

POSSESSED BY EVIL by Argus

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ONE

Ryan Hunter hurried through the busy crowd, her long legs moving with an athlete's grace, glancing at her watch unhappily. She could not be late for this interview. It was too important for her future. Maclean, Jardin and Burger were one of the city's top law firms, and clerking for them this summer would give her a leg up on a highly profitable career when she graduated from law school next year.

Her hair was pulled back tightly behind her and she wore a dark blue suit, both designed to hide her femininity as much as possible. Old line law firms were notoriously sexist, and she neither wanted to be dismissed as a blonde airhead, or hired by some sleazy, grey haired lawyer who thought he'd get his hands on her full young breasts and shapely bottom.

She was going to be a lawyer, and that meant she would be treated with respect. She would demand that. No matter that she looked like a model and drew eyes wherever she moved, no matter that her hair was as perfectly golden as a summer field, her deep, soft green eyes could entrance idle minds and her legs looked as though they had been sculpted by an artist. She would be treated with respect, and not as a sex object!

After all the years of late night studying and days spent in research, all the dull, boring classes, and desperate efforts to make it to the highest levels of academic success she would simply not allow anyone to treat her as a body rather than a person.

Ahead of her she saw an odd looking man. He was tall, with a mass of gray hair spilling out over his shoulders. He wore a blue cape over some sort of outlandish robe, and he was staring at her. She scowled almost instinctively, warning him off. She had no time to deal with would be Lotharios today, especially weird ones.

Gareth muttered to himself as he pushed through the door onto the street, immediately angered by the discordant sounds of traffic and machinery, the noxious smell of rotting garbage and gasoline fumes. He felt a throbbing within his skull and a fury at the dull mass of humanity he was forced to move through.

He thought of Shey Hadar and its miles of gardens and fountains, the perfect, shining stone rising into the sky, and the gentle singing of songbirds, and then gazed around him with a curled lip at the filthy cars and rusting trucks rolling past, the boxy structures lining the street, and the ugly mongrels of humanity

shuffling back and forth.

Whores. They were all whores, men and women alike. Cheap and tawdry as they went about their miserable, pathetic lives, desperately seeking things, objects in which to take pleasure. They had no Gods, no purity, nothing to give meaning to their existence. How had things come to this? How had the elites allowed power to fall to the lowest common denominator, to the dull eyed, slack jawed cretins who should, by rights, be crawling in fields doing menial work and bowing to their betters?

His eye was caught by a young woman clad in a mannish business suit. Her features were striking, and her golden hair, what wasn't pulled tightly back and bound behind her, looked lovely. She carried a large briefcase in one hand, a large handbag in another, and was striding purposefully along, no doubt intent on some trivial business pursuit.

This young woman should be naked and in chains, lounging at his feet, eager to please him with her body. It was what her she were made for.

His mind drifted back thousands of years in an instant and he smiled for a moment as he recalled the decision to breed a select group of females so that their hair became golden like the early sunrise so as to flatter Rahala. They would be the pleasure toys of the senior priests of Rahala, perfect of body, biddable of mind, with flawless silken flesh and hair.

The line had clearly bred true in this female, yet she hid her body behind this ugliness and went about her misguided life without ever realizing the true joy servitude could bring her.

Her green eyes noted his gaze and turned cold and distant, even faintly contemptuous, and his anger was raised again. She dismissed him!? He was a descendant of the great To'Ra! He had led mighty armies and crushed Rahala's enemies for centuries, and she, she was the descendant of a pleasure slave, bred to comfort his officers.

His eyes narrowed and he swept his mind about him, almost effortlessly creating a screen around himself, a vision of normality, and as the female swept past he reached for her hair, where it was bound behind her neck and yanked her head savagely up and back. Her scream went unheard by the rest of the shuffling mass, who saw merely a small group of overweight, unpleasant looking vagrants gathered together, and averted their eyes.

He turned her and slammed her into a pole, then his clawed fingers moved, lightning quick to the centre of her torso, ripping open blouse and jacket and tearing them back over her shoulders and off.

"Wh- what! Let me - "

He turned her and slammed her belly-down across a newspaper box, gripped the back of her trousers and tore them open to the crotch, letting the ragged pieces slide down her long, pale legs to her ankles. In seconds she was naked, and he used the convenient hold on her hair to yank her head up and back, bowing her body so he could examine it.

Her hands pawed feebly at his wrist up behind her head, and she thrashed and twisted uselessly as he ran a hand fondly down the downy soft flesh of her torso. The breeding program had clearly gone astray, yet this female still exhibited most of the traits. Her skin was softer than normal, her hair more silky, her breasts exceptionally firm and rounded, the nipples small yet perfectly moulded.

Her mind was a neat tracery of open connections, but there was something wrong, a blockage,

like a rusted gate never used. He smiled and opened his fingers. Power arced from his fingertips and he traced a line across the gaping girl's forehead. She arched her back and shuddered, and he saw the connections close.

He let heat slide through his fingertips as he traced them down the nape of her neck and over her breasts and the girl shuddered, her hips bucking helplessly, her cries halting, turning to gasps of shock and confusion. He smiled down at her, his sharp nails tracing a line across nipples which instantly went rigid. He let his fingers ease downwards to her pubic hair, so silky and fine, and then along the line of her sex.

Her hips humped back violently and she cried out, shuddering again.

Such a waste, he thought. The whore had barely been used. It was no wonder there had been a blockage.

He bent her forward across the box again, and her legs spread wide, her bottom raising as he undid his robe. His manhood sprang forth, thick and long and powerful as he centered it at the entrance to her already moist hole. He thrust in sharply and she cried out in pain and ecstasy. She was tight, but she was made to take men such as he, and her elastic opening spread wide around his shaft as he drove himself deep.

Ryan tried to cry out but her chest was locked, unable to expel the air. Her body was on fire, her mind spinning out of control. Her nails broke as they clawed at the cold metal of the box over which she was bent. Her hair spilled out around her eyes as she stared wildly around. At the people passing her by. She was completely naked on a busy street, being raped, and no one was noticing. It was impossible! Cars and trucks continued to rumble past, and people did not so much as glance at her, nor even interrupt their conversations.

Filled with horror and shock, she felt like a passenger in her own body, helpless to affect it as the sensual fire raged out of control, the pressure building up past anything she had ever imagined, becoming a feverish sexual desire which overwhelmed and stunned her. She grunted with desperate satisfaction each time she felt his immensely thick cock drive into her body. Yet she ached terribly. Each savage thrust sent an intense flood of pain rolling through her body and mind.

And it didn't matter. She endured the pain, and her body ignored it. She came, shuddering and bucking back against the man who was raping her. She cried out in rage, or at least, started to, but the sound was one of bliss as she came again, even more powerfully. He was enormous, the largest cock she had ever felt. She could not believe how deeply he had driven himself, or how much it hurt.

She came again, whining like a bitch in heat, rutting back frantically onto his impaling cock as his hands clutched her hips and his torso slammed against her raised bottom.

She came, her head thrashing from side to side, the veins bulging in her neck. She had never felt such pleasure. It was burning out her mind, and nothing else in the world could compare to the joy of it.

She could feel her breasts hot against the hard, cold, rusting surface of the newspaper box, grinding and rolling back and forth as her upper torso was slammed and pounded forward and back by his cruel hammering pelvis, and then he yanked her head up and back painfully by the hair, and his hands moved beneath to cup and squeeze her breasts.

She came, gloriously, her breasts afire, throbbing, boiling with pleasure and pain.

Gareth emptied himself into the female, then pressed his hand lightly along the back of her neck. Fine lines of power sizzled along her spine as he ran his fingers along it, opening long unused genetic connections and turning the girl into the sexual creature she had been bred to be. He implanted an order in her mind, then moved away. As he did so he let his screen fall, and smiled as he saw the reactions of those passing by to the naked blonde spread across the box. The girl slowly pushed herself up, then staggered and fell back on her bottom, legs spread, eyes glazed.

This world could have its amusements, he supposed, and playing with the herd was among them.

He moved up the street and stepped into a building. The lobby was exquisitely ornate, with interlocking marble tiles in contrasting colours of ivory and green. Broad stone columns reached to the ceiling far above, and plants and fountains gave it a comforting air of familiarity. He moved through it with slightly raised spirits, only a little irritated at the closeness of the herd here as he got into a lift.

He held up his hand at those who would follow. They did not see it, yet hesitated. He smiled and let three of them come forward, a lovely young brunette and two businessmen. The others turned away, not knowing why. They doors closed, and the two men turned on the girl, ripping at her clothes as she squealed and struggled.

Gareth lounged in the corner, smiling as the girl's legs were spread and the first man thrust himself up into her. He raised a finger and twirled it, and the next man rammed himself into her rectum, the two males pounding furiously as the girl howled and struggled.

Stupid females, he thought. They had all forgotten their place in the modern world. They had all forgotten what they were made for. It was one of many things which angered him about this modern world, one of many things he intended to put right.

The lust crazed men continued to maul the girl, tearing off the remaining scraps of her clothing, their hands racing over her struggling body, their teeth and lips and tongues devouring her flesh as she sobbed and twisted, battered by their uncontrolled passion.

The doors opened and he moved out, then turned and smiled. He sealed them into the box and then turned away. A plump middle aged woman stepped into the elevator, seeing nothing amiss, hearing nothing, pressing the button to go down as she backed against the wall. The two men continued to thrust into the girl, their hands holding her aloft between their grinding bodies as they continued to chew and suckle and lick at her throat and face and hair.

The doors closed.

Leslie sighed and looked at the clock. The day was simply dragging. She should never have agreed to work for Mr. Dillon. The money was wonderful, of course. And he even provided her with a spending allowance in order to bring her wardrobe up to the standard required of his office. That let her dress in stylish designer originals, get the best haircuts - like the soft, feathery one she had now, and wear the most expensive perfumes and makeup.

But Dillon clearly intended her work to be a lot more than administrative. His hints and suggestions had been growing more bold the last few weeks, and the way the man looked at her made her want to scrub herself with disinfectant. She was only twenty two but because of her lush good looks she had dealt with male lust for many years. She recognized the worst excesses of it in Dillon, and sensed something dark in his hunger.

The man was old enough to be her grandfather, and the thought of letting him paw and grunt over her was revolting. She wasn't going to do it no matter how good the money, and so she had been trying to save, and looking around for another position.

Gareth walked up the corridor, examining pictures of previous men of power, power as this world knew it. They were wealthy men who ruled corporate empires, but they were still bound by the herd, and the rules the herd made. And so they were not men of power at all.

The door opened ahead of him and he entered a large office. An antique desk stood before him, and a lovely young blonde sat behind it. She was not the perfect female he had taken earlier on the street, but very pleasing to the eyes. She smiled a professional welcome at him. He smiled back and ignored her, sweeping past and pushing open the door to the inner office. The girl had never seen him before but did not think to protest or question.

The man behind the enormous desk ahead of him looked up and scowled.

"Yes?" he asked.

Gareth could read his confusion. How had he gotten here? Why had Leslie, his secretary, let him in? There was the beginning of anxiety, the thought of security guards.

Gareth sat and smiled.

"Mr. Dillon," he said. "I am here to seek your aid."

"Is that so? And who might you be and how did you get in here?"

"You may call me Gareth. Getting in here was not difficult. I am a man of power, and with your assistance, I intend to do mighty things in this world."

"Really?"

The man was clearly unimpressed. He reached for his intercom.

Gareth crooked his hand and the man's tie shot out before him, yanking the man forward across his desk, half strangling him.

"There are far greater things in this world than you have ever imagined, Dillon," he said, lounging back in his chair, watching the man's fingers fight with his tie. "There are far more ways to power, and far greater powers than a petty mortal like you has ever experienced."

He let the tie go and the man lurched back into his chair, gasping and staring, wild eyed, at Gareth.

"You are a nicely unprincipled man, Dillon," he said. "That's why I've come to you. You aren't much, but you do know people and you can make things easier for me. In return, I will grant you a tiny sliver of power in the world I am about to create."

"Wh-who are you!?" the man gasped, fingers clawing at his tie and tearing it loose.

"I am Gareth. I am a disciple of Rahala, and now that I am free I intend to return him to his rightful place of power in this world. And you will aid me."

"I-I will?" the man gulped.

"Indeed."

He cast his will out and the secretary entered, smiling. She walked over to the desk next to Dillon and, still smiling, began to disrobe.

"I can give you true power, Dillon," he said. "The kind of power you could never hold in this miserable world as it is."

Dillon stared at the girl, and Gareth saw the lust in his eyes and in his heart. How the man had yearned for this girl, how he had hinted and flattered and cajoled in a pitiful effort to draw her attentions, all for naught. This man of power and wealth had been helpless to influence a mere chit of a girl, a lowly bottom dweller! How far this world had fallen.

The girl moved forward and dropped to her knees at his feet, licking at his shoes as Dillon's eyes bulged, then, whining in heat and excitement, her hands undid his trousers, pulling out his cock, and slipped her lips over it.

She bobbed up and down, taking him deep into her throat, pulling back only to turn shining eyes of love up at him. "Master," she whispered.

She took him into her mouth again, all the way to the base of his cock, and Dillon's trembling hands reached out to her golden hair, moaning in dazed incomprehension.

"No, this isn't a dream, Dillon. It is but a taste of what power you will enjoy."

He searched the man's mind and smiled. Dillon was even more appropriate a choice than he had thought.

The girl pulled up and back, gasping, turned and rose to her feet. She moved to the wall and raised her hands high. The curtain cord lifted and wrapped around her wrists, pulling her to her toes, and she moaned as the tight cord dug into her flesh. The thick, ivory handled cane Dillon had propped in a corner floated across to her, slipped beneath and then rammed upwards into her sex.

She screamed in pain, her head thrown backwards.

Dillon was sweating and gaping excitedly as his vision came to life before him. He watched his own belt unwrap from the loops of his trousers and float across to the girl. It drew back, straightened and slashed itself down across her back.

Leslie screamed again, her body thrown forward by the blow. Her eyes were wild now. The blankness had gone from them and she stared behind her in astonishment, pulling desperately at the curtain cord.

The belt whipped down across her bottom and she cried out again. Then again, then again and again. The cane slid down, then rammed back up hard enough to lift her momentarily off her toes. She screamed in agony, her body jerking in against the wall. She spun around as if by unseen hands. The curtain cord pulled tighter, lifting her off her feet. The belt cut into her soft, proud breasts and she screamed and writhed.

"Power, Dillon. Real power. True power. Power to do as you wish, when you want, with whom you desire. Would you like it? Would it give meaning to your life?"

The belt was cracking savagely down on the girl's reddening breasts now, and she was screaming and shaking and flailing her legs wildly.

Gareth waved a hand in her direction and her screams halted, her struggles ending. The belt slashed across already reddened breasts once again and she moaned in passion, rolling her head. The belt set her breasts bouncing and jiggling and she gurgled and climaxed, quite obviously.

"Yessss!" she hissed "Oh yes! Oh yes! Again! Again! Oh yes!"

The belt hissed through the air, whipping against her breasts and belly. And then her ankles rose into the air and pulled up back behind her. The cane began thrusting and the girl's body bucked and twisted as she cried out in bliss.

"Pitiful little beings these," Gareth said. "So easy to influence."

The girl's cries of pleasure ceased, and once again her eyes came alive, bulging. She screamed in pain now as the cane raped her, as the diamond tipped knob cracked into her cervix with agonizing force.

"Would you like her, Dillon? Her and a hundred like her? I can give them to you."

"Th-the police - ."

Gareth laughed.

"Would you like to call them, to watch them dance, to watch them use this pleasure slave as she was meant to be used? Would you like to watch them crawl before you, them, the judges, the politicians? Do not fear the authorities, Dillon. Fear only me."

The cane twisted and began to thicken and soften. It became a snake, and Dillon gasped as Leslie screamed in horror. The snake's tail whipped back and forth as it wriggled deeper into her body, inch after inch pushing up into her sex until he could see her belly abdomen bulging with its movements, her belly distended. The tail disappeared inside her and the bulges moved higher as Leslie screamed and writhed.

Her legs were free now and they kicked violently, her body twisting and spinning, bouncing against the wall as she shrieked in agony. Her insides bulged and then flattened, and she went limp on the end of the cord. The cord dropped her to the floor and she lay moaning for a moment before raising her head,

glazed eyes unseeing. She crawled unsteadily across the floor to Gareth and whimpered, licking at his heels.

"Master, master," she whimpered. "Master."

He put out a hand and let her lick his fingers, then combed them through her hair so that she purred in delight and rubbed her face against his knees.

He snapped his fingers and the girl crawled around the desk to Dillon, purring and whimpering, licking at his fingers and rubbing her cheek against his thighs.

"She is yours. I give her to you."

"She-she is?" Dillon croaked.

"Yours to command. She will obey you utterly."

He tossed a ring onto the desk and Dillon tore his gaze off the fawning, whining young naked girl and stared at it.

"Put it on and you can control her."

He hesitated, then licked his lips as he stared down at the girl. He picked up the ring and put it on.

"Now merely will her to feel pleasure, or pain. If you touch her she will feel a fire in her loins.

Dillon stared down, fascinated, then let his ringed hand moved to the girl, stroking his fingers across her cheek. She shuddered and moaned in pleasure. He reached down and cupped one of her beautiful breasts and she gasped, arching her back, rolling her hips as she pushed against him.

She crawled up across his lap and he ran his hand over the delicious flesh of her bottom, feeling a sense of tactile bliss at the touch of her. His hand slid between her legs and squeezed her sex and she cried out and shuddered, climaxing, rolling and grinding her pelvis back against his fingers. The climax went on and on, growing more and more powerful as he willed her to feel pleasure. Her cries and moans grew more passionate, more feverish, more intense.

"Do not forget that she is but a human. You can kill her, burn her mind out if you go too far," Gareth said. "Not that that matters, of course. There are many like her."

The girl was bucking violently, her head thrashing, her body overheating. Her skin was taking on the sheen of perspiration now as she gurgled and gasped.

He closed his fingers in her soft flesh and she screamed in sudden agony. Her body bucked in a different way now, and he smiled in delight. He ground his fingers in more deeply and her screams grew more terrible, yet she made no attempt to pull free. He drove his fingers into her body and her screams became maddened shrieks, her body now soaked in perspiration, shaking more and more violently, feet pawing at the floor, hands slapping and bouncing wildly against the side of his chair.

He pulled his hand free and she slumped, chest heaving. He let her slip off him and fall to the floor, where she lay on her back, slack jawed, eyes closed, desperately gulping in air. Then, at a thought from him, she spread her legs wide, drawing her knees back, and began to run her shaking, trembling hands

over her body, moaning in pleasure.

"I'm in," he whispered. "I don't care what it is. I want to be a part of it."

"I thought you might," Gareth said with a smile.

Kiri Chan bit her lip lightly as she let her small hands sift through the herbs on the table. She pulled a small bag of jasmine out and snipped it open, then poured it into the pan before her, watching it dissolve in the oil. The oil was already simmering lightly, and someone watching might have wondered at the source of heat, for it sat on a block of pale marble rather than a fire or stove.

Her forehead was crinkled in the small, habitual frown of concentration so familiar to those few who knew her. She stirred the oil with a silver spoon and whispered a small spell in a sing song cadence as old as time.

Her parents had thought her mad when they had discovered her 'hobby'. They had harped and nagged at her for months, trying to sway her from what they thought of as a shameful and foolish course. They had thrown away everything they suspected she might use, anything which might aid her in furthering her knowledge and abilities in witchcraft.

But Kiri, small as she was, earnest and obedient as was her habit, had a determination unmatched by queens. When she set her small, dainty foot down and made a decision no force on Earth could sway her. And in this she was determined. She felt a calling, and would not give way. She had moved out, instead, a shameful thing for an unmarried girl of only twenty-two - at least, as far as her parents were concerned.

Instead of going on to university she had taken a job as a clerk with a large bank, and prospered. Kiri's tidy mindset and punctilious habits delighted administrators, for they knew every I would be dotted and every T crossed when Kiri was given a task. There were no foolish regulations or rules to Kiri. There was a way things were done, and that was all there was to it. And if others might comment on the inefficiency of a given system, well, that was for others to worry about. Kiri liked systems. She understood them. She did not break rules, nor even stretch them. To do so might damage the system.

