

# *The German Countess*

A photograph of two women in a dark room. One woman, wearing a leopard-print top and a black skirt, stands over another woman who is lying on her back on a patterned rug. The woman on the floor is nude. The scene is lit with dramatic, low-key lighting.

**by Argus**

## THE GERMAN COUNTESS BY ARGUS

### ONE

Devon consulted the guide book again, but couldn't find anything that described the giant dilapidated building across the street.

Oh well, she thought. Just because it's old, doesn't mean it's important. She looked around her, then frowned in irritation, her brow furrowing above her thin rimless glasses.

She turned her head from side to side, sighing in exasperation and shaking her head. Why she had been partnered with Amber Collins was beyond her understanding. Well, no, actually she understood it perfectly. Mr. Simms was hoping she'd keep the little idiot out of trouble, or at least, keep her from getting lost.

She walked back along the street, glancing into the store windows she passed. Amber was about as far from her idea of good company as she could imagine. The girl cared nothing for culture or history, spending all her time ogling men and waving her barely covered behind in their faces.

Devon spotted her just then, the long brown hair almost covering her face from this angle, as she leaned over a low fence and talked with a man seated at an outdoor café. Her bright orange mini-skirt pulled up as she bent

over, giving the passing men and motorists a glimpse of buttocks only slightly covered by a tiny black thong.

Devon pursed her lips in disgust and marched across the street to her. She could hear Amber's high pitched giggle long before she came near. Amber was trying to talk with the man, who apparently didn't speak English. She was trying to make up for that by talking louder and more slowly.

"Amber!" she snapped.

Amber turned around, her wide, bright blue eyes blinking uncertainly. Then a smile came over her face. "Devon! I'm so glad you're here. Can you tell me what he's saying?"

"Ignore her. She's an imbecile," Devon said to the man, pulling Amber away by the arm.

"But Devooooon!"

"We're supposed to be at the hotel by noon."

"Oh, poooh!" she whined, her pretty, round face frowning, her lower lip coming out in a pout.

Devon led her along, ignoring the appreciative stares of the men they passed.

Amber liked to display herself, and she had a lot to display. Her long legs and the tiny mini attracted the attention of everyone behind her. Her large, round breasts, only slightly clad in the thin silk halter, bounced within her light lacy bra.

Devon thought she could actually see men's eyes bobbing up and down as they followed their movements. The girl's big nipples pressed firmly through the fabric and her smooth belly and little button peaked out from beneath the short shirt.

Amber was a walking wet dream, and knew it. Devon could hardly begrudge the girl the body she possessed, nor blame her for the drooling imbeciles who fawned over her. She did wish the brunette would display a little less pride of ownership, though.

The girl was almost a cinché, a big breasted nympho with few, if any brains. Devon was just glad she wasn't a blonde, like Devon was. It was hard enough being taken seriously as a woman, especially a blonde woman, without having someone like Amber around to confirm men's idiotic fantasies. Devon might not possess that body, but she wouldn't trade with Amber if it meant lowering her IQ a hundred points to Amber's level.

She herself was dressed with considerably more decency and modesty, wearing a pair of loose black pants, a white shirt and a green vest. They made a very odd couple walking down the street. Devon's straight backed, confident stride, alongside the small brunette's swinging sashay.

There was a whistle from off to their left and Amber's eyes lit up as she peeked over Devon's body to find the source. She giggled, her breasts bouncing up and down. Devon growled low in her throat and pulled the girl along.

"Will you come on!" she snapped, jerking her forward. Amber sighed in disappointment, her eyes blinking sadly as she looked at Devon. Devon shook her head again, feeling like she was beating a puppy. Maybe you are jealous, she thought.

It wasn't that she was ugly. She was, even in her own cautious opinion, rather pretty. Her hair, a very light blonde, was shoulder length and almost straight, parted on the left. She had a slim oval face, with a small mouth and light green eyes. One of her boyfriends had described them as intensely sensual. She'd been flattered, even though she knew it was a line.

