

RUSSIAN RAPE
By John Argus
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Ideas about Russia have changed since this was written - Editor

ONE

Sara Gilbert panted for breath as she lugged her heavy bags through the Moscow airport terminal. Skycaps seemed to be even more lazy in Moscow than they were in New York. She grumbled to herself as she adjusted the weight of the strap across her shoulders and looked at her friend Amy, who was easily pulling her wheeled suitcases behind her.

"Hurry up, lazy." Amy taunted.

"Ha, ha," Sara replied, not amused at all.

Amy was tall, at least compared to the five-foot-nothing Sara. And unlike the slim, shorter girl, Sara was, well, thick, Sara thought, critically. Not that she was fat, in fact, the description that really came to mind was voluptuous, but she shied away from that, perhaps with a touch of jealousy.

Amy, with her thick, wavy, dyed blond hair, wide round hips and big, firm breasts, and brazen attitude was always the first one the guys looked at when the two of them went anywhere. Which tended to make Sara feel a little inferior, despite her pretty, delicately rounded face and silky brown hair.

They followed the rest of their classmates through the crowded, poorly marked terminal and out onto the street where a rusting bus was waiting. There they all handed their bags to an ancient old man, who handed them off to a huge fat woman, who tossed them halfway up the side of the bus to where another fat woman grabbed them and handed them to another man on top.

Eventually all their things were stored up on the top of the bus and everyone boarded. Amy managed to save a seat for her and Amy slipped into place on the crowded bus. All around them were the excited voices of the other students from their class.

Of course all of them were doing their best to appear blasé. This was after all, Harvard's freshman honors class in East European literature. It simply wouldn't do to appear impressed or enthusiastic.

"They obviously haven't heard of Harvard here," Amy grinned. "Imagine sending a bus for us."

"Yeah, this is probably the first time most of these people have ever been on a bus," Sara replied with a grin of her own.

"I was on a bus... once," Amy said.

"Oh yeah, when?"

"Uh... In a blizzard once when our plane landed at another airport and we had to be bussed into town for..."

"Oh, forget it," Sara cried, shoving her.

Amy shoved back and the two jostled as the bus started up with an explosive backfire and then rumbled away from the terminal.

"Are you two sharing a room?"

Sara and Amy looked behind them to see Blair Cummings looking at them.

"Uh, huh," Amy said.

"Did you tell them you need a room for a couple of JAPs?" Suzie Hollister giggled, sitting beside Blair.

"They'll probably think you're orientals then," Blair said.

"Up, yours, Blair," Amy sniffed.

"Yeah," Sara laughed, "we're not JAPs, we're JAQs... Jewish American Queens."

"I thought Joey Steinberg was a Jewish American Queen," Blair whispered, setting them all giggling madly.

They drove through rutted streets crowded with garbage, the bus bouncing wildly over enormous potholes. The buildings they passed were dull and drab looking, some of them seeming to be on the verge of collapsing.

It took them an hour to reach the hotel, an enormous brown stone building that looked like it was a century old despite having been built only in the dying days of communism. In Russia, obsolescence wasn't planned, it just happened, fast.

They moved through the lobby of the hotel, over stained carpets and past peeling wallpaper, carrying their own luggage. Several sleek looking women

little older than the college students seemed to be hanging around. They had extremely short skirts and world-weary faces.

The check-ins seemed to take forever as the surly and bored looking clerks took their time in processing everything.

"I bet they'd go faster if we gave them some money," Amy sniffed.

"You're such a rich bitch," Sara grumped.

"Oh yeah, like you're from Watts, miss Beverly Hills."

"I'm not from Beverly Hills," she said, crossly. "How many times do I have to tell you that?"

"I can't pronounce the other one."

"It's very simple. It's Palos Verdes Estates. What's so hard about that?"

"I don't speak Spanish."

"Dumb Jew."

"Up yours."

"You don't speak Russian very well either."

"You're just the teacher's pet."

"Am not."

"Aaaahhhh!" Amy yelled, whirling around and glared fiercely at Tommie Simpson and Phil Morgan, who stood behind them looking up at the roof and around at the walls.

"You fuckers keep your hands to yourself!" she snapped.

"Who us?" Tommie enquired, innocently.

"What did they do?" Sara asked.

"One of them grabbed my ass."

"We would never do a thing like that," Phil said, innocently.

"You're both perverts," Sara frowned.

"Am not," they both said at the same time.

They got through the check-ins and went up to their room to unpack.

"What a dump." Amy glowered as she looked around.

"Don't be such a spoiled little JAP."

"Fuck you. This place is a dump."

"It is, isn't it?" Sara frowned in disapproval.

"And this is a new hotel. Think what the old ones are like."

Their room consisted of a large brass bed and two night tables. There was also a chair by the corner window and a table with a rotary telephone on it, next to the chair. At the foot of the bed was a black and white television that didn't work.

"Not exactly the Hilton, is it?" Sara grinned.

"Well, we won't be spending that much time in it, hopefully."

"This whole country needs to be repaired."

"Redrawn more likely."

"Hey!"

"What?"

Sara was rummaging through her bags. She looked up with a frown.

"My underwear is missing."

"What?"

"My underwear. It's all gone."

"Let me see." Amy sorted through her bags and turned up nothing.

"Are you sure you packed any?"

"Don't be stupid. Don't you remember at the airport?"

"Oh yeah. How could I forget?"

The man searching their baggage at Moscow airport had been extremely careful and meticulous as he'd gone through their bags, especially when he got to their lingerie.

"I bet it was that pervert at the airport."

"Did you check your bags?"

"Shit." She opened her bags and looked through them.

"Mine is missing too!"

"What a bunch of perverts."

"More likely thieves. They probably stole them to sell them, not use them."

"They're only underwear."

"Yeah, silk and satin. Russian underwear is probably all white and baggy and made of cheap burlap."

"Shit! That's right. How are we supposed to get through two weeks here without any underwear?"

"Well, just don't wear any mini-skirts."

"Oh, ha, ha."

"I mean it. It's no big deal really."

"If you're a slut."

"I'm not slut. I've only slept with, oh... fifty or sixty guys."

"This week." Sara grinned.

"Fuck you."

"Shit. They even took my silk pajamas and my blue nightie," Sara frowned.

"Mine too. We don't even have anything to sleep in."

"Well, I usually sleep in my birthday suit anyway."

"Me too, but not when I'm sharing a bed, at least, not when I'm sharing a bed with you."

"Well hey, here's that opportunity for you experiment."

Amy wagged her tongue at the shorter girl.

"No thank you. I've told you before. Keep your hands off my body."

"I'll get you one of these days, little slut."

"Up yours."

They finished unpacking, then went downstairs to meet the rest of the group. They had dinner, which was odd since to them it was still early afternoon. They had the evening to themselves, but most of the group were tired from jet lag and went to bed early.

It was very odd for the girls since they still felt like it was the afternoon. Amy stripped naked with casual ease, grinning at her girlfriend as she herself began to disrobe, glowering suspiciously.

"I mean it, Amy."

"Are you suggesting I might molest you?"

"Yes. Like the last time you stayed at my place."

"You're such a prude. You know you want to. Look at these tits. Wouldn't you like to touch them?"

Yes. "No!"

"Your mouth says no but your eyes are saying yes."

"Well then, it's a good thing my eyes are going to close soon."

Sara stripped completely, blushing a little as Amy watched her, yet feeling a flickering arousal at the same time. Lesbianism was "in" and many of their friends had at least experimented. She was intrigued by the idea, but her parents were very religious, and she had been raised to believe homosexuality was a terrible sin.

Not that she didn't find sinning to be exciting on occasion, of course.

She climbed into the bed cautiously, and looked away as Amy slipped in beside her.

"Want a kiss good night?"

"No."

But then Amy was pressed against her, and Sara felt an electric shock go through her as she felt the other girl's warm flesh against her own, felt the big, heavy breasts against her own smaller, lighter ones. She gasped, and Amy's mouth was against hers, her tongue pushing between her lips.

She pushed up, but Amy easily fended off her hands, pinning her wrists back against the bed.

"Get off me," she said shakily.

"You want me. I can tell."

"Off!"

Amy grinned and rolled away, and Sara, heart pounding, turned her back on her and tried to regain control of her breathing.

"I'm gonna get you sooner or later."

"Never."

Neither had any problems falling asleep, despite their arousal and Sara's uneasiness. They slept through the evening and on into the night. Amy woke first, after a good nine hours sleep.

The problem was, as she learned when she rolled over and looked at her watch, that it was only four in the morning. She tried to get back to sleep but had no luck. She was wide awake. She sat up in bed and looked over at Sara, who still slept soundly.

If there was one thing Amy hated, it was being awake and unable to sleep, while everyone else slept like the dead. She glared at the smaller girl and then prodded her with her finger. Sara didn't move. Amy sighed and looked around.

The room was fairly bright since the Russians had lit up the side of the building with floodlights. She grinned down at Sara as the girl slept, then

reached over and gently slid the covers back from her throat. She moved them very slowly, sliding them across her chest, down her belly and then off so the girl was naked. Sara slept on her right side, her arms curled up against her chest. Amy got out of bed and quickly picked up her instant camera.

She moved back to her side of the bed and pointed the camera at Sara, then snapped the picture. The flash lit up the room and the little picture popped out the front of the camera. She moved around the bed and focussed the lens on the front of her sleeping friend. Actually, it was too dark to focus, but the camera focussed itself automatically.

She pushed the button and the light flared in the little room again. She grinned as Sara slept on. The little picture slid out of the front of the camera and Amy snapped another one. Sara stirred in her sleep, rolling over onto her back.

"Much better," Amy whispered with a grin.

She took a full length picture, then a head and chest shot.

She giggled, imagining what Sara would say when he showed these to her. She thought Sara actually looked rather sweet, her long, straight brown hair spread out around her on the pillow, her two sweet little cone shaped breasts proudly staring at the camera.

She put down the camera, then gently took hold of Sara's right ankle and slowly, slowly pulled it aside. She did the same with her left so the girl's legs were splayed wide apart. Then she took another pair of pictures.

One of Sara's hands came down and covered her pussy as the girl stirred again.

"Spoilsport," Amy whispered.

She curled her lips in an amused grin, then thought for a moment before moving over to the dresser. She picked up a hair brush, then hissed as sudden inspiration took her. She put it down and picked up her toothpaste.

The toothpaste was a thick hard dispenser tube that she'd used as a dildo on more than one occasion. It was thicker than most cocks and had a rounded head. She giggled as she moved back to the bed with it. She knelt beside the bed, sliding the tip of the toothpaste tube against Sara's pussy opening.

She placed it against her friend's pussy and then adjusted Sara's hand so it looked like she was holding it, then moved back and took a picture. She examined the scene again, noting that it didn't look really realistic.

She knelt beside the bed again, slowly moving Sara's hand away. She edged the pussy back, wondering if she could actually get it to go into Sara's pussy. Then she shook her head at such an idiotic idea, wondering where it came from.

That was when she realized that she was becoming extremely aroused. She was always the leader in their relationship, and often managed to bully the slighter girl into getting her way. She hadn't put enough pressure on her for sex, though, because she had plenty of alternatives, but now she was reconsidering.

She bent over the bed, her elbows pushing into the mattress as she peered into Sara's open crotch. She had a neat little V of brown pussy hair and a tight little dark slit easily visible through it. Amy's eyes slid upward along Sara's body to her face, making sure she was still asleep, then went back to her pussy.

Her hands reached forward tentatively and her finger found her friend's slit, sliding ever so gently up and down the little indentation. She pressed inward, but only a little, afraid of waking Sara. She slid her finger up to the top of the slit and then used a single finger of her other hand to help gently pry the girl's pussy lips a little apart.

She saw the little clitty resting there and a kind of shock went through her. Her eyes slid up to Sara's face again, going over her breasts rising and falling with her even breathing. Her eyes kept flicking up and down, back and forth between Sara's face and her pussy.

She slid a finger up against the clit and rubbed it softly, feeling a kind of electrical spark pass between it and her through her finger. She bent forward, feeling incredibly perverted and daring, and her tongue licked out, sliding across Sara's clitty.

She pulled back at once, panting and trying to keep the noise of her breathing from waking Sara. She couldn't remember the last time she'd been this turned on.

She bent forward again, and her wet, warm tongue slid down across the girl's clit as her fingers kept the tight little pussy lips apart. She let her tongue slurp back and forth a couple of times before drawing back and watching

her face again.

There was still no reaction. She bent over again, the tip of her tongue touching the clit and then wriggling up and down rapidly. She pushed the tip underneath the clitoris and then rubbed over it, then rubbed back again.

Again she pulled up, watching Sara's face. Her own body was suffused with warmth and she could feel the steam rising from her overheated pussy as she bent forward again. Her tongue made contact with Sara's clit again, rasping slowly across it, licking softly but continuously, like a cat cleaning itself.

Sara moaned in her sleep and her legs tried to close. Amy was between them though, her elbows propped between Sara's thighs. She held her breath, fearing Sara would waken, but the slim young girl subsided and after a few moments Amy continued to lick at her clitty.

She was, she knew, absolutely insane. Sara was going to be super pissed if she caught her. Yet her excitement would not let her stop. Her body vibrated with the power of her sexual longing.

She pushed her middle finger harder against the center of Sara's pussy opening, wriggling it slightly and twisting it from side to side as she pushed. She felt the digit working its way slowly into Sara's sex.

First the tip pushed between the lips, then she managed to get the finger in to the first joint. It rested just inside Sara's pussy opening as Amy continued to rasp her wet tongue over the girl's clitty. She wriggled her finger deeper, daring to push it in to the next joint.

Now her finger was well inside her friend's sex. She turned it from side to side, being extremely gentle and slow. She could hardly contain her aroused excitement. Her body was urging her to jam her finger into the tight little hole, to jam her tongue against the clit, to climb aboard her friend and kiss and squeeze her hard.

Yet she fought the temptation, continuing to work gently and slowly. She pressed her finger deeper and deeper until it was inside Sara's pussy to the knuckle.

She felt the tight warmth of Sara's sex around her finger, felt it pressing against her digit with its soft persistent pressure. It was incredibly soft, incredibly smooth and warm. She drew her finger back slowly, feeling Sara's pussy sucking on it, fighting to retain it.

She pulled it back an inch, then slowly slid it forward again as her tongue continued to rasp over the clitty. She noticed now that the clit had become erect under her ministrations and was elated that she had excited Sara's body.

She felt the slight moistness of Sara's pussy against her finger and drew the digit out, raising her head slightly and popping the finger in between her own lips, sucking on the thing, tasting Sara's juices. She pushed it slowly back into Sara, groaning almost silently as her own body pulsed with sensual excitement.

She sat up, running her hands up beneath her swollen breasts, and her eyes narrowed.

"I'm going to have you tonight, my little slut," she purred.

She eased back and gently gripped her friend's ankle, then lifted her leg and placed the foot near the bottom corner post. As before, she bound the ankle snugly with one end of the stocking, then spread her other leg and bound that ankle as well. She got off and took a few more pictures, grinning to herself, heart pounding, then climbed back into the bed.

She moved herself upward slightly, her finger pushing into Sara's pussy and sliding slowly in and out. She half knelt, half squatted on the bed beside Sara, then bent her lips and slowly enveloped Sara's right nipple.

She closed her lips around it, and pushed her tongue against the little pink centre, then sucked very gently, drawing the pink nipple into her mouth and sliding her tongue across it. She felt it hardening against her sensitive tongue, and eased a hand between her own legs, fingering her own hot, wet pussy.

She moved to Sara's other nipple, sucking and then lightly chewing with more excitement and less worry of being discovered. Little slut, she thought. She's hot even if she won't admit it.

She moved back down and began to lick at Sara's clit, easing her pussy lips open to lap softly and slowly at the rapidly rising button.

How much longer, she wondered, could Sara stay asleep. Or - was she still asleep at all?

She caught her clit between her lips and began to suck, easing a second finger into Sara's wet pussy, pumping them faster as she sucked and licked. She slid a hand up Sara's stomach and between her breast, and there felt the

pounding beat of an excited heart.

Smirking to herself, she gave Sara's breast a squeeze, kneading the flesh firmly, then tweaking her nipple. She cupped her buttocks with both hands then, abandoning any gentleness as she squeezed her fingers in tight and began to lick headily at the swelling clit.

Sara's hips began to tremble, the muscles in her thighs and buttocks twitching, and then her loins bucked up convulsively as the girl gasped.

"A-Amy?" she moaned.

Amy slid up her body, letting her own hot, swollen breasts slide across Sara's flesh the whole way, until she was laying atop the slighter girl, breasts to breasts, face inches above hers, staring into her wide eyes.

"Don't pretend, little slut," she whispered. "I know you've been awake."

"Let me go!" Sara gasped, pulling at the torn stockings. "I was not!"

"Liar," Amy sneered.

She kissed her, hard, crushing her lips beneath her own and thrusting her tongue into Sara's mouth. The brunette tried to jerk her head aside but Amy caught it by the hair, squeezing one breast as her tongue twisted and turned and made free with Sara's oral cavity.

"Slut," she whispered, pulling back. "Don't try and pretend you don't like it."

"I-I don't," Sara gasped.

Amy's hand moved down between her legs, fingering her clit, and Sara moaned aloud.

"Slut," she repeated.

She spread her own legs wide, resting them atop Sara's, then angled her pussy in and began to gently stroke it against Amy's own hot sex. The two girls stared at each other from inches away, their eyes locked, as Sara ground her pussy back and forth against Sara's.

"Stop! Don't!" Sara panted.

"Slut. Dyke!"

"I-I'm not!"

Amy kissed her savagely, still grinding her pelvis down, and Sara gave in, her tongue pushing up to meet Sara's, her hips grinding back now as she abandoned pretence.

"Fuck! Oh God!" she moaned.

"You're gonna be my little sex slave this trip," Amy taunted, grinding harder.

"Don't! Oh no! Oh! Oh! Oh God!"

"Feels good, doesn't it, little slut?"

"Oh! Oh! More! Harder!"

"Slut."

Amy moaned again, and their lips locked together forbidding speech. Sara tried to spread her legs even more, revelling in the sense of kinky bondage and lewd lesbian sensuality, shoving her mound up at her friend's grinding pelvis as crackling bolts of electricity rippled through her body.

Their tongues danced together, joined, locked as they circled and wriggled first in Sara's mouth, then back between their joined lips to Amy's. Sara's hands kneaded down on the other girl's buttocks with growing lust and confidence, the fingers digging into the soft flesh.

Both girls were moaning and sighing, their panting and gasping and sighing filling the small room as they made love. Their skin slid together soundlessly, grinding and writhing together, stroking and burnishing each other.

Amy rubbed her swollen breasts up over Sara's, up over her chest, pulling her mouth free as she rode upward along the smaller girl's body until her big breasts were pressed into Sara's head. She rubbed them over Sara's face, mashing the small head between her swollen flesh.

She eased her right nipple then directly against Sara's mouth and the other girl opened her lips and eagerly began sucking. She drew the nipple into her mouth, her tongue like a snake as it danced and circled the hard nipple.

