yanked back on her hair and slapped the side of her face. Snarling, he flipped her onto her back and forced her knees back, sneering into her face from inches away.

Her open hands rammed into his ears from both sides with all the considerable force she could summon. He screamed and his hands went to his ears as her fist slammed up into his throat. Then she twisted her legs to fling him off.

She scrambled to her feet as he rolled on the floor, choking and gurgling in agony. Her right foot slammed into his groin, then again, then again before the left snapped viciously into the side of his head.

"Fucking bastard!" she screamed.

She should have killed him. She wanted to kill him. She could feel the rage boiling through her system. But she couldn't bring herself to kill a man who was unconscious, not even Geoffrey. Instead she dragged his heavy body beneath the chains, stripped it completely, and lifted one thick leg high, shackling his ankle like that, leaving him hanging there.

Katrina might release him as soon as she wakened, but then again she might not. He might well be punished, and what a delicious punishment it would be to simply leave him here to the kind attentions of the rabid beasts he had set on her.

She staggered out of the cell, slamming and locking it behind her, then found her way back up the stairs. She knew roughly where Katrina slept, and was almost certain she could get nowhere near it, but had to check.

The iron door was securely in place. It had neither handle nor key to unlock it from the outside. She would have needed explosives - a lot of them - to force her way in to where Katrina slept before night fell.

That was six hours away, and by the time the vampire woke she had to long gone. First she showered. She could not the filth any longer. She almost scalded her flesh with the heat of the water, and scraped away the outer layer of skin with her scrubbing. She doused and used the bidet several times, used up half a bottle of mouthwash and then ate ravenously. Then she packed up all of the books from Katrina's library which interested her, searched the house for anything else which would be of use, including some of the clothes she had had made for her, then left.

She had known how to break the locks on the collar and shackles on her body for some time, but had not wanted to alert Katrina to her abilities. Now she spoke a long prepared spell and sent a rush of power into the small, thin gold rings so that each opened and fell off her body. She reinforced the runes

upon them and then headed for the train station.

Desperation and fear gave her a practicality which overrode guilt and she searched through the northbound travellers before finding an unpleasant young man whose mind was open to her. She used her powers ruthlessly, guiding him into a small, quiet corner where, dazed, he stared at the wall as she placed the rings around his wrists, ankles and throat, and then sent him on his way.

She had altered the runes. Katrina would be able to sense nothing of his mind. All she would be able to feel was the location of the rings, moving north.

She had no ticket, but needed none. She used her abilities again, getting on the train to Paris and then emptied a compartment so she could work quietly.

She had spent some time working on a small, jade necklace, and now activated the power within it. It would help hide her presence from Katrina's searching mind.

She switched trains in Paris, heading west and south into Spain. She kept herself shielded and warded as strongly as possible as she moved through the night, but no attack came, nor any sense of Katrina looking for her. She got off at Cadiz, an ancient city on a southern peninsula. It was almost surrounded by water, and she knew the nearness of large bodies of water tended to weaken the senses of vampires.

She spent most of the day searching the city before finding a building which met her needs, and then used her arts to persuade the owner to loan it to her for her use.

She woke to screams.

It had been a long night, for she had prepared for an attack at night, when Katrina was awake. She had only fallen asleep at dawn, feeling herself somewhat safer.

There were only two doors and both had been blocked and strongly warded. There were no windows, but there was a skylight, an obvious alternative for vampires, especially old ones, for whom gravity was only a slight hindrance.

There were sun traps a few feet below the skylight. The spells to trap the full light of the sun at its zenith were not complex, though they did drain a good deal of power. She had been exhausted for almost two days after performing it, but had thought the effort more than worthwhile for use against invading vampires.

What had blasted through her skylight, however, was not one of the undead. It was a naked man, bleeding and writhing in pain on the floor.

Yet even as she stared at him, shocked and more than a little horrified, the wounds began to close over, and his screams died away. She spun away, at last, as he turned dark, feral eyes on her, rolled across the bed, and snatched the short, silver swords from where she had propped them.

There was no time to dress, as, naked, she whirled to confront the man as he staggered to his feet.

And then, his body seemed to shiver, to ripple. He groaned low in his throat, a horrifying, animal sound, and his body seemed to swell, to bulge. Dark hair sprouted and thickened. His shoulders and hips widened, his torso thickening, his fingers lengthening and turning into claws as his face became distorted,

pushing outwards. His smooth jaw became a muzzle, and his eyes receded into his skull.

Samantha stared, horrified, as the man changed into a beast before her eyes, teeth pushing downwards, sharpening, its jaw lengthening and widening as it snarled at her.

It moved slowly towards her, upper body bent forward, arms held out, claws extended.

"Human," it said in a gravelly, animal like growl. "I will tear the flesh from your bones." It was a half human, half animal thing, and the hair on the back of her neck stood on end as it circled her, stalked her, moving with frightening, liquid movements. It leapt suddenly, and she yelped and staggered back, yet it leapt past her, rather than at her, rolling on the floor and springing erect to stand behind her. It was so fast she barely had time to twist around and swing the sword. It dodged back easily, leering at her, then leapt again, to confront her from the other side. Its speed was terrifying.

"Too slow, human. Too slow," it growled.

She tried to search its mind and found a throbbing, overheated, twisting nightmare of violent animal instincts, and that brought more terror, for she could see that its lust was only surpassed by its hunger. It was definitely a carnivore, and it saw her as food. Yet it was also human. Her mind skated across walled off thoughts, emotions and memories.

It snarled and shook its head, as if sensing her presence, then leapt straight for her. She slashed with her right hand and it almost flew into the air, sailing over her head, somersaulting, and landing behind her in the time it took her to spin around.

"Want to play with me, human?" it hissed.

There was a pounding at the main door, and the thing turned its muzzle, snarling. Its eyes raged at her a moment, then it leapt for the door. It was so fast it had the door, negating her spells and was back in front of her before she could decide what to do. It circled her slowly, and she turned as it did, holding the swords up as Geoffrey strode through the door and crossed the room to join it. His eyes were as cold and hard as the thing circling her.

"Have you ever met a werewolf, Samantha?" he asked. "Look into its mind and see what you find."

"I already have," she snarled.

He smiled tightly. "They're even faster than vamps, and almost as strong."

"I-I thought they only changed on a full moon," she said, still turning.

"They have to change at the full moon, but they can change whenever they want, whenever their instincts are aroused. Pain will do it. For even in human form they have the instincts of a wild beast, and pain enrages them. Rage will turn them, and so will sex. Have you ever seen a werewolf mating? It's truly raw and animalistic, violent and savage. All that speed and power, all that rage and violence, those claws and teeth. Not to mention - ." He smiled.

She knew exactly what he didn't need to mention, for she'd been aware of it since she'd seen the thing writhing on the floor. The werewolf was unquestionably male, and its lust was as obvious as its rage.

"Of course the real danger is that once they smell blood they can hardly control themselves. They're worse than the vamps that way. And any time they mate with a human there will be a lot of blood, oh yes, much, much blood."

He moved closer, his eyes dark and glinting in the light streaming through the smashed skylight. "They're instincts take over, you see. They go for the throat and the belly, like dogs or wolfs, tearing at all that soft flesh and tissue where the tasty delicacies are. A human attacked by a pack of werewolves will be reduced to little more than a pile of well chewed bones before they're done with her."

"I-I don't think Katrina would like that," she said, fighting to keep her voice steady. "Because it's too quick, you mean?" His teeth gleamed. "Oh they can stretch it out if they want to. Ever seen a cat playing with a trapped mouse? Werewolves are much more sadistic. But you're right. Katrina wants to take care of you herself, or at least be there to watch. So we can't let Damian eat you up just yet. Still, if we can't let him feed one of his hungers, we can at least let him feed the other. With help from me he'll be able to control the worst of his instincts. There still won't be a lot left of you when he's done, but enough for Katrina to play with when she gets here. You do heal very quickly, after all."

Suddenly, the werewolf sprang at her. His speed and strength were overwhelming, and slammed her backwards to land heavily on the floor. She gasped and stared up into his gaping jaw, at the long, sharp teeth as he growled low in his throat.

"I think he likes you, Samantha," Geoffrey said with a smile.

"G-get it off me!" she gasped.

"Oh I don't think so. They don't like their toys to be taken from them before they're through playing with them."