Kiri was a bookkeeper now, and her employers thought she had the mindset to be a perfect accountant, which would certainly have pleased her family. Accountants were respectable, not as respectable as wives, but then, this was America, and who could expect young people to abide by what was right here? But at least, accountants were respectable. Witches were not. Witches were mentally ill people and flighty, unreliable, silly girls who had too much time on their hands.

Her employers would have been astounded to see Kiri, normally clad in perfectly tailored grey skirts and trousers and dark button down silk shirts bent over a lightly steaming iron bowl whispering incantations while clad in a bright turquoise thong and matching camisole.

The tissue thin silk camisole hugged her slender body like a second skin. Two thin spaghetti straps rose from either side of a cleavage revealing front to slip across her narrow shoulders. One had slipped off her shoulder to hang limply along her upper arm, but the material clung to her regardless. Below her small, but high and exquisitely firm breasts, the material pulled in tightly against her narrow chest, ending at her ribs to bare a trim, flat stomach and abdomen above the low cut front of her thong.

Those who worked with her every day would have been astonished to learn of what she considered a weakness, and an embarrassing one at that. For beneath the businesslike jackets, blouses, trousers, and long skirts she always wore to work Kiri delighted some part of her inner self by wearing the most scandalous of silks, satins, and lace. No one ever saw it save her, yet she often took a shy delight in knowing how startled her co workers would be had they known her secret.

Kiri had been raised in an atmosphere of self effacement, and her only public demonstration of humble behaviour and dress were the silk blouses she often wore under her jackets - always in subdued colours. She had been raised with the idea that girls - and women - should be humble and speak softly, even apologetically, and do nothing to draw notice. This often clashed with the determination and even stubbornness that were a part of her makeup, but like her clothing, Kiri was a study in contrasts.

The world often surprised her with its unpredictable nature, which was why Kiri prized order and systems. Rules and regulations could be memorized, for she had a prodigious memory, but people seemed to constantly change, with no set yardstick by which to measure and understand them. Men, in particular, were distressingly confusing. They could be polite and genteel one moment and crude and rude the next. The Asian men tended to treat her in a patronizing way, measuring her suitability to be a subservient wife, while the White men seemed to think they could make free use of her body after only brief preliminaries.

Kiri liked to feel attractive, and even sensuous, if secretly so, but she was uncomfortable and shy around men. She seldom dated, very seldom, in fact, for she had grown distrustful of men, and disliked the uncertainty which came from being around them in social environments.

Witchcraft had certainty to it. Once a formula or potion was learned it would behave in precisely the proper way each time it was mixed or incanted, varying only with the strength one applied.

Others might have been surprised - shocked, in truth - but Kiri had long since accepted the reality of power and its use. As well as the need for discretion around those not versed in the secrets and realities of sorcery and magic.

She leaned forward, gazing down into the bowl as the liquid seemed to glow softly. Her short, dark hair was parted in the centre of her forehead and always perfectly brushed, every hair in place, framing a small, oval face with snub nose, dainty mouth and large almond shaped eyes. Now it spilled forward as she gazed down into the bowl, and she absently reached up to brush it back as the glow turned into a mist which spilled over the sides of the bowl and began to rise.

Kiri struggled to translate the last word of the spell. Her Aztec was slowly improving, but she still had difficulty with the more complex passages. She twisted her tongue with the complex rhythms of the chant and stared at the ring ahead of her. A mist began to appear, spread, rose, and thickened. She continued the chant, and the mist grew bright, then opaque. A window appeared within it, a window on the city.

Pleased, she stood back, straightening her shoulders and squinting at the window, shifting over to her second site so that colour faded and became a dullish gray of cold stone, steel and pavement, yet here and there were glowing, shifting clouds of red, more than the last time, and darker. Something was happening, something mired in the darkest of evil, and yet she could not trace its origin. It was unnerving, for she had always been very good at scrying.

She let her mind push deeper into the image, flying downward to the newest of those dark patches, wriggling her nose at the foul scent of it. It was a sidewalk downtown. There was a small crowd

of people there, all in blues and yellows and greens except one. No, that was not right.

That one was an unhealthy shade of gray blue, yet it had a tracery of red around it.

She felt a burst of elation, for she had not come so close to finding the source of the darkness in her weeks of searching. Her small hands moved in a complex weave and a doorway sprang into being to one side. She rose smoothly to her feet, glanced only momentarily at her state of undress, hesitated an instant, then instead muttered a spell of illusion and stepped through the door.

Ryan felt queasy as she sat back in the back of the ambulance. The entire episode remained fresh in her mind, searing her senses. She recognized she was in shock, yet even so felt a deep sense of humiliation at the staring eyes around her and the laughing remarks she could see them making to one another.

Her clothes were in tatters and she clutched a blanket around herself, pulling it as high as she could, wanting to hide her face and head beneath it and wake up in her own bed.

It was a nightmare, and she could not waken. Nor could she explain what happened to the policemen or emergency care workers. The scratches on her body, on her breasts and groin were obvious, but what had happened - she could not say. She did not know. Could she even tell them how she was bent over and ravaged in front of everyone without being seen? What would be their reaction to that? Amusement? Arousal? They would certainly not believe it. She had already heard mutters about drugs, and they had asked her several times what she had taken.

And then she saw something bizarre. There at the edge of the crowd stood a Chinese girl. She was short and slender, but standing very firmly upright, a frown on a very pretty young face. She had short dark hair cut perfectly so that it framed her face and ended just above her slender shoulders. She wore a pair of thin glasses with sliver thin frames. She was looking at Ryan along with everyone else, but with a curious expression on her face.

And she was in her underwear.

She had a petite body, but shapely. She seemed almost unconscious of her state of undress, but more importantly, everyone else was, as well. No one took any notice of her.

The girl realized Ryan was staring at her, apparently realized why, looked uncomfortable, and backed away. Ryan rose in her seat, but the girl seemed to melt into the crowd and disappear, and then the doors closed and the ambulance moved away from the curb.

Kiri cursed her rashness. The girl had seen through her illusion, and she should have expected that. She hurried into a nearby store, ignored by the staff and customers alike, flipped through the trousers on a shelf and then stepped into a pair, pulling them up her body and fastening them. She snatched a blouse off a hanger and pulled it on. It was a trifle loose, but that didn't matter. She grabbed a jacket in passing, then hurried back onto the street.

She looked down at her bare feet, cursed mildly, and hurried into a shoe store. Moments later she emerged to see the ambulance driving off. She hailed a cab and drove after it, following it to the hospital.

The cab pulled up to the emergency entrance of a hospital and Kiri got out, frowning, then walked quickly forward, her stride, as always, short, brisk and efficient, her heels clicking on the pavement as she made her way through the sliding glass doors. She saw the blonde woman wheeled around the corner and followed, changing the illusion around herself to that of one of the hospital workers she passed.

The blonde girl was moved onto a hospital bed and then, her situation not deemed urgent, left in place. Kiri pushed through the curtain and the girl's eyes blinked as she stared, and Kiri realized she was still seeing through the illusion. Yet there was no evil in her, and no power she could sense.

"Wh-who are you?" she demanded.

"No one," Kiri said, moving forward. She drew a deep breath, then whispered a spell beneath her breath.

"What?"

Kiri smiled and laid her hand on the girl's wrist. At first she tried to pull her hand away, then let it go limp, her eyes glazing slightly.

"What's your name?" Kiri asked.

"Ryan Hunter," the girl said in a whispery voice.

"What happened to you, Ryan Hunter?"

And the girl began to describe, quite casually, her experience, with a graphic and intimate detail which had Kiri squirming with embarrassment. Not at all experienced sexually, she found her fingernails digging into the palms of her hands and her eyes flitting around the room to avoid looking at the blonde woman.

But she couldn't leave, for there were important elements to the woman's story. Whatever had happened to her showed a degree of control Kiri had never heard of, even in a black magi. For this girl, this Ryan Hunter, had not only been used sexually but had been made to relish it, to revel in it, to climax powerfully and repeatedly even as her mind was awash in horror and fear and her body with pain and discomfort.

And there was something else there, for the magi who had raped her had left something behind, a light tracery about the girl's mind which would enable him to find her again, and to easily resume control of her. Kiri traced its outlines as the girl spoke, amazed at the precision and complexity of the pattern twisted around her mind.

Why had he bothered? A man who could so easily and quickly control someone had no particular need of keeping contact with one, even one with the beauty of this girl. She leaned in closer and let her fingertips brush the girl's forehead, her gaze turned inward. The girl's mind was open, shockingly open, and it seemed naturally so. It was as if she had been made this way.

Yet there was something more, a strangeness to the girl Kiri could not place.

Caught in her spell, the girl had let the sheet covering her nudity drop to her waist, and Kiri found herself examining the girl's breasts. They were perfect, amazingly perfect, as beautiful a pair of full breasts as Kiri

had ever seen. What a lucky woman this was. How beautiful.

Without thinking her hand dropped and cupped the full breast, fingers brushing lightly along the surface. The nipple grew instantly erect, and Kiri's thumb stroked over it, drawing a moan from the blonde woman.

She jerked back in shock and alarm, staring at her hand, blinking rapidly as she realized she had become aroused by the blonde girl.

Kiri seldom became aroused, and had certainly never become aroused by a woman.

She backed away from the girl, who had drawn her knees up against herself, her arms squeezing against her breasts as her head rolled slowly from side to side.

Kiri swallowed nervously and licked her lips. She could feel her nipples tight and hard within her blouse and the soft thrumming heaviness between her legs.

She turned and fled.

TWO

Those who had appointed themselves as guardians of morality squawked to no avail. Learned men and women pontificated and politicians called for laws and regulations, older men and women tsked at the immorality of youth and psychologists droned on about the media influence and pop culture.

Bondage and sadomasochism were becoming fashionable.

No one was quite sure why or how. Some time earlier it had become de rigeur for young, hip women to have a lesbian fling or two. The bondage and submissiveness culture was considered the same sort of thing.

Television shows featured beautiful women in more and more revealing outfits giving themselves to their masters. Fashion, men's, and even teen magazines had long photographic features showing starlets in leather and chain, nude or nearly so. Novels, movies and games all turned quickly to exploit the newest and hottest trend.

And yet there was more to it than a mere fad, than mere experimentation. Women's groups decried the growing tendency of all forms of media to show women as nothing more than sexual and submissive creatures who were to be used and punished for misbehaviour, and who were shown as glorying in that state.

Violence against women skyrocketed, doubling, tripling and quadrupling within weeks, then increasing exponentially. Rape was becoming fashionable and hip. Young groups of men plotted and

planned and stalked the young girls who struck their fancies, bringing them down in alleys and back yards, in cars and bedrooms and hallways, using them violently.

Young women whispered in dark corners, eyes wide, hearts pounding with excitement as more and more lurid rapes were described.

Ryan tried to ignore it all, tried to ignore the traumatic events which had caught her up only a few weeks earlier.

It was all so astonishing that she felt in a constant state of confusion. People were behaving in ways which would have been unthinkable only weeks before, and she was constantly being groped and fondled in hallways and buses, as well as subjected to the crudest of comments from male students and even professors. More and more of the female students and teachers were openly wearing studded leather collars and other signs of their newfound desires for bondage and submission. The outlines of nipple rings were appearing more and more often through blouses which were becoming thinner and tighter across braless breasts. Glistening metal and leather restraint bracelets were appearing from beneath sleeves with greater frequency. Skirts were growing shorter with every passing day.

She simply could not understand it. She had tried to talk to the women who had been her friends and all she received were dreamy words about the joys and sexual pleasures of being bound and used by strong willed men. It was as if they were all drugged somehow, or been brainwashed.

Yet if there was some kind of mass psychosis taking over the city why was she unaffected? Why did she continue to wear conservative clothes, and feel no interest in the sexual fetishes which were becoming more fashionable among all her classmates and teachers - to say nothing of the city at large?

She was not a particularly religious person, but then again neither was she a woman who engaged in any great degree of sexual exploration. She had had a few lovers, as had almost all women her age, and had enjoyed sex - sometimes, but she did not go out of her way to seek it. She tried to maintain a certain degree of dignity about her, and would not let herself be used by men as nothing but a sexual playtoy, but she did not feel any great sense of disapproval for women who engaged in more - active - sexual behaviour. Oh sometimes she shook her head at the degree to which they would allow themselves to be used so cheaply, but at other times she envied them a little.

Crack!

"Ohhh!"

"Crack!"

"Unggh!"

Crack!

She looked up from her law books as the sound sifted beneath the door of her dorm room, blushing and squirming a little in her seat. She had been hearing more and more such sounds over the past weeks, coming from the rooms of girls she had once thought of as strong willed, self sufficient and confident. Yet now even women she had suspected of being lesbians were bending over and baring their bottoms for spankings and strappings by their male friends, boyfriends, lovers and "owners".

The sound of the strapping (she had come to recognize the difference in the sounds) was louder

than usual, and she rose from her seat, going to the door and opening it a crack.

The dorm was built in a square of ten rooms along the outer walls, with a central kitchen/eating room. She could see into the kitchen now, and her fingers whitened on the door as she saw what was taking place there.

Susan Donovan, who had always been a strong, even defiant feminist, and was one of the editors of the university newspaper was bent naked across the back of one of the straight backed chairs of the table. Her ankles were bound to the rear legs, her wrists to the front. David Bernstien, a third year law student who had spoken of his desire to dedicate his life to helping the weak and downtrodden stood before her, his pants around his ankles. He gripped her dark hair in a tight fist, which was clearly painful to her as he held her head up and forward and pumped his erection in and out of her mouth.

Behind her, Paul Cunningham, second year medicine, was methodically bringing a thin leather belt down across her upturned bottom. Two other men were leaning against the wall, grinning and urging them on. A third, a frosh named Jeremy Pitz, eagerly pushed forward with a cucumber, and while Paul held back, laughing, rammed it into Susan's pussy with enough force to make her eyes bulge and her body thrash and twist against the straps binding it.

Yet any thought to intervene was chilled by the certain knowledge that she would only find herself alongside Susan and subjected to the same sorts of abuse.

She cringed mentally as she watched Jeremy slap roughly at the cucumber, ramming it deeper and deeper into Susan's quivering body. Then David thrust forward with his cock so sharply that he drove it right down Susan's throat. Ryan could actually see the bulge in her neck before his hips cut off her view of her head and he ground her face into his groin.

She closed the door, locked it, and leaned against it, heart pounding. Even if she called the authorities she was not at all confident they would do anything. They might even take part in the assault, and might let the men know who had called them so that she too could be punished. That was how astounding the world had become of late.

She slipped on her jacket and tennis shoes, then went back to the door, opening it a crack. When it looked like the men were distracted by Susan she eased out, closed the door, and darted to the stairwell, then half ran, half jumped the stairs two and four at a time until she came to the emergency exit and could hurry out.

What was going on? Who could she ask?

She walked carefully across the campus, head swivelling nervously from side to side as she kept her eyes out for dangers. Even the middle of the square in broad daylight was no safe place for women these days.

She reached the law library and hurried up the stairs, not looking at two men who stood near the door chatting. A hand grasped her bottom as she passed, but she ignored it, and the subsequent laughter, pushing quickly through and into the reassuring coolness and quiet serenity of the old library. She climbed the winding wooden stairs to the third level, found the book she needed, and sat down in the back, in peace and solitude, to study. But her quiet did not last more than a half hour before whispers disturbed it.

"... pinned my arms to my sides and bent me over, then just raped me!" a girl said in a bragging voice from behind a nearby shelf.

"That's so nothing," another female voice said dismissively. "I was tied up. He bent me over the table and tied my wrists to a pipe. See the rope burns?"

"Yeah, but you weren't gang raped," a third voice bragged.

"Oh it was only two of them," the first said jealously.

"I heard Rebecca Evens was done by the whole Phita Kay Fraternity house," one of the voices said. "They tied her up and used her all weekend long. They practically drowned her in semen."

"God, I wonder what that would be like," one of the voices sighed excitedly. "To be used like that, a sexual slave to all those men!"

Ryan snapped the book closed and got up, then made her way back downstairs and outside. She entered one of the classroom buildings and strode up the hall, then up the stairs. A man passing down reached out and squeezed her breast momentarily before she pushed past, then laughed at her as she trotted up faster. She passed a group of men at the video machines and averted her eyes.

She had been amazed when those machines had arrived, amazed anyone would make them, even more amazed the university would tolerate them. She had waited for the outcry, for the rage, but there had been barely a whimper.

The games all had the same prey, young, nubile females who could be hunted, stripped, and raped. For added points the females could be used with a variety of objects, from tree branches, to cucumbers to sex implements. They could also be bound and punished in order to force them to reveal secrets.

Their faces turned to her as she walked past, their eyes hooded and dark with lust and hunger. An almost audible growl seemed to roll through them as she moved hurriedly along, and several left their machines to trail along after her.

She quickened her pace, leading them through crowded halls. Hear and there she saw girls pinched and groped, heard squeals and yelps as male hands found their way beneath female skirts and blouses. What was going on? She didn't understand it. Was the world going insane?

She took a quick turn and trotted up another flight of stairs, hurried down the hall and then down another flight, to find herself at an emergency exit. She pushed the door open and peeked outside, drawing back at harsh male voices.

"... whore! Don't move!"

"Oh please!"

There were three men behind a tall garbage bin, two of them pinning a slender young redhead against the wall while the third forced her short skirt up and ripped her G-string off. The girl was protesting, wide-eyed, but there was a breathless excitement in her voice and eyes as the men growled and bent her forward.

"Don't rape me! Please don't rape me!" she moaned.

A harsh male hand was thrust between her legs, squeezing her sex. In obvious pain, she cried out, writhing and arching her back. Yet her eyes remained wild and aroused, her breath coming in short ragged pants as the first man opened his zipper and moved behind her. The other two men sneered and cursed her, tearing at her top, forcing it off and then groping her breasts as the third entered her from behind.

She shuddered and came almost at once, bucking back against him as he rammed himself into her sex. Cursing, he gripped her hair, yanking it back cruelly while the others laughed and reached for their zippers.

"You're raping me!" she groaned, her excited voice breaking. "You're raping me!"

"Whore!" he hissed.

"Fuckin' slut!" another of them cursed, slapping the side of her face as he squeezed her breast.

Ryan drew back, letting the door close, and hurried back up the hall. She entered the main corridor and dodged a male hand which reached for her breast, then rounded a corner and ran right into a tall, good looking man, who clutched her instinctively.

"Oh! Sorry!" she gasped, trying to pull back.

"Sorry? Is that all I get?" he asked cockily, hands slipping down to squeeze her bottom. "I could have been hurt, you know."

"Please, let me go," she gasped, pushing against him.

"Don't try and tell me what to do, baby," he said with a sneer. "Bitches like you need to learn their place around her."

He squeezed her breast confidently through her blouse as people walked past them, most grinning. A pair of girls her own age watched, giggling, slowing their walk.

"Let me go!" she cried, twisting and kicking him between the legs.

"Ow! You bitch!" he cried, clutching himself as she ran up the hall.

"Hey!"

"Grab that slut!"

"Did you see what she did!?"

The bystanders appeared shocked at her violence, and several began to follow, and before she could get halfway up the hall an older man, a professor, reached out and took hold of her long hair. She screamed as she was halted abruptly, head and back jerking back violently. Then several men were gripping her arms, glaring at her angrily.

"We can't have that kind of thing in the halls, miss," the older man snapped.

"The little slut! Of all the nerve!"

"She needs to be punished!"

"Punish her! Punish her!"

"Let me go, you bastards!"

There were two dozen people gathered around now, almost a third of them female, as Ryan, cursing and squirming, was bent over a low table. She cried out and kicked back as hands reached beneath her to undo her trousers, and then screamed as someone yanked hard on her hair. Her legs were pinned and her trousers yanked down and off.

"Let me go! Stop it!" she screamed, mortified by the sudden exposure.

"Punish her! Punish her!" the watchers chanted.

Her panties were ripped free to a cheer from the gathering throng, and Ryan's face went beet red. It was happening again! Not as it had before, however, for this was worse. She still had no idea why no one had seemed to see her on the street when that man had assaulted her, but they could all certainly see her now, see her as her jacket and blouse were torn from her body and her legs spread. Hands reached in to grope and squeeze and fondle her as the crowd joked and laughed and made lewd comments.