"Oh Godddddddddd!" Amy cried.

She pulled her breast away and fell back on Sara's body, their lips joining again in sensuous passion. Amy's right hand slid downward along Sara's belly and then in between her legs.

She jammed her finger against Sara's pussy entrance then found the angle and drove it deep into the now sopping wet, burning hot sheath. She pumped rapidly as the other girl moaned and writhed beneath her, then slid the finger out and added a second.

She pumped the two fingers in and out of Sara's sex as their mouths

ground together and their breasts mashed against each other.

Then Amy slid downward along Sara's body until her face was directly over the glistening sex. She gazed down at the slightly parted lips now, her breathing coming in ragged gasps, then she dove forward, her tongue slurping forcefully along the slit and up to her friend's clitty.

She moved her tongue furiously over the aroused bud of flesh, rasping back and forth as her fingers continued to pump up and down in Sara's sex. Her elbow knocked against something and she remembered the toothpaste dispenser.

She reached for it and pressed the rounded head against Sara's box, pushing down hard. Sara groaned as she felt her pussy lips pried open and felt the entry of the foreign object. Her chest and belly rose and fell rapidly as she convulsively jerked her arms and legs against the stockings binding them. Helpless, she thought, mind whirling and spitting with excitement.

The dispenser pushed deeper, forcing the lips wide as it entered her. An inch, then two, then five and then eight. Sara mewled in carnal arousal, her body trembling with sexual fever. She felt her pussy filled with the rounded intruder, felt the heat and sizzling electricity of Amy's tongue on her clitty.

She felt her belly churning and roiling with intense sensations of pleasure and sexual passion. She ground her sex upward, trying to impale herself on the plastic dildo. Her pussy was covered with cum juice and spittle as Amy sucked ravenously on her clitty.

She sucked the clit into her mouth, humming and tonguing it. She bit down on it with her teeth, grinding them from side to side against the hyper-sensitive little piece of flesh. Sara cried out, a short, sharp cry of shock.

Then her back arched, as she shuddered in response to a powerful orgasm. She writhed on the bed, her mouth wide as the orgasm rode through her. Her body rippled with ecstasy, a throbbing, pounding flood of wondrous pleasure.

"Uhhhhmmmm!" she cried. "Oh! Oh... Uhg... Uhg... Uhn..."

Uhn... Uhhhhhhnnngggggg! "

Her head thrashed from side to side and her body trembled with delicious sensations of ecstasy that blurred her mind and vision and set her rocking from side to side.

Then she slowly came down from her high, her chest heaving, her body sweating, her hair a tangled mass. Amy slid up along her body again, leaving a trail of wet, warm kisses along her abdomen, her belly and her chest.

She twirled her tongue slowly across each nipple, sucking briefly on the two sharp little buds before moving up to kiss Sara's lips.

The two lay there together, Sara still spread-eagled and bound, Amy stroking her warm body gently and nibbling at her earlobe.

"Are you going to be my little slut slave?" Amy cooed.

"Bitch," Sara panted.

Amy grinned, pinching the other girl's nipple, ignoring her plea to stop. She rolled it between thumb and forefinger, pinching harder, then pulling it up, stretching it out.

"Say yes mistress," she taunted.

"No! Ow! Stop it! Amy!"

"Say it."

"Yes, mistress!" Sara moaned.

Amy grinned and let the nipple go, then leant over and took it into her mouth, massaging it with her tongue.

"Bitch," Sara moaned. "Untie me."

"I don't think so, little slave."

Amy sat up, then straddled the other girl's body. She sat down atop her belly, and saw the excitement in Sara's eyes as she let her hands move up over her breasts, then down onto Sara's own smaller orbs.

"Slut," she said. "You're going to suck me off."

Sara's face twisted slightly, then she moaned and shook her head. "I-I don't know how," she protested.

"I'll show you. Just do what I did."

She slid upwards, letting her pussy grind back and forth over Sara's warm breasts, then easing up and forward until her pussy was directly over her girlfriend's face. She eased her dripping pussy down and pressed it against Sara's closed mouth, grinning at the wide eyes below.

"Do what you're told, slut or I'll spank you."

She pushed harder, grinding her pussy meat into the girl's chin, jaw and face, and then easing up. Sara moaned, but opened her mouth, her tongue pushing up and out, slipping lightly across Amy's clitty, then down along her slit.

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"Yeah. Suck me off, slut," Amy moaned.

She held her pussy lips wide open, staring down at the Sara as she eased the gleaming pink meat and the dark little hole straight down against her tongue.

"Lick it," she ordered, tugging at the girl's hair. "Dirty whore. Nasty little lesbian bitch. Lick that snatch, you Jewish slut."

Amy licked and moaned, wrists and ankles tugging against the nylon, pushing her tongue into the dark, moist hole and pumping it in and out.

She had never seen a cunt up close like this before, and surely never imagined she would be tasting her girlfriend's juices as the blonde ground herself down.

"Harder, slut!" she heard.

She felt wondrously sluttish, shockingly wicked and lewd, and oddly free of inhibitions as she lay bound and helpless. She started licking against Amy's clitty with short, rapid strokes, then, doing to it as Amy had done to her own.

Amy was cursing with pleasure already, humping down into her face, mashing her open pussy flesh against Sara's small face. Sara sucked on her friend's clitty, then blew, making her lips vibrate around the swollen button

"Oh, you slut! You slut! Like that! Oh yeah!" Amy groaned.

Then her ragged rasping breath caught with a sudden sharp forceful intake that filled her lungs and she jammed herself down even harder as she arched her back violently. Her breath locked inside her as she shook all over, then ground frantically against Sara's face as the orgasm roared over her.

TWO

Jack Stone grinned as he watched the two girls through the mirror. Beside him, Mike Fraser shook his head and licked his lips. The two girls were now sixty-nineing, the blonde on top. Neither had the slightest inkling that they were not only being watched but filmed.

The KGB had had a number of hotel rooms like this one, built to entrap western businessmen diplomats who were enticed up here by lovely women or men.

The new Russian Secret Service had more or less abandoned the practice of late, except for those seeking to blackmail wealthy industrialists for money. This one was free, then, to use with just a little bribe, a bribe that also ensured the two pretty girls were placed here together.

Jack hadn't dreamed it would work out this easily. He had been prepared to drug them and then take fake pictures, but then they'd hit the mother-lode by pure luck.

"Look at those fuckin' dykes go at it!" Mike snickered.

"Very nice, huh?" Jack grinned.

"Yeah. I'd like to go in there and show em' what a real cock can do."

"Patience. You'll get your time with them very soon."

"I can hardly wait."

"Don't forget this is business." Jack glared. "We're doing this for a reason."

"I know, Jack. I know. Ain't no reason we can't enjoy our work though."

Jack turned back and watched the girls, still intent on their lovemaking. He sometimes felt like he was trying to hold back the waves all by himself. Russia was every bit as dangerous as it had been when it was called the Soviet Union, and the leadership was every bit as corrupt, self serving and bent on conquest.

The fact they were broke only meant the world was safe now. But he knew the Russians would get back on their feet with all the help and money flowing into the country from the West - those assholes, and soon they'd be back in the business of threatening world freedom.

Jack was a patriot, after all, and he'd been raised to hate Russians and Communism. Just because the Communists in Russia were calling themselves something else these days - most of them, didn't mean the world should sit back and help their country get back on its feet. Keep them broke and they'd have less money to build nukes and invade other countries. That was Jack's belief, and if the short sighted politicians in the West and their greedy businessmen couldn't see that, well, Jack would just have to help.

And these sluts would be that help. Oh yes, what the Russian Secret Service was going to do to them would shock the West back into realizing just what kind of people they were dealing with over here, and put an end to this nonsense of Western military cutbacks and economic aide for Russia.

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Both of them spoke perfect Russian and looked more like Russians than the Russians. That wasn't the whole of it, of course. Bribes had inserted certain damning files, certain shocking memos and emails into various official locations, and at the proper time they would be turned up by the western media - with a little help.

The Russians would be shown to be perverts, thieves, white slavers, brutes, rapists, homophobes and anti-Semitic to boot. The press would love it.

By itself it wouldn't reverse things, but it would be a start, and he had a lot of other plans in the offing, all designed to remind the West about just how menacing and cold blooded the Russians were - commies or not.

This part of the plan was woefully simple. He'd already had a Swiss journalist arrested, well, supposedly arrested. The police were actually hoods he'd hired. He'd turned the insides of a run down hovel into what would pass as a secret police building, complete with cells.

The journalist, with impeccable credentials, was installed there now. Soon the girls would be there as well, and he would witness the vicious cruelty and anti-Semitism perpetrated against them. The Russians could deny all it wanted. Nobody would believe them.

The Jewish lobby in Washington would howl for blood. The Congressmen would cower and then make pompous statements about racism and bigotry and brutishness in Russia. They would make their condemnations, which the Russians would indignantly deny.

The thing would become an international incident of epic proportions. And it would only be the start. With a little luck, and a few more incidents, a distinct chill would set in between the west and the Ruskis.

It was all so delicious. The wonderful thing was that both the journalist and the girls had really broken laws. He had changed Swiss Marks into Rubles on the black market, and the girls had committed a homosexual act. The Russians still considered homosexuality to be a crime.

"How do you want to work this now?"

"I think we've got a great opening in those pictures."

"The polaroids?"

"Yeah. We burst in in the morning. We can say the maid came in early and saw the pictures and told us."

"What does it matter whether they really believe we're State Security? They aren't gonna be giving any interviews."

"Yes they are. They're going to be able to talk to Hendrickson at least a couple of times. If they suspect it's all a plot, they'll tell him."

"Are you sure he won't catch on?"

"Why should he?"

"Well..."

"Journalists are scum. They don't have any brains anyway."

"If Josephs finds out..."

"Josephs is too busy dancing with the Ruskis to care what we're doing here. He should be a real fuckin' diplomat instead of a God Damned CIA section chief."

"He'll still kill us if he finds out."

"You wanna back out?"

"No. I'm with you."

"Good." he turned back to watch the action on the other side of the mirror.

"If they keep this up we can just send the girl in and catch them in the act. It's past six now. It wouldn't be that unusual for the maid to go in now, would it."

"Want me to call her?"

"Give it a few more minutes."

After they'd both cum again, Amy slid down so she was atop Sara and they were face to face again.

"Get off me, fat cow."

"Nasty little girl." Amy smirked. "You definitely need more punishment."

She untied her ankles, then twisted her over onto her belly. Sara grunted as her arms crossed beneath her, and then gasped as she felt Amy's fingers sliding through her pussy.

But Amy had other ideas. She straddled the small of her back, then untied her right wrist and pulled both arms back behind her. Sara put on a show of resistance, but she was easily overpowered by the bigger girl, and soon her wrists were up behind her neck, the stocking crossing over her right shoulder

and back over her left to hold her wrists up and back.

Then she was pushed off the bed and onto her knees while Amy stood above her. She gasped in pain as her friend gripped her hair and eased her up none too gently.

"Ow! That hurts!" she protested.

"So will a spanking if you don't behave your mistress."

"Fuck you."

Amy grinned down at her and ground her pussy into the girl's face.

Suddenly there was a sharp intake of breath from near the door. They both turned in shock to see a maid standing there, hands over her mouth as she stared at them with wide eyes. They scrambled to cover themselves as the maid hurriedly backed away and slammed the door.

"Oh Shit!" Amy cried.

"Oh my God! I'm so embarrassed!" Sara moaned. "What must she think of us?"

"She thinks we're dyke perverts, you idiot!"

"Well don't yell at me. It wasn't my fault!"

"Why the fuck didn't she knock, the stupid bitch!"

"God! Do you think she'll tell anyone?"

"Of course she will! Wouldn't you? She'll tell everyone she knows about how she walked in and found these two naked American girls making out."

"Oh I could just die!"

"Let's just hope nobody in our group hears about it."

"We'll just deny everything."

"Fucking right. It's her word against ours. We'll say she wanted money and said she'd make up that story if we didn't give it to her."

"Untie me!"

Amy untied her and they both hurriedly dressed, neither wanting to be undressed should the woman or another maid come back soon.

"I need a shower," Sara complained, crossly.

"Be my guest," Amy muttered, fooling with the television in an effort to make it work.

"What the fuck is this?!" Sara demanded, looking at the polaroids in shock.

"Oh, those, uh, that is..."

"You took pictures of me naked!?"

"It was just a joke, then I sort of got, well, you know, excited."

"These are disgusting, especially this one with the dispenser."

"Would have been even more disgusting if someone took them twenty minutes ago."

There was a knock at the door just then. They looked at each other guiltily. Sara threw the pictures in a drawer while Amy got up and went to answer the door. She opened it to find two drab looking men staring in at her.

"Yes?" she asked, in Russian.

The two men came forward into the room, looking about them suspiciously.

"Who are you?" Sara gulped.

One of them took out a cheap imitation leather folder and flashed a badge.

"We have a complaint," he said.

"Uh, really?"

"Of lewd and perverse acts taking place in this room."

Both girls reddened.

"You two are homosexuals?" the other man asked.

"No!" they both cried.

"Perhaps you are and perhaps you are not. Are you aware that committing homosexual acts is illegal in this country?"

"Uh, well, we didn't," Amy blustered.

"You did not?"

"No. We didn't."

"We have a complaint that you did."

"Well she was lying. We didn't."

"You will have to come with us while we investigate this matter."

"But..."

"There will be no discussion until we are at state security offices. Come." the man glared, pushing her towards the door.

"Can we see our teacher?" Sara asked, worriedly.

Amy dug her elbow into her ribs and glared fiercely at her.

"You may call your embassy if you are charged," the man said, pushing

them towards the door again.

They were led down a back elevator and put in a big black Russian car, then drive through the city to a small drab looking office building. They were brought in through a side alley, down a narrow, dingy corridor to a central hall where a uniformed man sat behind a desk.

One of the men spoke quietly with him and the man stared at them with a leer on his face. Both girls coloured again.

"Cell four and five," The man behind the desk said, jerking his thumb behind him.

They were led down an even dingier hall and each placed in a separate cell. The cells were open at the front, save for the bars of course. The other three sides consisted of concrete walls. There was a little cot on the right wall and another on the left. Those were the only furnishings. Neither could see each other because of the wall between their cells.

Across from them was a little bald headed man in his fifties. He sat back on a cot and gazed across at them curiously.

"Hello," he said.

Both girls could see him from their cells. Neither answered though.

"What did you do? You look western. American?"

"Yes," Sara answered slowly.

"Ahh, I thought so. I am Hans Hendrickson. I am with the Bern Gazette. I got caught exchanging money on the black market, I'm afraid. What about you two?"

Neither answered at first.

"Nothing," Amy finally said. "It's a mistake."

"Yeah," Sara agreed, nodding her head vigorously.

"Of course." He smiled. He saw the guilt written across their faces. The brunette was even blushing a beet red. He wondered what it was they'd done.

"You speak English pretty well," Sara said.

"Oh yes. One has to to be a journalist. Don't tell the guards though. I am pretending I do not speak Russian or English. They are looking for someone who speaks German now, but all the East Germans have gone home and they never used to need translators besides them," he smiled again.

They heard footsteps and then a uniformed guard walked by. He stopped briefly in front of Sara's cell and looked in at her, his eyes burning with disgust.

"Jewish scum!" he hissed. "Perverted Jewess! You think you can bring your disgusting ways to Russia? We'll show you!" He gave a final glare and walked past as Sara looked after him, blinking in shock.

When he was gone, Hendrickson sighed and shook his head.

"A lot of the less educated Russians are anti-Semitic," he shrugged.

"He looked awful. He looked like he hated me."

"Are you all right, Sara?" Amy called, from her cell.

"I'm okay."

"He won't hurt you. He's all bluster. Don't worry about him," Hendrickson said.

"In the present political atmosphere they would not do any harm to an American citizen," he assured her.

The hours moved past slowly. The three of them chatted, having nothing else to do. Hendrickson tried several times to find out why they had been arrested but the girls were evasive. He thought drugs were the most likely reason.

Then one of the guards came for Amy. He pushed her roughly ahead of him as they went down the dark hall to a small door. He knocked, then opened it and pushed her through.

"Take it easy, will you," she complained.

For answer he grabbed a chunk of her hair and shoved her violently into the room. She yelped in pain as she staggered across the room and fell against a chair. Then the man closed the door and locked it.

He moved into the room, very tall and muscular, with a bulging chest. He had dark curly hair and a thick bushy moustache. His eyes were cold and filled with distaste as he looked down at her.

"Get up!" he snapped.

She rose shakily to her feet, staring at him with wide eyes. He looked back, his eyes scanning up and down her body.

"You are a Jewess, are you not?" he hissed.

"Yes," she squeaked.

His lip curled into a sneer and he placed his hands on his hips.

"And a lesbian."

"No, I'm..."

"Silence! Do not try to deny it. You were seen."

"But she... she lied... she..."

His hand flew forward and his open hand slapped her hard on the right side of her face, throwing her back against a table. She held her face, tears forming in her eyes. He moved forward and gripped her hair again, jerking her around and throwing her against the far wall.

"Strip," he said.

She looked back at him in fear and disbelief.

"You heard me, slut. I said disrobe."

"But... but..."

He unfastened his belt and drew it out from his pant loops, then doubled it up and slapped his palm with it.

"If you do not strip right now, I will strip you and then thrash you so badly you will never forget it."

Her trembling fingers moved to the front of her shirt and slowly began to unbutton it. Her lip trembled as she fought back the tears. Then the guard slammed the belt down against the table, the noise echoing loudly in the small room.

She started in shock, then began to sniffle

"Hurry up! I don't have all day, Jew!"

He spoke loudly. The acoustics in the room and the corridor were such that loud noises, such as the belt cracking against the table, or a loud voice, could be heard down at the other end where Hendrickson was. Hendrickson would have much to tell his readers about by the time he "escaped".

Amy undid the blouse to her pants, then drew it out of her pants and finished the last buttons. She slowly pulled the shirt open and off, then held it in front of herself as she stared at the guard. He raised the belt and she dropped the blouse and unsnapped her pants.

She pulled the zipper down and slowly drew her jeans down over her hips, down her legs. She had to kick off her sneakers before the jeans would come off, then stepped out of them one leg at a time to stand there in the bra and panties she had been wearing the other day.

"Continue," he hissed, demandingly.

Her fingers were shaking now and tears were coming down her cheeks. She found the catch between the two cups and parted it, letting her bra cups slowly fall apart to reveal her high, firm, rounded breasts. She dropped the bra, then bent forward, sliding her panties down her legs until she could step out of them.

She stood there naked, shivering and shuffling from foot to foot on the cold floor. She clutched her hands together in front of her, trying to hide her pussy and breasts with her hands and arms.

"Put your hands above your head," The guard snapped.

Amy sniffled more, now sobbing openly as she pulled her hands up above her, revealing her voluptuous, naked body to the man's sneering eyes.

"Higher," he snarled. "Higher!"