Even through the fur she could feel the man - wolf - whatever it was, she could feel its erection thrusting into her belly. She twisted and writhed but its clawed gripped her wrists like steel, and then its muzzled face came down against hers, its long wet tongue sliding out over her cheek and against her lips.

She twisted her head away frantically and he growled down at her.

"I wouldn't do anything to irritate him if I were you," Geoffrey said.

"F-fuck you!" she gasped.

The werewolf forced her wrists back together above her head, then reached down, taking its thick male organ and pulling it out from a mass of dark, tangled fur. She moaned and whimpered as she felt it pressing against her. She'd been violently used so often since they had taken her that she wouldn't have thought she would have a problem with another. But this - this was hardly human. This was a - thing above her, not a man.

But his cock was very real, and very thick, and very hard, and she cried out she felt it forcing its way into her, tearing her taut pubic lips apart as it was pushed down.

"Please! Please!" she gasped. "Stop it, Geoffrey!"

"Werewolves are all instincts," he said. "I have very little control over him now. Besides, I like a good show."

He sat down and crossed his legs, grinning sadistically.

"Ungh!"

She felt herself penetrated, felt the hard rough cock thrusting through her opening. She shuddered and her legs jerked and twisted on the floor as the thing forced its cock down deeper, grunting cruelly as it thrust its hardness through the soft, aching folds of her warm sex.

"If you'd only been a good little girl this wouldn't be happening," Geoffrey said in a regretful voice.

"Unggh!"

The thing gave a hard thrust and its cock drove even deeper, painfully, agonizingly deep into her belly. Cramps tore through her vitals as tears of pain filled her eyes.

It pulled back, and then thrust in. It was like having a spear driven up into her belly, and she screamed in pain, trembling, gasping.

His face began to shift, the bulging muzzle sliding back to form an almost human muzzle, then it darted down, crushed against her own, the tongue still long and wet and thick thrusting into her mouth and whipping around inside like a wild, wet snake.

It began to stroke down into her hard and fast, and Sam cried out with every deep, painful thrust, her insides bruised and aching as the thing rammed his hardness through the soft, burning flesh of her sex. He tore his mouth off of hers, and she saw, dazedly, that he looked almost human now - almost. But his body remained a thick, heavily muscled mass of fur as his pelvis thrust violently down, his cock like steel as it tore savagely back and forth through her aching lower belly.

And yet even in her agony she felt her dark hunger awakening, felt her body igniting, hot, sensual pleasure oozing through her nerves and sinews, through her flesh and bone. Pleasure and pain twisted and tore at her mind as she sobbed and clenched her teeth, trying to fight against both. The thing atop her was a wild animal, human or not, thrusting savagely, growling and rutting, pounding itself into her warm flesh with wild, frenzied violence.

His mouth bit at her throat and face and shoulders barely shy of drawing blood. It pulled back and bit the centre of her right breast, teeth sinking deep as its tongue rolled and stroked against her nipple, then in an instant it bit her other breast in the same place, sucking and licking.

Its mouth came down on hers again as it thrust more violently, its hips pounding like a trip hammer as it rutted down atop her.

It was nearly impossible to concentrate, to even form words in her mind, much less with her mouth. Waves of sharp edged pain rolled over her, and pleasure ripped through her body like sheet lightning. She braced herself, somehow, staring up into his enormous open mouth as saliva dripped down onto her face, and spoke as low and quickly as she could.

She brought her hands together in a slap against the sides of his face and it snarled down at her, then froze and exploded off her, rolling and twisting across the floor, howling and snarling, snapping at its own body.

She fought her way through the pain, ignored the blood, and rolled quickly in the other direction, hand snatching up one of the silver swords even as Geoffrey leapt to his feet. She slashed the sword where his throat had been seconds earlier, and then ignored him as he flew backwards, going for the werewolf instead while it remained distracted. It turned one baleful eye up at her an instant before she brought the sword down into the centre of its chest.

It let out a shriek, its arms clawing for her as she fell back. Then Geoffrey slammed into her from behind and sent her flying forward into the wall. She bounced off and sprawled to the floor next to the werewolf as it began to change, to shift. The fur seemed to flow over its body, then fade away, the thick arms and legs melting, the claws retracting until a naked man lay still upon the floor, the silver sword protruding from his chest.

"You will pay for that," Geoffrey snarled. "The local pack will tear you limb from limb. I'll be lucky to keep you alive long enough for Katrina to get here."

"My heart bleeds," she gasped.

"Your heart will be eaten, bitch!"

## Twelve

She didn't know what damage the wolf man had done to her insides. Whatever it was healed only slowly as she rode in the back of a cart, bound tightly and hidden beneath a tarp. They left the city behind and moved closer to the ocean.

Although to her dazed, aching mind it seemed like a swamp, the Dogana wetlands were far from it. It was, in fact, a bird sanctuary, home to many types and varieties of wildlife. The werewolves had brought her here because the area was deserted, and because she could be easily kept and toyed with.

Bound hand and foot, she was dragged out of the cart and thrown roughly onto the ground. There were several men there. Men. They looked like men, dressed like men, but their eyes were darker, hungrier, and she sensed the raw power beneath their skins, waiting to rip through and transform them. They were all glaring down at her furiously, savage rage bubbling behind their minds. Yet their rage was not solely directed at her, for Geoffrey was bound in silver chains and kneeling to one side, glaring angrily up at the wolf men.

"You have killed one of us," one of them said, eyes red with rage.

"I-In self defence," she said, panting. "He broke into my home and attacked me - ."

"Be quiet!" the wolf snapped. "We know everything that happened. This is not one of your human

courts. We do not care here about fairness or justice. You have killed one of us and the pack must exact a toll.”

One of them gripped her hair, dragging her to her knees as the one who spoke leaned over to fix its red eyes upon her.

“Are you willing to pay the toll, welf?”

“Wh-what is it?” she gasped.

He smiled thinly. “Your body will not be harmed, will not be touched by claw or tooth. The body, as we know well, is but a frame for the mind. It is the mind which will be punished, and, if you are weak, destroyed.”

“What kind of - of punishment?” she asked warily.

“The punishment will be suited to your nature and will include physical pain and, as you are a sexual creature, the use of your body. Rough use,” he said, glaring.

She looked around at their unforgiving eyes.

“But - but I won’t be seriously harmed.”

Your body will not.

She took a deep breath. “And if I say no?”

He smiled again, coldly. “Then we will sate our anger on your body instead, and that you will certainly not survive.”

She thought as much. “Then I agree.”

Without speaking the others dragged her back to the boat and flung her in, then got in and began to row her out into the bay. She knew that while over water whatever magical powers she held would be reduced to almost nothing, and only hoped that whatever punishment they intended to deliver could be survived..

The water was shallow, anywhere from a few inches to a few feet. Thick patches of water grass sprouted up from it, and here and there tiny islands sprouted small wet bushes and trees. There was nothing else to see for miles as the small boat rode deeper and deeper into the wetlands far from where any tourist might wander.

Sam lay on the bottom of the boat, her insides still aching, but not as fiercely as they had.

The boat stopped, and one of them gripped her hair, yanking her up, ignoring her scream of pain as the other caught at her arm and they lifted her out of the boat.

It was a dull, cloudy day. There was nothing to see for miles but water, grass, brush and small, scraggly trees. She heard the cawing of birds from all around.

Weirdly, there were two stone steps coming out of the water. To either side, metal poles thrust up

from the dark water, angled forward and together, bending sharply to meet just ahead of the stone stair. One of the men dragged her up onto the stair. It was barely wide enough for one man to stand, so it held her under one arm and swung her around, pressing her belly against the horizontal bar in front of her, bending her over it.

The ropes were cut and she felt her legs spread wide, and more rough rope bit into her ankles as they were bound to the poles just an inch above the water. She hissed as another thick, rough rope went around her legs just behind her knees and yanked tightly to doubly bind her legs in place. Then a third rope went around her thighs just below her groin, yanked tight.

Her arms were unbound, but only briefly. Both were raised up and forward, and she saw that two more poles were thrust up from the water ahead and to either side of her. They were not tilted forward, as the first pair were, and were higher. A crossbar was bound to their top, and her wrists were raised up and out to either side, rope digging painfully into her wrists, then into her arms just below the elbows, then again just below the shoulders.

The effect was to have her legs spread wide, her bottom raised and pushed out, her upper body tilted forward to expose her sex to anyone behind, to anyone standing on the stair.

She moaned and closed her eyes, trying to brace herself. She'd been used many times and roughly. She would endure this. At least these men were in human form, and she didn't even have to look at them.