Terror, rage and humiliation gripped her, and yet, despite them all, she felt a sudden heat roar within her, intense sexual excitement coming from nowhere and burning through her veins.

The professor stepped forward, holding a long, thin pointer, almost like a cane, and moved behind her.

"Punish her!"

"Punish the slut!"

"Beat that ass!"

The switch hissed as it cut through the air, and a cheer almost hid her scream of pain as it snapped down onto the soft warm flesh of her bottom. Harsh hands clamped down on her wrists, pinning them down. Another jammed against the back of her neck, forcing her body low. Hands were squirming in beneath her chest to roughly fondle and grope her breasts.

It was shocking, horrifying, mortifying! She was stunned by what was happening.

And yet her body burned with desire.

It was as if her mind and body were completely divorced.

Crack!

The switch snapped down again, a sharp, jagged blast of pain ripping through her body as another cheer filled the hall. Ryan screamed at the pain, yet her sex was almost glowing with heat, throbbing and

pulsing in need as a terrible pressure grew within her mind and body.

"Fuckers! Let me go!" she screamed.

To one side a young woman with short dark hair was leaning back breathlessly against the wall, her hand down the front of her trousers, masturbating as she watched. Then a man gripped her and forced her to her knees, cursing her and undoing his trousers. She moaned as she took him into her mouth. Another man moved behind her, dropping to his knees, lifting her skirt and tearing off her panties.

Crack!

The switch cut into her bottom and again she screamed, her hips jerking violently as the pain burned into her.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The professor continued to slash the switch down across her raised bottom as the crowd watched and shouted its approval. Several other women in the crowd were being vigorously groped and fondled as they watched, wriggling in pretended resistance as the men nearest ran hands up their blouses, down their trousers, and up beneath their skirts.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Bitter tears filled Ryan's eyes as she continued to twist and pull against the hands holding her down. Laughter greeted her efforts, as well as slaps to the head and tugs on her hair. And within her body the pleasure swirled higher and higher so that it became impossible to think. It was like a fever, like being drunk. She could not understand it, was bewildered by it, but unable to resist.

Then someone pushed the professor aside, hands forced her thighs wider, and she knew with a sudden terrible panic, that they were going to rape her. She fought with new desperation, but it was hopeless. She felt the cock pushing against her sex, felt a gush of heat and pleasure, and then screamed as she was penetrated, as someone thrust his hard male cock deep into her quivering body.

It hurt terribly, for it was a violent, brutal penetration, and yet despite the pain, despite the panic, horror and humiliation tearing through her mind - she came. She came at once, writhing and thrashing there against the table as unbearable waves of pleasure rolled through her body and began to dissolve her mind, to tear apart her thinking processes, to shatter even her sense of self.

She felt herself sinking below the waves of the flood of sexual ecstasy, her eyes closing as his hips pounded against her bottom, as his cock pistoned in and out of her aching, burning sex.

Again there was applause, and humiliation burned deep within her mind, but the pleasure was irresistible, and another climax hit her and roared higher.

"Fuck her!"

"Rape that bitch!"

"That'll show her!"

"Do her ass!"

Hard male hips pounded against her raised bottom, the cock skewering her as her hair was twisted violently aside. She screamed in pain, but the sound was quickly muffled as one of the men rammed his cock into her mouth, and almost immediately down her throat. He laughed as he pulled her hair, pumping savagely, ramming her face repeatedly into his groin as he pumped.

Her last thought, before her mind dissolved into the wanton pleasure and animal lust, was of Susan, and with that thought she suddenly wondered, oddly, like a child's thinking, why she hadn't joined in, for surely it had been a lovely, sensuous tableau.

She came, and the men laughed and gathered closer.

Kiri moved slowly along the street, wrapped in a tight veil of illusion. She could see the effects of the demon all around her, for demon it must be. Nothing else could so quickly and completely influence the city in such a startling fashion. She passed a girl who knelt on the pavement, bottom raised. A man was standing over her, his foot pressed against the back of her head to hold it down. Another was mounting her from behind, using her roughly.

Men and women walked past, watching with approval.

She passed a small shop. Looking in she could see the female clerk bent behind the counter had been pulled forward and her head forced down onto a man's cock. She sucked hungrily as the other patrons smirked and watched.. She paused at a scream and eased cautiously forward. Just around the corner a young woman had been stripped, her wrists bound to a telephone pole. She was being whipped by a man with an electrical cord. Already, bright, painful welts covered her pale back as the man whipped his arm forward once again.

Several people looked on, grinning. Another man moved forward, standing beside the girl. He reached in between her legs and began to finger her, and her screams turned to moans as she rolled her hips and ground herself against his hand.

A powerful demon, she knew. And this was the centre of its influence. She could sense the darkness in the air, the scent of the beast as she neared its lair. Fear gripped her, yet she moved forward steadily, small feet striding firmly on the pavement as her head turned from side to side, searching for indications of where that lair might be.

A couple approached. The man looked perfectly normal, the woman less so. While he was clad in jeans, shirt and athletic shoes, the woman was nearly nude. She wore thigh high leather boots with eight inch heels, a leather mini which allowed the bottom of her buttocks to peer out, and a leather bra which barely contained half her breasts. Her long hair was loose but her arms were bound together behind her back. She wore a studded leather collar which was attached by a leash, to the man's belt. She walked along calmly, even smugly, evidently proud of her status.

Kiri blinked her eyes, not at the two of them, but at the sudden rush of sexual heat she felt as she watched them pass. She murmured a spell, strengthening the shield around herself and felt the heat ease - though not without some regret.

She was being affected, just as others were, but not, due to her arts, as much. She reached down unconsciously and her hand cupped her left breast, squeezing softly. She was not wearing a bra, and

wondered how she had forgotten it. The top was too tight and too thin to wear without a bra. Nor was she wearing panties beneath her thin gray trousers - the trousers she had stopped wearing last year because they had shrunk and were far too tight. Why had she worn them?

She jerked her hand away and tossed her head, reaching up with a finger to comb her hair aside from her forehead. Then she moved forward once again. Something was - there! She sensed something in the men's clothing shop nearby.

She pushed through the door and saw that the shop had a crowd within. Yet none paid her any heed. They were all focussed on the far end of the store. Perhaps three dozen men sat or stood around facing a salesman who was, apparently, selling a naked young girl.

"Look at these tits," the man boasted, fondling the girl's firm breasts. "This slut was made to be a slave. She's obedient and sexually voracious - not that we care."

The watching men chuckled.

The girl, eyes alight with sexual hunger, was turned and bent over to display her bottom as the salesman pushed a finger in between moist pubic lips. The girl's wrists were bound together behind her back with tight black straps, but she made no effort to resist.

"Special sale, just today," the man was saying, as Kiri moved past.

She pushed open a door which read "Employees Only" and found herself in a narrow corridor. The scent of evil was stronger here, and she moved carefully along it to the head of a dark stairwell. She heard soft moans from below and, heart pounding, eased down the stairs.

The sight she found would have confused most people. There was a blonde girl there, lovely, full breasted, and naked. She was sprawled back upon a low wooden table, her legs and arms bound to the legs, her head hanging over one end. She writhed and twisted and sobbed and cried out in both pain and pleasure. Her exhausted body was so covered in sweat it was trickling down arms and legs and hair to patter against the floor.

There seemed nothing to cause the sudden cries and violent movements, the thrashing head and twisting torso, the arching back and bucking hips. The girl was alone in the darkened basement.

And yet she wasn't, for Kiri could see what an ordinary human would not. The girl had company. They were small, each perhaps a foot in height, with large, misshapen heads and large mouths which cracked open to show razor sharp fangs. Their small arms ended in clawed paws. They surrounded the girl, crawling over her, taunting her, tormenting her.

Kiri stared, shocked, heart in her throat as she confronted the reality of what she had only previously theorized. She had known, known there had to be a demon, but to confront the reality was something else. These were Rrishniks, and such as they were to be found wherever a demon resided just as rats and cockroaches would be found near garbage.

One had its head thrust into the girl's sex. Its body followed, its small legs kicking as it twisted itself deeper. Another was mouthing the girl's swollen clitoris, its rough tongue driving her insane with pleasure.

Two sat atop her chest, and while one lapped at a nipple, the other drove its claws into the other breast again and again, leering at her. Others sat on her legs, biting into her soft flesh and running claws

along her inner thighs. One was swinging from her hair.

She watched the girl's lower belly bulge as the one which had climbed into her pussy twisted and pushed. Two more climbed up her legs and onto her belly, biting and digging claws into her hips and chest. On first sight the girl's skin was flawless. But to her second site she was covered in bite marks.

A slightly larger Rrishnik waddled along the to where her hair brushed the floor and climbed up, put a clawed paw in her nostril to pull himself higher, and sat straddling her upside down chin. He took a small worm from a satchel and laid it on her neck, and the worm began to grow and lengthen. As it reached an three inches it began to work its way over her chin and lip. It grew to four inches, then six, then ten as it slid over her mouth. It seemed to split in two, and continued to grow and lengthen as the two sides slid up down her cheek and over her earlobes.

The worms were well over a foot long as they entered her ears, and shortly afterwards the girl, who had been writhing and twisting and whining in pain and pleasure stiffened, then began to thrash violently, howling and screaming as her eyes bulged. The violence of her movements bucked many of the Krishna off onto the floor, where they tumbled and rolled.

.The girl gave a lost violent heave and then went limp, eyes glazed over. And then, suddenly, she let out a long, guttural moan. The sound was so intensely sexual that Kiri felt her pussy throb in response, felt a sudden quickening between her legs. She blinked in surprise, then gasped as the girl began to writhe slowly, to roll her hips in a seductive, sensual way which had her own hands down between her legs and squeezing her pussy through her thin trousers.

The girl was sex incarnate, she was unbearably arousing, enticing, seductive and hot, and Kiri knew she had to have her. She jammed a hand through the front of her blouse with enough force to tear a button free, and moaned softly as she squeezed one of her small, firm, and now terribly overheated breasts.

She was leaning back against the wall of the stair now, wide eyed, gasping as she watched the girl's nude body slowly roll and twist and writhe. Her hands tore the front of her blouse open and she squeezed her breasts, breathless with lust as she stared down at the girl, everything but her inner heat forgotten.

She stumbled, almost falling, and sat down heavily on the stair, her back against the wall as she continued to stare, her eyes transfixed by the intoxicatingly sensual image of the girl below her. She popped open her trousers, ramming her hand down the front, and arched her back with delight as her fingers found her sopping sex.

One of the Rrishniks which had been bucked off the girl had noticed her and now climbed stealthily up the stairs, small legs wriggling in mid-air each time it pulled itself one step higher. Kiri was oblivious to it even as it pulled itself level with her. She was masturbating desperately, jamming her hand deeper, forcing her trousers down her legs so she could spread them apart.

The Rrishnik watched, leering, easing back as she spread her legs wider. It watched as Kiri arched her back, her hands both momentarily leaving her sex to cup her swollen breasts. Then it pounced. It's mouth opened wide and it aimed itself at the girl's sex. The mouth closed, catching her entire pubic mound within. The razor sharp fangs at top and bottom dug into her flesh to hold it in place, and its rough tongue whipped out, slid up the length of her slit and rasped across her clitoris.

The pain as the Rrishnik clamped its jaws into her flesh made Kiri cry out and jerk her head

forward. Her hands slapped down, grasping the thin, scaly body, but then she felt the tongue whipped across her clitoris and she arched her back again, shuddering violently.

Her mind spun and staggered. She knew the Rrishnik's tongue contained an intense aphrodisiac, and knew that its bite was poisonous, robbing its victims of will. She tightened her grip on its body, desperately trying to work up the will to pull it back. Yet every time that tongue whipped across her clitoris her fingers were jerked free and she arched back, sobbing at the unbearable intensity of the pleasure.

She reached for it again, grasping its body between her hands, pulling weakly, and again she cried out, climaxing violently, legs jerking and feet drumming on the stairs as her head rolled back behind her, grinding against the wall and corner of the stairs.

More of them had noticed her now, and began to waddle towards the stairs, climbing awkwardly and slowly towards where she lay gasping and moaning and panting for breath. Her hands loosened fell away. Her thighs rolled, hips bucking up towards the irresistible heat of the thing's tongue.

A hot, terrible pain like acid flowed through her veins, yet pleasure of an intensity she had never known could exist flowed with it, and she was whipsawed between the two. The pain was agony, yet the pleasure was of such ecstasy nothing else mattered. She was willing to endure anything for that wonderful, terrible pleasure.

Another of them reached her, and she tried to whisper a spell as it dug its claws into her ribs, then leaned in and took the centre of her breast into its mouth. It bit sharply, driving its fangs deep into her flesh, and she bucked and twisted weakly in pain. Then its tongue slithered across her nipple and another orgasm made her thrash and twist.

More of them were climbing up to her, and she knew she was lost, knew that they would soon do to her as they had done to the blonde girl.

The Rrishnik at her breast pulled back, seemed to leer at her, then squeezed her breast together between tiny, claws, making the nipple thrust up and out. It bent and then almost

daintily brought his left incisors together with the nipple between, and bit.

Kiri cried out, pain and pleasure twisting through her mind as the razor sharp teeth sliced neatly through the centre of her nipple and out the other side. The thing glared at her, pulling its head back, turning it from side to side like a dog pulling at a toy, stretching her aching nipple, twisting it first to one side, then the other. Tiny hands shifted her legs apart and something pushed against her anus, something hard and scaly. She shuddered and bucked helplessly, another orgasm flashing through her feverish mind.

A harsh voice called out a word which made her flinch, which made her mind recoil. The Rrishnik's squealed and tumbled free, spilling down the stairs. Then a grip like iron caught her wrist and yanked her upwards, half lifting her into the air. Another hand caught at her and she found herself draped across someone's shoulder as she was carried quickly up the stairs and out.

She was flung into the back seat of a large dark car, and the stranger jumped in behind her, slamming the door. The car moved off, and Kiri vaguely noted a woman driving. The man next to her was tall and broad shouldered, perhaps fifty, with a short dark beard and dark hair. She had never seen him before, but noted the aura of power surrounding him.

And didn't care. She was feverish with heat and need, and nothing else mattered as it burned at her mind.

"Fuck me!" she gasped in a guttural croak.

"Just sit still."

She was masturbating frantically, gasping and squirming even as her mind cringed in terrible humiliation at what she was doing before the two strangers.

She lunged at him, grabbing at his crotch. He flung her back but she sprang onto him again, ripping at his trousers.

"It seems she likes you," the woman said in amusement.

"This isn't bloody funny," he snapped, pulling at her arms.

But Kiri had his trousers open and yanked at his cock, closing her mouth around it. He was already semi hard, and swelled instantly as she forced her lips down over the head, taking him deep into her throat.

He moaned and the woman looked over her shoulder, tsking in irritation.

Kiri, who had performed oral sex precisely once in her life, was ravenous with hunger for him, her lips bobbing furiously up and down entire length of his thick cock as his fingers pulled weakly at her hair.

"You're going to get infected," the woman said.

Kiri did not understand or care. She pulled her lips up and climbed higher onto the half dazed man, frantically settling her dripping sex over his erection, and then plunging down, impaling herself. It hurt, and it was wonderful, and she screamed in ecstasy as she took him deep into her belly, climaxing violently.

She rode him with savage need, her arms clamped around his neck as she jammed her mouth against him. Her buttocks rose and fell wildly as she impaled herself again and again on his stiff erection, grunting and moaning and sobbing in pleasure, pain, and humiliation. She could not stop herself, could not resist the dark, wonderful hunger which burned within her.

A word struck her, sending ice along her spine, and she arched her back, shuddered and collapsed.

Gareth looked up in surprise as he felt something - odd. His nostrils flared as he searched the air for the strangeness. Then he identified it. It was a counter spell, and nearby. He stood up quickly, searching with his mind, oblivious to the girl at his groin, the girl who's throat was locked around his immensely thick cock.

The girl had not been spelled. For it pleased him to take her in fear and agony and pain and humiliation. Yet her two sisters, one older, one younger, had been, and they held her arms tightly, giggling in heat and arousal as they forced her lips further up his cock, jamming her face in against his groin, uncaring that her eyes were beginning to glaze from lack of air, that her desperate attempts to break free

were weak as she lost strength.

"Suck it!" they whispered. "Suck it, slut!"

Gareth flung them all back and stepped over them, striding to the window. He flung the window open and stepped nude onto the balcony, past where another beautiful young woman hung from her wrists from an overhanging flag pole, her whip marked body dripping sweat and blood onto the expensive marble tiles.

He looked out onto the city, his city, searching for the spot where the counter spell had arisen. It took only a moment to find it, but he could find no scent of the creature which had given that spell. It had evidently fled at once.

He turned in irritation. He hated the petty mortals who dabbled in sorcery. One of them had hurt him once, centuries ago, and while most were nothing more than a nuisance, there was always the possibility one with real power would appear and catch him unawares.

He turned back, ignoring the whimpered pleas of the barely conscious young woman. She had been a policewoman. Her badge was now pinned to her left breast. Most of her nightstick was buried in her rectum. Her partner's nightstick was buried in her pussy, where the man had left it after violently stripping and raping her at Gareth's amused thought.

After he had finished whipping her Gareth had sent him on his way, for he had no particular need of any more male recruits. He had more than enough.

He would be silly to take chances now. Though this rabble of would be magic users was little threat to him it made no sense to simply ignore them. He would set a few traps so that the next time one dared to intrude upon his domain they would learn the error of their ways.

He willed the doors closed behind him, pushed past the three sisters and walked across the room to where Dillon sat in a corner, a lovely young brunette squirming on his lap.

"Please, Master," she whimpered. "Please let Jennie come. Please! Please!"

Dillon looked up at his arrival.

"I want you to do something," Gareth said abruptly.

"Anything," Dillon replied.

"There have always been a number of amateur magic users around. I'm sure you are aware of this."

"There are even shops which cater to them here in the city," Dillon acknowledged.

"Almost none of them have the slightest power, but a few do, and I want you to see they are dealt with."

"How?"

"Don't ask me, fool. You're the one who has connections and knowledge of the..." he searched for

a word "... authorities."

Dillon nodded rapidly. "I've already supplied the mayor and chief with slave girls. They're in the palm of my hand. I'll have them outlaw witchcraft and find and arrest all known witches. Those people aren't very secret about themselves so it shouldn't be difficult to get most of them."

"I will examine them after they are gathered."

"As you wish."

Dillon watched him move on and turned back to the girl on his lap. She had never stopped squirming or begging in a soft, desperate, pleading voice which had been far different from the contemptuous dismissal she had given him last year when he had offered her a part in a movie his company had been producing if she would sleep with him.

Jennifer Pruitt, one of Hollywood's hottest young starlets, lusted after by tens of millions, and now she sat naked on his lap, whimpering and whining and begging him for relief.

He let his fingers stroke across her beautiful face and she licked at them, whimpering and whining.

"You're a dirty little slut, aren't you?" he whispered.

"I'm a filthy slut," she moaned, fingering herself.

Dillon brought his hand down between her legs and her head snapped up and back as she cried out. She shuddered in ecstasy, her legs jerking and feet bouncing as she came violently.

"I think your career is going to take a turn to the dark side, my sweet," he said, smirking at the writhing girl.

She had a clean, pure image, despite her beauty, despite a voluptuous body, despite the flashes of it she used to entice so many movie goers. She had never done even partial nudity. But she belonged to him now, and her next movie, he had decided, was going to be an X-rated bondage flick. He already had several other young Hollywood stars and starlets lined up for what was going to be a sensation.

He gripped the girl's long dark hair and lifted her head up to look into her dazed eyes.

"Ever had sex with a dog before, Jennifer? No? You're in for a treat. And so are your fans."

He let the girl's eyes clear, and her pretty face frowned in confusion.

"Wh-what?" she whispered.

"In your next film you're going to have sex with a dog."

Her frown deepened. "I-I... th-that's disgusting," she moaned, reaching up to hold her head as she swayed.

"But you want to have sex with a dog."

"S-Stop saying that," she moaned.