Her body was like her face, slim, but well made and healthy. It was rounded in all the right places, though not so generously as Amber's. Her breasts were not large, but neither were they small. In fact, though only a thirty-four-C, she could look somewhat busty if she wanted, on account of her thin frame.

She glanced down at Amber's fat rounded melons and couldn't help grin. No, she wouldn't trade for that body, no matter how attractive men found it. How did the girl walk around without falling forward? Her own breasts were more than adequate.

Amber looked up at her, her lower lip still stuck out. It was hard to stay

mad at Amber. The girl was not a bad sort really. Far from it. She was one of life's true innocents. Devon had never heard her say a bad thing about anyone. When someone yelled at her, she simply pouted, her eyes downcast. When insulted, if she realized she'd been insulted, she didn't respond.

There wasn't much that made her angry, other than people telling "fibs" or being cruel to animals or children. She really was a nice person, though not too bright. The fact that she slept with anyone who asked her was more as a result of her generous spirit than any obsession with sex.

"Are you mad at me, Devon?"

"No, Amber. I'm not mad at you," Devon groaned.

"You look mad."

"I'm not, okay?"

"Okay." The girl instantly brightened up. How she was going to survive life was beyond Devon.

Then Amber inhaled deeply and Devon laughed to herself.

"What's funny?"

"Nothing."

She could put up with Amber for a little while. This was her senior year. Next year she was off to U.C.L.A., and she was sure there wouldn't be anyone quite like Amber there. Sluts would be around of course, but none with her almost childlike innocence.

They arrived back at the old hotel in time and went up to their room to change. Devon didn't really need to change, but the hotel was a high class one and Mr. Simms had advised Amber to wear more discrete clothes to dinners.

Once in their room, Amber pulled her shirt up and tossed it on her bed, then unbuttoned her big bra and slid her skirt off. She bent over, sliding her thong down with her hands, and stood up naked, totally unconscious of it, or of Devon's presence.

Amber was someone who had adapted easily to Europe's rather blasé attitude to nudity at the beaches. She was never embarrassed about anything, so why should she be embarrassed about her body? She hurried across the

room to the closet, her breasts jiggling up and down as Devon watched, arms folded.

"What should I wear?" she asked.

"Anything that covers you up, Amber, and hurry up."

Amber sighed, searching through the closet and finally pulling down a dress that extended almost to her knees. It was the most modest thing she had. She started to pull it on.

"Your bra, Amber," Devon sighed.

"Oh, yeah," the girl giggled. She moved over to the dresser, her large brown nipples hardening in the cool, air-conditioned air. She bent over to fetch out a new pair of panties and a bra, giving a disinterested Devon a sight of her meaty round buttocks and the thin fringe of brown hair between her legs.

On their first night together in the room, Amber had suggested pushing

the beds together.

"Why?" Devon had asked, confused.

"So we can sleep together, silly."

"Huh?"

"Don't you want to have sex?"

"NO!"

"Oh?" Amber seemed surprised. "Oh, well, Okay." She had shrugged in disappointment and masturbated under the covers every night before going to sleep.

Devon had come to realize then where her reputation had come from. Amber simply liked people, and liked to be liked back. Kissing and having sex was just a nicer way of expressing those feelings to the girl, whether with girls or guys. She didn't knowingly flirt, doing it entirely unconsciously.

If you told Amber she should be more modest about people seeing her body, or that she should restrict herself when it came to sex, she would look back in total confusion and ask why. She saw nothing at all wrong with sex. To her it was fun, not something to be done secretly and keep hidden.

Devon had almost been tempted, the first few nights that she had heard Amber sighing and moaning with pleasure from the other bed. She had never had a gay relationship before, and was somewhat curious. Still, she'd barely waded into the sexual waters with men. She didn't think she was ready to start experimenting with women, especially not a blabbermouth like Amber.

"Look over there."