She heard the growl behind her and clenched her teeth, then felt his hands sliding over her body. They were human hands, but starting to get hairy. The fingers were starting to lengthen and thicken, and the nails to grow sharp and strong. Her insides still ached, and she shuddered as she felt his tongue at her throat.

She cried out as he thrust himself into her. It was like a spear driven up into her belly, and she writhed and groaned and bit her lip as the man beast began to ride her, began to pound itself into her harsh, savage movements. Its fingers were like claws as they squeezed her breasts, and its breath was harsh and ragged and wild as it bit the nape of her neck.

"Don't worry, little one," it hissed in a rough, angry growl. "The water prevents us from changing completely. You will not die this night, not yet, not so easily. You will endure until the end, until we come for you and you beg to die."

She gasped as it thrust into her, using its cock as a weapon, ramming it into her belly again and again until it spent itself. Yet she was no normal human, and though they seemed to know what a creature of sex she was they did not seem to understand what it truly meant. For as painfully bound as she was, as roughly used as she was, still her insides began to flare and throb with heat, her pussy pouring lubricant down around the plunging cock of the angry wolf man, her muscles stroking and caressing it, her mind already beginning to cloud over with sexual need, causing the pain to fade into the background.

Then the other took its place on the stair, using her just as savagely, just as cruelly, yet she was hot and filled with need now and Geoffrey's "training" began to bear fruit, as the pain twisted into a dark, wicked pleasure tearing at her body and mind, and her only misery was that it finished before she could come.

The two climbed back into the boat and its motor started. She was moaning deliriously by then, and moaned dazedly as they left her there. No doubt they took it as shock or pain or both, yet instead

her moans and half sobs were for her vacant sex, thrumming with desire, wanting, desperately needing to be filled.

It took her some time for the worst of the heat to fade, for her mind to clear. She looked around her wearily, then, staring at the birds as they made their way to and fro, at the water below and all around her, at the empty sky above. She knew a spell which would make small plants grow, even dead ones. It had been in one of the spell books she'd stolen, along with a comment that the spell had been found, to some surprise, to cause rope - which was, after all, made from the fibres of dead plants, to grow, as well.

Growing rope longer had many uses, not the least of which was that if it were tied around one and began to lengthen it would grow loose. She tried the spell, whispering it repeatedly, but nothing happened and she moaned and dropped her head, realizing the water was preventing her from working even minor magic.

She lay bound in place for several hours, moaning softly, swirling sexual heat twisting and churning through her belly, and wondered what Katrina would do to her when she arrived. A boat interrupted her thoughts and she raised her head weakly to see a boat not unlike the one which had brought her. But any hope died when she felt the sizzling violence of the thoughts the man in the boat held. He was another werewolf, and just as angry at her.

She shuddered for a moment, fear gripping her, anxiety swirling around her, yet her body continued to thrum with heat, and her greatest fear was that he would use her to the point that heat became a scalding, burning thing, and then leave her unsated. Pain she could cope with, and was well used to, but need was a terrible thing for her.

He did not speak as he stopped the boat by the small stair and climbed up to stand behind her. Instead he thrust into her as violently as if he were trying to tear right through her body. He gripped her hair roughly, yanking her head back, and then used her even more violently than the first three weres which had used her.

Pain screamed through her belly, met a furnace of heat, and was consumed. He was so big! Her mind steamed at the hard, violent use she was being given, and the come roared over her like a hurricane. Did he know? Did he guess, as she screamed and thrashed and twisted against him, as he rammed himself into her again and again, that it was pleasure and not pain consuming her?

Over the remainder of the day other werewolves came to her in the same manner, sometimes one at a time, sometimes in pairs, always in little boats, always filled with rage and anger, using her as savagely as they could before departing. She came to know their minds, to pick out the human thoughts floating amid the swirling vortex of animal instincts and anger. They were not dissimilar to the ones she sensed in Geoffrey. They too had the anger and resentment towards beautiful women for a lifetime of rejection, and towards her specifically, who they saw as having killed one of them rather than submit to his sexual favours. That she did so for reasons other than his violence towards her rather than his ugliness did not seem to occur to them.

With the setting sun, one came, alone, a female, staring as she circled Sam slowly in her boat, then stopping to mount the stair behind her.

“You have been well used by the males, I see,” she said, her voice distinctly thick and throaty. “We are a rough and violent people, but you, more than any human, can ignore such things.”

Sam felt a hand moving slowly up and down her back along her spine, then long fingers sliding

beneath her buttocks, stroking lightly along her swollen vulva.

"Now the real punishment begins," she said. "Now we will see if your mind can survive the toll we exact for killing one of our own."

Before she left she placed several small, brightly painted jars on the top of the crossbar to which Samantha's arms were bound, and whispered into her ear. "Water is not a protection against all forms of magic."

She did not know what she meant or really care as she stepped back down into the boat, started the motor, and pushed off.

The sky darkened and cooled and the birds began to quiet. Small water snakes slithered past her toes. Insects began to chirp, to sing. Sam hung naked, gasping softly, hands and feet growing numb, body aching and bruised. And then, suddenly, she felt need. She gasped, head jerking back, eyes widening. Need! Hunger! Lust!

She moaned, her body trembling, her loins aching. Her muscles twitched and spasmed as she tried to roll her hips, to grind her pelvis. She felt the light caress of the breeze against her swollen, overheated sex, a taunting, tantalizing sensation which made her want to scream. Her nipples ached burned, her breasts throbbing, desperate to be touched.

She thought of hands squeezing and kneading them and moaned piteously, head thrashing, hair swirling wildly. Her body was bound too tightly to move, yet her legs strained as her bottom sought to thrust itself backwards against nothing.

Sweat beaded on her forehead and trickled down her shoulders and ribs. She was burning up inside, feverish with need. She groaned with it, writhed with it. Her sex felt like a gaping, empty cavern, and she would have given almost anything to have it filled, to feel the hard thrust of a man's cock inside her. Images of lust and carnal depravity flowed through her mind, and she clawed at them desperately, trying to draw them closer.

She felt scalded by her own heat, sweating, panting for breath, trembling with the violent hunger which tore at her vitals. She whimpered desperately, aching to be penetrated, to be touched, ready to scream in frustration.

The insects twitted softly in the night, and an occasional night bird hooted. The moon moved slowly across the sky. The water lapped gently at the steps below and behind her.

Sam gnashed her teeth. The hunger was like a terrible pain, an unending ache which could neither be denied nor fulfilled. Her body writhed in its bonds, straining, twisting, vibrating like a tuning fork. Her pussy spasmed and squeezed on nothingness, the lips of her sex puffed up and darkened with blood, twitching and yearning to grasp something hard and thick. She was so wet that each time she clenched and unclenched her pubic muscles her inner juices were being forced out of her body to trickle slowly down her sweating thighs.

Rabid with her need, she screamed into the night, startling, and momentarily silencing the nearby animals and insects. She screamed again, in rage and frustration, and again, a broken sob of yearning and need. She sagged, exhausted, bathed in sweat, sobbing piteously as her body trembled with its desperate desire.

It was a spell.

Her shattered, dazed, frantic mind ignored the thought amid the churning violence of carnal thoughts. Yet it came again, briefly, like a leaf swirling and dipping and flying past on a swirling wind.

It could not be a spell, not over water.

Yet there was the woman's words, and something she had placed above her on the crossbar. Hunger tore at her mind and she groaned aloud, shuddering, writhing, helpless in the grip of that terrible maelstrom of raging lust.

How?

If magic was impossible over water - yet there were woman claimed it was not. What then? Magic, no, but illusion was not magic, not really. Yet this was no illusion. Her hunger was real. But what had caused it?

She spasmed, and spasmed again, her nervous system sputtering and short circuiting, convulsions wracking her long, slender body. Her head fell back and she groaned long and low, her thighs aching as her twitching, spasming muscles tore against the ropes, trying to buck her hips.

Illusion was of the mind. It fooled the mind, made it see what was not there, feel what was not there. If illusion could cause pain why not lust?

Her mind worked in short fits and starts, her thinking broken off for long minutes at a time as the violence and desperation of her need shattered her thinking processes and made her sob and moan and shake in hunger.

But Katrina was not here. How - .