He smiled and caught at her long hair. In a swift movement he yanked it savagely back so that her back arched violently. She cried out, twisting and shuddering and his smile deepened. He let the tips of his fingers spread, circling her breasts, sending crackling needles of agony ripping into her soft flesh as her mouth opened in a breathless, horror filled scream.

His fingers circled and crossed them, then eased down along her chest and belly, the agony following, tearing at her insides.

Abruptly, he closed his fingers, jerked his hand back, and thrust them deep into her sex. And she climaxed, sobbing insanely, writhing and thrashing in animalistic response as the ecstasy burned through her.

THREE

Kiri wakened in the middle of a large, four poster bed in a wood panelled room with no windows. Her mind rose slowly from the depths of unconsciousness, and her body felt languorous and comfortable beneath a heavy bedspread as she rolled slowly to one side and yawned. Then, as if a switch had been thrown, it all came back to her and she shot bolt upright, eyes wide as she stared around her in near panic.

She threw the bedspread back, discovering she was not, as feared, naked, but wearing a man's short, which was nearly as bad.. She remembered every second of what had happened with a clarity which almost made her ill given what she had done, and she jumped out of bed, determined to get away from anyone who might have witnessed her shame.

She let out a cry of shock as the door opened, and felt a sense of quick relief that it was the woman from the car, rather than the man. But the difference was slight, so far as she was concerned, for the woman had witnessed enough to shame Kiri to the bone. She gave the woman a startled look, then, face flushed, turned and dropped her head.

"Ah, there you are," the woman said in a pleasant voice. "I thought I sensed you waking. James was a little worried about you."

She was an older woman, though not so much older. She was taller than Kiri, though most women were, and had lush dark hair, longer than hers, with dainty bangs hanging over intelligent brown eyes. She might have been thirty, was very full-busted, and seemed to almost glow with strength and self confidence.

Kiri could not bring herself to speak and the woman gracefully circled her to stand before her. "I suppose you're quite embarrassed about what happened? You needn't be, you know. Gareth's spells are quite powerful and specifically attuned to younger women. That's one of the reasons James went in rather than I did. I'm sure I'd have been quickly overcome. There's certainly nothing to be embarrassed about.

Kiri could still not talk, and the woman slipped a long finger under her chin and raised her head. "We have work to do, you and I," she said. "Gareth needs to be stopped, and I can use all the help I can get."

"G-Gareth?" she stuttered.

"The demon who has been infesting the city for the past month, a demon growing in power with every successive day, drawing more and more like minded people to his support, and using his power to sway those can be swayed, and crush the will of those who resist. You've seen what has been happening out there, and more to the point, have sensed the darkness spreading from his lair. That's why you were there, as we were.

She took Kiri's wrist and led her gently back to the bed, then sat down, drawing her around to sit beside her.

"We must talk, first," she said. "My name is Shannon. James told me what happened inside."

Kiri turned her face away, shamed anew.

"Do you know what those creatures were?" she asked.

Kiri nodded, not looking up.

"But are you aware of their properties?"

Kiri shrugged, still too embarrassed to speak.

"They are very low level sprites, and their power is influenced by whichever demon controls them. Their saliva is poisonous, as is their bite, and James informs me you were bitten and touched by their saliva."

Kiri nodded.

"You are aware of the influence that is going to have on you?" she asked with raised eyebrows.

Kiri frowned in confusion.

"The influence you felt initially was from the degora."

"The what?"

"The girl. She was turned into a degora, a uhm, a kind of nymph. She will give off an irresistible sense of sexuality to anyone who sees her. She will exude pheromones which will contaminate anyone in the same area. She and others like her are walking the streets and helping to bring about the degenerate and sexual state Gareth is trying to achieve. As for those she actually has intercourse with - ." She shook her head. "Those will become as she, spreading the same contamination to others."

"And I'm - ."

"No, you were only influenced by her at the height of her transformation. However, the effect the

saliva and poison of the Rrishnik will have on you will be similar in nature, for Gareth and all his works are similar in nature."

Abruptly, she slid a hand through the open top of the man's shirt hanging from Kiri's narrow shoulder. Kiri gasped, reaching to push her hand back, but as the soft flesh pressed against the skin of her breast she felt an almost electrical shock pass between them. Her breasts swelled, her nipple stiffening painfully, and a sense of arousal flared suddenly within her mind.

"Wherever the saliva touched you, wherever you were bitten " the woman said.

"Oh!"

Kiri cried out as the woman slid a hand between her legs and pressed it against her mound through the thin shirt. She felt another bolt of heat, but this one much more powerful. Her muscles seemed to ripple and her bones melt away so that she felt limp. Heat roared inside her and a heavy pressure built up between her legs.

Shannon withdrew her hand and the pressure held steady, then, as she tried to regain her breath and still the trembling in her limbs, it began to slowly subside.

"You will respond so to the touch of another person, male or female, and as the days pass your thoughts will turn more and more to matters of sexual excitement. It will gradually influence your manner, your behaviour, your personality, even though you fight it, even though you deny it."

"How do I stop it!?" Kiri demanded in a panic, jumping to her feet and almost stumbling.

"You cannot. Not until Gareth is destroyed."

"Are you saying I will become like these, these -"

"Degora? No. You will contaminate no one, and you will not become Gareth's creature. But you will become something of a - I'm sorry to use the word but it comes closest to what will happen - nymphomaniac."

Kiri stared at her, appalled.

"And I'm sorry to say that Gareth's influences will make that sexuality a dark one, so that you will find yourself hungering for degradation and submission, seeking out punishment and pain, and finding sexual pleasure in it. The more pain you feel, the more pleasure."

"There must be a way of stopping it!"

"Destroy Gareth, or exorcise him from this world."

"T-Then we have to do it! Now!"

The woman smiled softly. "Were it only so easy."

"Is he that powerful?"

"Alone, perhaps not. Had we found him weeks ago but we didn't. Now he has surrounded himself

with lesser creatures, such as the Rishnik and Markhesh. These can be handled with relative ease, individually, but there are many, and before we can destroy Gareth we must cut down their numbers. In doing so we will eliminate those who can rush to his aid, and reduce his power. Then we can destroy him."

"How long will it take?"

She shrugged helplessly. "Days, weeks."

"But I how long - ."

"It varies with people, depending on their will, and their underlying thoughts and desires. There is a hunger inside some people, especially those who have repressed their innermost desires, and Gareth appeals to that hunger.

"What can I do?"

"You have considerable power, but are barely trained. On your own, you would be easy meat for Gareth. But we can use your power, linking with you. Then we can begin to exorcise the things he has brought to this city, and through it to the world around. We need to knock out that which is supporting him, and then go after him."

"H-how?"

"Have you ever heard of a stalking horse?"

She blinked, then nodded slowly.

"It will be dangerous, but we have little time. Gareth gains more adherents each passing day, so we need to move quickly.

Ryan swallowed as she felt the man's hand slide along her thigh, but did nothing. She felt waves of embarrassment, hopelessness, confusion, misery, and anger pass over her in quick succession as she turned her eyes away.

She was on a public bus, and the man, easily old enough to be her father, had come across and sat beside her, blocking her exit. Now his hand slid casually up beneath her skirt, stroking her skin.

She looked forward to where a young teenage girl sat beside an older woman, apparently her mother.

"... so stuck up," the mother was saying. "Do you want to be a good sex slave to this boy or not."

"Yes, mother," the girl said in teenage irritation.

"Then stop being stupid. You need to learn how to take a cock down your throat."

"It keeps making me gag," the girl whined.

"You need to be beaten more, that's your problem," the mother snapped. "You're far too headstrong. Your father has wanted to give you a good whipping all week and I'm tired of saying no. Maybe with a little of the skin stripped off your back you'll put more effort into things."

Across from them a redheaded woman was naked, her wrists chained together behind her back, kneeling quite casually next to her master, who held her leash. Her legs were spread open, her pubic mound shaved. A thick object of some kind, a dildo, perhaps, protruded from her sheath, the tip linked by a thin chain to an even thinner chain around her waist.

"Open your legs, slut," the man growled.

Fear of what he would do, and how her body would respond made her tremble as Ryan jerked her legs apart, then pain made her gasp as the man's rough hand pushed higher, fingers prodding her sex, then driving into her body. She was terribly sore there, the lips of her pussy sore and raw and aching from a gang rape which had taken hours to complete. Her breasts and thighs were bruised, her anus hot with pain, her buttocks stinging from the thin welts the switch had given, her scalp aching from the constant pulling of her hair, her throat thick from being forcible raped dozens of times.

She had been left bent back across a narrow table, head dangling over one side, legs over the other, arms and legs bound to the four legs, hair, face and body spattered in semen. The muscles of her pussy and rectum had been so violated neither would close fully for hours, and more semen trickled slowly from both orifices to trickle down her splayed thighs and legs.

The school custodians had found her at last, with the halls empty and the classes and offices locked. They had laughed and unbound her, dragging her into one of the shower rooms to wash her off, then they too had raped her, casually and calmly, before leaving her in a naked, exhausted heap on the floor.

It had taken hours before she could work up the strength to crawl out the door, slowly pull herself to her feet, and dazedly make her way back to where her clothes had been left. They had been. They had been too ripped and torn to use, but she had found her purse and, still naked and in a daze, made her way across the darkened campus to the dorm. She had been spotted by a male there, but that rape had been a casual, almost negligent thing taking only a minute or two. Then she had stumbled into the elevator and back to her room, where she had slept through the day.

She had stayed locked in her room for several days, too terrified to go out, terrified of the men, and terrified of what was inside her.

She had never felt such pleasure, such delicious, hedonistic sexual arousal, such incredible lust, raw animal lust which burned in her veins and shattered her mind. She had gloried in her own rape, in her own sodomy. Or rather, her body had. Her mind had been horrified - until it had been dissolved by the pleasure, dissolved like a cube of sugar hit by a fire hose. And then she had been a - a thing.

She was still bewildered by it, even days later. Her mind had been broken, yet she could remember every minute of what had happened. She had been raped repeatedly, sodomised too many times to recall, her body twisted and turned into obscene positions by the crowd of laughing, cheering, jeering men.

Maybe it had been some kind of psychological defence, she thought. For surely she would have gone insane from the horror of it had she been forced to live through so many hours of abuse with her mind gripped by the horror she had initially felt.

The man opened his zipper and pulled her head forward and down so that she was twisted on the seat and half fallen off. Her lips slid over his cock and then quickly down the shaft as he grunted in satisfaction.

Afterwards he rubbed his saliva and semen covered cock in her long hair, zipped up, and moved away. She sat up slowly, but another man quickly took his place, pulling her down once again, fondling her breasts through her blouse, then pulling it over her shoulders and off as she bobbed her lips up and down his cock.

He reached beneath and caught one nipple between a thumb and forefinger, then began to pinch and twist it, growing harder and crueler so that she soon whimpered and moaned in pain. Yet even as the pain rose pleasure followed, and she could not seem to find the will to resist. He caught her nipple between his nails now, driving them in painfully, so that her entire chest seemed to burn with pain.

She swallowed his semen and then moaned as he moved away.

Her stop reached, she made her way up the aisle, shaken and stumbling a little. The bus driver grinned and reached out to fondle her as she waited for the doors to open, sliding his hand up beneath her skirt to squeeze her bare bottom. Then the doors opened and she stumbled off onto the pavement, gasping for breath and trying to clear the mist from her mind.

She was topless, wearing only the short pleated skirt. The realization caused her to stare at herself in shock for a moment, then, as embarrassment rose, so too did her arms, crossing in front of her to cover her nudity. She walked forward along the sidewalk, headed for her apartment building, blushing as she passed people and cars honked at her.

She heard cries of pain and turned to see two policemen across the street. An attractive woman in an expensive dress was bent over a rail, her skirt hiked up around her hips as one of the policemen whipped her bare bottom with a switch.

"Jaywalking," the other called to a passing man.

She turned the corner and saw a clothing store. Then a yell from behind turned her head and she saw a man there, sprinting after her. She let out a squeak and ran, her arms still crossed before her chest, but he caught her easily, throwing her to the pavement with a laugh. She struggled only weakly as he turned her onto her back and spread her legs.

Then she groaned in helpless pain as he thrust himself into her and began to pump hungrily. She whimpered as she stared up at his grinning, leering, lusting face, groaning as he forced her knees back, bending her spine, jamming them into the pavement alongside her head as his hips pounded down cruelly against her upraised bottom. Every thrust was a spear of hot pain which seared her mind, and tears filled her eyes as he grunted and thrust again and again.

"Fucking whore," he groaned, his hips pounding.

The man cried out in exultation as he came, forcing her ankles down beside her head as his heavy torso pounded into her. Then he sank back on his heels with a gasp of relief and released her.

She moaned and rolled onto her side, but another man was on her now, rolling her over and grasping at her hair, forcing her up to all fours. He tore her skirt off, laughing and slapping at her bottom,

then mounted her, thrusting powerfully for several minutes before climaxing.

Naked now, she stumbled on down the street, hardly remembering where she was. Another man encountered her, and groped her body, then placed a collar around her throat and tugged on the leash. She reached up to grab at the pull only to find her wrists locked somehow behind her back. She had not noticed that happening. She stared at the back of the head of the man who held her leash as he walked forward, following hurriedly along, gasping and panting, dazed and miserable, confused and embarrassed. Her bare feet slapped at the hot pavement and she stumbled on small rocks and stones.

Then she was in a darkened bar, the air cool on her overheated flesh. A football game played on a large television set, and men were gathered around the tables drinking. It was an ordinary bar, the kind she had often visited with friends. Until she saw the narrow steel bar which ran along one wall. There were four girls there, all naked, all collared, their leashes bound to the bar.

The man before her pulled her over to join them, ordered her, in the voice one might use on a dog, to kneel, and when she did, bound her leash to the bar. He kicked her knees, forcing them apart, and ordered her to maintain that position, then sauntered over to join the men at the bar. She knelt, panting, sweating, exhausted, bedraggled and miserable, legs spread so far the muscles in her thighs ached.

After a few minutes of calm and peace, aided by the cool air and dim light, her mind began to slowly fit itself back together. Her head slowly came up and her breathing slowed. She looked at the other four girls. All seemed calm and unbothered. They watched the men and the television, sometimes smiling, apparently quite content. Like her, they were all naked, their wrists locked together behind their backs. They knelt with their backs straight, sitting on their heels, heads up, legs wide, maintaining the identical position without conscious, or at least visible effort.

As her mind returned she became more and more aware of her nudity. It did not shock and humiliate her as it would have only days earlier, as it had when she had been gang raped, but it was still disconcerting and made her mind squirm every time one of the men looked her way. She kept shifting her knees closer together, then apart again out of fear of consequences.

One of the men pushed his chair back and strolled over to them, standing before one of the girls, a brunette with short hair and enormous breasts. She looked up with a welcoming smile and he undid his zipper, pulling his cock free. It was not hard, which momentarily confused Ryan. Nor did the girl move to take him into her mouth. Instead she cocked her head back and opened her mouth wide.

The men leaned forward, and after a moment, began to urinate.

Ryan blinked in shock, then wonder, her jaw dropping as she watched the man's urine pour into the woman's open mouth. She watched her throat working as she continued to swallow. And then, when the urine slowed to a trickle and the man put his cock on her tongue, she closed her lips, sucking lightly at it to clean it before he pulled back.

Eyes shining, she looked up at him, her face a mask of love and devotion.

"Thank you, master!" she whispered.

He grunted, zipped up and turned away without a word, and the girl sat back on her heels, licking at her lips and watching him as he took his seat again with his friends.

The world had gone insane.

She could not help staring at the girl, dumbfounded. Sensing her stare, the girl turned and gave her a superior little smirk, as if she had done something wonderful and Ryan might be jealous of her accomplishment.

"Service!" one of the men called.

The waitress, a very young, slender girl who looked like either a freshman from Ryan's university or a senior from a local high school came scurrying out a side door. She was short, but the eight inch heels she wore helped considerably to raise her. Her sex was shaved and she a butt plug protruded from her anus. She wore a Y-shaped chain, the top branches clipped to her nipples, the bottom, so far as Ryan could see, clipped to the top part of her sex, either her clitoris or the hood over it.

"Yes, masters!" she asked breathlessly.

"Another Bud, slut," one man said casually.

Another playfully tugged at the chain repeatedly, so that the woman winced and gasped.

"And get me a scotch on the rocks," another demanded.

"Yes, master!"

She scurried away and the men turned their eyes back to the game. The score was lop-sided, however, and they were growing bored. When she returned one of the men tripped her and she gasped as she spilled the beer.

"Stupid cunt!" the man yelled in mock anger.

"Punish her! Punish her!"

The chant began with one man, the one who had tripped her, and spread quickly. The bar manager hurried over and slapped the girl, then dragged her to a post in the centre of the room and raised her arms high, binding her wrists. The bartender handed him a flog and he took up position behind the quivering girl as the men looked on, grinning and laughing to each other.

She was a very slim girl, her breasts small but firm. The bar manager exchanged jokes with the watching men, then removed the chain which was clipped to her nipples, replacing it with another which went around the post. The grinning bartender tossed him another, and he spread the girl's legs. She squealed as he attached the end to her clitoris, then led the chain behind the post.

The flog was heavy, and the girl's scream as it hit was doubled by the dual pain the blow brought. For in addition to the pain which drew red lines across her slender back the blow threw her against the post, and then back, so that the chains bit viciously into her nipples and clitoris.

The men laughed and jeered.

It was no light flogging. The bar manager was a powerful man with thick arms, and the thongs ripped into the girl with brutal force, so that she was soon all-but hanging by her wrists.

Beside her, the other girls watched, eyes alight with excitement. Again and again they would begin

to close their legs, trying to rub their thighs together, then, remembering, would moan and spread them wide once again.

The barman undid the lower chain from around the post, then he and the barman pulled the girl's lower torso out, spreading her legs. As the men looked on, laughing in delight, the bartender shook up a cheap bottle of champagne, then jerked the cock free and rammed the long neck deep into the dazed girl's pussy.

Champagne gushed out from all around the bottle as the bartender pumped the neck violently in and out of her, and the audience laughed in delight. One of the men rushed forward, and as the bartender pulled the bottle back, placed his face beneath the girl's ex, mouth open to catch the champagne which flooded out.

Then the girl was released to fall to the floor. The manager, chuckling good naturedly with his customers, twisted her long hair around his wrist and simply dragged the moaning, semi conscious girl across the wet floor and out the side door.

A pair of men entered the bar, chatting. Their eyes moved over the girls chained at the wall, and Ryan felt her face heat.

"So how's Sharon doing, Bob?"

"Pretty well. Had to take half the skin off her ass before she learned to cook a proper meal, though."

"Well, she's still pretty young."

"Yeah, your wife should have raised her better, though."

"Can't argue with you there."

They passed and went on to the bar.

Then the man who had collared her walked over, another man at his side.

He was broad shouldered, but older, perhaps fifty, with some gray in his brown hair, a days growth of beard on his face and a rough look to him. The second man was skinny, with longer hair, and the same age.

Ryan swallowed nervously, her face flushing again. Both men were old enough to be her father, but then again, from what she had just heard the other two men say that apparently counted for little any more.

"... on the street, naked," the man who had collared her said.

"What a slut," the second man said, shaking his head. "You got lucky, George."

The man was undoing her leash from the bar and now dragged her to her feet by the hair and forced her back to arch.

"Look at these tits," he said. "Aren't they incredible?"

"I thought they were fakes when I saw them," the other man said as he squeezed one of Ryan's breasts. "But they're real, by God."

"Yup. Amazing, eh?"

"These are incredible tits. You really are lucky," he said enviously.

"Young ones," George said with a shrug.

"I seen young tit before, but not this big and firm."

"They ain't that big."

"No, if they were bigger they'd be too big."

"Ain't no such thing."

They chuckled together

"Hell, St. Mary's High School is holding an auction next Tuesday to raise money for the football field. You can find a lot of young bitches there, some of it even virgin."

"Ah, George, you know I wouldn't be able to afford young cunt like that."

"Well then, hope you get lucky like I did."

"You need to shave her," the man said, running his finger along the furrow of Ryan's sex.

"Yeah, well, I just got her," George protested.

He let her head come forward, then took hold of her leash and pulled her out the door. The other man squeezed her bottom until she was tugged out of his reach then returned to the bar as the door closed behind them.