She raised her hands even higher, stretching out her frame.

"Filthy Jewess!" he sneered. "Dyed your hair blonde, didn't you? Your pussy hair shows the truth though!"

Amy was mortified, as well as frightened out of her mind. The man looked at her with a smirking leering face, his eyes wandering over her nubile body. He moved forward then and she cringed mentally. His hand reached out and spun her around, shoving her against the concrete wall.

"Lean against the wall and spread your legs," he snarled.

Amy knew about this at least. She'd seen lots of TV shows. Of course the suspects were always fully clothed then. Her friend Mary had been strip-searched at an airport once, though.

She assumed the classic position, still trembling with fear and white with humiliation and embarrassment. Then his hands were on her back. They slid slowly down her back and over her buttocks, squeezing them both tightly, before sliding down her thighs and legs.

It didn't occur to her in her fear and anxiety, to wonder why he would need to slide his hands up and down her body when she was naked and so clearly carrying nothing. Then he rose and stood beside her. His right hand rested on her buttocks, then cupped her pussy and fondled her sex.

"What a waste that you only like to suck on pussies," he sneered. "You could use a big fat cock up there, couldn't you?"

She didn't answer, swallowing to clear her throat as she stood there trembling. He slid a finger against her pussy then.

"Bend over more and spread your legs further," he ordered.

She complied, too terrified not to, and his finger thrust up cruelly into her pussy tunnel. She winced, gritting her teeth as his finger stabbed high into her sex and twisted around. A second finger joined it and the two twisted and turned inside her for long seconds before pulling out.

Then his finger pushed against her anus. She closed her eyes and tears began to flow again as his finger pushed up into her rectum. Never in her life had she been so humiliated and degraded. She'd always joked about being a rich Jewish American Princess, but had taken all the kind attention for granted before now.

The man's finger rode upward into her rectum until his knuckles ground against her buttocks. He wiggled it around inside her as he grinned down into her face.

"Does your girlfriend do this, Jew? Does she suck you and finger-fuck you?"

"N... n... no," Amy sobbed.

He pulled his finger free and then slapped her hard on the bottom. He moved away then and sat down in the chair.

"Turn around and come here," he said.

She pushed away from the wall, turning slowly and moving towards him, her hands going naturally in front of her again.

"I said to keep your hands high!" he snarled.

She gasped and jerked her hands up again.

"Put them behind your head and stand up straight!" he snapped.

She stood there on the cold floor, not three feet from him as he smirked at her and enjoyed her discomfort.

"Now," he said. "You will answer my questions truthfully. Do you understand, Jewess?"

"Yes," she answered in a small voice.

"Yes Sir!" he snarled, slapping the belt down on the table.

"Yes Sir," she gasped.

"Do you have any sexual diseases, Jewess?"

"N... No, sir," she replied.

"Have you ever had an abortion, Jewess?"

"No, sir."

"Have you ever engaged in sexual intercourse in exchange for money, Jewess?"

"N... no, Sir."

"Have you ever engaged in sexual intercourse with an animal, Jewess?"

"No, Sir!"

"How many sexual partners have you had, Jewess?"

"Um... three, sir."

"What were their names?"

She looked at him fearfully and he glared back, his face reddening.

"Uh, Joey Morgan, Phillip Sanderson and Paul Bergman."

"When did you lose your virginity, Jewess, and with who?"

"W... With Joey, when I was fifteen."

"You lie!" he screamed, slamming his fist on the table. The noise made her jump.

"Everyone knows that all Jewish girls are deflowered by their own fathers before they are ten," he sneered.

"That's not true!" she cried, shocked.

"Lying slut!" he snarled.

"You're disgusting!"

He stood up and brought the belt whirling down to slash directly into her left breast.

She screamed, falling back and covering her wounded tit with her hands.

"Stand up straight and put your hands behind your back, Jew!" he hissed through clenched teeth.

She slowly raised her hands again, straightening from the crouch she'd dropped into and staring at him with wide eyes. Her breast throbbed with pain and there was a red mark where the belt had struck it.

He stepped up in front of her and look straight down into her face from less than an inch away.

"You are the disgusting one, Jew! You are the one who comes into my country with your disgusting perversions. If you hadn't been licking at your

girl friend's crotch you wouldn't be here."

"But I didn't!" she wailed.

There was a TV in the corner, hooked to a VCR. He stepped over and turned it on, then pressed the play button on the VCR. The tv lit up with an image of her and Sara sucking each other's pussy. Her eyes widened in horror as she watched herself plunge a finger deep into Sara's pussy and slurp madly at her clitty.

The guard came back to her and stood directly in front of her again.

"You didn't?" he asked, quietly.

She gaped at him, then at the TV, unable to understand how they had gotten a video like that. Then the guard punched her hard right in the belly. The air whooshed out of her and she collapsed to her knees, bending far over and gripping her stomach with both hands.

"I do not like it when Jews lie to me!" he snarled.

He gripped a fistful of blonde hair and drew her back up to her feet as she gasped and panted and sobbed helplessly, her hands at her sides. Then he punched her in the stomach again, even harder than before.

Again she collapsed to her knees, her head bowing forward to touch the floor as she held her stomach. The air had been knocked out of her and she hacked and panted desperately, trying to draw a breath. She rolled over onto her side, then onto her back, gripping her stomach and looking up at the ceiling in terror, afraid she was going to strangle.

The guard looked down at her cruelly, walking away a few steps, then he turned and lashed out with his booted foot, smashing it directly into her sex as she lay there with her legs splayed. She jerked violently, her hips shooting upward and her hands dropping to her pussy.

She gasped in agony, clutching herself but unable to make any real noise.

"Fucking Jew. Fucking kike faggot!" he sneered.

He grabbed her by the hair again, dragging her across the floor as she mewled and whimpered in fear and pain. He pulled her up to her feet, then slammed her forward into the side of the table.

The table crashed into her belly and she dropped forward across it, her heavy, pliable breasts slapping down onto the surface, crushed between it and her ribs as she lay there helplessly, still gasping for breath.

"I think I know what you need, faggot," the guard said. "I think I have the cure right here."

He kicked her legs apart, then cupped her sex in a tight grip, squeezing his fingers brutally into her soft flesh. Then he drew back and she heard his zipper going down. She knew he was going to rape her, but didn't care as much as she should have. She was too concerned with not being able to breath.

THREE

Then she felt what could only be the head of his cock pushing against her tightly closed pussy-lips. He forced them back as his cock drove forward, spreading them wide as he entered her body. His cock was unusually thick, she could feel that even without much experience.

Yet still her mind reeled and groaned as she fought to breath. His prong drove deep into her slit. Sharp, stabbing pains shot through her groin as he forced himself up her dry tunnel. He thrust deeply into her, embedding his blood engorged penis in her tight sheath as his hands kneaded her bottom.

He sighed with pleasure when his balls pressed into her buttocks. Amy was wheezing desperately, finally starting to get some air into her body. She paid little heed to the man as he started to fuck in and out of her. The pain was there of course, but overridden by the human body's most basic desire to breath.

As her breathing came easier her panic started to wane and her mind refocused on the fact that the guard was currently reaming out her pussy with his big erection. Yet she could see nothing, no response, no action, that would stop him.

She could feel the pain of her harshly raped pussy tunnel now, could feel the rasping sting of his hard organ as it rutted into her. She jerked with the force of his blows as he pounded against her buttocks, felt her upper thighs ache as he slammed her into the side of the table.

His hands came under her then, searching and finding her big crushed breasts. He jerked her upwards, so she was up on her elbows on the table, and

his hands could fasten easily around her swaying, jiggling mounds. He squeezed and kneaded the hot, malleable flesh, digging his fingers deep into her sensitive mammaries.

"Like that, slut? Like a real cock inside you instead of plastic?" he hissed, driving himself hard into her pussy.

"Like it hard, don't you? You love it Jewess!" he sneered, humping furiously against her. His fat cock-meat stabbed into her moist, pink pussy-flesh over and over as he grunted and gurgled in pleasure. His fingers were squeezing and twisting and fondling her breasts brutally.

"Take my cock, Jew!" he panted. "Take it up your fucking hole!" He slammed his hips into her, grinding himself against her bottom and pussy mound as he moaned in pleasure. He began to hammer his prick in and out of her with frenzied strokes, skewering her with his powerful fucking thrusts.

His big hands roamed her body lustfully, squeezing, fondling, prodding. He squashed and mashed her tits back and forth. He squeezed her buttocks together, then pulled them apart to gaze down into her wrinkled anal opening. He stroked roughly along her rib cage, down her backbone, along her sides.

His cock continued to slide back and forth between her ravaged pussy-lips, the big, chewing cock-head punching back and forth inside her lower belly. She could feel it's hard-boned roundness grinding against her silky smooth pink pussy flesh as it pumped up and down her elastic tunnel.

Little wads and drops of jism dribbled out his cock hole as he fucked into her, easing the way for his hot slab of meat as it slid relentlessly back and forth inside her. She whimpered and sniffled against the table top as he continued to groan and sigh with pleasure.

He pushed his cock fully into her, letting his groin mash heavily into hers while he rubbed himself from side to side, revelling in the softness of her flesh against his. He fondled her buttocks, his fingers digging deep indentations in the pink and white skin.

"Hot little slut!" he sighed, humping into her with short strokes, hammering his prick-head against her cervix.

He gripped her hips between his hands and jerked her back against him as he rode over her, half climbing up her back as he jammed his cock into her and groaned with pleasure.

Her pussy sheath squeezed his dick like a vice as he twisted and turned it inside her. He pummelled her insides as he began to stroke into her with long, powerful strokes once more. He kicked her ankles further apart and she groaned, slumping down towards the table.

He gripped her shoulders with his hands and began pistonning his prick into her with hard, driving fuck strokes. His belly slapped loudly against her soft, vulnerable buttocks as he began softly cursing and gasping in delight.

"Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!" he gasped, ramming his prong into the deepest recesses of her pussy box.

He twisted and jerked it from side to side, rutting against one side of her sex, then the other, entering her from different angles with every stroke.

"Little whoooooore!" he groaned, driving his cock deep into her belly.

"Ung... ung... ung... ung... unghhhhh!" he groaned, burying himself in her pussy hole and holding himself deep as his semen gushed up into her womb.

"Yeahhhh... Yeahhhh! Drink it down, dyke slut! Drink my cummmmm!" he groaned.

He half-fell atop her, his chest heaving as he sought to catch his breath. His cock slowly began to soften inside her, the last of his sperm leaking out into her now-moistened pussy. His hands continued to stroke her flesh as he pushed himself erect and staggered back.

"Nice!" he sighed, looking at her bent over there, legs spread and glistening pubic-lips pried out of her slit.

"Very nice. I should take pictures of you like that, Jew."

Amy slowly pushed herself up, pulling her legs closed as she felt his cum trickling down her leg.

"Don't leave me dirty, Jewess," he grinned.

He grabbed her hair and jerked her backwards. Amy yelped in pain as he forced her down to her knees.

He knelt behind her for a moment, then he pulled her arms behind her and she felt cold steel fasten around her wrists and the clink of metal as handcuffs were locked around her. He stood in front of her then as she knelt, head down, miserably staring at the floor.

He gripped her hair and forced her head up, jerking her upwards on her knees until her face was level with his groin. Then he pulled her face against

him, rubbing her face all over his crotch.

"Suck me, Jewess," he ordered.

Her lips opened and she sucked in his soft cock, licking at it as she whimpered in fear. His cock easily fit into her mouth and her lips were touching the base above his balls.

"Suck in my balls too, Jewess. I know you Jewess sluts like that," he grinned, giving her hair a mean twist.

Pain rippled through her, tearing her eyes as she opened her lips wider and tried to bring his balls between them. It was difficult with her hands tied. She managed to suck one in, but then couldn't get the other. The man cursed and twisted her hair as she moaned a protest.

He pushed his own ball then, shoving it in between her lips until both of them were firmly inside her oral cavity with his shrunken penis. She couldn't do much but lick her tongue around them and suck half-heartedly. It seemed to be more than enough however, since his shaft began to swell and lengthen.

Soon it was too big to be contained in her mouth and his balls popped out, then inch after inch his hardening cock slid past her lips until she was able to bob her head up and down the shaft with even movements.

She took the long, red cock, gleaming wet with her spittle, in and out of her mouth, trying to ignore the awful taste of piss, sperm, sweat and dirt. He kept twisting her hair from side to side as his hips moved slowly in and out, fucking her mouth like it was a pussy.

He placed both his big hands on her head, pulling her into him, forcing his prickhead deep into her mouth. Her nose was crushed up against his pubic bone as he punched the cock down into her throat. She tried to pull away but had no strength as his cock slid remorselessly down her throat.

"Ahhh... goooooood!" he sighed. He began to slide his cock up and down her throat tube, ignoring her frantic, mewling and whimpering as her chest burned from lack of oxygen. He pulled his cock back out at last, pulling it free of her lips.

He moved behind her, his hands embedded in her hair as he forced her head far back, making her sob with pain and anxiety as he twisted her head hard. He held her like that as his cock-head pushed against her lips and then slid between them and into her mouth.

His other hand gripped her jaw, forcing her even farther back, then slid around her throat as his cock shaft slid down between her soft lips. Then his spit covered tool pushed hard against the back of her throat.

All she could do was gurgle and moan as his cock-head punched into her throat again and began to slide down it. She fought the almost overpowering urge to gag as his cock-head plunged far deeper than before. It forced its way down her small throat tube, and into her very chest.

She could feel it inside her upper chest, pulsing and throbbing like an evil snake as the guard slid it up and down, plumbing the depths of her throat as he giggled with happiness. His cock totally filled her tube, making it bulge out alarmingly.

He slid it up and down, up and down, ignoring her frantic twisting and shaking as she began to turn first white, then blue. Only when she was on the verge of passing out did he finally relent and pull his cock out of her throat.

She drew in great gasping breaths of air, dazed and terrified. Then he pushed his cock back into her, jamming his tool down her throat once more. Again he began to fuck her throat, again pulling out only when she seemed on the verge of losing consciousness.

He seemed to enjoy that, forcing her through the terrible, terrifying ordeal of being unable to breath, then relenting only when peaceful blackness would release her from her misery. Finally he pulled his cock free, holding her face still as his semen spurted out into her face.

Sticky white wads spit against her forehead, her cheeks, her nose and her mouth as he jerked and pumped his cock with his other hand. When no more sperm came forth, he rubbed his cock-head against her ear, then cleaned off the shaft with her hair.

"Nice job Jewess," he grinned, pulling up his pants. "You'd better get used to this. We like showing you snotty American Jew whores your place."

"I... I... I want to... speak to the embassy," she whimpered.

He brought his open hand lashing down against the side of her face, making a loud ringing crack that echoed around the room as he knocked her backwards onto the floor.

"Cunt bitch!" he snarled.

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He grabbed her by the hair again, forcing her to her feet as she sobbed and whimpered, then his fist punched her hard in the belly, doubling her over again. He whirled her around and threw her into the table, which slammed into her belly hard enough to make the air whoosh out of her again as she fell across it.

Her legs were spread and he moved behind her and brought his knee up as hard as he could, slamming it hard into her soft, pulpy mound. She gave a strangled gasp of horrified pain as agony seared her body. She almost threw up then but gulped down the bile.

Then his knee cracked up into her mound again, actually lifting her feet off the floor with the force of the blow.

"Jew scum bitch whore slut!!" he screamed.

His knee pounded up into her mushy cunt flesh, lifting her from the floor again as her eyes bugged out and she twitched and jerked helplessly.

"You will learn to be obedient Jew! Or we will kill you!" he snarled.

He gripped her hair and jerked her away from the table, throwing her back against the wall where she slid to the floor with a whimper of pain.

Sara looked up hopefully when she heard approaching footsteps, then her jaw dropped as she stared at the grim-faced guard half dragging her friend along beside him, her arm around his shoulder.

"Amy!" she cried. "What happened to you?"

"Shut up slut!" the guard snarled, slapping the heel of his hand against the bars. He pulled Amy along and then pushed open her cell door, shoving her inside. The door slammed shut and the guard walked away, stopping briefly in front of Sara's door.

"You'll find out, Jew slut," he sneered, before walking away.

Hendrickson stared in alarm at the girl lying on the floor of her cell. He watched her slowly drag herself to her bunk, then crawl in and curl up in a ball, shivering and shaking.

"Amy? Are you all right?" Sara called. "Amy?"

Amy mumbled something inaudible.

"She seems to be... hurt," Hendrickson said. "What happened, girl?"

"Leave me alone," Amy whispered, her voice raspy.

"Did he hurt you, Amy?" Sara called.

"You'll find out," Amy muttered, miserably.

Trevor Sims carefully did not look at Jack Stone and Mike Fraser as the two huddled together at their table. He'd been suspicious enough of Stone to keep a careful eye on everything that concerned him. Now that he was carrying on with that brainless little fuckhead, Fraser his suspicions were even greater.

Sims was with the National Security Agency. As such, his path and Stone's crossed frequently, for Stone was the CIA's assistant station chief here at the Moscow embassy. It was Sims's firm opinion that Stone had been in the game too long. Furthermore, he didn't think the man was at all eager to leave it. There were still a few of them around in the Agency, people who longed for the days of the Cold War, but they were dinosaurs and dying out fast.

Now it wasn't his business really, if Stone caused some kind of fuck up here in Moscow, or created some kind of scandal that damaged relations between the U.S. and the Russians. Officially he was only supposed to monitor the electronic surveillance and listening devices for the National Security Agency.

In the cold reality of politics, though, he was always on the lookout for something to make the CIA look bad, while Stone and company were always looking for NSA screwups. The DIA, FBI, NIA and the other surveillance and intelligence gathering services had a rivalry that could not be remotely described as friendly.

So if Sims could find Stone and Fraser doing something against orders, something that could cause a rift in east-west relations, then his bosses at NSA would be delighted, and he might be able to reduce his tour in this crummy, crumbling, broken down city.

There was also the personal angle of course. Sims hated Stone. The two were almost complete opposites and held each other in contempt. Stone was the cold warrior, cruel and heartless, willing to do anything for the team, for the win. If that meant seeing a busload of babies blown up to get at an enemy spy, well tough.

Sims was the more elegant, educated, urbane man, admiring poetry, literature and the arts. He spent his time with computers, deciphering documents and analysing satellite photos, a far cry from the down and dirty work Stone

performed.

Still, he was a trained field agent, mostly because the NSA didn't want to have to go to the CIA for anything if they could possibly avoid it. The NSA looked down on the CIA people, considering them illiterate bloodthirsty punks.

Stone and Fraser rose, moving across to the door. Sims looked at his watch and frowned. Where the fuck were they going now anyway? They were supposed to be at a briefing at Two. He rose and followed as they moved towards the garage.

He slipped inside as the sound of the big garage door opening echoed around the cold stone walls. He could see the two sitting in a car waiting for the door to rise high enough and scrambled around and into his own car. As they drove out he started the engine and slowly eased out behind them.