Something touched her foot, something soft, cold, slimy. She gasped and stared down, twisting her head, gasping to see a thick tentacle sliding slowly up along the pole to which her legs were bound. She stared at it, bewildered, dazed, shocked, uncomprehending. It was a pale, unhealthy white on the top and sides, yet the underside seemed pinkish and dotted with small suckers.

It slid up out of the water slowly, in fits and starts, and then moved over her foot. She screamed, revolted by the sensation. It was cold and slimy and wet. And then a second tentacle slid slowly up along the second pole. It caressed the bottom of her foot, which trembled and jerked violently, helpless to draw back.

The tentacles slid slowly around and around her ankles and lower legs, oozing and dripping as they climbed higher. Her body thrashed frantically, but to no purpose, her mind sputtering and twisting, unable to function as terror flowed over her in waves. The terror was a wild, raw, gut wrenching thing, horrified, unthinking panic.

The tentacles slid around and around her legs where they were melded to the poles, curling up their length, higher and higher, and then a huge, dripping, boneless body heaved itself out of the water, glowing white, enormous eyes glaring redly up at her, freezing the blood in her body as it sent more tentacles sliding upwards.

It was not an octopus, not any animal she had ever seen, but it was very much like the thing she

had seen in her mind, the thing which had taken the punker girl, the thing Katrina had threatened her with, the thing which was - illusion.

But her shattered, terrified mind could not grasp the thought, could not hold to it. Horror was all, and she tore frenziedly against the ropes binding her in place as she felt the fat, oozing tentacles sliding slowly up and curling along her inner thighs.

And then heat poured over her, throwing her body back with its violence. Heat oozed out of her pores. Raw, desperate lust flowed through her veins, and as the first tentacle slide slowly, almost gently across the pouting flesh of her mons she felt a rabid desperation for it to thrust itself into her body.

Horror on horror poured over her, twisting and churning through her mind as the lust surged and flowed. She screamed and screamed again, mind torn and shattered.

The tentacle slid slowly through the soft lips of her sex, forcing them wider and wider as it wriggled up into her abdominal cavity. Her juices, like hot lava, steamed against its cold, slimy flesh as it pushed deeper, and she shuddered and writhed, eyes bulging, horror and revulsion beating down upon her as a crowing, triumphant lust fed greedily on the thick body of the tentacle pushing into her belly.

The other tentacle curled across her hip and pushed at her anus, and her skin crawled with the touch of it against her flesh. It pushed into her, and more tentacles slid over her hips, and around her belly, and upwards over her breasts as she wailed in horror, twisting and thrashing in a frenzied effort to shake them off.

She could feel the suckers squeezing down around the overheated flesh of her breasts, against her nipples. A small orgasm rippled through her body, then another. She groaned as the two tentacles grew thicker, writhing inside her, pushing ever deeper. Her pussy entrance ached now as it was stretched wide, and her anus was spreading wider still. The tentacles were wide as her wrist, then her forearm.

She could feel the suction of their suckers against her dripping inner flesh, and then one pressed down against her clitoris and she came. The orgasm was like an explosion, and she shrieked as it tore through her body, raw, dagger sharp ecstasy slashing across her mind. The pleasure was so intense it was painful, and her body shook violently as it was rocked by the tremendous force.

Shock, horror, revulsion. The tentacles squeezed around her belly and breasts, slimy, cold, filthy. A weight pulled down on her, and she saw that the fat, bloated body of the thing to which the tentacles were attached was pulling itself up out of the water, dragging it self up towards her, dripping water and slime as its tentacles pulled it higher.

Illusion.

She screamed again and again. Yet even as her body bucked and writhed in terrible heat and need, an exultant sense of wildfire pleasure washing over her as the two thick tentacles thrust and pumped in her lower body.

She felt the fat, soft body pull higher, sliding up her legs, up across her buttocks. And then it was on her back and shoulders, heavy body pulsing and throbbing against her. Its tentacles slid tighter around her body, curled upwards over her arms and down along her wrists. She screamed as a tentacle slid across her forehead, and then one slid into her open mouth and her eyes bulged in horror, feeling its soft, squishy body slide across her tongue.

Another orgasm tore through her, splintering her mind. Helpless to think, delirious with pleasure, she could only shudder and tremble as it passed over her, as the tentacle in her mouth slid into her throat, and wriggled down inside her body.

Illusion.

Another orgasm, and another, and another ripped through her exhausted body, sending her into convulsions even as her mind screamed in terror and disgust at the slimy thing riding atop her back and shoulders. She ached with the power of the climaxes, even as she felt the tentacles twisting and writhing and prodding at her insides. One was in her stomach, thrashing and writhing about, thumping against belly so that she expected it to push out, to bulge and swell as if she were pregnant. The other two were in her lower belly, trying to push up into her womb and bowels.

It is illusion, damn you!

The thought finally caught, her panicking mind desperately latching onto anything to end the unadulterated horror gripping her. She knew how to deal with illusion, knew how to block it, but could not think, could not make her mind function properly. Blocking illusion required mental discipline and she could not hold her mind together long enough.

Another orgasm, so intense she almost blacked out, and another, as the pulsing, throbbing, oozing thing rode her back and its tentacles slid over her body.

Her mind tried to push aside the thoughts, the emotions, the sensations. She tried to erect a wall around herself, to ward off the imagery and sensations flowing across and through her mind and nervous system. She was alone. She knew she was alone. There was nothing there. Nothing. She clenched her teeth against another orgasm, ignoring it, casting it aside, snarling at it. It did not exist. She was not aroused. These were not her feelings.

For an instant, it all faded; the creature, the pain, the pleasure, the horror, then it was back again. But that instant was all it took to reinforce her certainty, her confidence. She concentrated, focussed, blocked it out.

It was gone.

The water was calm around her. Her body was still aching, sore, dripping with sweat, but the horror was gone, as was the intense arousal. She sagged in her bonds, drained. It had all felt so real. She shuddered at the memory of the slimy tentacles sliding across her skin, entering her body, entering her mouth.

The moon was barely visible, light showing on the horizon. The birds began to call to each other, the sound rising as the sky lightened. It had not been her horror, but she still trembled and twitched with the remembered fury of it.

The heat and horror had ridden her through the night, and she had never felt so exhausted. She sagged dazedly in her bonds, too weak even to moan, breathing in short, ragged, gasps. A distant motor disturbed the crying of the birds. It grew as the boat came closer. She was aware of it, distantly, but too exhausted. A kind of ennui had crept over her, and she no longer cared what happened to her.

Feet scuffed on the steps behind her, and she heard a low, angry growl. She sensed the boiling energy of one of the wolf men as hands yanked at her hair and mauled her breasts. A hard cock thrust up

between her legs and pounded away at her insides. She gasped and grunted in pain, her body shaken by the violence of his assault. He tore and slapped and twisted her breasts as he rammed himself into her.

And then he was gone.

She hung weakly, panting, aching.

The sound of a motor disturbed the birds again.

Again she was ridden, savagely. Her mind drifted. She was a little girl, playing in the sand by the shore, building a castle, her parents sitting nearby. Her mother came over and gave her an ice cream and she feasted upon it.

He finished and left her, and her mind faded in and out, floating.

She was a teenager in her schoolgirl uniform. She and her girlfriends had discovered they could roll the waistband of the kilts so that the hem rose up their coltish legs. They walked along together after school, knowing the boys and men were staring at their legs, feeling smug and proud of their attractiveness, but not really understanding the emotions within themselves or the kind of lusts they inspired.

They fantasised about sex, bound it up in awe and romance and torrid, passionate love. It would be done with handsome, roguish young men who loved them deeply, done on thick, fur rugs before crackling fireplaces, or in the midst of empty, golden, sun drenched fields of grain. Another of the wolf men mounted her, and she felt his anger crackling along the surface of her mind. He used his cock like a spear, holding the tip within her aching lips and then thrusting it savagely, drawing it back immediately to slam it home again, battering at her insides, snarling at her as he vented his anger and lust on her body.

She felt as though she were being punched violently in the belly, again and again, but from the inside. The pain grew intense, and her mind drifted into blackness, fading entirely.

She woke alone, the sun burning down upon her, the sound of an engine approaching. She groaned weakly as it stopped. Again she felt the anger, yet it had a different feel to it.

"Bitch."

The voice was female. And sharp pain slashed across her bottom. She sensed the movement then, half turning her head to see the arm drawn back, the cane slashing forward. It cut through the still air, and cracked across her bottom once more, to send another dagger of pain through her body.

There was no point in pleading, no hope to it, and she had not the energy.