Freda looked up from the menu to see Franz staring across the room. She turned her head and followed his gaze, her eyes narrowing slightly as two young women entered the dining room. One was of normal build, with a lovely oval face and blonde hair. The other was a short, buxom brunette, whose face bore a bright and foolish expression.

"Americans?"

"I'd bet on it," she replied.

"What do you think?"

"They would do nicely, especially the blonde."

"I would have thought the brunette."

"Because of her big chest? Oh, she would be popular, no doubt, but the blonde, now there is something to be excited over. Look at the way she walks, look at her eyes."

The two watched the pair sit at a table with a number of other young people

"She is obviously bright, and looks it."

"Because of the glasses?" Franz sniffed.

"No. There is intelligence in her face. She looks self confident. Many of our... clients would enjoy beating that out of her, seeing it as female arrogance."

"Her body is good, athletic looking," Franz said.

"Yes. Yes. I think those two would do very nicely indeed."

"How do you want to proceed?"

"You go for the brunette. I shall take little miss green eyes myself."

"There will be trouble if Americans go missing."

"There is nothing to link us to them," she replied, coolly, her eyes boring into him.

He looked away. Freda had the eyes to make a man shake and feel tremors on his spine. He had been working for her for several years now, and still did not understand her. He did, however, fear her, and her cruelties.

As near adults, they had the evenings pretty much to themselves, providing they returned to the hotel by eleven. Devon, Amber, and two other girls found a nightclub and began dancing and partying shortly after dinner.

Devon was a little uncomfortable with it all, and was prodded by Kelly and Susan several times to lighten up. She didn't like that expression. She sipped carefully on her drink and looked at Amber, dancing wildly on the dance floor.

Now she was lightened up plenty. The brunette was having a great time, dancing with almost everyone in the place. Devon had been more selective. Amber simply didn't seem to restrict herself at all. She didn't seem to be able to recognize the obvious wolves like the others did, but then, since she didn't care who she slept with, Devon supposed it didn't matter.

"All alone?"

Devon looked across the table to find a tall, sleek looking blonde woman of about thirty, smiling down at her.

"Uh, no, I'm with friends." She nodded at the half full glasses around the table.

"But you have a spare chair. Would you mind if I joined you briefly? My legs are tired and all the tables are full."

"Sure." Devon shrugged, fighting to keep her voice steady.

The woman was easily six feet tall, with a full, yet graceful body. She had extremely short blonde hair, obviously dyed. Her face was attractive, almost sculpted in its Germanic lines. Her eyes were strong and sharp, and made Devon feel nervous and awkward.

"Thank you so much." The woman's accent was light, her English very good. "My name is Freda." She offered her hand across the table.

"Uh, I'm Devon."

"How do you do?" Her voice was deep, and strong.

Devon smiled and looked away.

"You are American, no?"

"Yes."

"Ah. I thought as much. I can always tell. A word of warning, my dear. Many of the men here are not interested in anything more than an overnight dalliance."

"Yes, I know."

"Though, that does not seem to bother your young friend." She looked over at Amber, cavorting with a tall, dark haired man ten years her senior.

The man's hand was firmly on Amber's behind as they danced.

"Amber's... well. She's okay," Devon shrugged.

"Are you enjoying your visit to Germany?"

"Yes. Very much."

"Goot. We are very proud of our nation." She lit a cigarette and drew in a deep breath, then blew a series of smoke rings to the ceiling.

Freda proved extremely friendly to all of them, making jokes and listening with interest to everything they said. Amber was the only one of the four that didn't feel awkward around the sophisticated woman. Even the men that danced with her had a look of near awe on their faces.

Kelly and Sue left around ten, but Amber stayed on. She was talking with Freda about Germanic history and finding herself extremely interested in the woman's intelligent opinions and information. She was reluctant to leave her and go back to the dull hotel.

As it turned out though, Freda was from out of town, and also staying at the Reichouse. It was a terrific coincidence. Though, actually, as she pointed out to Devon, the Reichouse was very close to the nightclub, so it wasn't all that much of a coincidence.