He passed the Russian militia standing guard in front of the embassy, then settled down a distance behind the CIA pair. It was hard following someone by yourself, especially in Moscow, where everyone was automatically suspicious.

Still, they didn't seem to be taking any care, moving in a straight line through the city. They stopped in a residential district and got out, Stone's big, cowboy frame leading the way as Fraser trailed along behind.

Sims got out of his own car and moved along behind them, finding it easy to keep Stone in sight while still keeping a distance back. The two of them went into a small rooming house and Sims stopped, keeping behind a corner of the building across the street as he watched the doorway.

A few minutes later, the two of them emerged, accompanied a short way by a small, thin little man, who kept nodding and smiling. He had a nasty look to him as far as Sims was concerned. Stone and Fraser got back into their car and drove off.

Sims spent a moment of indecision, then decided to see who this guy was. The youth, about twenty years old or so, turned and looked about him as Sims snapped several shots with a small camera, then he went back into the rooming house.

Sims hung around outside for a while, then moved across the street and went up to the front door of the building. The lock was broken as was normal in this city. He looked at the listings. There were a dozen rooms or apartments here. He copied down all the names carefully, then moved to the first door and knocked.

A fat old woman opened the door. He smiled graciously and asked for Mister Petrosovsky.

"He doesn't live here," she snapped, slamming the door closed.

Undeterred, Sims went along knocking at each door and asking for the fictitious Mister Petrosovsky. On the second floor, the thin faced man opened the door and glared at him.

"Mister Petrosovsky?"

"No," he said, shoving the door closed.

Not very helpful, Sims thought, but he'd found the man's name, Ghronug. He moved down the hall to the stairs and left the building. He'd have to get a little bit of help with this since NSA didn't really cultivate the locals like most of the other agencies.

Still, it took little trouble. He developed the film at the lab and went to see Phil Morris in charge of State Department Security. It cost him a preferential viewing of the new Bruce Willis video he'd been sent from New York, but Phil promised to see a friend with Moscow City Police and see if they knew the man.

Sims knew that Phil's friend would report the enquiry to the KGB but that didn't worry him. If the man had been any kind of operative for CIA, Stone wouldn't have gone near him without making sure there was nobody around. He was sure this was something private Stone had going, something he felt the Russians wouldn't be interested in.

Since the Russian State Security people were interested in almost everything, especially where CIA agents were concerned, that confused him. What the hell could Stone be doing, anyway?

Stone turned the corner sharply, then sped up, keeping a careful eye on his rear view mirror. No other cars followed. He made another turn, then doubled back and went the other way. There was still no signs of pursuit.

The closer he came to the operations house, the closer he watched for followers. He was sure they weren't followed by the time they pulled into the narrow garage and the door slammed closed behind them.

A big burly man came over to greet them.

"Greetings, Comrade!" he cried, enveloping Stone in a bear hug. Stone endured it, then pushed back.

"How are you, Comrade?" he asked, with forced cheer.

"Excellent. The plan goes well."

"Good. Report."

"Comrade Kreslov has already given the first Jewess a taste of his rod." He grinned nastily. "And I am about to show the other a thing or two about obedience."

"Good, and Hendrickson?"

"As you said, he saw nothing, but is suspicious about what happened to the first Jew. He looks like a Jew himself." Kreslov frowned.

"It doesn't matter who or what he is so long as he reports what happened," Stone said.

"But of course, you are right, Comrade." Kreslov smiled, pounding him on the shoulder. "We'll get these Jews sorted out and let Hendrickson babble to the world about it."

"The Israelis will hate you," Stone said happily, slapping Kreslov's back as he followed the Russian into the building.

"I hope so! Let them and the Americans whine!"

"Comrade Sminsk and I will watch through the glass. We wouldn't want to interrupt."

"You can join in if you wish. I'm sure the Jewess won't mind," Kreslov cackled, holding his belly.

"Perhaps later, when things become more... serious. This is just sport after all."

"I leave the bloody work to you, Comrade, though I would like to observe."

"By all means."

"Shame in a way. It would be better to put them in some whorehouse somewhere, they could make many men happy."

"They are Jews, Comrade," Stone said, frowning.

"Oh of course, of course. I know that. You're right of course," The man said, bobbing his head.

Fraser and Stone went into a room and closed the door. The room held a window looking into another room and several chairs before it. They both took one and sat down.

Fraser lit a cigarette and offered one to Stone who shook his head.

"Where do you find these winners, anyway?" Fraser muttered.

"Don't complain, Fraser. If he were any smarter he wouldn't fall for this."

"So why should he be suspicious? This is what he wants anyway, to put distance between the Russia and the West so the old Soviet Union can return to the way it was."

"Yes, but he doesn't know who we are."

"So? As long as they get to beat up Jews, he and his friends will be happy."

"He's a patriot." Stone grinned.

Fraser sniffed in amusement, then turned as Kreslov, dressed in some kind of military uniform, pulled the brunette girl into the room next door.

"Better than cable." He smirked.

"Don't be a pervert," Stone chided him, "This is business after all."

"I wouldn't mind getting involved in some of this business."

"Later, we want Hendrickson to get to know the so-called guards first, so he can describe them later."

"Won't that screw things up? We want everyone to think these are Russian Secret Service people after all."

"They will. The Russians, though, will know better. They'll be out for blood and if they think it's just one of the local racist groups, that will leave us free and clear and leave them with their guards down for next time."

"Good idea."

FOUR

Sara followed the big man down the corridor and into the small room. Her eyes were wide as she stared about anxiously, worried still about what had happened to Amy. She'd heard yells and screams, but had no idea what had actually happened. Amy had refused to talk at all.

John Argus - Russian Rape - (Story En).txt

The guard with her was a tall man, burly and, well hairy. He had thick shaggy black hair, laced with grey, and a thick beard. The backs of his hands were also covered with dark hair. He eyed her coldly as she stood there uncomfortably before him.

"You are a Jewess?" he asked.

"Uh... yes," she said in a small voice.

"We don't like Jews in this country."

She didn't know what to say to that so she said nothing.

"You are a homosexual."

"I am not!" she said, indignantly.

He casually reached over and slapped her face... hard. She was knocked sideways into the wall. She almost lost her balance, but caught herself against the wall and stared at him in shock.

"Do not lie to me, Jew," he said.

"But... but I'm not!" she whimpered, holding her cheek.

"Take off your shoes and socks," he said.

"Why?"

"Do as you're told!" he roared, his face angry and red.

She jumped in shock, then leaned forward and began undoing her laces.

She tossed her shoes off then pulled her socks off and stood on the cold floor in bare feet.

He moved over in front of her and stood inches away, then his right foot came down slowly onto her left. She winced at first, trying to pull her foot away, but he only increased the pressure. She whimpered then gasped in pain.

"Please!" she whined, trying to push him back, trying to jerk her foot away.

"You are a lesbian?"

"No!" she sobbed, "Please don't!"

He pushed down harder and she shoved against his chest with both hands, trying desperately to pull her crushed toes out from under his boot.

"You are a lesbian?" he asked, smiling.

"Nooooo!" she sobbed, pushing at him again.

He slapped her face, his hand bringing knocking her head to the left as his palm cracked against the right side of her head.

"You are a Jew?"

"Yes! Yes!" she cried, sobbing openly.

"And a Lesbian?" He stepped down harder on her foot.

"Yes!" she screamed.

"Excellent." he backed off and she staggered back, hopping on one foot as she held the other between her hands and sobbed weakly.

"Take off your clothes," he said, moving back. She stared up at him in disbelief, still holding her wounded foot.

"I said, take off your clothes," he growled.

"Why? I want to speak to the American Embassy! You have no right to treat me like this!"

He moved closer to her again as she cringed back in the corner of the room.

"When my father hears about this he's going to... Ahhhhhhh!"

She screamed as he grabbed her long hair and threw her into the wall. She staggered back and fell down as stars circled before her eyes. She held her forehead and nose where they'd struck the wall and blinked in dizzy bewilderment.

Kreslov grabbed her hair and lifted her to her feet. Both her hands came up and grabbed his wrist desperately as she sought to relieve the pain he was creating in her head. He let her hair go shoving her back against the wall again.

"I said to take your clothes off," he snarled. "If you do not obey I will tear them off and you will spend the remainder of your time here naked."

The small woman stared at him through teary, fear filled eyes. She stood mostly on her right foot since her left still hurt and she was rubbing her face and head.

"Now!" he hissed, making her jerk backwards in fear.

Then her hands slowly began to unbutton her top. Kreslov sat in a chair and watched as button after button opened until a widening line of pink flesh appeared between the two folds of the blouse. Then she pulled the blouse from her pants and took it off, revealing her small, dainty pink bra.

She dropped the blouse to the floor, then fearfully began to unbutton and unzip her pants. She blushed furiously as she slid them down her thin legs

and stepped out of them. She was clad only in the matching pink half bra and string bikini panties and stood there, uncertainly, looking over at Kreslov.

"Completely. Strip completely," he ordered. "State Security does not accept half-measures."

Reluctantly, her hands moved around behind her and unsnapped the bra, then let it slide down off her shoulders. She slipped one arm, then another free, then dropped it to the floor at her feet, hands covering the small, perky mounds of her breasts.

She stood there for a moment, staring at him pleadingly, then turned around and slowly slipped her panties down her legs, letting them drop to her feet and carefully stepping out of them.

"Turn around, Jew slut."

She closed her eyes, then slowly turned, her right arm held horizontally across her breast and her left hand covering her narrow cunt-mound.

"Stand up straight, arms beside you!" he screamed. Sara gasped in shock, then obeyed at once, terrified that he would hurt her again. Her skin was beet red as Kreslov's eyes roamed over her small, naked body.

He stood up and walked over to her, then slowly walked around her, his eyes examining her body.

"Not bad. Your breasts are small, but then so are you. Your friend has big teets. But then you know that."

He leered into her face as he came around in front of her again.

"You wish you had a mouthful of her tit meat now, don't you?"

"N... No," she said, her voice quavering.

"You are a lesbian, are you not?"

She tried to back away but he followed her until she was backed against the wall.

"Aren't you?"

"Y... yes," she whispered.

"Do you know that performing homosexual acts is a crime in the Soviet Union?"

"N... N... No," she whimpered.

"Well it is!" he screamed into her face. "We are not a perverted society like America," he sneered. "Here the women fuck men, not each other."

"Lean across the back of that chair," he snarled, slowly drawing the belt out of the loops of his pants.

"Go!"

She moved across the room, shaking with fear as she glanced behind her at the big, angry man. She reached the chair then slowly bent over the tall, wooden back, knowing that her bottom stuck out towards him as she did so. She looked at him, upside down through her legs as he approached.

She could see the belt hanging from his beefy hand.

"I'll show you what happens to sluts in this country," he warned.

Then he raised the belt and brought it slicing down against her bottom. She cried out, and tears poured from her eyes as pain burned into her cheeks.

The belt slashed through the air again and cracked down across her buttocks again, raising an angry red welt across her ivory flesh. Again she cried out, the sound of her voice piercing and echoing in the nearly bare room.

He brought the belt down again and again, criss-crossing her buttocks with ugly welts and turning them a fiery red. After the dozenth blow she could take no more and twisted away, running screaming and sobbing for the door.

He moved after her, raising the belt again and then bringing it slashing down against her back. She screamed, and was thrown into the locked door. She ran away again and Kreslov pursued her, grinning in enjoyment.

She tried to dodge, but the room was too small. The belt sliced into her right hip, then into her back again, then her buttocks, then her thigh. Each time she howled and raced away. Finally he cornered her and a sweeping blow from the belt cracked across her face, knocking her off her feet.

She dropped to her bottom, then fell back briefly. Before she could rise or turn over he brought the belt down onto her small right breast. She sobbed and wailed in pain, turning over and trying to fold herself into the corner.

The belt lashed down again and again, each time finding new flesh to bite into. He laughed as he whipped her, occasionally kicking her in the side, or the bottom or the stomach.

"Filthy Jew!" he roared. "I'll show you how we treat Jews in Russia!"

He threw down the belt and bent over, his huge hands closing around her throat. He raised her up, then lifted her high off the ground by the throat, his fingers closing tightly to cut off her air.

She gasped pitifully, her feet kicking feebly as she clutched at his hands. He smiled at her as he choked the air out and her face turned white. He held her against the wall, two feet off the floor as she jerked spastically, slowly losing consciousness.

Then he dropped her. She collapsed to the floor, hitting like a sack of flour and laying unmoving but for her heaving chest. Kreslov moved away, then slowly stripped naked, revealing his hairy chest and back, his thickly furred legs and then his hard, thick cock.

Kreslov grinned as he saw the girl's eyes staring up at him in terror. He moved over to her, knelt, then rolled her onto her back. His heavily haired body came down atop her, his big wide hips between her legs.

He crushed her beneath him, his heavy weight falling fully onto her, his thick bulk covering her completely. Only her legs, sticking out to either side of his, and her head and shoulders and arms, were visible.

Kreslov kissed her violently, his lips coming down with bruising force. He stabbed his tongue in between her full red lips, darting it around inside her oral cavity as his left hand gripped a thick wad of hair and twisted her face up against him.

His right hand moved down her sides, caressing her sweet soft flesh. He gripped his cock then and moved it against her gash, searching for her pussy-hole.

"You little Jews all need a good fucking to set you straight!" he gasped.

He rubbed his cock-head up and down her small narrow slit, jabbing down against her as she whined and sobbed. Then he found her hole and drove forward with a powerful lunging thrust. Sara felt his cock-head stab against her pussy lips, then thrust through, spreading them and jamming into her cunt entrance.

She screamed in despair, her legs flopping helplessly as Kreslov threw his considerable weight forward and down, forcing more of his massive, hairy cock down into her thin, girlish pussy-tube.

"Ohhhhh Godddddddd!" she cried.

His mouth came down on hers then, his teeth biting into her lips as he thrust himself deeper into her small belly. His hands came down under her, folding beneath her ass cheeks and jerking her up against him as he threw his weight down, driving his thick cock into her with relentless force.

"Stop! Stop! You're killing me!"

"Good!" he hissed, jerking her bottom up, impaling her on his harsh erection.

She sobbed in pain as her pussy was stuffed with his thick rod. It forced its way deeper and deeper, cramming against her cervix with brutal force.

"Ung! Ung! Ung!" he groaned as he thrust into her.

His long cock finally forced its way fully into her crotch hole and his balls rested against her buttocks as he lay atop her, sighing with delight.

Sara's legs were spread wide around him and her crotch felt like a knife had been stabbed into it. She whimpered and sobbed with shame and agony as his thick organ lay still inside her belly. She thought she could feel his cock-head high in her gut, up near her stomach.

His hands kneaded the soft flesh of her buttocks, bringing new pain as they scratched and dug into the welts his belt had left. He pulled his hands away then, fastening them around her face as he propped himself on his elbows.

He pulled her face up to meet his as he kissed her again. His lips were brutal, angry, furious. They moved against her cheeks, her nose, the side of her face, her throat, her lips. She thought her teeth would be knocked out by the force.

He began biting her, his teeth sharp uneven. She yelped and cried out in pain as they bit into her throat, into her cheek, into her lips, each time drawing blood. His huge right hand gripped her left breast, mashing it flat against her ribs, then squeezing and twisting it painfully.

"Bitch!" he hissed. "Dirty Jewess faggot!"

He pulled his ass up into the air, drawing the long red length of his organ from between her tightly gripping pussy lips. Then he dropped back down, sending his cock thrusting back into her, driving deep into her belly as she cried out in shock and pain.

"Whore!" he gasped. "Jewish Dog!"

Sara's soft white flesh was scraped and abraded by the man's thick coarse hair. He was like an enormous wire wool scouring pad as he rubbed himself down against her. His big hairy bottom began to slowly rise and fall as he began to fuck the helpless teenager.

John Argus - Russian Rape - (Story En).txt

His cock began to slide back and forth between her taut pain filled pussy lips. His thick organ began to move back and forth inside her belly. She grunted with pain each time he drove into her, fighting to keep his weight from crushing her as he brutally used her body.

His bulging shaft pistoned inside her fleecy pussy sheath. He rutted into her like a maddened dog, grunting and sighing and moaning with pleasure as he tore his cock in and out of her pussy. He squeezed her bottom and breasts, his teeth and lips moving everywhere.

Her slight frame was pummelled by his bulk as he pounded his cock down into the small tight slit between her splayed legs. Her body was jerked and shoved and bounced beneath him like a weightless rag doll as he humped into her.

His hands were furious, angry, they squeezed and twisted and pinched and clawed at her body, leaving ugly bruises and scratches everywhere. Then he suddenly pulled free, his cock jerking out of her cunt like a cork from a bottle.

He twisted her around, forcing her over onto her belly, then dropped his body down onto her again, making her grunt and groan with pain. He rubbed her shoulders, then held his cock between her thighs. She felt it's long thickness between her pussy lips, rubbing back and forth between them like a blunt saw.

Then he pulled his cock-tip up and held it against her anus. At first she didn't understand, then she cried out in denial and horror, trying desperately to scramble away.

His cock-head pushed against her anus with more and more force, driving against her little hole. Slowly he forced her anal opening apart, slowly his cock pushed forward, driving down into her rectum, prying it open and then driving down her quivering body.

Sara wailed with misery, pain and terror as she felt the man's long thick cock working it's way into her rectum. It felt like a spike being driving into her body as it forced it's way deeper and deeper into her tight rear tunnel.

Her anus stung and ached with pain, ripped wide and stabbed, it was torn asunder by the brutal pressure the Russian exerted. His cock pushed deep into her rectal tube, driving up into her guts as she sobbed and clawed at the floor. Her feet and hands were moving against the cold stone as she tried to pull herself out from under him, but his cock held her fast, pinned to the floor.

She had never felt such pain before as the thick cock drove deeper yet, going high into her guts as the guard grunted with pleasure.

"GHaaaa!" she cried as his cock lurched forward another inch.

"Like it up the ass, don't you Jew?" he sneered, grinding his cock down into her.

Sara felt his cock tip high and deep, pressing painfully against something up inside her guts, sending blinding agony ripping through her body.

He buried his cock in her tiny rectum, his body resting atop her as his cock tip sent cramps through her belly. He rose slightly, then moved back onto his knees, hauling her up by the hips so her anus remained wrapped around his prick.

He pulled her bottom up, forcing her to her knees. The frightened, helpless girl could do nothing to defend herself. Her head, shoulders and arms lay weakly on the floor as Kreslov raised her bottom and held it against his belly.

Then he began to sodomise her. His cock worked up to speed like a railroad locomotive, starting slow and then moving faster and faster and faster until he was hammering his belly into her buttocks so hard her frame jerked and shook violently with each mighty blow.

His cock was pistoning in and out of her ruptured anus, sodomizing her with deep, powerful strokes that sent his prick high into her belly. His hands completely encircled her slim waist, jerking her back against him as he drooled down onto her back and drove his prick up her rectum.

"Bitch!" he sighed. "Ohhhhh yesssss!"