The cane cut across her bottom and thighs again and again and again, until her flesh was an ugly mass of welts and cuts. And then the flog bit into the soft flesh of her back, the strips of leather bound with tiny knots at the end, soaked in brine to harden. They slashed at her back like an angry cat.

The blows ended, and she heard a panting and gasping behind her, as if the woman was out of breath. Then something - big - was rammed into her sex, something hard and thick. It felt as though it were covered with sharp spikes and spines. It clawed along the soft, sensitive, bruised flesh inside her as the thing was rammed high into her groin. And it remained there as the boat's motor started up and it pulled away again.

With her head hanging low Samantha could see the rounded tip of whatever the thing was. It looked like a vegetable of some kind. And it ached. It was not smooth like a melon, like a cucumber and her dazed mind wondered what it was.

After a while the ache grew worse, and cramps began to ripple through her belly. Her pussy felt bloated, the velvety flesh straining around the thickness of the vegetable. Another motor growled softly on the morning air, and another boat approached.

The man stepped out onto the stone stair and growled at her. His hand cupped her sex, with the tip of the vegetable emerging from between her straining lips, and he chuckled coldly at her his of pain.

He thrust himself into her anus, leaving the vegetable where it was, using her as roughly as the others had, hammering his heavy hips against her bottom as he raped her. He squeezed her breasts softly as he rode her, but not out of gentleness.

"When we cook you," he hissed into her ear. "I will eat your breasts. I want them soft and unbruised. Bruising makes the flesh taste bitter."

He left her hanging there. The sun was almost directly overhead now, and she felt baked by the heat. The water was tantalizingly close but out of reach. Her insides ached more with each passing minute, and she was sure it was not her imagination, that the vegetable thing was growing, swelling with the heat.

She felt the pressure increasing against the already taut walls of her sex, and groaned with the fullness within her. Her pain mounted as her insides were stretched and strained. She shuddered, feeling the lips of her sex forced wider and wider. The thing continued to grow and swell as the sun slowly passed over her and beat down from directly above.

Her pubic bones began to slowly shift, forced apart by the swelling vegetable as if she were in child birth. The intensity of the pain grew until it felt as though she were being torn apart from the inside. She heard, dazedly, a boat, but ignored it. A voice chuckled into her ear, and a hand squeezed her open sex and the vegetable impaling her. She screamed at the pain, and he took her, thrusting up into her anus, riding her roughly as his hand continued to squeeze at her sex.

She did not notice him leaving. She was alone with the agony, sobbing weakly, whimpering in misery and fear. She screamed finally. It seemed to help, not the pain, of course, but her terrible frustration. She screamed again and again, and the sound echoed over the low water, through the sprinkling of brush and trees, and over the whispering wind.

She hung slackly, limply, trembling with the pain in her belly. It felt as if she had a water melon inside her sex, and it would soon burst out of her.

And then, it did.

The melon, or vegetable, or whatever it was inside her, burst, and a gushing red liquid poured out of her open sex. At first, terrified, she thought it was blood. Yet as it poured down onto the water below and the pain began to ease she realized the melon itself had broken. Bits and pieces of it poured down with the liquid, making little splashing sounds beneath as it struck the water.

Her body's amazing regenerative powers helped her recover, helped her body heal whatever

bruising and damage had been done, yet this only added to her growing desperation for food. She felt as though she hadn't eaten in weeks, and her stomach was a hollow, aching hunger.

The sound of a motor drew her dazed attention, but she did not bother to turn her head. She heard the boat tie up at the stair, heard the scuff of feet, then a snicker of cruelty.

"All empty?" it purred. "We can't have that."

It was a female voice, the same one who had thrust the melon into her body. Sam slowly raised her head, moaning, trying to see behind her. Pain sliced across her back and she moaned, her head falling back.

The woman whipped her, as she had before, the whip slicing into her shoulders and ribs and lower back, curling in beneath her arms to snap at her breasts and belly, cutting across her buttocks and the backs of her legs until, panting, the woman halted.

And then she felt the hard, spiky vegetable rammed up into her pussy, perhaps twin to the one which had already caused her such pain. Tears filled her eyes, tears of surrender. Sam was spent, drained. Her mind buckled under the knowledge that only more intense pain awaited her, and no hope or chance of mercy. She moaned anew as another vegetable was thrust against her anus, and the woman behind her twisted and shoved and rammed it upwards until it too was deep within her belly.

And she was left alone once more, weeping piteously as she awaited the agony to come.

She was too shy to go nude, at first.

It was her first time at the sea, in the south of France. She fought to remain blasé at all the flesh around her, and felt a little self conscious in her two piece swimsuit, like an unsophisticated provincial. Yet to remove it went against all she had experienced in life thus far. Ever since she had gotten breasts it had been her task to keep them covered, and the job of boys to see as much of them as possible. It had been a long, if not really unpleasant battle, one expected of her and every other girl.

The first time she had worn a top which hinted at cleavage she had felt terribly daring and self conscious. Over time she had graduated into more revealing tops and swimsuits, particularly at raves and night clubs. But there the light was dim, the lights coloured and flashing. Now under the blinding sunshine her friends Emily and Shauna teased her about her top, casually revealing their own bared breasts under the eyes of the men and boys passing by.

And then, finally, she had given in and removed her top, feeling scandalous and self conscious, certain she was the centre of all attention. Somewhere inside her a young girl howled in embarrassment at people seeing her "naughty bits", but the voice slowly faded. She felt quite wicked, and quite sophisticated, as well. After a time, while her friends lay and baked in the sun, her inner excitement had driven her to her feet, to go off to find something cool to drink.

She had moved casually, strolling, as if there were nothing at all unusual about her walking along topless, clad in only a small black thong. The thong was little more than a tiny black triangle over her sex, plunging so low in front that another inch would have bared her clitoral hood. She'd had to shave almost all her pussy hair off to wear it. The thin elastic waistband climbed high up across her rounded hips before plunging again in back to meet an even tinier black triangle at the top of her cleft.

She felt herself throbbing inside, alive, aroused, hot and sexy and seductive as she strolled along

the beach under the eyes of men of all ages. She realized her nipples were painfully erect, and this both embarrassed and aroused her. It was another thing of wickedness to show, yet it also demonstrated she was not nearly so casual about her nudity as she was trying to pretend.

As a response she waded into the water, letting it rise up over her chin, swimming lightly, then returning to the shore. Now she had a mild excuse for her rigid nipples as the water dripped down her body.

She found a shop which sold iced lollies and purchased one, then sauntered slowly past several similar shops and into a small grassy area beneath shady trees. She leaned against the wall, glad of the shade, sliding the lolly into her mouth, sucking and licking as the cool liquid trickled over her tongue.

And suddenly he was there before her, startling her, making her inhale sharply. He had an amused smile on his face, but there was no disguising the lust in his eyes. He was ten years older than her, and she swallowed nervously.

"That looks tasty," he said, his voice soft and melodious.

She realized her lips were wrapped around the ice, that she was sliding it in and out. She blushed, but felt an almost electrical sense of sexual excitement. She pulled it free, and he reached down, gently taking her hand. She started, but did not resist as he guided her hand lower, gasping as he slid the ice across her breast, rubbing gently, circling her nipple, then gliding up along the curve of her breast.

The cold water trickled and dribbled down her breast as her heart pounded. She pulled the ice back, pulse racing, and he leaned in to brush his lips along her cheek, then the nape of her neck. She was almost frozen with indecision, staring over his shoulders, looking around, frantic not to be seen yet - helpless before the consuming passion which was roaring inside her.

His hands slid gently down her body, cupping and kneading her breasts, sliding around her to squeeze her bare bottom. She felt his hardness against her through his swimsuit as he ground his pelvis against her body.

It was a memory, a memory of what had been one of the most arousing, exciting, eye opening events of her life. Even though nothing really had happened, even though she had had many sexual experiences afterwards which were more graphic, and had gone much further. It had occupied her fantasies ever since, with her mind dwelling on what might have happened. For it had ended with nothing more than a little kissing and caressing.

And yet it didn't end.

As her mind replayed the event with shocking clarity, his hands became rougher, more demanding. His face seemed more angry than amused, his handsome features shifting, becoming rough and sullen. His mouth crushed hers, his teeth biting.