As before, she was led along the sidewalk. The man was apparently in little hurry, and evidently was enjoying showing off his new possession. There was no conversation between them. Ryan's only attempt to speak had drawn a hard slap to the face which had rocked her back on her heels and set her ears ringing.

They made their way into an apartment building, and then upstairs to a small apartment which was furnished little better than her dorm room had been. He led her to a corner and ordered her to kneel, then got himself a beer, sat down in an oversized chair with a torn cushion, and called people on the telephone to brag about her.

After a while he raped her, but cursed her for her attitude. He strapped her bottom, then strapped her elbows together. After screwing a heavy ring into the ceiling he lifted her wrists up high, forcing her to bend uncomfortably forward at the waist, and bound her in place like that. Then he went to sleep.

It was a long and exhausting night for Ryan. Her shoulders were soon screaming with pain, for he had forced her arms too tightly together and raised them too high. The way her head was bowed made

her dizzy as blood rushed to it, and she swayed threateningly, her legs threatening to buckle.

She did not notice the quiet scrabbling sounds at the front door as the cheap lock was worked, nor the tiny motion as it pushed open a crack. A man entered - a boy really, younger than herself. He was short and skinny, wearing a dirty t-shirt. His face was pale and his eyes were somewhat sunken. He looked around nervously, then hurried across the front room to her.

With a quick movement he jammed something against her mouth. The force crushed her lips back against her teeth, forcing her to open her mouth wide. It was then jammed into her open mouth, jamming her tongue down. A strap was pulled up behind her head and buckled, then he released the chain holding her wrists high and grabbed her as she sagged.

He led her towards the door and then out, closing it quietly behind him. She was too exhausted and relieved that most of the pressure had been removed from her shoulders, too dizzy because her head was now finally upright after hours of being bent over, to do more than scuttle along next to him as he took her down the back stairs and then out into an alley behind the building.

The cooler night air revived her a little, enough to realize that, in effect, she had been stolen, like a television set or a stereo. The man, boy really, was giggling to himself in delight, speaking in a soft, quick little voice she could not hear, congratulating himself on his abilities.

He led her hurriedly out of the alley and up the darkened street, then into another alley not far away. There he bent her over a garbage can, kicked her legs apart, fumbled at his pants, then thrust a skinny cock into her as his hungry hands raced over her body. It took minutes only, then he was pulling her out the other end of the alley and up the street.

A car raced up, and the young man cried out in shock, twisting and trying to pull her back into the alley. But a man blocked their path, and then another had the boy by the scruff of the neck.

"What ya got there, Bennie?"

"Nothing, sergeant! I found her! She's mine! Finders keepers!" the boy cried.

"Found her, eh?"

They were both policemen, and while one held the skinny boy the other pulled back on her hair to straighten her and ran a hand over her collar.

"No tag," he said.

"See!? See!?" the boy cried.

"No tag just means she isn't registered. It don't mean she belongs to you."

"But I found her!" the boy whined desperately.

"Here's five bucks," the policeman said, shoving it into the boy's hand.

"She's worth lots more than that! Lots more!"

"She's worth a kick in the ass if you don't get the hell away from here," the other one barked.

"But I found her!" the boy whined.

The two big cops laughed at him and the one holding his collar turned him and flung him into the road. He yelped in pain, then scrambled to his feet, holding an injured arm.

"It's not fair!" he called. "I found her!"

The two cops put her into the back of their police car and then drove away. Neither spoke to her, nor made any effort to untie her or remove her gag.

She had not been rescued then, it seemed, so much as changed owners.

They drove into a large, but empty parking lot, and Ryan, by now, was not surprised when they spent the next hour raping her. Then they drove her to a tall building in the centre of the city, and led her to a steel door in the rear where the largest, ugliest man she had ever seen in her life greeted them, gave them an envelope she assumed contained money, and took her inside.

She was led down a narrow stairway to a stone corridor, the ceiling lined with pipes, and then into a large, bare, stone room. The walls were lined with women, some sobbing, some moaning, half consciously. She was taken to the wall on her right, to a bare space. There was what she first took to be a low hook protruding from the wall, but as they came nearer she saw it was more like a thick, curved pipe. It protruded straight out for perhaps two inches, then curved upwards.

The enormous man pushed her face against the wall and unbound her wrists, and she groaned in relief as the pressure was finally taken off her shoulders. He spun her quickly around then and gripped her hair with one hand, her left thigh with the other. She screamed as he lifted her bodily into the air, her hands shooting up to grip his wrist and ease the pressure on her hair.

Then she screamed again as he set her down, her back scraping along the wall until she felt the hard, cold pressure against her anal opening. She was forced down upon the rounded end of the thick pipe, impaled upon it. Her legs kicked feebly as her weight forced her down hard onto the cold steel, which drove up painfully high into her gut.

He released her thigh, and her full weight came down. She screamed in agony as the thing drove the final few inches up into her rectum. Then her tail bone was pressing against the horizontal part of the pipe, holding her up just above the floor.

With her hands conveniently placed above her head he gripped her wrists and lifted them higher, slamming them back hard against the wall so that her knuckles were bruised, then closed heavy metal shackles around her wrists and left her.

All the women, perhaps twenty, were similarly shackled, their toes, like hers, dangling above the floor.

Several were weeping miserably, and it occurred to her that this was the first time she had seen bound and tormented women who were not happy at their fate. Yet like many of them she was gagged, and could say nothing, ask no questions.

"It hurts!" one of them sobbed.

Another merely groaned long and low.

"Please," another sobbed.

"Why? Why? What happened?" Another whimpered, as if to herself. "What have I done?"

The shackles bit into her wrists painfully, but most of her weight was not on her wrists, but on the pipe which curled up beneath her tail bone and impaled her. And after only minutes her tail bone was beginning to ache terribly.

Across from her one of the women seemed to have a fit. She screamed and thrashed, shaking her head from side to side and kicking her legs wildly. After a minute, though, she wore herself out and went limp, sobbing piteously.

If there was anything to be said about the other women it was that all were extraordinarily beautiful. They were all tall, all with thick blonde hair, all with high, full, unusually firm breasts. And, of course, all in pain.

FOUR

"Focus, Kiri."

"I'm trying," she complained.

But it was hard, for her mind was, more and more, turning to lewd and disgusting fantasies of sex and lust and need, and no matter how hard she tried to discipline herself the most degrading, disgusting and humiliating thoughts kept flowing through her mind.

She thought of Gareth's cock, and how it had felt inside her, and shame burned along her spine, yet the heat burned hotter, and somehow, in a way she did not understand, the shame seemed to feed the heat.

"Focus on the power."

She nodded shakily, and leaned forward, elbows on the table, fingertips pressed against the sides of her head as she stared at the drifting ball of light.

She wore a leather vest, with nothing beneath. At some point she had intended to wear it over a white blouse, and had been startled and embarrassed to suddenly realize she had forgotten both blouse and bra. Yet she had not gone to change. Every few minutes she seemed to recall herself anew, flushed with shame again, yet again did nothing about it. Her breasts felt warm within the leather, yet were half

bared to Gareth's eyes.

She wore a leather mini skirt - though she had never worn such things before. She could not remember why or even when she had gotten it. It delighted her, as did the vest, with their sensuality, except when they shocked her and shamed her as she recalled their revealing nature.

Her mind was yo-yo'ing back and forth between arousal and shame as Gareth led her through the exercise which allowed him to make use of her power, to see through her eyes and reach out through her body.

"You must empty your mind," Gareth chided.

Yet she couldn't. Mental discipline had always been among her strong suits, but not now, now her mind fluttered like a butterfly trapped behind glass. She felt hyper, her body alive with energy. She wanted to run, to fly, to swim, to do wild physical things.

"I'm going for a walk," she said, abruptly rising and heading for the door.

"You shouldn't go out alone."

She snorted in disdain and flung open the door, ignoring Shannon as the woman entered the room behind her.

"What do you think?" she said.

James shrugged. "She's showing more and more effect."

"I know her choice of clothing is trending down."

"Yes, except her skirts. She's flirting with me now, which is a far cry from the shy little girl she was the first day."

"So will it work?"

"No, but I had a better idea."

Shannon raised her eyebrows.

"There is a time her mind will be clear."

"When?"

"When she climaxes," he said with a crooked smile.

"You want to have sex with her?" Shannon smirked.

He shook his head. "No, but the whole idea is that we move through her so Gareth won't sense us. And it is one way we can turn the infection within her to our use."

Shannon made a face. "That means lettering her be captured and used."

"Can you think of another way?"

"It's dangerous for her?"

"It's going to be dangerous anyway. But I don't think any of Gareth's people will cause her real harm - at first."

"No, not until they've tormented her," Shannon said angrily.

"You know that's how Gareth feeds, on pain and terror."

"Pain and terror of women," Shannon corrected.

James shrugged. "He prefers the flavour. In any case, because of the infection it shouldn't require much to set her off. And if we're waiting we can move through her then."

"I gather you've set the spells in place."

He nodded.

Kiri moved down the street with the same fast, quick steps as was her habit. They were less precise, however, due to the stiletto heels she wore. When she realized that she stared at them for a long moment, trying to remember when and where - and why she had gotten them.

She could feel the heat in her blood, could feel the heat in her body. Even wearing so little she felt hot, and unconsciously undid the top button of the vest.

The street was quiet. It had been very quiet for some days now, as if everyone was inside somewhere. There were few people on feet, mostly older people and a few men. There were no young women, no girls, and the men looked at her rudely and greedily as she passed. Twice they reached out to touch her and a word sent them stumbling back in confusion.

She continued to walk briskly, not even knowing where she was going, but needing to work off her frustration, and that strange sense of hyperactive need which had been growing within her.

"Well well!"

She stopped at sight of the two policemen. Though wary, she had always been a great respecter of authority.

"And what are you doing out on your own, little girl?" the man asked.

"Walking," she said.

"Your master lets you walk around alone? Does he know how many slaves have been stolen in the last few days?"

"Where's your collar?" the other man said, stepping forward with a frown.

Kiri reached up to her throat, her mind wondering at how quickly Gareth's influence had spread through the city, feeling a little jolt of alarm at what power that bespoke.

"Are you a runaway?" the first cop demanded, scowling.

"I don't have a master," she said, half indignant, half aroused at the thought.

"Bullshit," the cop said.

"You're too young not to have a master."

"Too goddamn cute," the other one said.

Kiri flushed in pleasure at that.

"Who's fucking you, girl?"

"Nobody," she said defiantly.

A hand seized her arm. She could have shook loose, but made no effort to. Her heart was pounding, but her mind was filled with uncertainty. They were authority figures, and she was conditioned to be respectful and obedient towards them. On the other hand, they were clearly under Gareth's sway, so she ought to break free.

She just wasn't sure she wanted to.

"We ought to bring her in," the second cop said.

Her arms were seized and she was turned towards the car. Her wrists were pulled back behind her and handcuffed.

Again her mind swirled with uncertainty. She felt fear and indignation, yet a strange, dark fascination, as well. It felt exciting to be handcuffed, to be held prisoner by these large, crude men. Her nipples, which had been hard for days now, pressed against the leather vest in a way which sent sparkles of light through her mind.

"Come on, slut," the cop said in a not unfriendly way.

She was placed in the back of the police car, where she sat, pulse racing, wrists pulling and twisting at the handcuffs as if to reassure herself they were tight and would not come free.

"Where do you live?" she was asked.

"None of your business," she replied, knowing it would anger them, wanting to, for some reason.

The man scowled. "Don't be snotty," he warned. "We don't take snotty answers from sluts any more."

Kiri stared at him, and then deliberately said "Fuck you, asshole."

If he was surprised she was even more surprised. She had never used such language before, and

certainly not to an authority figure. Saying it shocked her, and for a long moment she was red with embarrassment, wanting to apologise. Yet the anger on his face made her lower belly squirm with excitement.

"You know what the law says about sluts being rude to their masters?" he growled.

"You're not my master!"

"Police are considered masters as far as sluts are concerned. Or haven't you read the laws?"

"Slut probably can't even read," the other cop said with a smirk.

"She can read. She's too old not to have gone through the old schools. The new schools now, they'll teach sluts their place in the world. None of that reading and writing and math shit."

The police car rounded a corner and pulled to a halt in front of the police station. The two cops got out, and the first one took her arm roughly and dragged her out of the car.

"Hey, not so hard you... you asshole," she said, almost breathlessly.

He slapped the side of the head, almost knocking her glasses off, and she yelped in pain. Then she was being dragged up the stairs and into the lobby of the building.

"What you got?" a sergeant asked from behind the desk.

"Think it's a runaway. Verbally abusive to authorities."

"Oh yeah?" The cop glared at Kiri.

"Fuck you," she said, wickedly shocked and delighted at herself for her daring.

"Your master will pay a fine for that, slut," the man said. "He'll take it out of your hide."

"Fuck you!" she said again.

The cop behind her snorted.

"Put her in a cage and get those things off her," the sergeant snapped.

"Fuck you!" she said again, quite taken with the phrase.

She was shaken hard, and then dragged through a door behind the counter, then up a narrow hallway into a holding area. There she was handed over to another man, this one older. He immediately began to unbutton her vest.

"Hey!" she protested, blood rushing to her face.

A hard slap to the face threw her head back and confused her while he unfastened her skirt and let it slip down her legs. He turned her around and bent her over a rough wooden table, then undid her handcuffs and pulled the vest back over her shoulders.

'Let me go! Asshole!'

She felt a wave of humiliation as her body was exposed, yet despite it her lower belly throbbed and thrummed with excitement. Her wrists were cuffed together again and then her thong was yanked down. She squealed but received a sharp slap on her bottom.

Then a collar was placed around her throat and she was led down another hall lined with bars.

"Bastards! Fuckers!" she gasped, shame at her nudity clawing at her mind but failing to deter a terrible, wanton heat.

Another slap to the side of the head sent her glasses spinning, but they yanked her alone and pushed her into a cell, then pressed her against the wall. A chain hung above, bolted to the stone, and they attached it to her collar before leaving and slamming the cell door closed.

Kiri stared up and then around, eyes wide and wild, breath coming in ragged pants. She was humiliated to have strange men see her naked. At the same time she felt a wondrous sense of sexual expectation and deep, hard, burning lust at her chained and naked state. She squeezed her thighs together and moaned softly, wondering what would be done to her, if she would be raped.

The thought threatened to turn her stomach over with fear and anxiety, but made her legs rubbery with excitement. She cringed, and simultaneously thrilled to the eyes of every man who walked by her cell and looked in at her. She was breathless with both excitement and anxiety, her nipples painfully hard, her soft bottom rubbing against the cold stone of the cell wall.

She had never been naked in public, and only very, very few people, and her doctor was the only man who had ever seen her naked in clear, bright light - well, except for James and Shannon. Now she was almost on display, for the open cell bars were no hindrance to the eyes of the men who made their way up and down the hall outside. Every time one of them turned his eyes on her she felt her skin heat, and almost crackle with sexual electricity.

And it was getting worse the longer she stood in place. Her flesh felt raw, tingling with life, and even the soft breeze of the air conditioning felt like a feather light caress against her nipples.

Then a fat sergeant, his stomach hanging over his uniform trousers, unlocked her cell, and her pulse rocketed upwards. He had a bushy moustache and wore his hat low over baggy eyes. Keys jangled on his belt as he entered the cell and crossed to stand before her.

"What's your name, slut?" he asked in a gruff voice.

Kiri looked away, her body hot with embarrassment.

"I asked you a question."

She gasped as he gripped her hair and forced her head up and back.

"What is your name?" he asked slowly.

"Fu-fuck you," she gasped.

She wasn't sure why she was being so insulting, or even what she hoped to achieve by it. And then

she did, and blinked in surprise. They would treat her badly if she was rude. Why did she want them to treat her badly?

The fat man glared at her, then reached to his belt buckle. He took a stun gun from the belt and pressed it against her stomach, and a shock, a jolt of pain ripped into Kiri's belly. She cried out, her legs jerking out spastically so that for a moment she hung by her collar.

"Your name?"

She gasped, too breathless and confused to answer, and the man pressed the device against her right breast. For a moment, blue electricity arced between the two metal contact points, catching her erect nipple between. Her nipple quivered like a tuning fork, and the power ripped into her small breast and then deeper into her body so that her head jerked back and slammed against the wall, momentarily stunning her.

"Name?" he asked with a small, smug smile.

Not giving her a chance to reply he let the two metal contacts slide across her breast and onto her other breast, centered her nipple and pressed the button. Again her nipple seemed to burn and flash with pain, and she jerked violently back, gasping in shocked pain.

His breath was hot on her cheek as he leaned in against her, leering, letting the device slide down her body. He gripped her hair, and jammed the thing up between her legs. Pain exploded within her, her legs flying out wildly. Again he pressed the button, and again and again in rapid jolts that her legs flailing and jerking and her entire weight hanging from the collar as she choked and gurgled in breathless agony.

"Still wanna back talk us, slut?" he whispered into her ear.

He drew back, and her skittering feet finally caught at the stone floor and lifted her weight off her neck. She was sweating, drawing in deep breaths of air as he put the device back onto his belt. Her eyes were closed, her head back as she gulped in air. Yet again, he gave her no time to recover, no time to speak. He drew his long, thick nightstick and as her eyes opened again placed it against her sex, almost gently pushed the tip in between, and then rammed it upwards.

The heat which had gripped her for so long saved her from what would have been agony. Yet even so the brutal thrust made her scream in pain as ten inches of the club were stabbed up into her belly. The fat man leered excitedly, twisted the handle of the club forward so that the tip, deep within her, pushed back, and then rammed it up again.

The pain against her cervix made her scream once again, and then the tip of the club was forced past it to jam into the very pit of her sheath. And still, snickering, his face inches from hers, the fat man forced it higher, so that Kiri sobbed brokenly, rising to her toes to try and lessen the force.

"Fucking chink," he hissed. "Think you're something, eh? Not any more! Now you're just a slut, like all them bitches! You're in your place now, whore!"

He drew the club back and rammed it up again, lifting her off her toes, leered, then did it again, then again, then again, laughing as he punched the hard club into the pit of her belly, as he brutally hammered away at the end of her soft, sensitive sexual sleeve.

The pain was intense, shocking, and Kiri sobbed and cried out repeatedly, despairingly.

And yet not only did it not ease the sexual heat and pressure which had been afflicting her but seemed to swell it higher.

"Waldkowski!" a voice barked.

The hammering stopped and the fat man jerked his club back down her aching sheath.

"Don't fuckin' damage the merchandise, asshole. You forget what happened the last time so soon?"

The fat man pulled the club free, looking sulky. "Yes, Lieutenant," he muttered.

The other man glowered at him, and he put his club away, trying giving a phony smile until he moved off, then the fat man turned and glowered at Kiri.

He shoved a fat hand between Kiri's thighs and squeezed hard. The pain was easily bearable, and almost soothing compared to the bruising blows of the club, and the sexual pressure exploded so that, again, Kiri's head jerked back violently, her back arching.

The fat man could not tell the difference however, and snickered as he saw what he thought was agony on the small, Asian girl.

"I'll get you later, whore," he whispered. "When the Lieutenant ain't around!"

He twisted his fingers cruelly in her sex and the jerked his hand back and stalked out, leaving her gasping and panting, her trembling legs barely able to hold her off the floor as the orgasm which had come so tauntingly close to overpowering her eased slowly back.

She moaned dazedly as she leaned back against the wall, chest heaving, the sweat of pain and heat dribbling slowly down from her forehead, her body slowly cooling.

An hour later they came for her, undoing the chain and taking her arm as they led her up several flights of stairs and into a waiting room. There were a dozen men there, all scruffy looking, all, like her, handcuffed. They wore clothing, however, and their eyes feasted on her as she was shoved in among them.

Kiri cringed mentally, mortified as they leered and whispered, making obscene comments. A large cop stood in a corner, arms folded across his chest. He watched them all, especially Kiri, but said and did nothing.

Every few minutes one of the doors would open, a name would be called, and one of the men removed. Then it was her turn.

She was taken down another narrow corridor, and then shocked to find herself pulled into a large, open courtroom. To her left were dozens and dozens of people seated in rows of seats behind a low bench. To her right were court stenographers, recorders, bailiffs and clerks, and of course, the judge behind his bench. She had never felt so naked, and her skin prickled with strength of the eyes upon her.