His cock pounded up and down the length of her anal tube, smashing aside all resistance, punching deep into her very bowels as he reamed out her hole.

Her little buttocks bounced and quivered and shook as his belly slammed into her. Her breasts scraped back and forth against the cold stone floor as she clawed ineffectually at the stone. She was impaled on his big cock, speared repeatedly between the buttocks by his punching, pounding prong.

His hairy arms slid under her, hauling her up and back against him. Her back rubbed against his shaggy belly and chest as he hugged her tightly against him. He ground his hips from side to side as he bit down on her shoulder and

squeezed the air out of her.

Sara gasped in pain, whimpering and sobbing in despair and misery as Kreslov chewed on her shoulder and slid his hands up to cup and fondle her breasts. She was almost sitting back on his upthrust cock, impaled like a butterfly on a pin.

Then he threw her forward again and she dropped back onto her shoulders. He back hammered his cock into her anal tube, rutting furiously as he felt his balls swell and burn with desire. His cock hardened still further and he felt his excitement rise.

His cock swelled and then exploded, flooding her asshole with fiery white semen. Thick wads of it gushed down into her anus, filling her with scalding white sticky juices as he fell forward atop her, crushing her to the floor once again.

"That was goooood!" he sighed. "I will have to remember to ass fuck you every day, little Jew."

"What an asshole," Fraser said, watching the scene through the two way mirror.

"Which, hers or his?"

"Him, though hers looks mighty nice too."

"Yeah, so he's an asshole, we need him right now."

"I wouldn't mind fucking that little slut myself."

"Who wouldn't, you'll get your turn later, once Kreslov and his friends have beaten them down."

"I bet I could beat them down."

"You're too soft hearted. These Russians hate Jews. There's no mistaking it and the girls know it right away. You'd have to fake it. Anyway, we want Hendrickson to get a good look at these people."

"Yeah, yeah. But if I have to see something like that again, I'm gonna run in and throw a fuck into one of these bitches myself."

"Just don't get too attached to them. We're gonna have to kill them, remember."

Fraser shrugged. "Waste of pussy, but as long as there's plenty more available, so what."

Sims waited impatiently until the next day, then went down to see Phil again.

"You get anything from your Russian friend?"

"Yeah, as a matter of fact." He threw a file folder across the desk and Sims picked it up and dropped into a chair. He opened it and scanned the contents.

"Your friend is a real nice guy."

"So I see."

Ghronug was a petty thief. Or at least, his convictions were for that. He was also a member of an ultra-patriotic right wing group that was virulently anti-Semitic. Ghronug was suspected of being involved in the deaths of a Jewish family months earlier. Someone had poured gasoline through their apartment's letterbox and set it afire, burning them to death.

He was also questioned in the beating of a Jewish newspaper writer. There were pictures of members of the group gathered together in parks and fields and walking along the sidewalk. Ghronug was in several of them, his face as sullen in one as in another.

"This group is supposed to be very violent, especially towards anyone who isn't pure Russian. They don't much like foreigners either, though there's been no reports of attacks on them yet. They were involved in a near riot at a soccer game when they attacked Armenians."

"What good would they be?" Sims wondered aloud.

"Eh? Not much I shouldn't think." Phil replied. "Where'd you run across him anyway?"

"Saw him meeting someone and wondered what they were up to."

"Well, up to no good, that's certain."

"Something about Jews?"

"Maybe." Phil shrugged. "But they hate a lot of people, not just Jews. They hate fags too, basically they're a lot like the Klu Klux Klan and other nutty right wing groups at home. It's all kind of a ways out of your territory, isn't it?"

"Maybe. Maybe not."

He rose to leave.

"Oh, by the way..." Phil said, making him turn again.

"I'm not saying it has anything to do with this but two American tourists disappeared yesterday morning."

"So?"

"They were part of a school group and disappeared sometime in the early morning, both of them were Jews."

"You don't think..."

"No. Just mentioned it. The likelihood is that they went out early and got picked up by the police."

"Haven't you asked?"

"Of course, and they've denied it, so far. It'll take them a while to check through all the districts and organizations though. They're a pretty confused bunch at the best of times and never can be sure what scheme some lower level type is trying to work for himself. Once they find them they'll likely be set free with a warning."

"Why would a pair of young girls be picked up anyway?"

"Maybe they took the wrong picture?" Phil shrugged.

"These days? That should bring a warning if that."

"I don't know where they are, Mike, I'm just mentioning it."

"Yeah, yeah thanks," Sims muttered, leaving the office, his mind moving quickly.

FIVE

Hendrickson watched the second girl being brought back to her cell, watched her face and dishevelled clothes and hair, and the painful way she moved as she was shoved behind the bars. He was becoming increasingly worried, both for them and for himself.

Something was very wrong in this place. These guards were not any different than what he would probably expect, but they seemed to be even more undisciplined and unsupervised than usual, and if his suspicions were correct about what had happened to the two young women, then anything could happen.

The Russians had a streak of sadism running through their whole culture of course, it had not been at all suppressed by the authoritarian governments they had had, only institutionalized. That was supposed to be over now, but he knew it wasn't. Russian police and state security were notoriously corrupt and brutal.

Everyone knew that assaults against women, including rape and wife and child beating were rampant throughout Russia. Despite their ideals about equality, women were lowly second-class citizens here and could anticipate harsh treatment by the authorities should they run afoul of the law.

But these two weren't Russians, they were foreigners, what was more important, they were Americans. Even in the days of the Cold War their treatment, if indeed they had been physically harmed, would be considered astonishing.

These days it would be even more so, or... perhaps some kind of backlash, organized or not, against the government. These two were Jews, as well. Ill treatment at the hands of Russian Authorities would be a major story in the West.

Amy lay on her back on the small bunk staring up at the dull stone roof of her cell. Her arms were folded across her stomach, which still ached dully. She had never been punched in the stomach before, but it hadn't taken long to realize that she didn't like it very much.

Every sound from outside her cell made her blood pressure rise and her anxiety level peak, worried that it meant the guard was coming back for her. It wasn't so much the raping as the violence. Sex was just sex after all, but she had never been so, so... used, so degraded and violated. She shivered just thinking about it.

She couldn't even think about Sara, and what that huge monster had done to her. Sara was almost a virgin, and a comparative innocent on sexual matters. She knew though, that given a choice, she would prefer that Sara be taken again, rather than her, and cursed herself as selfish and cowardly because of it.

She slid a hand between the buttons of her shirt and gingerly felt the painful welt across her breast that the man's belt had left. She had never imagined anyone would ever do something like that to her, or that anything could be so painful.

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She slid her hand along the slightly raised portion of flesh, wincing slightly, especially when it went right over her nipple. Nipples were meant to be sucked and chewed and licked, not hit. She was bewildered by the man's actions.

A dull boom echoed down the hall as someone opened and closed the door at the far end of the hallway. Her pulse raced as she held her breath, watching the hall. Then a man walked past her cell, and despite her desperate desires, stopped before it and turned to gaze in at her.

Then he reached for the lock and thrust a key in it. There was a sharp click and the door pulled aside.

"Come with me," he said.

Amy looked at him with wide eyes. It wasn't the same guard, but from what had happened to Sara, they probably all were cruel monsters. She shook her head desperately and the man frowned.

"I said come!" He glared, his voice rising.

Amy slowly and reluctantly got off the bunk and warily approached him. He stood aside, glaring at her in annoyance and motioning her through the open cell door.

As she was pushing past him though he suddenly lunged forward, pinning her against the side of the door, grinning down at her as his hands slid up and down her upper arms.

"Pretty little Jew, aren't you?" he leered. She stared up at him, frightened and silent. His hands slid onto her breasts, cupping them carefully from beneath, as if weighing them. Then he squeezed them, his fingers digging into her sensitive flesh as he kneaded her mammaries.

"Don't worry little Jew. We won't mark up this pretty body... much... yet."

He laughed loudly then and let go of her, only to grab her by the back of the head, shoving her forward into the hall. He grabbed her arm and pushed her down the hallway, following closely behind.

They went through the door, then past the door of the little room she'd been taken to before. She began breathing again, hoping this would not be a repeat of the last incident. Maybe she would be taken to someone in authority and this would all be revealed as a terrible mistake.

Even if they did hate homosexuals and Jews they couldn't treat an American like this and get away with it. They just couldn't. She was confused by this, she had thought, and her teachers had all said, that things were different now and things like this didn't go on anymore.

Yet she felt like she was in some kind of Nazi prison, and that her very life might be in danger. Certainly these men she had seen so far had displayed nothing but disgust and hatred for her and Sara, with a complete lack of kindness or decency.

That none of the men she had seen so far were real police never entered her mind as she shuffled along down a second corridor and then through the open doorway of a wide room.

This room, like all the others was without any windows, the floor, walls and ceiling cold stone. The guard shoved her into the middle of the room. There was a long rectangular table there and three men were sitting behind it, all wearing suits and ties.

She stood nervously before the table as the guard came up behind her. She gazed hopefully at the men behind the table, but saw little in the way of compassion or sympathy on their faces.

The man on the left was perhaps thirty. He was thin and tall, his short dark hair greasily combed straight back. He had a high forehead, a thin, narrow nose, and cold, deeply set eyes.

The man on the right was younger, in his early twenties perhaps. He was husky, with a face slightly fat. His hair was a dirty blonde, cut in a sort of round bowl like way. He glared at her angrily through his blue eyes and flexed his wrists.

The man in the middle was bald and very strong looking. He had a thick chest and short, thick throat beneath his head. He looked to be about twenty-five. His skin was very white and it was obvious that his baldness was intentional rather than some sort of premature condition.

None of them looked at all friendly as they looked at her.

"Take off your clothes," the bald man said.

Amy gasped slightly, her breathing halted by the shock of the order. She looked around nervously, but saw only the three unrelenting pairs of eyes and the outline of the guard behind her.

"We will not ask again."

She coloured and her fingers trembled as she started to undo the buttons of her blouse. She was slow and clumsy as she fumbled with them and missed the bald man's nod at the guard behind her.

Suddenly the collar of her shirt was seized from behind and the guard ripped back and down, tearing the material apart. Amy staggered backwards as he ripped a thick strip right off her blouse, then roughly twisted her around and ripped the remaining portion right down her front, leaving her naked to the waist, save for her bra.

He reached forward and grabbed the thin bra between the cups, ripping it apart, then twisted her around again, so hard, her head twisted painfully. The bra was pulled back off her, letting the sitting men stare at her big bared breasts.

The guard worked quickly and efficiently. Before the stunned girl could even fully realize what had happened she was nude to the waist and he had jerked her around again and was pulling her pants down along with her panties.

He did not bend down to pull them off. When they were over her hips he simply ripped upward, pulling Amy's legs out from under her. She cried out in fear and shock as she dropped onto her back on the stone, her hands slapping against the floor to break her fall.

The guard jerked her pants and panties up around her ankles, which were up in the air near his waist now. He had to tear her shoes off before they would come off, but then she was naked, as the bald man had ordered. He let her feet fall, then reached down and pulled her up by the hair so she was standing before the table again, facing the three men.

The guard poked her in the ribs with a billy-club.

"Stand straight!" he hissed, "Back straight, shoulders in! Chest out!"

He poked her again, the rounded head of the club jabbing into the side of her right breast.

Amy whimpered, gasping in fear and pain and stood as straight as she could so he would stop jabbing her. She stood with her back straight, facing the three men behind the table, her skin flushing red with humiliation as they ogled her nudity.

The skinny man was stroking his chin as he smiled nastily. The thick man with the bowl haircut was still glaring at her. The bald man showed no expression. The guard stood back behind her as Amy stood there, trembling slightly, and waited for whatever they intended to do to her.

"You are a homosexual. Is that correct?" the bald man asked calmly.

Amy looked nervously at the three of them, and tried to see the guard from the corner of her eye.

"N... no," she whispered.

"Speak up," the bald man glared.

"No, sir," she squeaked.

"You have already admitted as much in earlier interrogation," the thin man snapped, his voice sharp.

"I... I was forced to," she protested.

"Back straight!" the guard snarled, jabbing her painfully hard in the small of the back with his club.

The thin man rose and picked up a file from the table. He walked around to stand in front of her, looking down disgustedly. He opened the file and pulled out a large black and white picture.

"Do you deny this?" he hissed.

Amy's eyes flicked to the picture, which showed her face between another woman's thighs. Her tongue out and licking at a glistening wet clitoris.

"I... I..."

"Or this?" he snapped, showing her a picture of her and Sara in a sixty-nine, their faces buried in each other's crotch.

"I... I did that... but..."

"But? What is but? You admit you are homosexual then."

"No! I'm not!"

The man ripped another picture from the file. In it, Sara was lying on her back on the bed, legs spread, back arched and a look of orgasmic pleasure on her face. Amy knelt between her legs, her face and fingers in her pussy.

"But... but we were just fooling around!" she protested. "I like boys! Really I do!"

"Whatever you say you like," the bald man said. "The fact is that you have committed a perverted, homosexual act, which is a criminal action in the Russian Republic."

The thin man walked back to the table and sat down again, his eyes full of loathing as he looked back at the naked teenager. The bald man sorted through some papers then looked back up at her.

"Who sent you here?"

"What?"

"You were sent here to infect our people with AIDS."

"I was not! I don't have AIDS!"

"All homosexuals are infected."

"That's not true! And anyway, I'm not a homosexual!"

The guard moved beside her and slammed the head of his club into her belly. Air whooshed out and she collapsed to her knees, clutching her stomach, bend over so her head almost touched the floor.

"We will not tolerate lies," the thin faced man said.

The guard gripped Amy's hair and dragged her back to her feet again.

"We have a clean society," the bald man said. "And you were sent here to infect it with your perversions and diseases. You will tell us who is behind this? Was it the CIA?"

"But... but I... I'm just here with my school," she whimpered, still clutching her belly as she looked back at them miserably.

"This is pointless," the blonde man said. "Jews are all notorious liars," he looked to the guard and motioned with his hand.

"Bind her," he said.

The guard seized her right hand and pulled it up above her head. She noticed then that there were chains dangling there above her, with thick round wrist cuffs at the end. He fitted one around her wrist and it locked in place. He pulled her left hand up and to one side and also fastened it in place.

He moved away then, over to a gear or lever on the wall and turned it. The chains rose higher, taking up the slack and forcing her hands high and wide to either side of her head. Amy moaned as they pinched into her wrists and forced her to stand up taller.

When she was forced to her toes, the guard stopped, then let out some of the chain until she was back flat on her feet, but just barely, and only if she kept them together and her back very, very straight. The guard walked up behind her again and Amy looked in terror at the men behind the table.

"We will have the truth from you, Jew," the thin faced man said, stroking his chin again as he sat back in his chair.

"But I'm telling you the truth!" Amy wailed.

"Jews don't know how to tell the truth," said the fat faced man. "They have to be taught."

She heard a whooshing sound, something like the sound that her skipping rope used to make when it moved through the air. Then there was a sudden hard impact against her back, something soft had hit her there. Then she shrieked in agony.

Despite it's softness, whatever hit her had torn into her back like a dozen knives, sending pain flaring through her like a burning nova. She jerked and twisted helplessly, her feet pawing at the floor as if she could run away from the burning pain.

She howled and sobbed, certain her entire back was cut to pieces and her head turned from side to side, frantic to see what the guard had, what he had hit her with, and what he was doing. She could see that he held a short black flog in his hand.

From a long, thick wooden handle dangled a foot long, bundle of leather strips. The bundle separated into a number of separate strands, each with a small knot on the end.

It was, though she had never seen one, and thus could not recognize it, a cat-o-nine-tails. It looked deceptively harmless. It was, as Amy now found out, intensely painful to those it touched. The guard raised it high again, smiling at the girl as she stared in shock.

Then he whipped it down against her back and Amy screamed in pain again. Fresh, burning, throbbing pain lashing her body. She pulled frantically at the cuffs above her, trying desperately to get away, pulling herself forward so her feet left the floor several times.

The whip came down again and again she howled and sobbed in agony, jerking and shaking in her place, held there by the harsh steel around her wrists, helpless to defend her soft, vulnerable body from the cruelties of the leather cat.

"Speak up, Jew. We can't hear you," the thin man said, his voice syrupy and faint as it came through the blurring, blinding pain racking her body.

Again the whip flashed down, cracking into her back with terrible energy, knocking the breath from her.

Again it fell against her shoulders and again she screamed, the pain now a constant burning of her entire back, interspersed with sudden sharp increases as the whip fell against her. The whip cut up her back, trickles of blood flowing down her white skin, sliding down between the round wide cheeks of her buttocks and down the crack to trickle along her thighs.

The whipping stopped and she stood there, more than half supported by the chains. Her head hung down, her chin on her chest and her eyes closed as she panted desperately, gulping in deep, shaky breaths of air. She heard and sensed movement behind her but couldn't care enough to raise her head to look.

Then there was a high pitched swishing of something else moving through the air and a sudden vicious biting impact across her two luscious buttocks. She screamed anew, jerking forward, running the bare inch she could before being hauled back by the chains.

She turned to stare wildly behind her and saw the guard holding a yard long cane, thin and flexible. He lashed out again, slashing across her right buttock, then her left, then across both of them. Each blow made Amy scream anew as intensely sharp pain burned into her behind.

She sobbed and wailed in misery and pain, unable to get away from the cruel men, unable to defend herself, and unable to stand the horrible pain being inflicted upon her body. She screamed, a harsh agonized, furious declaration of misery and agony.

Still the cane fell across her twin cheeks, again, and again, and again, each blow making a loud, meaty crack of noise in the big stone room. The three men behind the table watched, apparently with both interest and enjoyment, though she took little notice of them.

Finally the blows stopped and again she hung there, now totally supported by the chains, her body covered with sweat, dark red trickles of blood on her back and bottom, jaw hanging down slackly beneath her closed eyes.

"Have you decided to speak the truth, Jew?" the bald headed man asked.

Amy couldn't bring herself to answer. She didn't know what they wanted, didn't understand any of this.

She felt her ankles pried open, dropping her entire weight onto her wrists and arms, sending new pain into her shivering, trembling body. Cold steel was fastened around both ankles and then they were pulled wider and great pressure pulled them downward.

She groaned as her back was strained. The two chains on her ankles were pulling down hard against the pull of the chains on her wrists. Her body was spread-eagled, her feet only inches from the floor but unable to touch it because of the height of the chains above her.

"We will teach you how to speak the truth yet, Jew slut," The thin man said.

"Please," she begged. "P... Please."

The guard stood in front of her and then something sharp bit into her right nipple. She sobbed and screamed and opened her eyes to see a tiny metal jaw closed on the thin pink bud, sharp needle-like teeth biting into her sensitive flesh. A thin black wire was attached to the metal jaw and trailed away to a machine the guard had rolled up beside her.

Then he rolled her left nipple in his fingers as he grinned at her. He held another metal jaw and he closed it around the nipple and let it bit into her. Amy sobbed with pain, trying to jerk away but held immobile by the chains on her limbs.