The three of them walked back together, Freda and Devon earnestly discussing the migratory patterns of the early Germanic tribes, while Amber played with her hair.

They checked in with Simms, then went up to their room. Freda then pointed out that she had a suite, and since they were in the hotel, they didn't have to stay in their room. So they followed Freda to her luxurious suite, where Devon and she continued their discussion.

Amber wandered around the place, then found the TV in the bedroom and disappeared. The two blondes continued talking, the conversation turning more to modern things, such as school, travel, and boys. Like the other European girls she'd met, Freda was very frank and open about sex, causing Devon to blush more than once with her blunt language.

Around twelve, Freda excused herself, and went down the hall to the bathroom. Devon continued sipping on her drink. After several minutes had passed, she began to wonder what the woman was doing. It was after midnight and she and Amber had to be up fairly early.

She waited several more minutes, fidgeting, then got up and wandered down the hall. She found the bathroom empty, and frowned in confusion. She knocked lightly on a door, then pushed it open. It was a bedroom, and it too was empty.

She moved across the little hall and knocked on another door, then pushed it open. Her eyes widened in shock as she saw Amber spread out on the bed, completely naked. The brunette was moaning and trembling and jerking her hips up into Freda's face as the German woman slurped away at the brunette's groin.

Devon was riveted in place, totally stunned by the sight. Freda was naked as well, her body sleek and strong looking, muscles rippling along her

flank and arms as she knelt between Amber's legs. Her large breasts hung beneath her, brushing the covers as she worked on the little brunette.

She apparently knew what she was doing. Amber was writhing on the bed, her back arching, her big meaty breasts swollen with excitement and pushed outward. Her body shuddered and trembled as she came, moaning and grunting with pleasure.

Freda slid up Amber's body, kissing her flesh tenderly. She reached the brunette's boobs and started squeezing and suckling the fat brown nipples, then moved higher. Her back was to the door and Devon as she squatted above Amber's face.

Amber's hands came up and cupped the firm round buttocks above her as her face pressed upward into the blonde woman's sex. Soon Freda was sighing with pleasure and grinding her pussy up and down on Amber's face.

It was an intensely erotic sight, the two of them silhouetted in the weak light from the table lamp, their bodies shining with perspiration as they moved together. Amber's legs were towards the door, spread wide. Devon could see right into her pink furrowed sex, and see the wetness glistening there.

She pulled the door shut and hurried across the room, opening the door to the hall and then storming down to the elevator and back to her room. Her mind was in chaos. How could an intelligent, sophisticated woman like Freda leave a conversation to go to the bathroom, then wind up naked in bed with that brainless little slut?

What was wrong with the world?! She flung her vest against the wall, cursing at Amber as she stripped for bed. She cursed the older woman as well, and Europeans and Germans in general. None of them had any class at all, she thought angrily.

She lay in bed, trying without success to sleep, and refusing to touch herself despite the arousal between her legs. It was hours later when an exhausted Amber finally staggered through the door and all but collapsed on her bed.

Amber simply didn't understand her hostility the next morning.

"Why are you mad at me?" she asked, bewildered.

"Oh, just forget it! You're such a stupid little whore, Amber!"

"I am not!" the brunette cried, stamping her foot.

"Is there anyone you won't go to bed with?"

"Why shouldn't I have sex with Freda?"

Devon stared at her in frustration.

"You could have too. She said you were very pretty."

"I wouldn't want to!"

"Well, you could have if you wanted to. She likes you."

"I could care less."

"I thought you liked her."

"Well, I don't anymore."

"I don't understand you, Devon." Amber sighed. "Just because she had

sex with me? You could have had sex with her, or me. I'll sleep with you now if you want."

"You're disgusting!"

"Oh forget it!"

"Anyway, it turns out that Freda lives in a castle."

"Sure."

"She does. She lives in a castle in Rolburghe, where we're going next."

"Wonderful."

"She invited you and me to stay there."

"Forget it. You go."

"Ahhh. Don't be like that," Amber pouted.

"Will you leave me alone. You can fuck whoever you want, but I have higher standards!"