"Unnamed slave," one of the men said. "Refuses to give her name. Was obscene and impudent to police."

"No reports of a runaway?" the judge asked in irritation.

"Not one matching her description," the other man said.

"Could she be a free ranger?"

"She hasn't been tested, your honour."

"No matter," the old man said, scowling at her. "We don't tolerate that kind of behaviour from slaves. Give her thirty strokes and then put her into the pens. Either her owner will claim her or she'll be sold to pay the cost of her upkeep."

The slammed his gavel down and Kiri was led away, still too overcome by embarrassment to speak or even realize what had happened. She was taken to another room, and a man led her between a pair of tall wooden posts where another man waited, and Kiri felt her anxiety skyrocket - along with her excitement, as her wrists were uncuffed and her arms lifted up and out towards either post.

They were strapped there, high enough so that she had to rise onto her toes, but then the two men bent, fastened the straps around her ankles and pulled them wide apart.

She moaned weakly as her weight came down onto her arms and wrists. Her wrists burned and her shoulders ached, but the sexual heat blossomed higher and higher as she was stretched out and made ready for punishment.

A small, bespectacled man in a suit cleared his throat and began to speak in legalistic jargon, citing laws and rules and "duly appointed authorities" and the judge's "due finding of guilt", but she was barely listening. She twisted and pulled and stretched, muscles moving beneath her skin, her breathing become ragged with excitement, passion and a rising fear.

Another man walked in, with a doctor's stethoscope draped over his shoulder. He leaned casually against the wall. Then a third police officer, this one heavy set, and carrying a long, coiled whip.

Kiri's chest tightened to the point she could no longer breathe. Her wrists and ankles pulled more frantically against the tight straps and whimpering low in her throat.

The man let the whip uncoil, dropping to the ground, then drew his arm back so it slid along the floor. The man in the suit nodded and the whip slid forward again, then quickly snapped up and back.

Kiri screamed as it sliced down across her slender back. Her body was hammered forward against the straps, her head flung back as fire ripped across the surface of her skin. Her very ribs felt bruised by the force of the blow and the breath was driven from her body.

"One," the small man said.

The whip sliced into her back again, and again she screamed, thrashing against the straps as the fire burned deep into the flesh of her back. Again the whip hissed through the air and cracked against the centre of her back, and another hammer blow of agony ripped through the sobbing young girl. Another blow, and another, tore at her back, raising angry red welts across the soft, buttery flesh.

The whip drew back and flew forward, and this time curled completely around her slim waist,

leaving a ring of fire around her body and punctuating it with a shockwave of agony as the tip sliced into her side.

The man with the whip looked at the small, bespectacled man out of the corner of his eye, looking for protest at this departure from the strictest requirements of the law, but there was none.

He drew back his arm again and let the whip fly. As before, it curled around her waist, this time angling down, and the tip snapped into her abdomen with painful intensity, sending the girl's bottom jerking backwards.

Again he eyed the bespectacled man, and again there was no protest. The other men in the room were also looking at him, grinning a little to each other as this break in an otherwise dull day took a turn for the more interesting.

Delighted at this opportunity to make use of his skill, he sent the whip hurtling across at the quivering girl once again, this time letting the whip curl in beneath her armpit and slice at her right breast. The girl squealed and twisted with a quite satisfactory amount of energy and noise.

He sauntered to one side, and sent the whip slicing out with a backhanded move, and it curled around her ribs on the other side, snapping at her belly. He made a face, took fresh aim, and sent the whip forward once more, grinning as the tip bit into the soft tissue of her breast.

His next three blows truck her back squarely, and then he backed up, rolled his shoulders, and sent the whip snapping forward to bite between the girl's buttocks, snapping up directly against the girl's puckered anal opening. She shrieked and twisted madly and the other men whistled softly and shuffled their feet in approval at his skill.

He laid several strong blows across her small, cupcake bottom, criss crossing it with welts, then sent another curling upwards to snap at her breast.

The pain was excruciating. Kiri twisted and screamed in agony as her body, already burning like fire from the welts swelling her skin, absorbed the explosive power of each fresh blow.

Frantic, desperate and aching, she nevertheless could not resist the siren call of sexual heat as it throbbed with more and more power inside her body. Each fresh blow sent agony but also a terrible dark hungry lust flooding through her mind and body. Sweat was dripping down her body, but her pubic lips were swollen with need, almost pushing out with the pressure within, and she was wetter than she had ever been.

The whip curled around her ribs and the tip cracked directly against her right nipple. The pain almost stunned her, but the sexual heat howled with unbearable pressure, and she knew that another such blow would send her over the edge.

The whip struck her lower back, curled across her hip, seared her lower belly and the hard tip snapped at her swollen sex. Her scream was instinctive, horrified, and then redoubled as the pain howled. And then the orgasm hit with the power of a hurricane, flinging her wildly in her straps, sending her head thrashing wildly, her teeth gnashing, her muscles spasming again and again.

The pleasure was beyond ecstasy. It was pleasure such as no human should ever feel, pleasure beyond her ability to bear, pleasure so terrible and so wonderful it was almost agony in itself. Yet it wasn't. The orgasm spiralled higher and higher, shocking her, stunning her, and in its midst the whip man sent his whip slicing over her other hip and snapping at her sex once again. The tip hit violently, wetly, the moisture clinging there exploding outward as she screamed in animalistic pleasure and horrified pain.

Again and again the whip curled over her hips, snapping at her sex, then whipped up between her legs to stab at her anal opening, then sent her breasts bouncing and jiggling as they bit into the soft, fatty tissue.

And Kiri writhed amid a howling maelstrom of pleasure, her nervous system overloaded by the sheer power of the sensations screaming through her nerves and veins and bones and marrow.

And into the blank vacuum of her mind stepped James and Shannon, both buffeted by the edges of the orgasmic storm whipping through her, but able to stand aside from it.

"This is not what we were looking for," he said.

"No, these aren't Gareth's tools, except by a distant thread.

"Police, or what they've become," Gareth replied.

"If we don't free her, though, our stalking horse will go for naught."

The whip sliced up into Kiri's sex, moisture gushing out once again as the orgasm shook her like a dog with a doll in its teeth, and James whispered softly, using her power, sending a thought flooding out into the room.

The whip flew once more, and then stopped.

"Thirty," the small man said. "Sentence having been carried out, the prisoner is free to leave."

No one spoke up at this odd statement. No one pointed out how much it varied from the judge's command, or, for that matter, common sense. Letting a slave walk free was hardly the custom.

Instead the two men flanking the girl undid the straps from her ankles, letting her legs fall together. She made no move to support herself, however, and they undid her straps and let her down slowly to the floor. There she curled into a ball, hands on her sex, rocking from side to side and keening in a low voice.

Her clothes were found and dropped on her. When she made no move to dress she was calmly dressed and dragged along the floor and out a side door to be left in an alley. There, away from prying eyes, the spell James had spoken rose. The deep, ugly welts across her body began to lighten and thin and then fade away. The pain faded with them and Kiri slowly stumbled to her feet, fell once, and then staggered up to prop herself against a wall.

The pain had gone, but not its memory, and her body and mind were both exhausted.

And there was the memory, the stunning memory of that terrible, awesome, impossible pleasure, a pleasure she knew she would have given anything to feel again, a pleasure that made her clutch her arms around her body and tremble violently.

She stumbled out of the alley and found a car waiting. James motioned her inside, and she sprawled across the back seat and lost consciousness.

FIVE

Ryan woke in a cage, her mind seemingly free and clear. She stared around her in shock and horror, memories flooding through her. Screams echoed through the darkness and she cringed back, sobbing, almost overwhelmed by it all. Shock gripped her. It was all impossible! It was a nightmare! How? What? Why? She could not understand any of it.

And then worse and more shocking, she realized she had no hands. Her arms ended at the elbows, only her elbows seemed flat and hard, like tiny hooves. Her legs were the same, with her knees and all below them gone, replaced by a hard hoof. She screamed, as she had heard others screaming, screamed in desperate disbelief.

As her eyes adjusted somewhat she saw other cages, like hers, filled with other girls like her, girls who at first sight were on hands and knees, except that they had no hands and knees, but only hooves. They stared back with the same look of dumbfounded horror, their mouths opening and closing as they screamed and cried out in shock and wonder and horror, demanding answers none of them possessed.

The lights rose and a creature entered the room. Her memory brought back the image of the red, scaly fleshed thing which had taken her earlier, yet now with her mind clear she knew fresh terror. It was a devil, a demon! It was a thing out of nightmares and bad horror movies, huge and ugly and leering, with small horns at the top of its head, and sharpened teeth.

It carried a whip in its hand, and began opening the cages, then herding the women - girls, all of them sobbing and begging, down the hall. Any who hesitated felt the agony of the whip across her back and bottom, or against the side of one dangling breast.

In a weeping, screaming, horrified herd, they bunched up, crawling through the corridor, eyes wide with shock and terror, breasts - for all of them were busty - hanging heavy beneath, swinging and jiggling as they moved.

Ryan's mind was frantic. She stared around her, eyes wide, seeking escape, yet she was carried along by the herd, the beast, or devil or whatever it was, walking behind them, reaching out with its long whip whenever it sensed a slowing. She tried to move to one side of the hall, to slow, and the whip snapped out with unnatural aim, the hard tip snapping directly down against the small, puckered ring of her anus.

The sharp, jagged agony threw her forward, the air expelled from her lungs in a horrified shriek as she was thrown onto her face and rolled completely over. The grinning thing swung the whip again, and its aim was and timing were again unnaturally perfect, so that the tip of the long whip struck perfectly

against her clitoris just as she sprawled fully on her back and her legs flew open to their widest arc.

Another lightning bolt of agony tore through her body, whipsawing her mind as she somersaulted backwards and twisted onto her belly. Her hooves pawed frantically on the stone floor as she tried to push forward faster, tears of agony spilling down her face as she muscled through other blonde girls with desperate fear.

They emerged in a wide room, with a trough against one wall. It had a mash of sorts, and they were pushed against it, many suddenly finding themselves ravenously hungry, bent to lap at the wet, cold gruel like substance, swallowing as if they had been starved for days. Ryan was soon doing the same, ignoring the pain which clawed at her mind as she wolfed down the badly tasting food.

They were like animals, she thought dazedly. They had been turned into animals, beasts, by this - these - things.

From the feeding trough they were led further up the hall, and into another room. Here were rows of metal posts, each about head high to the crawling women and girls. Each of them wore a metal collar, which was quickly attached to the posts, and then, when the last girl had been fastened in place, a door at the far end of the room opened and the eyes of the terrified women went even wider and wilder as a group of beasts appeared.

They were not like any beasts Ryan had ever seen before, nor had ever, she was sure, existed on Earth. For they had human faces, unbearably beautiful human faces. Yet those faces were surrounded by long, thick, shaggy manes of fur, fur which also covered their naked bodies as thickly as any dog or ape.

They walked like apes, though they were far smaller, more the size of large dogs, and they spread out around the room, each headed unerringly for one of the horrified young women collared in place to await them as screams of terror echoed around the room.

"What are they!"

"Stop! Please!"

"Let me go! Let me go!"

"Help! Help! Oh my God!"

"No! Don't! Don't touch me!"

"Get it away! Get it away!"

The one which moved towards Ryan was larger than most, perhaps four feet in height, with long arms ending in enormous, eight fingered hands. It had the face of a god, blonde and stunning in its beauty, and a thick, barbed cock dangling between its stubby legs.

It leapt on her, ignoring her attempts to twist aside. She screamed horribly as its hands caught at her and it began to mount her scrabbling, twisting body. It was heavy and thick, the fur rough and filthy. She felt its cock stabbing at her pussy mound repeatedly as its big, many fingered hands caught at her shoulders.

And then it thrust forward and split her lips open, driving itself into her body. Almost at once it

seemed to swell and thicken, and she cried out as she felt her pubic lips spread and spread, stretching painfully to encompass an enormous male organ which was driving deeper and deeper into her body.

All around her the other blonde girls were being mounted in the same way. There was no pleasure now, no sense of arousal, or shocking heat. There was only humiliation, terror and agony as their sexual sleeves were stretched wider and wider by the knobby, barbed cocks being driven into them with animalistic force as they screamed and shrieked and howled in agony.

Her belly was on fire as the thing pumped inside her. She had never felt anything so thick in her life. It was agony, tearing apart her insides as it ripped in and out. Several of the women had fainted from the agony, but it seemed to matter little to the creatures, which held their hips high as they continued to hammer themselves into them.

Ryan twisted and screamed and sobbed. She was going insane with the agony within her, her body soaked in sweat, her belly twisting and burning as if her internal organs were being pulped. She knew she could not survive very much longer of the thing's savage rutting.

And then it came. She had never felt the semen of a man inside her before, but she did now, felt it as a tremendous gush of burning hot liquid which filled her belly and spilled out around the thick cock each time it pushed forward.

The thing softened, and she sobbed in relief as it withdrew. Half of them were shuffling out of the room by then, and the demon creature began to release them and herd them back to their cages.

They spent most of the day in their cages, some whimpering and sobbing, some desperately begging the others for information, others catatonic with shock. The next day, if it was the next day, the same ritual was repeated, and each was raped again, screaming in pain as the manlike, apelike things mounted them like beasts.

The third day they were moved to another part of whatever building they were being held, and let loose in a large, low stone room like a herd of corralled cattle. There were water troughs along one wall, and food troughs along the other.

And then the beasts were allowed in.

This time the women were not locked in place, and, screaming, trotted away on their new hooves, running in circles as the grinning beast things pursued, caught, and mounted them one by one. After the raping was done the beast things shuffled over to one side of the room and went to sleep, while the herd of sobbing women pressed themselves against the far wall, screaming to be released, for the door to be opened, to be taken back to their cages.

An hour passed, and their terror eased, yet their eyes continued to roll wildly towards the dozen or so beast things sprawled about on the other side of the room. Another hour passed, and another. The beast things stirred in their sleep, and one by one they slowly began to waken. New terror filled the herd, yet there was no mass attack. The things licked at their fur, as if cleaning themselves, shuffled over to water and food troughs, and urinated in a far corner.

They grunted to each other, as if they could speak, and the nervous women watched them, pressed together, as if numbers could protect them. Yet more hours passed, and the women began to loosen their tight bunch. A few more daring ones darted over to food or water troughs to drink or eat, then hurried back.

Then one of the beast men rose and sauntered towards them. The women squealed and parted before him, each trying to keep as much distance from herself and the thing as possible without going near the others. It singled out one particularly slender young woman with large breasts, and chuckled as she trotted away, squealing and whimpering and calling out to the others to help her.

Yet none could, and he soon cornered her, and while the rest of the women looked on in horror - and silent relief that it was not them, it mounted and ruthlessly used her as she screamed in pain, ramming an enormous cock deep into her shaking body as its massive hands mauled her breasts.

It left her sobbing in a heap on the floor and strolled back to its fellows, and for more hours there was peace. Then another of them picked out a girl, cornered her, and mounted her.

In a few days, their bellies began to swell.

Kiri smiled as she gazed at herself in the bathroom mirror, allowing herself a modicum of pride in her youth and beauty. As she set the dryer down on the counter she tossed her head slightly, watching her hair sway. Then she leaned back, smiling seductively at herself, youthfully delighted as she saw the firmness of her breasts pushing out. She giggled a little self consciously, then caught her nipples between thumbs and forefingers, rubbing and twisting until they grew erect.

She turned on the radio and danced provocatively, her eyes slitting, her hands tracing their way up and down her body. Then she stopped with a gentle smile. It was nice to be hot and sexy, she thought, to have nice boobs and a trim waist and a great ass. She bent over, imagining a man coming against her, using her.

Then she straightened slowly, shaking her head and wondering what was going on within her mind. More and more often, now, her mind was turning to thoughts of sex and lust, and her fantasies causing her sex to throb with hunger. She needed to reinforce her spells.

She shrugged to herself and opened the door, then stepped out into - .

A cold, dark, stone corridor.

Her eyes widened and her jaw dropped in disbelief. She stepped back, whirled, and found the bathroom gone, a stone wall in its place. She whirled again, shock filling her as she stared wildly around.

The walls were rough and uneven, and the floor even more so. The stone was crudely cut and laid, and overlain with dust, dirt, and puddles which dripped, here and there, from a stone and dirt ceiling where the roots of trees twined downwards. The corridor was about four feet wide, and not much taller than her five feet. It smelled badly, of decay and filth and rot which made her want to gag.

And she was naked.

With a startled squeak her arms and hands slapped against her breasts and groin and she drew her thighs in tightly together. Yet there was no one there.

It was a dream. It had to be. She pinched herself, but that produced nothing aside from pain. A sound, like the roar of an animal, came down the corridor, and she squealed again, her heart pounding as

she backed into the wall. She gasped and twisted away at once, the stone cold on her bare buttocks.

"What's going on?!" she whispered desperately.

The light came from flickering torches set in iron braces along the walls. And the sight of them made her pull her hands in more tightly against her naked flesh, for it meant there were people around somewhere, people who had lit the torches.

But where was she, and how did she get there?

It was a dream, a bizarre dream. Soon she'd waken.

Yet she didn't, and after a minute she shuffled slowly forward, eyes desperately trying to pierce the gloom ahead. She moved further along, and saw, just ahead, that the corridor branched to left and right. She licked her lips anxiously, looking down first one corridor then the other.

A dream. It could be nothing else.

She moved slowly along the right corridor, staying so close to the wall she kept brushing against it. Her heart continued to pound like a drum and her chest was so tight it ached.

Where was she? How on Earth did she get there?

She screamed at another animal roar, this one much closer, and coming from behind her. She twisted, and heard the sound of something heavy moving along the corridor behind her. Another roar, and she turned and ran, trying to hold her breasts with one hand and arm and keeping the other hand over her groin.

The roar sounded again, much closer, and she sobbed as she ran faster, head turning to look behind her. She saw eyes, enormous eyes moving in the darkness, and screamed, giving up her modesty as she ran full out, arms pumping, breasts bouncing on her chest. She saw a side corridor and sprinted down it, then down another, and another, until she seemed to have lost whatever it was and could, chest heaving, slow to a walk.

And then something stepped out of the corridor ahead.

It looked like nothing she had ever seen, nor anything she had ever imagined. It was a nightmare come to life. It was at least nine feet high, and covered in a thick mass of dark fur. It had two tusks curling up and back from either side of its snout, and two small, fiery red eyes. It opened its mouth, which hinged like an alligator so that it seemed that its entire head opened up to reveal teeth two inches long. And it roared.

Amanda was frozen. It was like a dream, like a nightmare. All she could do was stare, trembling and horror stricken as the thing shuffled closer. And then she saw something else. Between its thighs, through an especially thick mass of dark fur, rose something huge. It was as thick as a horse's cock, thicker, and she stared in shock as the thing almost seemed to leer at her.

She screamed and turned, sprinting back down the corridor. Within a few feet the ceiling was lower, too low for the thing to run after her. Or so she thought. But it dropped to all fours and roared again, then raced after her.

It gave a leap and its enormous claws caught at her shoulders. She screamed in terror, thrown forward onto the floor on her knees. She tried to rise but it was on her, an enormous mass of heavy, filthy fur and muscle bearing her back down. She screamed again and again, struggling frantically to get to her feet, but its huge clawed paws bore her down.

"Mine," it said in a deep, wheezing voice. "Mine. Mine. Mine."

"Let me go!" she shrieked.

"Mine." Its voice sounded gleeful now.

She felt its huge cock thrusting between her scrambling legs, pressing up against her sex, and screamed wildly. But the thing only chuckled deep in its throat. She felt one of its hands or paws or whatever it was, yank her right thigh to one side, and then the wet, warm, rounded head of his cock thrust against her pussy.

She screamed again, screamed continuously, awash in horror as her fingers clawed at the floor and she tried to pull herself away. She felt a terrible pressure against her sex, a dark, dull ache which grew worse with each passing second. She heard it laugh again, a soft, cruel laugh, and the pain grew worse as its wet, naked cock tried to force its way into her body.

"No! No!" she screamed.

"Yes, yes," it chuckled.