He pulled another metal jaw over and opened and closed it several times in front of her face, then slid it down her body, over her breasts, down her belly and into her dark, sweat-matted pubic hair.

"Stop," the thin faced man said.

The guard looked around in surprise.

"Shave her first."

"Yes, sir," the guard grinned.

He put away the clamp and moved across the room, coming back with something else. Amy was so filled with pain she could barely concentrate on anything else and almost ignored what the guard and the men were saying and doing.

The guard began cropping her pussy hair with a pair of scissors but she ignored it because it didn't hurt. When he had cut it short, almost to the skin, he put down the scissors and clicked a buzzing electric razor on.

He slid it sharply along Amy's tender abdomen and down between her legs.

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She felt a rough rasping as it moved along her flesh and flinched away, but still was not concerned, grateful in a way, that though he was shaving her pussy, it wasn't causing her pain.

The razor slid down between her thighs, then up between her buttocks, and she jerked involuntarily as it pinched her flesh several times. Then the guard turned it off and stepped back. The three men looked at her bare pubic mound and nodded.

"Much better," the thin faced man said.

The guard retrieved his clamp and bent down between Amy's legs. His fat, pudgy fingers slid between her pussy lips and spread them, sliding up her slit to the top and searching for her clit.

He found it, shoving the folds of flesh aside as he pressed the sharp teeth of the clamp into the pink flesh and then closed them around her ultra-sensitive clitty.

Amy cried out in pain, her ass whipping in and out as she felt he teeth pinch her clit. The pain was excruciating and amy shook and twisted violently, nausea and agony ripping back and forth through her tormented mind.

"Oh God!" she cried. "OHhhhh PLeeeeaaaseee!"

"Uhhhhhhh!"

"When you decide to speak the truth we will release you," the bald man said.

Amy's face reflected the agony in her lower body as the pain only slowly began to fade. Her clit was pinched brutally between the sharp teeth of the clamp and she shivered and trembled in fear and misery.

"Now we will see if you can speak truthfully, or whether harsher methods must be undertaken."

Then there was a sharp machine noise, and the lights dimmed slightly.

Abruptly Amy's nipples caught fire and burned to a crisp... at least that's what it felt like.

Then the pain got worse.

She screamed, a loud, unending shriek of agony as the electricity burned into her full, fat mammaries. They jiggled and bounced and shook from the voltage ripping through them, voltage that quickly stabbed into her chest and up her arms to her hands, voltage that burned down the length of her belly and into her hips and down her legs.

She howled and shrieked as the guard turned up the power and her body began to shake even more. Her voice became a high-pitched warbling, an animal-like sound of agony as she thrashed and jerked helplessly.

The pain stopped suddenly, leaving snapping crackling nerve synapses behind. Amy continued to twitch and jerk as her muscles quivered with the aftereffects of the electric shock. Then her pussy exploded as the electricity shot into her from this new direction.

Electricity burned into her breasts again and the pain maddened girl jerked and twitched and convulsed before the watching men, dancing in her bonds as her body seemed to ripple and quiver like a live wire.

Amy's vision became a sparkling multi-colored display of lights that wove back and forth in front of her. Her hearing burned out and her senses overloaded under the constant barrage of pain. Her mouth opened wide, spit drooling out over her jaw as she grunted continuously, unable to draw enough breath to scream.

SIX

Sims followed Fraser as the man moved from store to store, apparently doing nothing more villainous than the weeks shopping. He'd been following Fraser for hours now, in the belief that the novice agent would be a lot dumber and easier to shadow than the more experienced Stone.

So far he'd learned nothing. He hunched down lower in the ugly little white Lada as Fraser came out of a liquor store with a bag, tossed it into his car and then drove off. He waited, keeping an eye on the blipping radio receiver just below the dashboard.

Using it was a little risky. The bug on Fraser's car was special and new. Instead of a steady signal, a signal that could be picked up by detectors, it kept silent most of the time. Every two minutes it sent a single pulse of noise that was so minor and so fast that it was beyond almost any detector's ability to pick up.

The signal was pulled in by the super-powerful receivers atop the

embassy building, shot upwards to a satellite, relayed to a processing system in Finland, then shot back up to the satellite, back to the embassy and then from there to the little grid-map on the box hanging below the dash.

It took a dozen different forms to requisition the use of these things but he'd been able to short circuit it all by calling his boss in Washington and telling him that he thought the local CIA were up to something that would give them a black eye for years to come if NSA could find out what it was.

He hadn't even had to describe his suspicions. His boss had fairly drooled over the phone at the prospect of carrying some embarrassing information into the White House and watching the CIA director squirm.

He started the car when Fraser was well out of sight and slowly followed him. The slowness of the signals meant he never knew where Fraser and his car were until two minutes later, but that was alright. Once he stopped, Sims would be able to find him and that was the important thing.

He was watching the box so closely, trying to figure out where Fraser was headed, that he didn't bother to look behind his own car. If he had, he would have noticed the blue sedan that kept a few car-lengths behind.

Behind the wheel of the sedan, Stone watched the Lada with a sigh of annoyance. It was obvious that Sims had decided to stick his preppy nose into his business. That he had a bug on Fraser's car was obvious too, though Fraser had checked with the detector beforehand.

He'd heard rumours of some kind of new, super-sophisticated NSA device that could outwit the sensors. If Sims was using one, he'd probably talked to somebody higher up already, which could mean that everything was screwed.

He could just run him off the road and kill him here. The man was obviously an amateur at this. But then he wouldn't know how much Sims knew or who he'd talked to, and that was important, very important.

The Lada slid to a halt across the street from their phoney police station and Stone halted a block behind, shaking his head in disgust. Sims obviously had to die. He didn't regret that. It wouldn't be the first time he'd had to kill one of his own for the greater good.

It was too bad though that he'd have to burn Fraser too, but somebody would have to take the blame. NSA would never in a million years believe in an accident, not after Sims had already told them that he was after some CIA guys.

He was hoping, almost willing to bet, that Sims hadn't told them who. If he had then he was fucked, but if he hadn't then Fraser could go down for the killing. He'd have to find another apprentice to help out with the dirty work on the next job.

Ahead of him Sims stepped out of the car, holding his hands together by his waist. There was something in them but he couldn't tell what. Casually, the NSA agent moved from side to side, then crossed the street, walking along the sidewalk until he was in front of the garage door.

He stopped then briefly, then continued on. Stone sighed and slumped back in his seat, wondering if he was wasting his time. Maybe it was pointless to fight for freedom. Maybe he should just let the fuckin' commies win and then become a hermit on some South Pacific island.

Amy was grovelling on the floor. Her breasts hung down beneath her like a cow's udder and swung back and forth every time she moved. She sobbed and whimpered as she ran her tongue back and forth around the guard's boot heel, licking frantically as she sniffled and gulped in fear.

She would do anything, anything at all to keep from being hung up again, to keep from feeling those terrible burning shocks in her body. She had no pride left and no spirit. All she wanted was for the pain to go away.

The guard shoved her back, his foot pressing flat on her face and then pushing so she flew back and onto her back on the stone. She lay there, cowering in fear as he walked backwards, then quickly rose to her knees and turned around to face the table at an order.

"You are starting to learn, Jewess," the thin man said. "Show us how you play with yourself now. Show us how you fondle your body."

Amy panted as she looked back at him in confusion.

"Lay on your back, spread your pretty legs and abuse yourself, masturbate so we can see how Jew perverts do it," the man sneered.

Amy hesitated, some small vestige of dignity manifesting itself.

"Or we can put you back on the chains and see how you like the higher settings of Comrade Woklarn's little machine."

She gave a wrenching sob and fell back onto her back, pulling her knees up and back and jamming her hands in her crotch. She began hastily rubbing her

hand over her pussy, rubbing furiously as she stared upward at the three watching men.

She pushed a finger into her slit, shoving it deep into her pussy-hole and pumping it in and out. She searched out her clitty, her burned, frazzled, half numbed clitty, still sparkling with remembrance of the electricity that had tortured it, and began to roll it between her fingers.

Her legs fell wide apart as she continued to rub herself, sliding a hand up her belly and onto her pain-filled left breast, rolling the big malleable flesh sack around and around, squashing it, playing with her nipples, doing everything she knew how to, to make the men think that she was obeying them.

She had no falsehood left, no ability to mislead them about a single thing. Already she had confessed her darkest fantasies, told them everything about every sexual act she had ever done, including when she had first started to masturbate and how she did it.

She ground her groin up at her rubbing, pumping fingers, working desperately to avoid any renewed torture. Her eyes were wide and her chest continued to heave as she breathed quickly in her fear. Her body continued to sweat profusely.

She grunted low in her throat as she worked on her body, manipulating her breasts and groin to please her jailers. She was not really capable of much thought. If she was, she might have wondered just what kind of a prison this could be that such things went on, that such people would do things like this to her.

Not capable of any really rational thinking however, she merely responded to their orders, hoping desperately to please them. When one of the men threw down a long, dark leather thing that landed on her belly, she seized it because she thought she should and looked at a long, fat dildo.

"Use it," the bald man said, his voice husky.

She responded immediately, holding it by the bottom and then pushing the rounded head, shaped like a cock-head, against her slit. She pushed down, trying to ease it into her pussy.

She might have been surprised at how easily it pushed into her sex, at the wetness there, and the openness, she might have been but wasn't. The dildo pushed her pubic-lips taut but slid into her without any difficulty.

She pushed it deeper and deeper into her body, knowing instinctively that the men would not be satisfied until the thing was fully embedded in her pink flesh. She didn't care, as long as it wasn't painful, she didn't care about anything. Memories of her agonizing torture under the electric wires haunted her every breath.

She drove the thing deep into her sex, sliding inch after inch up into her tormented orifice as the men watched in approval. She pushed it as deep as she could and still several inches remained. She pulled back and pushed harder, grunting with the effort, both hands on the tool.

She fucked herself with it, pumping vigorously, trying to work it in deeper, afraid that every passing second brought her close to that terrible pain the men wielded. Then she shoved hard, winced and gave a painful hiss as she rammed it fully into her vagina.

It practically disappeared inside her belly, leaving only barely enough of it's length for her to hang on to. She slid it back out, and then began stroking it back and forth with long, deep thrusting motions. It became fairly easy and she congratulated herself, for anything without pain was to be considered a good thing.

She could fuck it into her with only one hand now and did so, sliding the other back up her body to her fat, swollen breasts again. Her fingers spread wide, seeking to encompass the entirety of her left breast, but couldn't achieve that, the closed, digging into her breast meat, squeezing deep furrows in the tender, gelatinous flesh.

Her body burned again, but not like before, now it felt good. She didn't understand it, didn't even think about it. She just kept doing what she was doing, kept rubbing her thumb over her clit, kept grinding her hips around in slow circles, kept sliding the long, rubber fucking tool in and out of her pink, satiny pussy tunnel.

She stroked and teased her nipples, sighing in pleasure as the hard little buds sent jangling sensations of warm pleasure into her big mammaries. She fucked the dildo in and out of her pussy, pressing upward against her clit and groaning in happiness as her groin began to boil with delight.

Her head rolled from side to side on the cold floor, her mouth open wide and little coos and groans and grunts coming from her sensuous lips. The men

watched her body humping upwards onto the dildo, and their own organs rose in their pants.

She pumped the thing into her slit with greater and greater force, grunting with effort as her belly heated up and her thighs ground against the floor. She spread her legs wider, jamming the thing into her cunt like a jackhammer.

"Ooooo... Oooohhhhhh... Oooohhhhhh... Aaaahhhh...," she groaned. "OOooohhhhhh!!!"

The men felt the pressure of their cocks against their pants as they watched the sluttish Jew jerking off with the black dildo. Their eyes were glued to the sight of the black tube sliding in and out of the Jew's cunt, watching the slick rubber appearing, then disappearing, watching her pussy lips pulled out then pushed back in.

They hardly looked up when another guard brought the other Jew in.

Sara lay on her bunk, gripped by misery for a long time after they took Amy away. She tried to ignore any thoughts of what they were doing to her, tried to focus on the day, which couldn't surely be long, when the two of them would be free and could go home.

She didn't know how long had passed and still Amy didn't return. Then the big hairy guard who had raped her came over and stopped in front of her cell. She tried not to look up, tried to ignore him, but finally had to turn her timid eyes up to meet his lust filled ones.

He opened the door and smiled cruelly.

"Come with me and I will take you to be with your friend," he said.

Sara slowly got to her feet, wincing as her clothes shifted against the painful bruises, and scrapes on her body. She followed him down the hallway and through the door at the end, then down another hall to another door.

He moved up behind her, fondled her buttocks as she stood trembling in front of a door and then pushed it open, shoving her through. She was in a large room, all stone like everything else here. She walked forward at the guard's prodding and realized there were others here.

She saw a table with three men behind it, all dressed in suits, all looking down at the floor before them. She couldn't see what was there, but could see another guard, standing near the desk, also looking downwards. She was shoved forward, going around a small pile of boxes and then stopped as if shot.

Not ten feet away, Amy lay naked on her back on the floor, her chest heaving, her legs wide, and a look of indescribable ecstasy on her face as she fucked herself with a big black dildo. Sara stared in utter shock and incomprehension as her friend's back arched and she moaned loudly, jamming the dildo deeply into her pussy.

Her entire body shook and trembled violently, and she seemed to go into convulsions right there on the floor in front of everyone. Her eyes were closed tightly and her lips pulled back as she ground her teeth together.

Sara couldn't believe her eyes as she watched her friend's nude body writhing across the floor, and heard her moans and soft grunts and cries, the same sounds she'd heard when the two of them had been together in bed.

Before she even knew what was going on, the guard was popping her buttons open and pulling her shirt open. She grabbed at his wrists only to be sharply cuffed in the side of the head. She dropped her hands to her side with a groan and let the man pull off her shirt and bra, then skim her pants and panties down her legs and pull them off with her shoes.

Now she was as naked as the still wriggling, squirming girl on the floor. The guard led her over towards Amy and the frightened girl found herself standing nearly above her friend.

She noted with shock that Amy's orgiastic delirium was real and not an acting job. She also noticed her pussy was now bald, and her little slit was damp and glistening wet around the dildo pumping in and out between the two pink lips.

"Shave her as well," one of the men sitting at the table said, as if reading her mind. Sara stared at him in shock, flabbergasted at the scene she was involved in. The guard pushed her roughly back onto a table until she was lying down with her bottom on the edge.

He made her spread her legs and then began to clip her pussy hair with scissors. Sara gaped down at him, her eyes darting between him and the still madly convulsing blonde girl on the floor. Amy seemed to have come through her orgasm, but was continuing to masturbate with the dildo, and seemed to be working her way upwards again.

The man finished with the scissors, leaving only a small light growth of brown hair behind. He then attacked her pussy with a harshly buzzing shaver and began to scrape off even this bit of hair. Within minutes she was as bald as she'd been ten years ago.

Then she was dragged over onto the floor directly in front of Amy and forced to her hands and knees.

"We wish you to recreate the act you did in your hotel room two days ago," a bald man behind the table said.

"No!" Sara cried, jumping to her feet. The bald man raised an eyebrow and the thin man beside him let a slow smirk appear on his face.

"These Jews always have to be taught to obey," he said.

"I don't think we need to teach this one," another man said. "The first one knows. She can show us."

"True," the bald man said. He gestured to the guard.

"Put her back on her hands and knees and see that she stays there."

The man immediately pulled the legs out from under Sara and she crashed to her knees painfully, yelping as they hit the stone floor. He slammed a hard wooden club against the floor near her hands and grabbed her hair, twisting her head to one side as he knelt beside her.

"You move and I'll shove this down your fucking throat, Jew!" he snarled.

She stayed in place, trembling, staring down at the floor as he ordered. He and the other guard lifted Amy to her feet but she couldn't stand up.

She looked around, bewildered, as they led her over to Sara. They dropped her onto her knees behind her friend as one of them fixed a belt around her waist and slid a strap down between her pussy lips, up between her round buttocks and snapped it into place behind her.

He produced another dildo and fixed it into place down on the strap right over her clitty, then he put one hand on her ass, and another on the dildo, pushing her forward as he directed the tip of the dildo against Sara's sex.

Sara closed her eyes and moaned, shivering in the cold and shaking with fear as the two men stood and knelt behind her, placing Amy in position. She didn't know Amy had the dildo on her hips now or what was happening, but knew it wouldn't be nice.

Then she felt the rounded plastic push against her cunt and pry her pussy lips apart as it forced its way inside. She caught her breath, shaking and trembling, little tears starting to come from her eyes as the dildo penetrated deeper into her body.

They placed the beleaguered Amy's hands on Sara's hips and shoved her forward until the dildo was several inches deep in the quivering girl. Then one of them gripped the back of the belt around her and began to jerk her back and forward.

The base of the dildo ground back and forth against Amy's clitty at the movement and the dazed girl moaned and started humping herself. They moved away then and Amy took up the pumping on her own.

She held Sara's hips for balance as she slowly began to push her hips in and out, jabbing her clit against the base of the dildo as she slid it back and forth in Sara's pussy hole.

Her head dropped forward and rolled slowly from side to side as she smiled dreamily. Her hands slid up and down Sara's flanks, squeezing her buttocks as she worked the dildo in and out of the girl's bald shaved pussy hole.

She watched Sara's bare slit with a kind of child-like rapture, eyeing the dildo as it slid in and out. She bucked her hips harder, delighting in the feelings produced by the base of the dildo rubbing against her clitty.

Most of her thinking processes were disrupted and she had little intelligence left to work with, only instincts, and her instincts told her to pump harder. She did, shoving the dildo deep into Sara's belly as the other girl groaned helplessly.

She began to fuck her with harder and faster strokes, rutting herself against the dildo as she fucked Sara. Sara knelt there in misery, feeling both mortified and betrayed, wondering what was wrong with Amy that she could do something like this in front of all these men.

She closed her eyes and tried to pretend she wasn't here, though that was hard with Amy fucking the dildo into her pink pussy-tunnel with greater and greater force. She grunted with each impact as the round head of the hard rubber

dildo smashed deep into her sex-pipe.

Amy's hands slid up and down her back and she moaned dazedly, pumping deep into her girlfriend and sliding her hands down onto Sara's small hanging breasts. She squeezed them, sliding her fingers through the soft flesh and playing with the sharp little nipples.

She sighed in pleasure, half falling across Sara's back, rubbing her own big breasts against the soft skin of Sara's back. She slid her arms around Sara's belly, locking them tightly beneath her as she buried the hard rubber fucking instrument deep inside Sara's fuck-box and then ground her hips from side to side against Sara's buttocks.

"Saaaaarraaaaaa," she whispered, fondling her friend's breasts.

"Saaaarraaaaaa."

She humped into her, feeling her own sexual arousal deepening. It took more and more possession of her body, making her more and more excited. She straightened up, her hands gripping Sara's hips as she began to fuck her friend with hard blinding fast strokes.

She grunted, drooling and panting, her eyes closed as she rutted desperately, trying to relieve the intensely powerful sensations of need in her lower belly.