Bewildered by the impossible change in an oft remembered memory, she turned her head and saw others standing around, ugly, rough, unkempt men, sullen, eyes gripped with hate for her. There were dozens of them. Beyond them, people passed by, looking on casually. She could feel their disgust for her as the men swarmed around her, stripping and thrusting their cocks into her.

It was like one of the gang bangs which her new sexual attractiveness had caused. Yet her own arousal had let her float through those events on a sea of passion, hunger and supercharged passion. She

had exulted in being the centre of so much attention, revelled in their hands pawing at her, their cocks thrusting into her.

But all those experiences faded, and there was no hunger, no passion, no heat. She screamed in horror and bewilderment, her mind now that of the younger Samantha only just exposed to the "wickedness" of being topless. She writhed and struggled and sobbed as they raped her, as they rode her, as their hands clawed and groped at her young body.

One, two, and three at a time they thrust their hard, dripping cocks into her body, raping her pussy and throat and anus. Passers by continued to look on, and she could feel their disgust and contempt for her. The men became angrier, slapping at her face and breasts, cursing her, pulling at her hair. There seemed no end to them; a heaving mass of sweating male flesh swarming around her.

Horrified, mortified, she could do nothing but sob and moan and beg as they used her and punished her for her sluttish behaviour.

This isn't right.

Cock after cock was rammed into her aching body, using her roughly and cruelly before being replaced by another. They spit at her, they clawed at her. They laughed at and sneered at her. They shoved her face into the dirt and hurled obscene abuse at her.

What had been a blissful memory of her shift away from innocence had become a nightmare of abuse and pain.

They kicked her in the belly and between the legs. They struck her with their belts, bringing them cracking down upon her breasts and back and thighs and groin. They urinated on her and dragged her across the ground by her hair, laughing in contempt all the while.

This isn't right! That never happened!

They bound her arms up tightly behind her back in rough, ragged, dirty ropes which pulled over her shoulders and crossed her chest to circle her breasts. Her shoulders screamed at the abuse and strain and her breasts throbbed hotly as they were squeezed out into harsh dark balls.

She screamed in pain as a thick, long green vegetable, a cucumber, was forced deep into her sex, and another into her anus. Several inches protruded, painfully, humiliatingly visible to passers by as she was whipped through the streets.

They followed her, jeering at her, slashing their belts across her back and bottom when she faltered. People watched and pointed and hurled abuse. Some spit at or threw garbage at her. Her belly ached, the thick vegetables rubbing against her inner thighs as she staggered along. Mortified, shamed so deeply she was almost numbed, she stumbled through larger and larger crowds which formed ranks ten deep on either side.

Eggs and tomatoes struck her face and body as she lurched forward, her world filled with jeering, contemptuous faces and shouting, hateful voices.

Ahead, in the courtyard, stood a high, wooden stake. A man in a dark black mask stood beside it, holding a torch.

She whimpered in rising terror, trying to pull back, but the belts cracked against her and angry hands hurled her forward. The crowd cheered and laughed as she was dragged forward by the hair. Her arms were unbound and then raised above her. She felt the rough, fire blackened wood of the stake against her buttocks as she was pressed back against it, as her bleeding wrists were forced up and back behind it and bound tightly in place.

It's not real! It's not real! It's illusion! Break out of it!

A cheap wooden plaque on a rickety string went over her head. The plaque hung just above her breasts. Its' hand carved letters read "Whore".

The crowd gathered around, hurling wood and brush, making a pile around her feet.

Terror was all consuming, and she trembled and shook violently.

A priest moved to stand before her and began to denounce her for her lewdness, her vile, disgusting sexual desires, her sluttish behaviour which poisoned the minds of men and boys alike.

It was all so very real, far more than a memory. It was as if she were reliving it.

It never happened!

He recounted her history of perversion, of bestiality, of rape, of the sexual abuse of innocent, virginal young men and women, of her predatory pursuit of godly men of the cloth. The crowd booed and jeered and hissed and demanded her death. He told of how she seduced her younger sister, then sold her to a pimp, of how she drugged her younger brother and sent him off to the Arab slave pens.

I don't fucking have a brother or sister!

She focussed her mind, clenching her teeth against the pain, closing her eyes against the vision, though it continued within her mind. She fought for calmness, to push aside the vision, to see again the bright sunlight above her.

She could smell smoke, could feel the heat growing. She refused to open her eyes, and forced her mind to ignore it.

She opened her eyes. The vision was gone, and she slumped weakly. Yet pain remained, pain which was growing, pain in her abdomen from the two melons swelling with the heat. She no longer had the voice to scream. Her throat was swollen and dry, her eyes sunken and dark. The pain in her gut tore through her senses and made her exhausted body tremble and quiver. Tears spilled silently from her slitted eyes to fall to the water below.

The sun moved slowly across the sky, and the pain screamed within her, burning and tearing at her vitals as she gasped and panted and gulped in short, ragged breaths of air. And then, finally, late in the day, with the sun burning low on the horizon, first one melon, then the other, broke, spewing liquid and vegetable matter down into the water.

Barely conscious, she felt a wonderful surge of relief as the intensity of the pain began to slowly subside. Then the terrible hunger gnawing a hole in her belly caught at her mind instead.

The sun sank beneath the trees and brush. The air began to chill and the light began to seep slowly

out of the sky until the lush greenery turned a dull grey. Shadows grew and multiplied, grew deeper, and spread until the stars began to appear overhead.

The boat which arrived was different only in that one of the three aboard was female. They were not human, though there was nothing in their appearance to give them away. But she could tell them apart now, could sense the writhing turmoil of emotions and instincts within their minds.]

They dragged her back by the hair and let her fall sprawling into the boat. They weren't in animal form but did not seem to have lost any of their speed or strength as she was flopped onto her belly and her arms were forced up and back behind her. One of them had thick, rough ropes which smelled of fish. Her wrists were bound tightly together and forced up almost to her neck. Then her arms were jammed back together and circled with rope to pin them in place, elbows together.

They started the engine and the front end of the boat rose as it bulled through the water, circling in and around the trees and narrow, mud flats, headed upriver. It was a twenty minute journey, and none of them spoke as she lay panting and moaning on the deck. The boat drew up on a narrow beach before a gathering of over a hundred people, all werewolves. She was dragged out of the boat by the hair and hurled tumbling into their midst to fetch up against the legs of one of the few non weres.

"Have we been enjoying your punishment, dear?" Katrina asked with a small, cold smile. She was dressed all in black, her long dress skin tight and high collared, but plunging down the centre of her body to just above her pubic mound.

She reached down and yanked Sam up by the hair, her face slightly distorted now, her incisors showing clearly. She shifted her grip and closed her hand around Sam's throat, then held her in mid air, arm straight and extended out before her. "Did you think you could refuse me, little one?" she hissed. "Did you think I would fail to find you, or that you could resist my will once I did?"

She let her drop to the ground, and, gasping, Sam looked up at her. "Being dead is still better than being with you," she said, her voice a pained rasp.

Katrina's teeth gleamed. "Death need not be the end for you. You can still serve me after death."

"You will kill no one here, vampire," one of the weres growled.

Katrina looked at him coldly. "Do not tell me how to punish my slave, dog."

He snarled at her. "You are on our territory, vampire. You will do nothing here we do not will, and you must still answer to us. You are already responsible for the death of one of our pack."

"I asked for someone strong," Katrina said with a look of contempt. "You sent a puppy even this useless slut could kill."

Sam felt a rising anger and rage around her as the weres nearby glowered and growled at Katrina. She could sense the violent emotions and animal instincts swirling through the werewolves around her. Some were struggling to keep those emotions from sweeping them over into the change, where they became more animal than human.

"You told us she was a human slave," the werewolf spat. "You did not tell us she was of your line, with your strength and speed!"

"She is not one of mine," Katrina sneered. "A weakling rode her like a bitch and gave her a little added strength. And that is too much for your vaunted power to handle?"

One of the were men gripped Geoffrey' from behind and drove claws up against his throat.

"You do not dare!" Katrina hissed.

"So you value your little servants, do you?" the man demanded.

"No one damages what belongs to me," Katrina snarled.

"Truly?" His jaw widened and Sam saw his long, white teeth. "Then what about this?"

With a movement almost too fast to see he turned and caught Sam by the hair, yanking her up against him, and then a terrible, clawing dagger of agony tore into her mind. She screamed, the very world disappearing in a flash of white hot pain. And then she was on her knees, bowed down, clinging to her head, the ropes gone.

"What have you done?!" Katrina gasped.