She felt her thighs yanked wider, and then with a terrible pain the thing forced its organ into her. She screamed in agony as her sex was ripped wide, wider than it had ever been before. The beast's clawed hands pulled up against her breasts and the claws pierced her soft flesh, driving an inch deep into her breasts as it crushed her back against it.

Its cock thrust deeper, and she shrieked and twisted wildly, her insides on fire, the huge lumpen mass of its organ forcing its way up through her sex.

"Please!"

It rammed itself forward and her insides exploded with agony. She felt as if the thing's cock had ripped right through her cervix and was in her womb. The pain was unbearable, and growing worse.

"Mine. Mine," it chuckled, drooling on her shoulder.

It rammed itself forward and again she howled as the cock tore up through her abdomen, forced its way between her internal organs. Agony filled her. She felt as though she was being disembowelled. Another thrust and the thing rammed into her stomach. She felt the wall of her belly bulge out beneath her.

And then it began to pump. She felt the enormous length of his horse-like cock rip backwards, then thrust forwards once again. It began to ride her, and liquid poured down her thighs, the smell of blood filling the air. The thick cock began to rip back and forth with a moist, liquid, sucking sound as it rode her, and she felt herself going faint.

And then, something happened. As if a switch were thrown she felt a deep, burning heat filling her

belly. A lewd sexual heat began to pump through her veins and she shuddered under its power.

"Mine! Mine!" it growled.

And even as her mind continued to gibber in terror and pain she felt a dark and terrible lust growing within her. Already her hips were rutting back against it, and she felt the first orgasm rock her mind.

But it was a baby compared to what was to follow. Her body rolled back and forth in time to its powerful rutting, and she moaned and then cried out in sexual fever, her body burning up now, another orgasm, then another ripping through her. Its cock felt deeper still, thrusting up into her very lungs. Her chest ached, but she didn't care. The pleasure was too great, overriding everything else.

"Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Oh Yes!" she screamed, her eyes rolling back in her head as she thrust her bottom back wildly.

The orgasm seared her soul she screamed again as the monstrous cock drove still deeper. She felt a thick lump in her throat, felt her throat blocked, the flesh swelling out, bulging as something moved up its length. And then the thing's cock burst out through her open mouth and another massive orgasm tore through her mind.

It pulled back, then rammed up once again, pushing six inches out of her mouth. It pulled back, emptying her throat, then rammed back up through her neck and out her gaping mouth.

Pleasure too intense to bear filled her and she screamed, but no sound came from her blocked throat. She couldn't breath, but it didn't seem to matter as the thing rode her furiously, its clawed tearing at her breasts so that they burned.

And then the long length of him ripped free of her body with a wet, sucking sound. It drew back and flipped her onto her back.

Amanda stared up at it with dazed, glassy eyes and moaned, her legs spread wide. It bared its teeth and fell upon her, thrusting its impossibly long cock up into her belly once again. She shuddered and tried to wrap her arms and legs around it.

"Fuck me! Fuck me!" she sobbed.

It did, rutting savagely, its log like cock ripping back and forth inside her body. Another orgasm hit her and her head fell back as she screamed insanely. The thick cock pushed out past her lips, and she felt it sawing back and forth along the entire length of her body.

It pulled back again and sprayed itself across her, sprayed like a firehose, gallons of dark, slimy seed spitting over her face and chest and belly.

"Mine!" it chuckled.

She moaned and slumped in languorous bliss and it lifted her legs, joining her ankles together and placing them into its mouth. The mouth opened wide, and then wider, and it took her ankles and lower legs into it. She could feel them going down its enormous neck as it pushed its head forward, and groaned in sheer delight.

A part of her was filled with horror and terror as it saw and felt her legs disappearing into the things gaping maw. She wanted to twist and spin and run. But her body was limp and relaxed and sated, and would not move. And so she stared, moaning, eyes bulging, as it gripped her waist and forced her hips through its mouth. Her feet were beginning to burn now, deep inside the thing's body.

It gripped her arms and pulled her forward, and her belly slid through its mouth, its teeth grating across her flesh. It gripped her shoulders and pulled, its mouth straining wider, and her chest slid into it. Her feet burned now from its stomach juices, and she whimpered as she watched it devour her.

It raised its head and her shoulders slid through, then its mouth closed on the top of her head and she slid downwards into a tight, dark, moist crushing discomfort, her lower body burning so that finally, she was able to break free of her languor - too late. She sobbed and screamed, but slid deeper, unable to breath now, unable to move except to slowly inch deeper into its belly.

She struggled desperately to push back the walls of its body, and then suddenly it gave way and she spun out, to fall sprawling onto the floor of her bedroom, the covers which had been wrapped around her spilling down around her.

She sat bolt upright, staring, heart pounding, at the peaceful bedroom, and the sweat soaked sheets around her.

Shannon entered the room, looked inquiringly at her wide eyes and wild hair and her face softened.

"Bad dream?" she asked sympathetically.

"Y-yes," she whispered.

She sat down and her fingers brushed the hair back from Kiri's forehead. At another time Kiri would have thought nothing of it, but the poison in her veins instantly made her sex throb, taking it, as she took almost everything now, sexually. Her eyes took in the firm curve of Shannon's breasts beneath her thin blouse and without thought her hands reached up, her small fingers sinking into the soft mass as she leaned in to kiss the side of her neck.

At first the woman seemed startled, then understanding filled her, and she pushed back gently. "Now, now," she whispered. "You don't really want me."

Kiri moaned, her fingers kneading the woman's breasts, her lips gnawing at the nape of her neck as she refused to be pushed away. Shannon slipped a hand between her thighs, and two fingers drove quickly up into Kiri's sex. The Asian girl cried out and shuddered, and as the woman pressed her thumb in to catch her clitoris against the fingers and began to stroke her mind exploded and a massive orgasm tore her apart.

Shannon stood up and eased out of reach as she began to calm down.

"We'll be in the front room," she said. "We have little time. We've located the source of most of Gareth's power."

She turned and walked away and Kiri's eyes drank in the firm round bottom until the door closed behind her.

She felt ashamed of herself, but shame only seemed to arouse her now. She slipped out of bed and padded naked to the door. She halted, her hand shaking on the doorknob as she turned to look for her clothes, then simply opened the door and stepped out into the front room. Shame and heat flooded her as the two looked up and blinked at her nudity. But neither said anything as she moved across the room.

"Want a coffee?" Shannon finally said.

She shook her head and slid her hand up and down her body, smiling at James.

"We've been wondering for some time now why Gareth is able to exert so much influence, far more than a mere demon ought to be capable of," Shannon said. "Now we've found it."

"It's a Leech," James said.

"A what?"

"It's a being from the lower levels of hell. It's crudely intelligent, and like Gareth feeds off certain kinds of emotion.

"Pain and fear," Shannon said.

"But it's a low level being and easily overpowered by a demon of Gareth's power, so that he can control it, and take power from it."

"It's a source of power," James said. "It's more sensitive and can absorb far more power than Gareth, then retain it so it can be used by him at his leisure."

"Thing is, you come to rely on that sort of thing," Shannon said. "And start using your power quite lavishly. If something happens to it you're close to being helpless."

"So where is it?"

James pointed at a map on the table, and a mark on it."

"Here?" she asked, leaning forward, "So let's go."

"I've driven by it," James said, shaking his head. "There's half an army out front. We wouldn't be able to get near it."

"Oh." Her face fell."

"But you might."

She raised her eyebrows. "How?"

SIX

The agony was more than she could bear. Ryan knew she was going to go insane if it didn't end soon.

She could feel her pubic bones grinding as they were forced slowly apart. Already they were so far apart her pubic lips were dilated wide enough to put her fist through without touching the sides.

She lay on her back on a stone table, her neck and wrists chained to one end, her knees up and well apart, her belly swollen huge beyond belief. She had been in that position for over a day, and the agony showed no sign of ending. Every hour it hurt more. Every hour she felt more drained, more exhausted, and closer to snapping from the pounding, driving, never-ending pain.

She was in a constant state of terror, as well, wondering what manner of beast she was giving birth to, what it would look like. All around her were other women in the same position, bound and chained to other stone tables, alone with their agony.

And then the first birth occurred. A woman across from her who had been screaming even more powerfully than the others suddenly shrieked madly, her body thrashing and shaking as her agony reached a crescendo. The sound and movement distracted Ryan from her own pain and she turned, staring in horror as an enormous head began to push through the woman's gaping opening. It was a head too large for any baby, a scaly green head.

It forced its way out, and she joined in the scream, for the face was a horror, a mix between a reptile and a spider, with huge incisors and dark holes for eyes. It was almost a full sized head for a human, and she stared in shock as the woman's sex was forced still wider, and then impossibly wide, and full sized shoulders slid out, green scaly shoulders and long, scaly arms which ended in claws.

The thing clawed its way out, almost as large as the woman who was bearing it, and then turned and began to feed upon her even as she continued to scream.

And then there was a sudden movement and she screamed in pain and horror as her own sex gaped wider and something green began to push forward.

Kiri was gripped by embarrassment and uncertainty, but could not hide the excitement she also felt.

She was nude, wearing only stiletto heels and a collar. She carried a package from a nearby restaurant which was supposed to be for her master - one of the men James had determined worked in the building. It was, she thought, a poor ruse, but James assured her that people treated slave girls as almost animals now, and so would suspect her of nothing. And if they did, well, he would still be able to use his power to help her, as he had at the police station.

It crossed her mind to protest that he had only helped her at the police station after she had been beaten to within an inch of her life, but that would have been a rude and impudent for a woman to say to an older man. And she would have thought that long before she had been infected.

Heart pounding, she made her way through the men who stood before the doorway. All of them looked at her, and she could sense an almost animal growl coming from the nearest as she headed for and through the big door to the enormous building.

She was stopped just inside by a man in a black uniform and dark glasses.

"Where are you going, slut?" he asked.

"I-I have food for my master, sir," she gulped, cringing a little.

He opened the bag and looked inside, almost casually kneading her bottom as he did so, then grudgingly nodded and stepped back. She scurried forward gratefully, then headed for the stairway. James had claimed the thing would be down, never up. That it was huge and needed wet and damp and darkness.

She trotted down the stairs to the bottom, four floors below the ground level, and opened the door into a brightly lit hall. She licked her lips nervously, then stepped out into the light and made her way along the hall. The first door she came to was a heavy metal fire door with a sign claiming it led to the south parking lot Level Four. Yet there was the scent of malignant magic behind it. She eased it open and looked inside.

At first she saw nothing, for the room was dark. But she could hear moans, a lot of moans, and after a heart stopping moment, reached up and flicked on the light.

She gaped at what she saw there, for it was a parking lot, yet no cars were parked there. Instead there was row on row of women, all naked, all of them blondes, she noted absently, all of them laying on hospital gurneys, hands and feet chained to the metal bars above them.

She stepped in slowly, staring around her. All of the women were asleep, but it seemed to be a tortured sleep, for they tossed and turned and twisted and writhed in apparent agony. Several of them cried out or shouted in their sleep. Some had eyes open and were staring in horror at something she could not see.

The sense of evil, of dark, brooding, oppressive magic made her skin itch. Even wide awake she felt as if something might come at her at any moment. She could only imagine what kind of dreams people would have in such a place.

She stepped to the nearest woman, and then blinked in surprise, recognizing her as the woman she had first seen weeks earlier in the ambulance, the woman who had been attacked by the demon. She reached out to her slowly, uncertainly, and then, as if to reassure herself she really existed, laid her hand on the woman's head.

And screamed.

She was on a table in a kitchen, her head and neck were locked tightly against the old, heavily stained wood. Her bottom was lifted high into the air, her knees bent, heavy shackles pinning her legs to the wood just below her knees. The man held a long thick metal pole, razor sharp at one end, and, smiling, forced it slowly down into her sex. The pain as it cut through into her belly was incomprehensible and she

thrashed and screamed and twisted in terror and agony.

Yet they held her steady, the sharp pole driving deeper and deeper, forcing its way through her belly and up into her lungs, and then out her throat and screaming mouth.

And yet she could breath. She lived. The agony made her scream and scream again as they straightened her body and bound her wrists to one end, her ankles to the other. The pole was placed onto the shoulders of two of the cook's assistants, and she was carried across to the roasting pits, where other women were already being cooked.

They laid the pole across the fire, and began to baste her as she turned slowly. The fire seared her flesh, first one side, then the other, her skin slowly browning, giving off steam.

Her screams were muffled by the pole now, but they reverberated through her mind, howls of agony as she was cooked over the fire.

She was taken from the fire and laid out on a table, a long table covered in a white table cloth. Demons and evils and monsters were at every side, and they began to cut her open, to pull away pieces of her flesh and eat them. Knives cut into her body, and she felt every cut, and watched as the demons fed on her.

She fell against another of the gurneys, dazed and unable to stand, she slid to the ground, trembling violently and clutching her arms to her shaking body. For long minutes she could only crouch there whimpering, remembering the feel of the flame on her body, the pole which impaled her, the cutting of the knives. She stared at her intact limbs with wide, shocked, disbelieving eyes.

It had seemed so real. Her heart was still pounding like a triphammer, her pulse racing.

She pulled herself to her feet, swallowing repeatedly, staring around her.

The Leech fed off pain and fear, she thought. And that was what was being produced here. Nothing was actually being done to these women, for if it were they would not survive, and would have to be constantly replaced by others. But by using their own minds they could be kept in a constant state of terror and agony without their bodies ever being damaged.

There were hundreds of them!

The thing must have enormous stores of power by now.

She pushed away from where the nearest girl writhed and moaned and staggered for the door, sweating and feeling nauseous. The Leech had to be nearby.

Ryan did not know what was happening, except that she was in pain. Everything kept changing, twisting. She had her arms and legs back, though they had been missing earlier, and been cut off after that. Yet they did her little good. She was hanging by a rope slung over the edge of the building. It was a good eighty stories down.

Her arms were bound behind her back, and the rope was wrapped around her breasts.

They were purplish with agony, and that hot agony filled her. Every moment she feared she would fall the endless distance to the ground below, and could barely stop herself trembling in terror.

She didn't know what had happened to the thing she had born. Even the memory of it was dim and shady, like a half formed dream.

It had to be a dream, a nightmare. She could not have survived that, or the other. Her mind flinched away from the memory of being cooked and eaten

Yet the pain was unbearable, and telling herself it was a dream did not seem to lessen the terror. What if it wasn't a dream this time?

Something flew closer, and as it grew she gasped at how enormous it was. It was not a bird at all, but more of a dragon, with leathery wings and scales, and small, beady eyes. She screamed as it flapped its wings at her and she smelt the carrion under its claws. It opened its enormous beak and screamed with her, the sound terrifying.

And then, abruptly, it flung itself at her, its claws digging into her back as it pressed its long, leathery body against her. She screamed at the additional weight, screamed as its claws dug into her body, and screamed even louder as she felt its hard, scaly cock pushing up into her sex.

Kiri rounded and saw a long hall ahead of her. Unlike the other it was of bare concrete, without tiles. There were no pipes overhead, and no lights. Swallowing fearfully, she began to move down, and as it turned and turned again, she found herself in nearly complete darkness, feeling along the wall as she moved. Suddenly the floor disappeared. Her legs pumped wildly in mid-air as she fell, and she screamed again as she plunged downwards in the darkness.

She hit the water with a splash, and went deep into the inky blackness before springing back up, arms and legs kicking and swimming desperately. She gasped as she broke the surface and looked around her in the darkness. She could see almost nothing, only different shades of grey and black shadow.

The water was warm but smelled badly, like swamp water. It was slimy and thick and she felt a sense of revulsion as she dog paddled through it and she felt it sliding along her body, over her breasts, between her thighs and along her buttocks. She slapped against a wall with some relief, but as high as she reached she could find no way to climb out. She was forced to move sideways along the wall, her arms and hands high, reaching for a hand hold

Long minutes passed, and her eyes slowly adjusted to the lack of light. Now she could discern the shadows better, and could see that the wall nearby let straight up to the roof fifty feet or more over head. She swam further along, and further still, reaching the side wall, then began to curve along it, eyes moving up and down the wall as she began to fear what would happen if there was no way to climb out.

And then she saw, out of the corner of her eye, a change in the darkness. She turned and moved in that direction, and saw the wall was low, only a foot or so above the surface of the underground pool. She headed gratefully towards it, and stretched herself out. Her breasts pushed in against the rough stone wall as her fingers reached the top, and she began to pull herself upwards out of the water.

There was a bubbling in the water around her, and she looked down, eyes widening. Something thick and soft and warm exploded out of the water, wrapped around her waist, and yanked her back into the water, flinging her a dozen yards.

She tumbled through the water, then arched back up and out, gasping for breath as she stared wildly around her. Her feet kicked gently in the water, keeping her in place, and she turned, turned, and turned again, staring around her, heart pounding. Her hands rubbed frantically at what felt like a ring of slime around her waist and she felt revulsion as it dripped along her fingers like foul smelling molasses.

Then she screamed - briefly, as her ankle was caught and she was yanked under the water.

Her eyes widened beneath the dark water as she raced through it - backwards. She was moving with tremendous speed, pulled by the ankle out towards the centre of the lake. She fought the push of the water, bending, reaching for her ankle. She could see something glow, there, a dull, pulsing yellowish colour. It looked like a snake, and as her fingers gripped it her stomach twisted and threatened to turn over at the soft, slimy, repulsive feel of the thing against her skin.

She pulled frantically, trying to unwrap it from around her ankle, her chest burning up from lack of oxygen. And then, suddenly, the thing changed direction, whipping her around so that her grasp on the thing around her ankle was ripped free, and, hands clawing at the water behind her she raced around and then up and out of the water to dangle upside down by one ankle.

And stare at a nightmare.

The thing was enormous, as big as a house, with dozens of long tentacles which glowed a sickly yellow and dripped an oozing slime down their length. She screamed in horror as the one around her ankle whipped her from side to side and two huge reddened eyes stared at her with deadly malice. The tentacle dropped her back into the water, then pulled her up again, gasping and coughing and choking.

Another writhing tentacle abruptly attached itself to her other ankle, and the two pulled up and out in opposite directions so that she screamed in pain, the tendons and muscles in her thighs burning and stretching. Her legs were pulled wider and wider, until each was stretched straight out to either side, and threatened to tear free.

Another tentacle suddenly whipped around her right wrist, and another about her left. For a long, agonizing moment the four pulled in opposite directions, and her body was stretched out so tautly her muscles and bones vibrated as they threatened to tear apart. Then the four lost their coordination, and began to whip and twist in wild movements which pulled her limbs up and down, in and out, flinging her around in mid-air, then beneath the water, then into the air again.

Suddenly they all yanked her in the same direction, and she fell inwards to land on top of the rounded, oozing body of the beast, screaming in fear and disgust and revulsion as she felt herself half sink into the warm, fleshy, oozing body, the slimy flesh wrapped up around her naked body.

Her heels kicked frantically at the soft, sickening surface and the tentacles abruptly yanked her legs up and apart so that the tendons in her thighs strained. And something rose between them, even in the midst of the horror catching her full attention. It looked almost like another tentacle, except that it glowed more brightly, and more darkly. It swung towards her and landed with a wet slap on her belly.

She screamed and tried to twist away, but was helpless as it slid back, thick as a fire hose, and lay

for a moment just inches from her sex. Then it pushed forward, and she abruptly felt almost a suction against her as it pressed itself against her pussy. She shrieked, the horror mounting as she felt the thing sucking at her. And then it was pulling itself forward by its own suction.

It was too thick to enter her, yet it was so soft, so malleable, that it was able to nevertheless, pushing forward, straining her pubic lips further and further apart, and sluggishly driving itself through them and into her body. Once past the taut, straining pussy lips it thickened again, straining the elastic walls of her sex as it slid higher and higher into her belly.

Suddenly she was yanked into the air, the four tentacles coordinated once again, keeping her legs and arms wide as it twisted her around in mid-air. Thinner tentacles slapped at her, whipped at her breasts and bottom and belly. Then one curled around her left thigh, and another around her right. She groaned as they pinched in tightly around her soft flesh.

One wrapped around her belly, sliding like a snake, circling and circling her to slide higher, and then the head pushed up across her breast, leaving a trail of slime until it reached her nipple, and fastened itself there with the same kind of suction the thicker one had displayed at her sex.