They arrived in Rolburghe mid-morning and fanned out to see the historic sites. For the first time, Amber wanted to see something, an old café

that dated back to the twelfth century. She claimed to have heard of it from someone.

Devon, over her anger, allowed herself to be led for once. They sat down at a low table in the café, which was snug and colourful. The waitress brought them soft drinks and Amber looked around expectantly.

"Well, hello. I'm glad you both got here."

Devon looked up to see Freda smiling at them. She sat down at their table and brushed cheeks with Amber before smiling at Devon and holding out her hand.

Devon took it and shook unhappily.

"You must allow me to show you around my little town."

"Sure," Amber squeaked.

"Uh, well..."

"Oh, come now, Devon. Who knows it better than a native? I'll bring you up to my castle. There are antiques there dating to the tenth century, when it was the seat of government."

"Really?" Devon found herself interested.

"Oh yes." She leaned forward to whisper. "And no guards to keep you from touching them." She smiled conspiratorially.

"Neat!" Amber said.

"Well, I suppose it would be pretty... neat," Devon smiled. Who was she to judge the sexual mores of a sophisticated woman like Freda? After all, the woman hadn't come onto her, and even if she had, well, she tolerated it in Amber. Freda was not at all like Amber though, she reminded herself. The woman was almost predatory, with the feline eyes of a hunting cat.

They got the grand tour, sipping cokes as they wandered through the stone walled rooms and corridors. Freda acted as tour guide, pointing out the things of greater interest, including a sword that had been used to cut off one of the former residents' head.

Devon found her skin tingling strangely as they walked along. Her

stomach fluttered and she almost banged into walls several times. She felt hot, despite the coolness in the castle, and opened her shirt a button, fanning herself.

She was finding it difficult to concentrate on what Freda was saying, finding herself getting distracted by all manner of things, from cobwebs to the heels of Freda's shoes.

"Why don't you two stay with me while you're in town?" Freda asked.

"Oh, could we?" Amber clapped her hands in excitement.

"Certainly. It would be my pleasure."

"I don't know if Mr. Simms will let us though."

"I will talk to Mr. Simms. He will agree. After all, it will save him the hotel fare."

"That's true."

Devon didn't respond, being completely fascinated with a bug crawling across the window. She and Amber were given large adjoining rooms, both of which had immense four poster beds. She was glad to fall into hers shortly after dusk, being exhausted.

Amber slept in her flannel pyjamas, as usual. They had been a present from her mother, who had no idea that her daughter was sexually active, let alone how active. Amber wore them unless it was too hot, partly out of guilt for not telling her parents about herself, and partly because she could press the fabric against her pussy and bring herself off better.

She was feeling a little muddled for some reason, but was not surprised when Freda opened her door and walked in shortly after she'd gone to bed. Freda was wearing a long, sheer nightie as she walked up to the bed.

"Would you like some company, dear?"

"Oh sure," Amber smiled, opening the sheets to let the older woman into bed. She missed the glint in the woman's eyes as the blonde pulled her nightie up and off, then slowly, cat-like, got into bed beside her.

She settled in, lying down next to Amber on her side. She quickly rolled over so she was half atop the smaller woman and kissed her lightly on the lips. The brunette responded happily. Freda's large hand cupped the brunette's right breast and squeezed.

It was tighter than Amber liked, but she didn't complain. It only hurt a little, and Freda seemed to like doing it. Their mouths slid together, their tongues writhing within each other's mouths. Freda was very firm, pressing down harshly, demandingly.

Her hands squeezed and twisted Amber's big soft breasts, hurting the teenager's tender flesh. She rubbed her body down on Amber, moving hungrily. Her right hand slipped between Amber's legs and squeezed up on her pussy, drawing a gasp of pain from the smaller girl.

Amber felt overwhelmed by the force of Freda's desire. The big woman's hands moved back and forth across her body, squeezing and fondling her without any regard for Amber's comfort. Two fingers thrust up into Amber's sex and pumped in and out quickly, before she was even wet.