"She is no longer your servant, no longer your belonging," the were said. "This is your punishment for taking a member of our pack - to lose a member of yours."

Her eyes narrowed. "I could kill you for this."

"And die shortly thereafter," he said coldly. "And you value your life too much for that."

Geoffrey was thrown forward to land at her feet.

"Take your remaining servant and go."

"Very well," she said. "But it is not over between us."

She glared at Sam and a smirk came across her haughty face. "You will not remain free for long, pretty-pretty," she said.

She turned and stalked off through the trees, with Geoffrey stumbling after, and the were men began to fade into the brush and trees around her, all save the large one who had done most of the speaking. Then another figure emerged, sliding out of the twilight.

"That was more easily managed than I'd thought," he said.

The were man smiled thinly. "She does not know. She believes she can simply pick this one up again upon their next meeting."

Eric smiled back. "But her influence is gone now, and so is Luke's. And mine remains."

He looked down at her and Samantha felt her pain fade away, felt energy flowing into her body. She stumbled to her feet, inhaling deeply, swaying slightly.

"Your debt to us is paid," the were man said.

She nodded jerkily and looked at Eric.

“And we can go home,” he said.

### Thirteen

She lay sprawled limply across the bed, arms and legs spread. Her skin glistened wetly and her chest rose and fell as she gulped in air. She was exhausted, drained, and ached in every joint and bone in her body.

Eric stood up, as calm and unhurried, as comfortably refreshed as though he had been resting.

"Vampires don't sweat, do they," she said, panting.

He smiled and shook his head, reaching for his robe.

"I may never stand again."

"I won't mind."

"No, you wouldn't," she groaned.

"Think of it as exercise, as preparing you for the ceremony." "I haven't agreed yet," she muttered.

"You have little choice. The ceremony will bring you added strength and stamina."

"And you."

"And I will gain strength, as well," he acknowledged.

"And the council will accept this?"

They do not know I created you. As far as they are concerned that was Luke's odious responsibility. You were a free welf, under no one's control, and therefore, available to be caught and, er, tamed."

“And do you believe you have tamed me, Eric?” she asked frostily.

His lips curved into a wicked smile. “Oh you are far from that. You impudent and rebellious and arrogant. But I like that in a woman.”

"And Katrina?"

"She will be furious after the council's decision is known to her, but she will not dare go against them, not openly, at any rate."

Samantha nodded. "What will this ceremony do, exactly? I don't mean the added strength and stamina. I'm sure it's designed for more than that."

"In truth, that is a mere side effect. The ceremony is designed to enslave you."

"And I'm supposed to agree to that?"

"There are many kinds of slavery, Sam. Mine will not be onerous. Besides, I could force you to do anything I wanted even now. I do not need the additional control."

"Then why - ."

"Because it will tie you more firmly to me. Not Katrina, nor anyone else will be able to break it, then, and the Council demands it. The one thing they fear of welfs is their being out of control, being independent. Besides, it makes it much easier for me to feed from a distance, and you must go some distance from here, at least for some years. Katrina has a terrible temper, and we must give it some time to cool or despite the council she will have you dead."

She made a face." Lovely."

"The drain will be slight to you, barely noticeable, most days. It will be a significant help to me, however. Vampires gain power by feeding off humans. There are many ways of feeding, and I am attempting to find ones which are - less damaging. A few like you - .."

He paused and smiled. "Not exactly like you, of course, merely ordinary mortals - and I will no longer need to feed in the traditional sense, no longer need blood to sustain me."

"And I get more strength."

He nodded. "Strength, stamina, resilience. No ordinary mortal would have survived what you have gone through."

"No ordinary mortal would have been put through what I survived," she countered.

"But you are free of Katrina now."

"And bound by you."

He sighed. "Do not ask for perfection, Samantha. If it exists in this world I have yet to find it. Take this as a generous gift on my part. Then go somewhere quiet and practice your magic, learn to discipline your mind."

"And survive by whoring myself?"

"The need is still within you and always will be. How do you think you will feed it? By going to

bars and clubs every night and taking home strangers? You have the mental power and abilities to seek out men of wealth who many women would covet, to use them to satisfy your hunger, and to profit in the bargain. Surely simple prudery is beyond you now?"

She dropped her eyes, for he was all too right. She no longer felt as she once had about the thought of having sex with men for money.

"And besides, you don't have to charge them if you don't want to. I have something to give you which will help pay for whatever needs you require."

He crossed smoothly to a narrow closet door and pulled it open to reveal a woman, nearly naked, standing with her back to the door.

She wore thin, black stiletto boots which rose to less than an inch below her perfectly rounded buttocks and matching gloves which almost reached her shoulders. A wide black leather collar covered her throat, its front grey metal with a ring set in the centre. Dark grey metal shackles circled her wrists and ankles over the black leather and were locked together behind her back.

"Turn," Eric ordered.

The woman turned, and Sam saw that smooth leather straps circled her head over her eyes and mouth, blinding and gagging her. Yet the baldness was a dead giveaway. It was Tara, the little Goth girl.

The four inch wide leather belt she wore was cinched tightly in around her waist, so tightly Sam wondered how the girl could breath. A narrow silver chain was attached to the front of the belt and ran down her abdomen to a silver ring piercing her clitoral hood. It held the hood up and back, exposing her clitoris.

Two more narrow chains were attached to similar rings in her nipples, pulling them up and back, attached to the collar.

"Forward," he said.

Tara walked slowly forward, back stiff, head back.

"Stop."

"What is this?" Sam demanded, guilt and anger rising within her. Eric turned, a rueful expression on his face. "She was a young, confused personality, uncertain of her place and role in life. Katrina saw this as a perfect blank slate and made her one of hers."

"You don't mean she's like me."

He shook his head. "She is human, but Katrina has broken her mind and made her into a creature of sex and pain and violence. Think of the illusions she spun for you and think of how much more vulnerable Tara was to them, and how many of them she endured over weeks. If you got her to one of your psychiatrists, he would diagnose her as an extremely masochistic, submissive nymphomaniac."

"Well if you set her free and sent her back to her life - ."

He shook his head. "She has been Katrina's playtoy for too long," he said. "And her ties with her

past have been destroyed. She no longer remembers her friends and family. And the videos and pictures Katrina had delivered to them mean they no longer want anything to do with her.

"She will do anything she is told, go with anyone who asks her, permit and be aroused by any level of punishment or bondage. She no longer has a will of her own, can no longer take care of herself. Left to herself she would simply be used repeatedly by whomever encounters her. She will eat and drink when hungry, try to wear something warm when cold, or disrobe when warm. That is almost the entirety of what she can do to take care of herself."

"You're saying her mind has been - destroyed?"

He shook his head. "Her personality. She is still intelligent, after a fashion, and capable of performing tasks, as long as she is told to do so. She can cook, clean, probably type for all I know. But she has to be told. She can no longer make decisions on her own. That part of her personality has been burned away. All she desires now is sex, to be punished, to please others with her body."

He reached to the strap over her mouth, and Samantha slid to her feet and padded across to them. She saw that there was a pair of small snaps at the front of the strap to either side of a round leather patch covering her mouth. But with the snaps undone Eric pulled at what she had taken to be a patch and it slid back. It was not a patch, but a plug, and Sam watched as inch after inch of it emerged, eyes widening as it reached nearly a foot in length. 'She has learned to breathe around it,' he said as he removed the last of the plug from her mouth and throat.

Now a black metal ring was left, wedged in between Tara's jaws, holding them wide. Sam could see her pink tongue and moist, glistening mouth inside. The tongue was pierced by a small stud, which rolled and twisted as the girl worked her tongue around. Eric slid a finger through the ring and the girl's tongue moved against it, licking and caressing it. The ring which held her teeth wide did not prevent her lips from closing around his finger, and she began to suck and moan softly.

"Why have you kept her like this?" Samantha demanded.

"She wants to be kept in bondage. She will not wear clothes."

He pulled his finger free as Sam reached behind the girl and undid the buckle holding the blindfold in place. He smiled and was gone, leaving them alone. Sam drew back, startled, as the blindfold came free. Something had been done to the girl's eyes. They were wider than they had been, perhaps twice their previous size. The pupils were enormous, impossibly bright green which filled almost her entire eyes.

Sam stared, shocked, as those enormous eyes stared back. She undid the strap over the girl's mouth and gently worked the ring free. Tara gasped and moaned weakly as her jaw slowly closed.