And heat was blooming within her. Such had been the terror and revulsion that Kiri had felt that she had not noticed it before. But now it was burning hotter, and she screamed in despair as she tried to beat it back down.

Another tentacle curled around her middle, sliding higher, entwining itself around her chest, and then snapping itself down against her other nipple.

Her nipples ached. They burned. Her breasts were swelling now, the heat gushing into her chest.

The bigger one inside her pussy was still squirming higher, and she sobbed at the agony of it - and the terrible dark pleasure beginning to flood through her mind.

One moment she was on her back, held in mid-air. The next she was belly down, her breasts hanging bellow her, whimpering.

Another tentacle, unseen, pushed against her anus and was rebuffed. Small feelers slid out of the tip and pried at her wrinkled anal opening, then began to slowly pry it open. Again it pushed forward, yet again was blocked. The small feelers slid up, tickling the inside of her rectum, and felt the tip of the rounded plastic container buried there. They pushed up around it, squeezed in tightly and drew it slowly down.

Kiri cried out as the long plastic tube slid slowly down her rectal tunnel and then groaned in a mixture of relief and pleasure as it came free. The feelers dropped it down into the dark water, and then her back arched back violently as the tentacle thrust up deep into her anus, thickening and pulsing hotly. The pain was mounting as her insides were bloated out by the two thick tentacles. But the pleasure burned hotter still, and she felt an orgasm approach. She screamed, and another tentacle flew forward, filling her mouth. Her eyes bulged and she tried to bite against it, but it was like biting into rubber.

She felt the thing give a pulse, and then her hot thick fluid filled her mouth and poured down her throat. She choked on it, coughing and gagging as the thing withdrew. She spat and coughed repeatedly, the slimy fluid dripping down her chin. And then felt a similar pulse from the thing inside her anus. She groaned as it gushed something into her. She had had an enema once, long ago, at a hospital, but the liquid had gone into her slowly then. Not now. Now it gushed into her bowels, filling her with heat and

cramps and pain.

She was tossed back upside down, and another tentacle thrust itself into her open mouth. The one in her anus withdrew, another thrusting deep to take its place.

She hung upside down, then was righted. She hung on her back, then on her stomach, dazed and moaning, filled with horror and arousal.

She felt the heat rise to unbearable heights, and she came, and as she came her pussy muscles spasmed around the immensely thick tentacle within her and it gave a mighty pulse which sent its hot, thick fluid flooding up into her womb. The fluid gushed out around the thickness of the thing, spraying out from around it for a long, endless minute as her body was wracked by agonizing and ecstatic convulsions.

She noticed little else around her, certainly not the temporary presence of another within her mind, nor the softly spoken words of power which set the powder now mixed into the slimy waters of the lake to glowing with a fierce blue light which quickly overwhelmed the sickly yellow of the beast below.

She sucked wantonly on the tentacle inside her mouth and it inched deeper, then poured a hot, thick liquid down her throat into her belly. It yanked back and she gasped and coughed, only to inhale another which slid fully into her throat, pulsing and twisting.

The tentacles were moving slower now, almost lethargic, and her body dipped lower and lower as they twisted and turned around her. More of the other tentacles were dipping down, sagging, falling into the water.

Kiri continued to buck and twist and writhe as the orgasm consumed her, screaming soundlessly as the ecstasy buffeted her shattered mind.

The tentacle in her mouth slipped out, and then the one in her anus, and she dropped a foot or so to land on the thing's body. It wasn't glowing as much now, and after a moment the tentacles holding her arms and legs loosened their grip.

She continued to moan and twist, the larger tentacle still impaling her, her pubic muscles still squeezing frantically down around it as it softened and slowly slid back.

The water woke her from her daze, the afterglow of the massive orgasm. The thing she had been laying upon was sinking deeper into the water, and she coughed and choked on the water, then paddled weakly in place, eyes losing focus continually until she finally saw the edge of the pool and paddled towards it.

Seconds later she was laying on the stone, gasping, chest heaving, moaning tiredly.

Ryan was hanging by her hair, her scalp screaming with agony as she twisted and turned, whipped by a half dozen laughing monsters. Her body was criss-crossed with welts and cuts and each new blow made her thrash and scream even harder.

It's only a dream.

She kept telling herself that. Over and over she willed herself to feel nothing, to wake up, to

recognize that this could not possibly be happening.

And then, suddenly, she was awake. The world faded away and she stared up at the dim lights above her. She stared at them for long minutes, thinking it was a trick, waiting for some new horror to come after her, her racing heart slowly calming.

She tried to sit up, only to find her wrists bound above her head. She turned, and with some effort rolled onto her stomach. The light was dim, but strong enough to see the metal shackles binding her wrists. They were ancient things, heavy and thick, and held together with a pin which seemed to have been jammed loosely in place. She grunted with effort and eased up onto her knees, leaning forward and gripping the end of the pin with her teeth, trying to pull it free. That failed.

She reconsidered, then brought her knees in beneath her, and with some effort sat on the top of the little trolley and caught the pin between her feet, tugging and twisting. At first it barely moved, but after twisting and tugging for several minutes it slid slowly back out and her wrists came free.

She sighed in relief and carefully eased down off the little bed, staring around her at all the other women shackled in place, at the way they twisted and turned and moaned and whimpered in their sleep. She moved to the nearest one and called out to her, then reached out to shake her. She looked up at the row on row of girls and shook her head hopelessly, knowing she could do little on her own.

She padded to the door, aware of her nudity but no longer as self conscious about that as she once had been. How much had been a dream, she wondered, and how much had actually happened? There were no whip marks on her body that she could see, and clearly she hadn't been eaten. But had the earlier incidents at school, on the bus, and in the street actually happened or not?

She was in a small hallway. It was poorly lit, smelled of sulphur, and was quite warm - which was fortunate for her. She continued down the hall and saw a side tunnel which was dark and frightening. She began to turn away, then heard an angry curse from behind her. She turned with a squeak, saw a shadow approach, and bolted down the dark tunnel, hoping she had not been seen.

Yet a shadow in the light behind her told her whoever had come had also turned down that same tunnel, and so she slowed to be as quiet as possible, reaching up to feel along the edges of the tunnel wall as she hurried along.

Suddenly her hurrying feet lost contact with the floor. She twisted and grabbed at the wall, swinging herself down and to one side, crying out in alarm and pain as she rolled against the hard rocks. Water splashed around her as she slid into it to her waist, finger gripping the uneven rocks to keep from going deeper.

She froze, the hair rising behind her neck, a sense of terrible danger almost overwhelming her and forcing her to bite her lip to keep from screaming. A shadow seemed to pass over her and when she turned her head she saw a figure moving along the edge of the wall, circling what appeared to be a huge flooded area below.

Now, as her light adjusted, she could see there was someone on the other side of the little lake, a girl, naked, slowly climbing to her feet. For a moment she thought she recognized her, and then, as the other figure approached, she knew she had, and knew who the other figure was, as well. It was the man who had first attacked her what felt like so long ago on the street, and the girl was the Chinese girl who had come to see her in the hospital.

The man cursed, his voice so loud, so furious, she could not understand what he said, and seemed to try to strike the Chinese girl. But she held up her hands and there was a flash of blue light which seemed to throw the man back.

The feeling of dread and unease mounted, and she felt herself almost trembling with terror. Her fingers dug into the rock as she desperately pulled herself higher. Her nails broke on the rocks, but she never noticed. She dragged herself higher and higher, her soft breasts sliding painfully across the uneven rocks as she frantically pulled herself closer to the entrance.

She turned to look behind her, and let out a soft cry of horror. The man seemed to have disappeared, and in his place was a monstrous spider-like insect, easily ten feet high. She scrambled higher and sprinted down the dark tunnel, banging into the walls several times but never slowing, racing away from the unnerving horror which seemed to fill the air around her.

She made it back to the lit part of the corridor, but quickly lost her way, slamming into a steel door which gave into a large boiler room. She closed it behind her, chest heaving, wishing there was a way to lock it, but knowing no lock would stop the thing she had seen.

There were a pair of lockers to her right, set against the wall. One was open, and a filthy, greasy pair of men's overalls hung on a hook. She reached for them, yanking them on. They were small, fortunately, but that meant they were tight across the bottom, and even tighter at the chest - or would have been had the zipper down the front not been broken. Still, they were better than nothing.

She hesitated and turned, looking at the boiler. She licked her lips, an idea coming to her out of the blue, and picked up a nearby newspaper. She rolled it tightly, opened the boiler, and tentatively pushed the end inside until it caught fire. She pulled it back and climbed onto a low chair, holding the burning paper aloft, up against the fire detector overhead, letting the flames play over the small metal contact.

The alarm went off with a suddenness which made her cry out in fear. An instant later water poured from the sprinklers overhead. She stumbled off the chair and threw down the paper, then ran to the door and yanked it open, running back up the hall. She found the garage she had awakened in and shoved it open, flipping on the overhead lights. Already some of the girls were stirring, trying to sit up, moaning in confusion. She ran to the nearest, tugging at the pin which held her shackles together, and as she did so more and more voices rose in confusion and fear as more and more of the girls wakened.

Kiri was shaken, but recovering quickly from the intense orgasm which had all but consumed her mind earlier. She pushed herself slowly off the floor, chest heaving, shaking her head in amazement at the merest echoes of that wondrous pleasure.

She felt Gareth approach before she saw or heard him, and was able to push herself to her feet and stand shakily as he hurried into the room. She could see, now, that the corridor she had entered had a small path off to one side a path she had missed when she had fallen into the waters. Gareth knew it clearly, and with eyesight made for the darkest of places he had no difficulty hurrying along it, cloak billowing out behind him, face a mask of rage as he confronted her.

She stepped back nervously. There was no sign of the Leech, and she could only guess it had been destroyed by the powder she had secreted inside her body. She had no memory of taking it out, but could feel the absence of the tube now, and guessed it had done its job. And for that Gareth meant to take revenge.

To her eyes he appears as a blurry mix of visions, a man, a beast, a demon, and more. She caught the movement of one of his arms as it slashed down at her, and he shouted angrily. She held her own arms up, her wrists crossed, and a flash of power as he hit her shield made them both stagger back.

He paused, and glowered at her. She could feel his anger, and then the fear which he gave off, fear which grew and swelled and almost seemed to make the air grow dark with its force as he exerted his will. He abandoned his illusions, and appeared as he was, a kind of monstrous, furry, multi legged spider standing upright on its bottom three legs.

She felt him exerting his will, using more and more power, drawing it from somewhere other than the Leech, and felt that power clawing at her mind, filing her with fear, trying to force her to break. She gathered her will around her and steeled herself against his influence.

He snarled at her and lashed out with his will. She felt it as an almost physical blow, but withstood it, barely.

And then with a suddenness which caught her off guard, the fear evaporated, and he struck her with the full force of his mind, shattering her mental shields and throwing her to her knees. She looked up, gasping, and a wave of absolute love filled her, love and adoration. She stared with awe at the beauty of Gareth, at his fat, glowing abdomen, the luxurious hair along his thick arms and legs, the perfect texture of the pincers beside his huge mouth, the way the dim light glistened in his bulbous eyes, and her insides melted with awe and love.

A part of her panicked, trying to break free, but she crawled before him, grasping one of his furred legs, whimpering and trembling with awe at being able to touch him. And then a wave of such intense lust swept through her she had a small climax then and there.

She dragged herself slowly up his body, glowing with heat and need, whimpering with feverish passion as she pressed her naked flesh against his insect like body. The sucking flesh of its stomach drew her in, and its huge arms closed in around her. Its spinneret spat silk up and out, and its lightning quick legs drew it up around her ankles and knees and thighs, drawing them up and apart.

Yet he was not all insect-like, however, for there at the top of its abdomen was a thick, hairy protuberance as long and thick as a man's forearm which hardened and pushed against her thigh. It thrust at her sex with bruising, painful force, jamming it against her soft, sensitive flesh. Then it twisted itself through the aching lips of her sex and began to harshly jab at her, rasping painfully across her soft pink flesh as it was forced slowly deeper.

The arms closed more tightly around her, crushing her against its soft body so that the pain threatened to distract her from her lust. Its pincers pushed into her mouth, forcing her lips achingly wide, and its maw drooled a dark, green fluid into her open mouth.

The two highest legs pulled in, the tips pressing in cruelly against her ears, forcing her head back as the fluid dribbled down her throat, and she shuddered and bucked in pain and arousal, whimpering and coughing and writhing helplessly.

The thing thrusting into her, the beast's manhood, was tearing her apart, but pleasure and lust overrode all pain, and an intoxicating heat pushed away all fear. She knew that when the beast reached climax its acid like fluid would gush into her womb and dissolve her from the inside out, liquefying her internal organs.

But she didn't care.

The pleasure was too wonderful, and she gloried to the feel of the immensely thick organ slowly forcing its way deeper and higher into her aching belly. Tears of pain filled her eyes, but her body shuddered again and again, jerking violently to the powerful sexual impulses tearing through her. She bucked and twisted in its tight grip as she tried to drive herself harder and deeper onto the painful furry tube, gasping and sobbing and moaning in pain and wonder.

She came with a scream of elation, swept into a maelstrom of wildfire ecstasy which swirled around her and churned her mind into steaming stew. Her hips churned madly as she drove herself against the beast's tube, grunting and gasping in feverish heat.

And then a flash made the beast scream. Its arms flew wide and she dropped, the furry tube ripping back up her sex, rasping along her silken sheath like sandpaper. She screamed as she fell to the floor, and her mind snapped clean of the grip it had held on her.

Now she looked up at the thing with horror and revulsion. She gagged at the remembered touch against her and inside her, and threw up her arms, forcing it back further. It seemed to shrink, smaller than it had been, but she felt its will rising, felt it trying to catch hold of her mind again. It was weaker now, however, far weaker. Whatever power source it had been using had either been turned off or used up.

She whispered an ancient spell and heard it squeal in pain, waving its legs wildly in the air as it stumbled back. She whispered again, and again it squealed, a high-pitched, animal sound, falling back onto all eight legs and backing away. The words of another spell came to her from nowhere, and she strengthened her voice, throwing out her arms. A flash of blue fire danced between them and the spider beast squealed even more loudly. Smoke appeared along its furry body, and then it burst into flames.

The flames grew rapidly, white hot, a pillar of flame which reached to the ceiling overhead and caused the very stone to begin to melt. And then, in the blink of an eye, it was gone, and nothing was left of Gareth but ash.

SEVEN

"Yes, Kiri, what can I do for you?"

Kiri was clad, as was usual, in her tailored grey trousers, flat black shoes, and Black blazer. She wore a blue silk shirt beneath the blazer, and a thin necklace of gold circled her slender throat. She stood very calmly and very straight before his desk, eyes never leaving his face.

"Good morning, Mr. Baxter," she said in a firm, clipped voice. "I have done a statistical study of the rates of pay of bookkeepers of my experience and qualification in other institutions of this size and

have discovered that my salary level is six point nine percentage points below the mean. After checking with the Human Resources departments at several institutions I find that my services are in sufficient demand that I could expect to find quick employment at a higher rate of pay. I am therefore asking for a raise in my pay."

He blinked at her for a moment, opened his mouth to argue, but then closed it again, knowing it would be impossible to argue with Kiri Chan. If she said her salary was below the average and her services would quickly be made use of elsewhere she meant it. And her expertise was undeniable. Giving raises to individual employees at any other time but their yearly review was far from his habit but...

"Very well," he said. "Six point nine percent, you said?"

"That would bring me into the centre of the scale currently in use by other large institutions. However, I believe my expertise and work habits are such that a fair remuneration should place me towards the higher end of the scale. I am therefore asking for a raise of twelve and a half percent."

He scowled at her, and she looked back unblinkingly. If he gave a double digit raise he would be in trouble with Human Resources. On the other hand, Kiri Chan was worth it, and knowing her as he knew her if he refused she would immediately seek, and almost certainly get that much from another bank. With the recent turmoil he couldn't afford to lose a good employee at such an important position.

"Very well," he said unhappily.

"Thank you, Mr. Baxter."

Her voice was as even as always, and she did not smile. She nodded her head politely, turned on her heel and walked quickly out, her small feet clicking on the marble as he shook his head. Cold little bitch, he thought to himself, a regular little calculating machine.

Kiri returned to her desk to find the light blinking on her phone. She pressed the autodial button for the message, picked up the receiver, and held it to her ear as she checked her computer for email.

Only a quick blink of her eyes showed any sign of the emotion she felt as she listened to the message. It was from Ryan Hunter. She had met the blonde girl shortly after stumbling up the dark hallway, literally falling into her arms. With Gareth gone and with him his influence and powers, the building was in turmoil. There were fights everywhere, and the two had clung to each other as they stumbled through it all and out into the street.

Yet the street had been no better. Gareth's influence had gone, and now the city was waking up with considerable shock to what it had been doing. Nude girls and women were screaming and tearing at the straps and bonds holding them in place. Startled and confused men were releasing them and wondering why they had ever thought slavery was a so natural for their loved ones.

Through the turmoil they staggered back to Ryan's apartment, both of them exhausted. It was all Kiri could do to keep from running into the bathroom and scraping herself raw with soap. Ryan had wanted to do the same and they had wound up soaping each other up and then - and then somehow the feel of Ryan's soft, slick flesh against her own had aroused something within Kiri, and their bodies had begun to rub together as their tongues had found each other.

For a week the two young women had exhausted themselves on each other, in the shower and tub, in the bed, on the kitchen table, on the floor, on the sofa, in every conceivable position, filled with

passion and lust and then genuine love as they had come to know each other's body even better than they had known their own.

Both had been lonely in life, neither with much sexual experience. And while the city struggled to cope with what it had been doing under Gareth's influence their bodies and rolled and bucked together to climax after climax - all of them naturally induced.

They had calmed each others fears, comforted each others humiliations, soothed each others tears as they had spoken of the things they had done, and what had been done to them during Gareth's reign.

For though he was gone the things which they had done remained as influences upon them. Both girls realized their desires for and interest in bondage and submission had been long suppressed, and took turns topping each other. Ryan was by far the most inventive when she was in charge, however, and Kiri by far the more submissive in that role.

Even now she held an enormous vibrator inside her, the gleaming tip pushing out heavily against her pubic lips, held in place by a small silver chain which was hooked to the base and which ran upwards across her clitoris, separating into two even thinner chains which were clipped to the nipple rings she wore in her pierced nipples. She wore nothing else beneath her business clothes, and now, as the office emptied, Ryan had ordered her to strip naked and wait for her.

Her cubicle had tall walls, and a privacy panel which kept anyone passing by from seeing within. But it had no door. Anyone who paused and poked their head in would see her immediately.

Her breath caught in her throat, and she peeked out through the cubicle entrance, looking at the empty length of floor around her, hoping everyone had left.

She removed her jacket, then kicked off her shoes. Heart pounding, she unzipped her trousers and slipped them off, instinctively folding them neatly and placing them on a side table. Then, her fingers trembling, she undid the buttons running down the front of her blouse, opened it, removed it, and hung it on a hanger.

She ran a small, shaking hand down the front of her body, arching her back to make the chains pull harder against her nipples. Then sat.

Moments later Ryan appeared, a glint in her eye as she spotted the small, Asian girl.

"Lucky for you," she said, smirking.

She looked from side to side, then stepped into the cubicle.

"Up."

Kiri rose, and Ryan forced her to bend over the desk, kicking her knees apart. She quickly donned an enormous strap-on and fitted it against the small girl's anal opening.

"Oh! Ryan!" Kiri gasped.

Ryan slapped her bottom and thrust forward. Kiri gasped in pain, but shifted her legs wider.

Soon Ryan was thrusting forcefully, her hips slamming against the Asian girl's upturned bottom as

she impaled her repeatedly on the thick vibrator. They paused as a conversation grew louder. Two men spoke to each other as they approached, then passed by the cubicle, their voices fading.

Ryan thrust hard, griping Kiri's hair, forcing her back to arch. The chains tugged on her nipples and ground against her clitoris, and Kiri shuddered, bucking back violently as the climax tore through her.

"Now, little slave," she purred. "Let's go home."

Kiri stood, legs trembling a little. The blonde girl helped her dress, then, arm in arm, they left the bank, smiling at each other, happy with the world.