Sara whimpered and shook, afraid to do anything to stop the disgusting display she and Amy were putting on for the watching men. She could feel the hard rubber prick rodding back and forth inside her, could feel the harsh impact against her cervix and the rasping as the shaft slid between her tight pussy lips.

She had never dreamed that anything like this could happen to her and hadn't the faintest idea of how to respond. She continued to kneel there as Amy pounded the dildo into her belly, sliding it in and out with enthusiastic glee. She could hear her friend's harsh breathing and grunts of pleasure.

Then she jerked in shock as Amy screamed loudly, slamming the dildo fully into her pussy and then grinding herself against Sara's bottom. Her scream was one of intense pleasure, of ecstasy, and even through her misery and her hatred, both at her attackers and at Amy, Sara envied her.

The men watched the curly haired blonde pump the dildo in and out of the small brunette, watched with sneering disgust and intense longing. They watched her frantic churning hips as she climbed to the peak of another orgasm and shuddered through it.

Then they watched as the orgasm subsided and the exhausted disoriented girl dropped her head forward bonelessly and stilled. She continued to kneel behind her friend, the dildo almost completely buried in the other girl's pit keeping her from falling.

Her hands hung at her sides and her shoulders slumped. She didn't move except for her rising and falling chest and the twitch that made her hips jerk forward or back every few seconds.

The big bald man rose from behind the table and walked around to the front, followed by the other two. The bald man shrugged out of his uniform and stood there naked, his powerful, muscular body looking like it was sculpted.

He moved forward and then gripped the blonde by the hair and flung her brutally backwards. She flew back a dozen feet and landed on her back, groaning in pain and confusion. Then he knelt behind the brunette, his own massive organ erect and ready.

One of the guards moved to Amy. He slid the straps off and flung the dildo away, then he and the second guard picked her up and dragged the nearly senseless girl across to the far wall. They shoved her hard against the wall, stretching her arms straight out to either side and locking them into steel cuffs set there.

Amy's fat breasts, hot and swollen with intense desire, were mashed against the cold stone as she was flattened there. There was a wide steel strut affixed to the wall by a hinge. It was rounded and one of the guards pulled it forward until it cinched tightly against Amy's buttocks, pinning her to the wall as he clipped it into place.

A long thick dildo made of steel was affixed to the strut, pointing straight upwards. It too was on a hinge and the guard smiled as he placed his hand on it and turned it downward. It pulled down until the rounded head was pointing at the floor, then he pushed it further around, turning the head upwards until it pointed at the wall, then upwards further until the head touched Amy's sex.

He shoved hard and it pulled outward, jamming up against Amy's anus. She

moaned and whimpered as it forced its way into her rectum. The guard began turning a screw at the base and it slowly moved higher and higher and higher up into her anus.

When all twelve inches of the thick round metal cock were up inside Amy's anus, he locked everything in place and threw a switch on the wall. The dildo began to warm as electricity flowed through it, then it began to get hot.

A dozen feet away, the big bald man began pushing his cock into the small brunette girl's bald puffy red pussy opening as Amy slowly went mad.

SEVEN

Sims knew that whatever Stone and Fraser were up to, it was inside that building. He knew also that it involved the local equivalent of Nazis, and just maybe those two Jewish girls who'd disappeared.

The crisis that could be created by the mistreatment of teenage American girls, especially Jews, by Russians, especially if they were supposed to be part of the officialdom somehow, would be enormous. He had no doubt that what Stone planned was for the girls to be mistreated by people that were supposed to be Russian police.

How great the mistreatment would be, and how Stone intended to disguise the punks he was using as police, was something Sims didn't know yet. In fact, the whole thing was pure supposition.

All he was certain of, verifiably able to prove, was that neither Stone nor Fraser was on any kind of officially sanctioned operation, that both were involved with a criminal and racist person or group and that something was happening in a building that his computer told him was a storehouse.

It was only his own intuition and suspicions, brought about because he had found out the man they were working with had a violent hatred against Jews at the same time he learned the two girls were missing.

The girls had been missing since yesterday morning though, and could not be in the hands of any of the authorities. It made sense then that they'd fallen afoul of some sort of criminals. Anti-Semites were as likely as anyone and he simply didn't believe in coincidence.

Still, what he needed, for his boss to use it against the Agency, was hard evidence, and that was something he had little of. He needed to get into that building. There was a knock at his door and he looked up in irritation.

He rose and walked over to the door.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"It's Jack Stone."

He blinked in surprise, then slowly opened the door.

"Well. This is a surprise, Jack."

"I'm sure it is. Can I come in?"

"I suppose so." He stood to one side and watched Stone carefully as he moved past him. He just caught a motion out of the corner of his eye in time to throw up his arm and block a vicious punch. He kicked out instinctively and was gratified to feel his foot connect with someone and hear a gasp of pain.

He backed into the room, until he felt the cold barrel of a gun pressing into his back. He turned to see Stone smiling at him as he held a silencer equipped automatic.

Behind him, three dirty looking Russians moved through the doorway, one of them bent over and clutching his groin. They glared at him in dislike as Stone motioned him towards a chair.

"What is this, Stone?" he asked, warily.

"I think you know, Sims. Sit down."

He sat, eyeing the four of them carefully.

"These dummies here, don't speak a word of English," Stone grinned, motioning at the others with his gun. "So you can talk freely."

"What do you want, Stone?"

"I want to know who you've been talking to, sonny boy. I want to know who you've been telling tales to and what you've been saying."

"Fuck off."

"Now that's no way to be talking to a senior assistant station chief."

"You're an asshole and you won't be anything more than a janitor when I'm through with you."

"You're through now, sunshine." Stone glared. "You ain't gonna be telling anything more to anybody."

"They'll fry you."

"Maybe, maybe not. That's what I'm gonna find out."

"Not from me."

"Oh yes I will. You see these guys here?" he motioned at the Russians.

"They hate Americans and all westerners. They particularly hate Jews. And as far as they're concerned, you're a Jewish agent for Mossad who's spying on both the Americans and the Russians. They'll tear you apart if I let them."

"You think you can blame that on the Russian government, like those two teenage girls?"

Stone laughed and said something to the Russians, who also laughed. Sims wished he spoke Russian.

"Those two little pussies are too busy getting the shit fucked out of them to care much about anything else." Stone leered. "When I'm done with you, me and Fraser are gonna go back there and enjoy them a little before they die."

"You're going to kill them? They're not much more than kids, for God's sake!"

"They ain't kids, not from what I seen, buddy boy. Anyway, sacrifices have to be made. There are a lot more kids who will die in slavery if we don't save ourselves from the weak-kneed liberals who are trying to disarm our country."

"And you think you can convince people that the Russians molested and murdered them?"

"I think so, yeah, and as for you, well, I can take care of that too, but first..." He turned to the Russians and said something.

It was fortunate that Sims was a paranoid. Most of the NSA agents who'd been issued guns put them in a closet or on a back shelf when they came home. Sims didn't. He stuffed his between the cushion and the side of the chair, the one he usually watched TV from, the one he was sitting in right now.

As Stone turned, Sims pulled the automatic out from the chair and shot him twice in the side of the chest, throwing him backwards. The trio of Russians yelled and pulled guns from their coats. Sims shot one before Stone had hit the floor, then dove behind the couch.

The other two began shooting wildly and Sims rolled around to one side and fired several times towards one of the Russians, knocking him into the other one. Then he dove down a corridor to his bedroom. Bullets ripped into the plaster above his head as he crawled through into his bedroom and slammed the door shut. He checked the clip, only two bullets left. And none in here. He raced to the window, shoved it open and jumped through onto the fire escape.

The door crashed open and one of the Russians ran through, turning quickly and firing towards him. He ducked down as bullets slammed into the frame and out into the night. He half-ran, half-jumped down the fire escape as the Russian poked his head and chest out of the window and fired after him.

Fortunately his gun was either cheap, or not well maintained. It jammed. Sims reached the bottom and ran around the corner to his car. By the time the Russians reached the corner he was speeding around the corner.

He heaved a sigh of relief and tried to figure out what to do now. Stone was likely dead, that left Fraser. Fraser was an idiot. He wouldn't do anything without Stone. That left the Russian wild bunch, maniacs and punks mostly.

If he was going to save those two girls, presuming they were still alive, he'd have to act fast. The punks would probably kill them soon. He stopped at a phone booth to call Phil, then drove quickly across town to the building he thought the girls were being held at.

Sara opened her mouth wide and her breath hissed in as the bald man's thick penis stabbed into her velvety soft pink pussy box. Her soft flesh was forced aside as his hard cock pushed down into the slit and slid remorselessly up into her body.

The other four men stood around and watched as the bald man buried his staff in her pussy. His hands were big and hard and rough and she winced as they rasped harshly across her flesh. He impaled her on his prick, then began to roughly fuck into her.

Sara grit her teeth as the swollen purple cock pumped back and forth in her abdomen, roughly stroking the soft pink flesh of her fuck-tunnel. His pubic hair felt wiry and harsh against her now bald pussy mound as he ground his loins against her.

He kned her legs wider and stuffed his cock down into her slit, thrusting madly as he squeezed his fingers around her hips. He cursed gutturally as he drove his foot long cock deep into the slim young girl's tender sex.

The men watching smiled and nudged each other, making sly comments on

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the bald man's abilities. The muscular bald man growled and fucked harder, driving his cock furiously into Sara's small pink tunnel, ripping it in and out as his powerful body slammed into hers again and again.

His huge hands gripped her legs above the knees and jerked them up and apart. He held them wide and dangling apart as he threw his hips forward, pounding his organ into Sara's defenceless sex hole. She cried out with pain, her pussy bruised and abused by the brutal power and speed of the bald man's fuck strokes.

Her crotch burned and rippled with pain, hot acid pain that seeped into her belly and turned her guts to boiling jelly as his giant cock-spear churned them into a frothing stew.

Then the thin man stepped forward, dropping his pants. He gripped Sara by her long brown hair and hauled her upper body upwards. She screamed, her hands jumping up to his wrists as she tried to support herself and take the weight off her hair.

He promptly stuffed his erection into her wide open mouth, grunting with pleasure as his cock slammed against the back of her mouth and slid into her throat.

Sara's body bowed backwards, supported by her hands held tightly around his wrists and the bald man's hands on her legs, digging harshly into her flesh. She was impaled on the two large cocks, and thrown wildly back and forth as the two men rutted into her.

All the while the room was filled with Amy's screams and anguished howls and shrieks as her insides burned and sizzled. Her face and chest were scoured and abraded as she ground herself maniacally against the harsh stone walls, trying mindlessly to escape the powerful jolting force of electricity eating its way through her rectum.

Her rounded buttocks were squashed flat against her by the steel strut, yet the steel was only six inches wide and her ample flesh bulged out from above and below. Her flesh jiggled and bounced as she threw herself against the wall in madness. Her knees and feet were bruised and bloodied and her breasts scraped from side to side, crushed between the stone and her ribs.

Gradually her screams diminished, replaced by miserable warbling moans and sobs and whimpers. Her head fell forward against the wall, then fell backwards to hang slackly for a while, shaking and quivering from time to time as did her body.

The size of the big dildo stopped hurting her anus after it had adjusted and her body slowly began to adjust to the power coursing through it. She sighed and air whistled between her teeth as her head fell forward against the wall again.

She kind of slumped, even though the dildo then prodded harder against her. She simply had no strength left to stand and was supported by her hands and the big dildo impaling her. She didn't move for a while, looking unconscious, then suddenly she gave a gasp and her body lurched sharply.

Her head fell back slightly, then forward again. Again she didn't move, then suddenly her body began twitching, then shuddering, then shaking furiously. A long agonized moan escaped her lips and she slowly drew her head up and then back.

Her head fell far back, her crushed titties scraping upwards along the stone as she arched her back. An orgasm ripped through her mindless body, sending arching spasms of mixed pain and pleasure surging through her.

It ended and she slumped forward again, but still trembled. After more minutes passed, she began to tremble more violently. Again her back bent and her head fell back. Her eyes were wide open and staring as she grunted repeatedly, her body assaulted by another tremendous climax.

The others ignored the shaking quivering blonde, too busy with the brunette. The two men had grown tired of supporting her weight and she knelt now, in the traditional pose of the she-bitch, on all fours, her back arched, her legs spread.

The bald man fucked into her with fast smooth strokes, his cock-head pistoning quickly from the deepest recesses of her fuck-box to the entrance of her pussy and back again. In front of her knelt the thin man, his cock also pumped in and out of her with long even strokes.

His cock was not nearly as massive as the bald man, nor even the hairy man, the guard who stood now and watched with an evil smile. It was however, very, very long. His prick-head plunged deep into her throat, moving down into her chest with each stroke.

His pubic bone and belly hammered repeatedly into Sara's small, delicate

face, crushing her nose and flesh as he pumped happily away. Both his hands were entangled in her hair, which he had drawn up into a tight bunch above her head.

He parted her straight hair then, forming two thick braids which he used to tug on her, rather like a man riding a horse. He pulled her this way and that, grinding his cock into her face and throat as he sighed and groaned with pleasure.

The bald man watched her deeply parted buttocks, examining his thick purplish cock as it slid back and forth between her tight pink pussy lips. One of his hands rested on her back as he humped casually. The other slid down beneath her and fondled her pussy.

He searched for her clitty and jammed his finger against it, making her gurgle a protest around the cock of the thin man face-fucking her. He shoved her clitty up against his rasping cock, holding it there as he fucked into her.

It wasn't that he wanted to give her pleasure. That would be ludicrous for he hated her as he hated all Jews. Fucking her was different, though, it was beyond the cultural hatreds that inhabited him. The age old lust and pride of the male took over and he wanted to demonstrate his superiority, both to her and the watching men.

He wanted to make her... to MAKE her cum, despite her wishes and will, to MAKE her orgasm in response to his all-powerful cock tool. He had little regard for any woman, especially a Jewess, and lived to degrade and use them, to show them how weak and inferior they were.

Even now, he could hear the blonde whining like a she-cat in heat, grunting and mooing like a cow or pig as she came repeatedly on the steel tool up her asshole. He wanted to show this one now, this one who had looked at them with disgust when she'd arrived, who obviously thought she was better than they, better than he.

He fucked into her steadily, suppressing his own needs, sliding his cock purposefully downward so it would massage her clitoris, so it would ride against it as he pushed up on the little love-button. His other hand slid beneath her chest, finding her left breast.

He stroked and massaged it, fingering the nipple gently until it was forced erect. He turned to her other breast, manipulating it with great dexterity as the thing swayed and swung back and forth.

The thin man gasped and came, pouring his semen down into her throat, filling her belly with his hot salty bubbling sperm. He slowly pulled the long, snake-like length of his cock out of her face and moved back. The bald man held up his hand at the others, signalling for them to stay away as he manipulated the girl.

"I will show you all just how weak the Jews are," he hissed, working his cock into the tiny brunette.

Sara's eyes were dulled slits and her hair hung down around her face in thick clumps and tangles, almost totally covering her face. Her head hung down lower and lower as her weakness became greater and her arms gradually bent at the elbow until her face and shoulders rested on the floor.

The bald man continued to pump into her tight fleecy pussy tunnel, rubbing her clit from side to side as he pushed it against his rasping cock. Her body knew what it liked, even if her mind didn't, and began to respond.

Sara felt it, and recognized it in a dazed fashion. She tried to clamp down on the sensations but her mind was too flustered and confused, too frightened and miserable and dazed. Her pussy burned with a higher and higher flame.

Sudden sharp ripples of pleasure shot from her pussy up along her spine to her brain, making her body jerk and spasm. Her eyes closed and her jaw clenched as she tried to fight the pleasure. Her hands tugged at her tangled hair, as she sobbed in denial.

But the bald man had fucked man girls, and many of them against their will. He knew his way around a woman's body, knew what to touch and how. At one time, before the end of the Cold War, he had been with the KGB. It had been his job to seduce foreign tourists and diplomats and have sex with them while hidden cameras watched.

He had been specially trained to give women pleasure, to make them want him so badly they would betray their countries for more of his wonderful pounding sex. Women of all ages had fallen for his muscular good looks and talented sex.

Ambassadors' wives, secretaries, young lonely female diplomats and attaches, visiting scientists and politicians, tourists and school-girls. He'd had them all and dominated them all, and now his talents had been cast off by

the government.

But he had learned during that time just how weak the female body was, and had been warped in a way, his opinion of women going down further with each new conquest. That there were pretty young Soviet women who likewise seduced men was not something he thought about.

Had he his way, not just Jewesses, but all women, at least the attractive ones, would be chained and naked, available for any man's use from puberty until they grew fat or old.

He lunged into the girl before him, demonstrating his superiority, showing her, and the others just how cheap and slutty females were, and how utterly helpless and defenceless before a man's plunging organ.

And Sara, the former strong-willed Jewish American Princess, beaten and hungry and cold and miserable and frightened, could not resist. The burning in her groin spread into her belly and down into her chest and brain.

She began to tremble and shake, her body lurching from side to side, her head rolling against her hands in denial. Then it happened. They all saw it and all recognized it. Her bottom, upturned and shaking slightly from his blows, suddenly humped back, forcing her sex back onto his impaling penis.

They sighed in appreciation of the bald man's skill, while Sara whimpered in denial, trying harder still to hold herself aloft. Yet again it happened, this time with more force. Her body began to tremble and shiver and her crotch was obviously now glistening with wetness.

She humped back as the bald man slowed his strokes. He pumped ever so slowly, making her sob with nearly painful need. Her bottom humped back against him faster and faster until she was rutting back like an animal, sliding her moist pink pussy-lips downwards along his shaft until she could feel his cock-head bashing against her cervix.

She grunted and groaned and gasped harshly, rising off the floor until she was on hands and knees once more. Her ass grinded in fast circles as she humped back against him, grinding herself, rutting, fucking herself back on the meaty cock that she now needed above everything else.

"Uh! Uh! Uh! Uh! Uh! Uh! Uh! Uh!..." she grunted, each time her pubic-lips slapped against his belly. The bald man held still, arms folded across his chest as he looked up at the four men watching and smiled condescendingly.

Then he took the gasping, grunting girl's waist between his hands and began to hammer his prick into her pussy with hard, brutal strokes. She grunted louder, her grunts interspersed with gasps and moans and sighs of pleasure.

Then she shook all over, her head lashing from side to side as she held her breath. Her body spasmed and exploded, enormous rippling bolts of sexual ecstasy slashing back and forth through her mind and body.

She could feel her body turning inside out, her skin opening and her insides spraying outward. Her guts boiled and her limbs jerked. Her eyes and teeth closed tightly and her entire groin sizzled and crackled with terrible fiery climaxes.

Her blood roared in her ears, thundering through her veins as her entire frame rocked and swayed in time to the pummelling beat of the massive organ slicing through her fuck-tunnel. Her tits swelled and hardened, her tiny nipples sharpening into hard little pencil points.

Behind her, the bald man drove his glistening fuck-pole into her pink slit with savage glee, pounding into her so hard the watchers wondered her bones weren't broken. Then he forced his cock deep into her body, his hands on her hips jamming her back against him.