"Tara," she gulped. "I'm sorry about what has been done to you."

"Mistress," the girl breathed, falling to her knees. "Mistress."

"I didn't - ."

"Mistress."

Tara rubbed her face and head against Sam's bare belly and abdomen.

"You don't have to do this, Tara," Sam said guiltily. "You can go free."

"Let Tara please you, Mistress," the girl begged. "Please let Tara please her mistress."

"I'm not your mistress."

The girl looked up at her with those enormous eyes, and they glistened wetly and began to tear up.

"I mean, you can go free if you want. You can - stop crying, Tara."

"Mistress," the girl whimpered. "Please don't leave Tara Mistress. Tara will try to do better. Tara will be a good girl."

"I-I'm sure you will," Sam said awkwardly.

"Please don't leave Tara, mistress!" the girl sobbed, body shaking.

"I won't! I won't!"

The girl rubbed her teary face against Sam's belly and she hesitantly stroked the smooth skin of her head.

"Please can Tara please you, Mistress!? Please! Please! Tara will make you happy, Mistress!" the girl whined desperately

"I - ." Sam looked around for Eric, licking her lips helplessly. "I guess you can but - ."

Tara plunged her face into Sam's groin and her tongue pushed up and out. With a startled gasp, Sam jerked back, staring down at the girl's long pink tongue. It pushed at least four inches past the girl's lips.

"H-how can you push your tongue out so far?" she gulped.

Tara looked back with shining eyes. "Mistress Katrina stretched it," she said.

"She hung weights on it for days on end until it grew longer. Please let me lick you, mistress!"

"Your eyes?"

"I don't know, mistress. There was a lot of smoke and chanting. I couldn't see for a while. Mistress says they're more pretty now. Please can I lick you, mistress?!"

Sam felt shamed at what had been done to the girl, and more glad than ever that she was free of the evil vampire.

Yet she had been responsible for what had happened to Tara, as well. The girl pushed her tongue up and down against Sam's pussy, and despite her sense of guilt she felt the heat begin to rise within her. When that soft, moist tongue slid between the lips of her sex and drove deep into her pussy she gasped and stumbled, clutching Tara's ears as she closed her eyes in pleasure.

"God," she panted.

The girl's long tongue twisted and swirled inside her, and she moaned, her legs going rubbery. She drew Tara back to the bed and sat down on the edge, spreading her legs as the girl's tongue began to drive her into higher and deeper realms of pleasure and passion. In two minutes she was writhing and panting, cursing and moaning, rolling her hips up against the girl's tongue as Tara licked and sucked against her quivering sex.

She came explosively, jamming the girl's face down hard as she arched her back with violent release. Yet that was only the beginning. Tara was tireless, her tongue swirling and gliding, teasing and taunting, stroking her into tantalizing heights of sexual pleasure, then plunging in and driving her violently over the edge.

After several climaxes she began to return the favour, licking and sucking at Tara's sex, but with little obvious results. It was only when she began to nibble and bite lightly at her clitoris that the girl began to moan in pleasure. Sam thrust her fingers violently into the girl's sex, jamming them in and out with painful force, and Tara shuddered, gasping in pleasure. She bit down on her exposed clitoris and the girl screamed and came, bucking wildly, her head thrashing from side to side.

And it was in pleasure. Oh the pain was there, as well, but Katrina had tied them inextricably together, as Geoffrey had tried, and to some extent succeeded in doing with Sam herself.

As she skimmed the surface of the girl's mind she realized that Tara could only feel sexual pleasure in sexual pain, and while appalled, a dark part of her was fascinated. She turned the girl over, taking her across her lap, and thrust her fingers in harder, forcing three, then four, then her entire hand into the quivering, moaning young woman's pussy. She began to slap her hand down against her wriggling bottom as she fisted her, jamming her knuckles in deep, grinding them against the girl's cervix until she screamed in a mixture of agony and ecstasy.

Her mind was in tune with Tara's, and she could feel every rise and fall in the girl's pleasure, could feel her mind spinning and churning in the violent sexual backwash to the pain she was inflicting upon her. She fed the heat, built it higher, poured her own lust and passion into the girl's mind until Tara was screaming with ecstasy, climaxing again and again, her pussy spasming wetly around Sam's pumping fist.

Her forearm, her wrist, then her hand came free with a wet, slurping sound, and Tara rolled limply over, dazed, gasping, sweating. Her enormous eyes looked up at Sam and she felt the intensity of the girl's love, devotion and desire for her. It was the unknowing, unthinking, uncaring, total devotion of a puppy.

"Punish me, mistress," she whispered shyly, gulping in air. "I'm a bad girl."

And then Eric was there, smiling, and Sam felt her own hunger and passion rising with the dark lust rolling off the bound slave laying across her lap.

"Do her," she breathed. "Make it hurt."

Eric growled as she tore open his robe and his cock rose before her eyes.

"In the ass," she ordered.

She pushed the girl's head down and pulled her legs apart, and Eric put a knee on the edge of the bed and pressed his thick cock against the small anal ring.

"Hard and fast. Hurt her," Sam breathed.

Tara screamed as he rammed himself into her. Sam could feel the pain, sense the alarm, the fear, the anxiety floating in the background of the girl's mind. But lust was a floodtide and the pleasure rode its peak. As Eric rammed himself into her bottom again and again Sam shifted her position, spreading her legs and drawing the girl's face into her sex. The long pink tongue shot out and thrust into her as she moaned and gasped and whimpered under the harsh pummelling of Eric's body.

The ceremony was a simple, if dehumanizing and degrading one. Eric stood at the centre of a warded circle. Samantha, nude, crawled to him on her belly and kissed both ankles. She then took up five golden bracelets, not dissimilar to the ones Katrina had placed on her. She attached these to her wrists and ankles, placing the largest around her throat. She then knelt on all fours, raising her bottom and shifting her knees apart, presenting herself to Eric. He mounted her, moving slowly at first, but as his excitement rose his movements became harsher, stronger, his body pounding against her.

He bent forward over her, both of them gasping in passion and heat, and pulled her head back. She braced herself, whimpering in excitement and anxiety as she felt his hot breath on the nape of her neck. He struck, his teeth slicing into her throat, and she shuddered violently, bucking back against his pumping manhood as he continued to ride her.

She felt him feeding at her, felt the swirl of magic around her body. Her wrists ankles and throat suddenly felt hot, burning. She raised her hands, whining, whimpering, and saw the golden bands glowing with power. Then they began to sink into her flesh. They sank into her, faded, disappeared, and she felt the same happening at her ankles and throat and knew that the slavery they represented was now bound inextricably to her body and soul.

The next day she and Tara boarded the train for Paris. Tara looked normal, with a black wig and sunglasses, wearing a loose sweater dress. Beneath the dress, of course, she wore the narrow belt, the rings, and a butt plug and dildo.

At Paris she "persuaded" a man to drive them to Calais, where, with the "cooperation" of the captain she boarded a ship for Athens. She purchased no tickets, made no reservations, and left no trace of her passage as she and Tara took a roundabout route west to India. There, almost by chance, her mind caught the lust and hunger and burning need of a man named Rajiv, a rabidly corrupt, venal, wealthy and cruel provincial governor.

She allowed him to "persuade" her to return to his palace with him, let him ply her with gifts and promises of wealth she knew he had no intention of fulfilling. It amused her that he thought her innocent, that he thought her "little sister" even more innocent. He was quite a depraved man and yet could not sense the depravity in either of them.

She let him seduce her, let him persuade himself she had fallen in love with him, and bowed to his demands to aid him in the rape and enslavement of her "sister". And while he did so she worked his mind like a sculpture with soft clay, and drained millions of his ill gotten gains from Swiss bank accounts and practised the spells and discipline techniques in the books she had taken.

To assuage what small guilt she felt at this she let him use Tara again and again, let him beat and torture her, let him degrade and humiliate her before his friends and workers. And then, with his money, and her "little sister" she fled, leaving his mind confused and uncertain, but reluctant to do anything to find them once again.

Katrina, she knew, would look for her in America. It was the obvious place for an English girl to run, and so a place to avoid. She and Tara found their way to Brazil instead. There was depravity in plenty there, along with wealth to be had on its golden beaches. Every now and then, often as her orgasms peaked, she felt eyes upon her, felt Eric's mind on her, sensed his hunger as he fed at the energy washing through her, and knew he would be with her until she died.

And that, unless Katrina caught her, would not be for a very, very long time.

END