The watchers could see nothing, but as his lips drew back into a snarling grimace, they could almost hear the gushing white semen spewing into the teenager's belly, flooding her sex and spurting into her womb.

The bald man drew back, sliding his softening prong from between her wet lips. The girl sagged, her knees sliding apart, her trembling arms sinking until she was flat on the floor, panting with exertion and coated in sweat.

The husky man, the one with the round hairdo, dropped his pants and moved towards the girl. In the background, the blonde continued to grunt and groan and strain at her bonds.

EIGHT

Stone cursed again as he felt his sore ribs. People had kidded him in

the past for always wearing a bullet-proof vest, but he didn't believe in taking chances. He turned the wheel hard over and the Chevy raced around a corner, spraying mud up into a passing woman's face.

Now everything was fucked up. He had to get to the girls fast, take care of them and Fraser. Then it would be his word against Sims. Sims probably thought he was dead. So much the better. Maybe he could still figure a way to take Sims out. Maybe he could still pull this operation back from the brink of disaster.

He pulled up in front of the building and got out of the car, glancing around quickly, but not seeing anybody. He hurried across to the door, hammered on it, and was let inside by a surprised Russian.

"Where are the two Jews?" he demanded.

"They are both in, uh... interrogation, Comrade," the old man said, hesitantly.

"Be careful. There may be an attack by leftists at any moment," Stone told him.

"I will be watchful, Comrade," the old man cried, patting the ancient revolver in his belt.

Stone moved past him, detouring around the temporary cell block they'd made and hurrying down a side hall to the free rooms where the other Russians were probably "interrogating" the girls.

He looked through the doorway and, as expected, spotted both girls naked. One was on her back, her ankles shoved back beside her ears as Johann, the idiot peasant from Siberia raped her. The other one was pinned against the wall, shivering and shaking in apparent pain.

He hurried into the room, not caring if the girls saw him since they wouldn't be living much longer anyway. The men, except for Johann, looked at him inquisitively as he rushed in.

"We haven't much time," he said. "I think the authorities are going to be coming here soon. We have to get rid of these two quickly and begone."

"How much time do we have?" one asked.

"Not that long, but, I think long enough." he glanced down at Johann, still pumping his pud into the all-but-unconscious girl's pussy.

"Are they ready?"

"Well, Comrade." Kreslov shifted uncomfortably. "The other one is, I think, but this one has few marks on her yet."

"What is the matter with you people?" Stone grated. "You were supposed to leave visible signs of torture on them!"

"We did... on that one anyway." Kreslov pointed at the blonde. Stone could see the cuts across her back and behind from whip marks. He walked over to her and stood behind her, gazing more closely. Then he turned off the power and she collapsed unconscious. He quickly unscrewed the dildo, jerking the lever so it slid down and out of her. Then he pulled the steel lever open that pinned her to the wall.

She hung there in the steel cuffs. He undid them and let her fall to the ground on her back, then bent and looked at her front. There were little reddened marks around her nipple, indicating burns. Her breasts, belly and thighs were bruised and scraped. He nodded his head in satisfaction.

In another day the bruises would be much more colourful. Unfortunately, they didn't have the time. He stood up and walked back to the group. Johann was still using the brunette. He grabbed Johann by the hair and pulled him off, then looked down at the girl as her legs fell back to the floor.

"Her front is nearly unmarked!" he exclaimed. "Position her! Quickly!"

He helped drag Sara beneath the chains, then yanked up on one ankle, half lifting her into the air. Johan grabbed the other ankle, and they locked them into the two shackles, letting her dangle freely.

"Higher!"

One of the men hurriedly raised the chains, which pulled the girl's ankles further and further apart. When she was high enough for comfort Stone swung the Cat across her breasts and she screamed in pain, thrashing and jerking in mid-air.

"Hurry up," he snarled.

Johann picked up a crop while the other men all picked up whips and lashes, and they began to rain blows down on the thrashing, screaming, sobbing girl.

Stone felt his own cock twitch, despite the urgency of the situation, as the lash slashed across the girl's breasts, then overhand, straight down between her legs. The other crops and lashes whipped at thighs and pussy, buttocks and

back, breasts and shoulders in a mad flurry.

Stone glowered hatefully at the girl, even as her pale flesh began to darken, as criss-crossing welts and lines of fiery pain began to stand out all across her body.

There were the teeth he'd intended to pull, the nails to tear off, the nipples to cut off and breasts to stab through. But nooooo, that asshole Sims had had to stick his nose into things and deprive the operation of the full degree of effect on a shocked world.

He'd wanted them to be so badly mauled that even the liberals in the agency and media would be enraged at the sight of their pathetic dead bodies.

He'd given orders that their faces not be marked. He'd wanted the sweet young faces to show what had been, along with the mutilated bodies to show what they'd been through. Now he would have to settle for bruises and minor cuts and scrapes.

Fetisov and Kreslov swung their arms eagerly, their whips cracking across her body, each with a strong arm working with great enthusiasm. Still, the whips were meant for pain, not disfigurement, and he had no time for them to work.

He halted them and pulled out a razor knife he kept in his pocket, opening it with a click. He sliced a shallow line along her belly, leaving a vertical line of dark blood. The girl sobbed dazedly but was no longer in any position to fight or even scream.

He slid it from left to right, leaving a horizontal line, then sliced several more times, each time leaving a thin, essentially harmless, but gruesome looking cut. He slashed higher, slicing the blade across her right breast, then her left, then her right again.

Soon thin trickles of blood covered her chest and belly. He stepped back and shook his head in disgust. It looked clumsy, not like the careful, professional torture he'd wanted. It would have to do though. He didn't have much time.

The Russians normally executed their prisoners with a single bullet in the head, but he'd wanted something less clinical. There was, he thought, still time for that at least.

Sims car pulled up in front of the building and he waited, checking his watch carefully. There didn't look like there was anything going on inside, but how could anybody tell? He kept looking up and down the street, waiting for Phil and his Russian cops to arrive.

Finally, he saw a line of cars move down the street. He got out of his car and waved his arm in the air, signalling them. The cars pulled over to the side and Phil, another man in a suit, and half a dozen Russian cops got out.

"This the place?" Phil asked.

"Yeah," Phil spoke to the man beside him in Russian and the man nodded.

"How do you want to do this?" Sims asked.

"It's their show," he nodded at the man beside him.

"Inspector Gorbiev and his men will raid the building. You and I are only observers. Anyone inside will be arrested by them if they find evidence of criminal activity."

"What if Fraser's there?"

"He has diplomatic immunity, remember? He goes with us."

Sims nodded.

"Am I late?" Fraser asked in Russian, hurrying into the room. His eyes widened as he saw the naked girls, then his lip curled in some distaste at the blood running down Sara's body.

"You asshole! Where the fuck have you been?" Stone demanded.

"I had to do some work at the office," Fraser protested.

"We haven't got much time. Sims knows everything. We have to get these two bitches out of here fast."

"I thought we were gonna torture them and then kill them here."

"We don't have the time for a good job."

"Where are we going to take them?" Fraser asked, watching as the blond girl was carried towards the door by two of the Russians.

The brunette was also dragged forward then, little drops of blood sliding down onto the floor.

"I'm going to take one to the Vestanya police station and toss her in the garbage bin in back. You take one south to the outskirts of the city and bury her, but not deeply. Make sure a hand is left sticking up and make sure

it's in a semi-public area so she'll be found within a day or so."

"Uh... Okay Sir."

"Make sure you kill her first, boy." Stone grinned. Fraser flushed and glared at him, but quickly dropped his eyes.

Fraser hurried after the Russians as they moved down the hallway. Suddenly Stone stopped, his hand grabbing the Russian ahead of him.

"We forgot Hendrickson!" he snarled.

"We can let him escape," The man volunteered.

"He's hardly seen much at all yet, damn it to hell!"

He thought furiously, then turned to Kreslov.

"Take him towards the back door. Make up some excuse, then leave him alone there for a few minutes. We'll take one of the bitches into that small dark room behind where the kitchens were and execute her there. Make sure she makes lots of noise so he looks in through that window there."

"Sounds good," Johann said, bobbing his head obediently.

"Then move your ass!" Stone growled.

Johann hurried off with the smaller girl and Stone turned to Fraser.

"Take the one with the big tits out in the Lada. Make sure you're not followed and kill her. Meet me at the safe-house."

"Yes Sir." Fraser hurried off, the two Russians carrying the girl following. Kreslov gave Stone a bemused look and then went down towards the cells. Stone moved off towards the kitchens.

Fraser got into the front seat, adjusting the blanket over the unmoving, bound body of the blonde girl. He nodded at one of the Russians, a tall skinny fellow and the man pulled down on the chain that opened the garage door.

The door opened and suddenly Fraser looked out onto a sea of faces, many of them wearing uniforms. He stomped on the gas, cursing wildly as the two Russians began to shoot. The men in front of him dove to either side, bringing up guns and firing back.

He raced past them and out into the street, turning the wheel sharply and spinning sideways before the wheels caught. He stepped on the gas again and rocketed down the street. The tires squealed as he rounded a corner.

Hendrickson looked around worriedly as the big guard shoved him into the room. He was worried that whatever fate had befallen the girls, possibly torture, might now be his. The guard suddenly looked at his watch and cursed low, then gave Hendrickson an evil look.

"Stay here. Don't move," he snarled.

Then he turned and walked back through the door, leaving him alone. He stood there uncertainly. There was nothing to look at. He was in a large empty, stone-walled room with no windows. Besides the door he'd just come through there was another door, this one with a small window at eye level.

He thought he heard sounds coming from the other side of the door, but couldn't be sure. Then the noise got louder and he thought he recognized a female tone to it. Perhaps it was one of the girls! He looked back at the door the guard had left by, then slowly edged towards the other one.

He peeked in through the window and his eyes opened wide in shock. It was one of the girls, the smaller brunette. She was naked! Blood from numerous cuts was smeared over her body and her head hung nearly slack as if she were only semi-conscious.

Two men stood behind her, seemingly holding her up. He didn't see her hands, they were behind her, probably cuffed or tied.

"About time you took a look, you dumb fuck!" Stone hissed to himself as he saw Hendrickson peeking through the window.

"All right, throw the rope up," he said to the Russian with him

The man tossed a thick rope up over a pipe near the ceiling. It went over and fell back down, the end now obviously tied into a noose. He slid the noose around the girl's throat and pulled it tight as she stood swaying from side to side.

Suddenly he heard the sound of gunfire. He looked up quickly, then exchanged a quick look with the Russian.

"Shit!" he said.

He pulled on the rope, moving towards the wall where a vertical pipe stuck out. The rope took up the slack and then was pulled tight around the brunette's throat. He pulled, straining against her weight, hauling her to her toes, then up into the air.

John Argus - Russian Rape - (Story En).txt

He hurriedly slid the rope around the pole several times, then ran towards the door. Behind him, the girl twitched and jerked, swaying on the end of the rope as her air was cut off. Her hands jerked spastically against the rope binding them and her feet kicked out feebly.

He and the Russian rammed the door open, throwing Hendrickson backwards. The Swiss man flew into a wall and fell to the floor as they jumped past and went out the other door. Hendrickson got up slowly, looking after them in astonishment. Then his eyes turned back to the room they'd emerged from.

He ran forward, ripping the door open and racing into the other room. He stared in appalled shock at the sight of the girl, hanging still from the end of the rope, turning slightly. He ran over to the pipe that held the end of the rope and quickly undid it, letting the girl drop to the ground.

He dropped to his knees beside her, pulling the noose open, then pulled her head back and bent, his lips going over hers. He began to give her mouth to mouth resuscitation, praying he could revive her. At first there was no response, but then she coughed, then started to breath on her own.

Stone raced through the narrow corridors, hearing gunfire from all directions. The Russian in front of him stopped so suddenly, he nearly ran him down. Instead he jumped back and to one side as the man brought his gun up and started firing straight ahead.

There was return fire and the man's back suddenly turned red as he flew backwards and landed on the floor, eyes open wide. Stone saw a Russian cop ahead and shot three times, each bullet hitting the man in the centre of the chest.

The cop fell backwards and Stone raced ahead, leaping his prone body. In mid-leap a bullet hit him directly between the eyes. He fell forward onto his face, unmoving.

Two men walked up to him, both wearing cheap suits. One turned him over while the other stood above, looking down calmly.

"Well comrade. I'm afraid I must protest. This man has diplomatic immunity," Phil said.

"I apologise," Inspector Gorbi ev sighed, shrugging. "You can have him then."

"I should think so. Now I wonder where the other one went to."

Fraser drove quickly, turning corners so sharply he almost lost an axle on the deeply pitted roadsides. After a few minutes though, he was sure he hadn't been followed. He eased up on the speed, then began to breath again.

He hoped Stone had gotten out safely. How the hell had the Russians found out anyway? He glanced into the back seat. The blanket covering the girl didn't move. He kept driving, eventually moving into an industrial area that was completely deserted.

He drove into a darkened parking lot and parked at the back, then got out. He opened the rear door, shoved aside the blanket and slowly dragged the girl out until she was propped against the side of the car, her eyes blinking slightly.

His eyes slid up and down her lush body and he shook his head with a sigh. "What a fuckin' waste of pussy!" he sighed. He cupped her right breast and squeezed it, sighing again at the softness and warmth. Oh he'd kill her, alright. But he had a couple of minutes yet. Didn't he?

He pushed her back against the car, his head turning, lowering to her breast. He seized her nipple between his lips and began sucking on it. His tongue ran across the big brown bud, slurping happily as both hands squeezed her mammaries tightly.

He slid one hand around behind her and clutched her soft round bottom, his fingers digging into the flesh as they opened and closed repeatedly.

"Wha... whaaaat...," the girl moaned.

"Shut up, slut!" he hissed.

He rose erect and dragged her forward along the car, then turned her and threw her forward across the hood. He kicked her legs apart as he undid his zipper and pulled out his hard erection.

"Bet you'll like this, baby. Pay attention now. It's your last fuck."

He pointed his cock at her bare little slit and then pushed forward. He made contact, and groaned as his cock began to sink slowly in between those puffy little lips. He felt her moistness, her heat as his shaft sank deeper and felt her elastic cunt walls close around his cock.

"OOOHHHHH Yeahhhh! Hot little pussy! Tight little slut!" he groaned, stuffing his cock, balls-deep inside her.

John Argus - Russian Rape - (Story En).txt

He ground his hip in circles, twisting his cock around inside her belly as she moaned and sighed softly. Then he slid it back out half way, then thrust forward again.

His hands slapped at her buttocks, squeezing and kneading them furiously as he fucked into her exultantly. He groaned and grunted with pleasure, humping his cock back and forth in her bare pussy. Then he pulled out and turned her over, shoving her back on her back on the hood so he could suck on her big breasts.

He shoved her knees apart and thrust into her again, bringing a grunt and a sigh from the girl. He began to fuck her again, even harder than before, but slowed down as he bent forward across her body and took her big left breast into his mouth.

He sucked and bit deeply, groaning and almost weeping with delight as he ground his bloated cock into the girl's pussy. An idea suddenly shot into his head, an idea that almost made him cum right there. He could fuck her in the ass!

He'd always wanted to fuck a girl in the ass, but could seldom work up the courage to ask and never managed to get one to agree. He giggled, staring down at the girl's young and voluptuous body, knowing she was totally his to do with as he wanted.

He grabbed her by the thigh and slid her around onto her belly again, bringing a groan of protest from her lips. He gazed down at her beautiful bottom for a moment, just admiring it. His cock was trembling and pulsing between his legs as he grabbed it and pointed the tip at the little crinkled hole.

Then he applied pressure. The hole resisted valiantly, for a few moments, then his cock began to sink into her. He couldn't believe how tight she was! He pushed harder, making the girl grunt with pain, but he didn't care about her.

He watched his cock slowly sinking into her rectal opening. Into her asshole! He gasped with delight, feeling her tight body sucking and squeezing on his prick as he fed more and more meat into the girl's tunnel. He buried his cock in her, not stopping until his balls rested against her buttocks.

"Oh what a waste, what a waste, what a waste!" he groaned, beginning to pump.

His cock slowly began to work up to speed, sliding back and forth inside the girl's rectum. Fraser marvelled at the wonderful feeling, groaning loudly as his cock spat out thick goey wads of cum. He was so excited that it couldn't soften.

He kept pumping, his cock swelling even more as he fucked with harder, deeper strokes. His mind began to darken, resenting all the women who'd refused to take his cock up their asses. Well, from now on he wasn't going to take now for an answer. He wasn't even going to ask!

He thought of all the pretty little teenagers there were wandering around Moscow and how easy it would be to lure on into his car by waving a few dollars. Yes, he thought, I could do it easily, stick it up their asses and watch them squirm. What could they do, complain to the incompetent Moscow cops? The cops would probably do them too!

He slammed his cock into the blond with savage strength, making her grunt and groan with each powerful thrust, wanting to hurt her, wanting to hear her cry out.

"Take it slut! Take it up your ass! You bitches think you're so good!" he hissed.

He groaned as his excitement mounted. He fucked harder and faster, his body beginning to shiver and tremble as he neared the ultimate cum, the best cum he had ever had, the great cum that he knew would be his from now on.

Just as he slammed his cock fully into her ass, burying it as he waited for his sperm to gush, there was a crack of noise behind him, a sound like a firecracker. He felt a sudden terrible pain his back and then the pain spread. His cum, so near, so very near began to fade.

"Noooooo!" he cried.

Then his legs gave way and he fell back, dropping to his knees, then onto his back on the cold concrete.

Sims moved slowly up and stood over the body, shaking his head and sighing. He looked at the girl draped across the Lada and then glared down at the dead man at his feet.

"Why is the world so full of punk?" he asked himself.

John Argus - Russian Rape - (Story En).txt

The bruises were painful, but it was all the nasty looking cuts across her breast and belly that really upset Sara. Happily, the blade had been sharp and the cuts thin and shallow. They faded away into nothingness as did the bruises and scrapes.

Amy's whip marks also disappeared, and within a few weeks there was no visible sign of the trauma they'd gone through. They spent those weeks, and several more besides, as guests of the Russian government.

The official story, put out only because of what Hendrickson had seen, was that a group of Russian racists, and two visiting members of the American Nazi party who had been trying to organize them, had conspired to use the two to harm relations between the two countries.

It was reasonably plausible, and accepted by almost everyone. Both girls were glad to find out that it was only a group of nuts, now all dead in a police shootout, that had harmed them and not the Russian government.

They received an all expense paid, VIP tour of Russia once they were better, and gradually their terrible torment was put behind them. Only Amy showed any real signs of the ordeal, and they didn't emerge until later, after they went home.

She fantasized about sex, as always, but now in her imagination there were huge thick cocks pumping her anus. And on each of her dates thereafter a delighted boy found the ultimate peak of pleasure that had eluded Fraser, with their cocks spurting their seed into Amy's tight, sucking asshole while she quivered against the ropes circling her wrists and ankles.