Amber grunted with pain again. She knew she should complain, but didn't for some reason, tolerating the roughness as the older woman's breasts crushed down into her face. She slid her tongue out and began to suckle on the big nipple that Freda placed against her lips.

Freda gripped her hair, pulling her head up, forcing her face brutally hard against her breast. Amber was almost smothered in the firm flesh as Freda pushed her ruthlessly into her breast. Then she pulled back, allowing Amber to breath.

She slid down between Amber's legs, her hands folding around the girl's legs and jerking them far apart, then her face was there at the brunette's pussy, her tongue diving into Amber's slit. Amber sighed in happiness as she felt the wet tongue on her sensitive clitoris.

Her body began to warm and tighten with arousal as Freda pumped her fingers into her pussy and tongued her clit. Her heat built higher and higher, until she suddenly yelped in pain as Freda bit down on her clit, her teeth cruel and savage.

Instantly, she tongued the throbbing clitoris with a warm, gentle, moist tongue, easing the pain and bringing a powerful burning need to Amber's loins. Suddenly she bit down again, making Amber cry out in pain. Again her tongue caressed softly, driving Amber upwards into an orgasmic wave

Her right hand was at Amber's pussy, sliding three fingers in and out. Her left squeezed Amber's right breast, the finger digging deep furrows in the thick, malleable flesh. She found the erect nipple and pinched it, making Amber whine in confusion and heat.

She twisted the nipple far around, then reached up with her other hand and seized the girl's left nipple, pinching and twisting it. Her face was buried in Amber's pussy, her tongue rasping energetically across her clitty.

Amber was caught in a whirling vortex of pleasure and pain, her dazed mind unable to protest or separate the two as the hammer blows of electric sensations struck her one after the other, and sometimes at the same time. Freda's hands squeezed tightly around her big fleshy breasts, the fingers like iron bands as they compressed the sensitive mamaries.

She stabbed her tongue deep into Amber's sex, making the girl buck upwards against her as the feelings intensified. Amber's head was thrashing from side to side, her eyes closed tightly, her mouth gaping. She arched her back, despite the added pain against her distended breasts.

Freda climbed up her body and lay next to her, She seized Amber's thick hair and twisted her head up and to the side, then her mouth locked tightly around Amber's full lips and her tongue pushed deep into her oral cavity. She sucked and blew into the girl's mouth as her fingers pumped furiously in the hot, wet pussy slit.

Her thumb worked roughly over Amber's clitty as she finger fucked the girl, and Amber bucked upward helplessly, impaling herself on the long, thin fingers. Her orgasm blossomed and ripped through her, sending her into spastic convulsions.

Freda bit down on her tongue and ground her thumb, nail into the girl's clit. Amber would have screamed if her mouth hadn't been covered. Her orgasm blasted higher, riding a wave of churning sensations of pain and pleasure. She thrashed wildly, legs flopping mindlessly on the bed as the orgasm howled on and on.

Finally it calmed, when she was on the verge of unconsciousness. She relaxed, her body sprawled weakly on the bed. Freda cuddled her sweating face against her firm breasts and cooed low, holding Amber's head against her like a baby.

## TWO

Devon ate slowly, munching on the cereal while her eyes focused and unfocused. There was not a great deal of the drug in her system. Freda wanted her to be aware, if not necessarily alert, conscious, but tractable. The cereal was almost entirely sugar and had almost no redeeming qualities. Certainly, it had no protein.

To go with the cereal, there was kool-aid, not milk. Milk was too nourishing. Amber was animated and happy, making up for Devon's comparative silence. She had less of the drug than Devon, needing less to bring a slight haze to her brain.

Freda led them through the castle to the pool. It was indoors, in a cavernous stone room with dim lights. Freda stripped naked, and Amber quickly followed. "Get undressed, Devon. We're going swimming." Freda called gaily.

Devon looked around in confusion, then started to unbutton her shirt. She stripped to her panties before stopping.

"I don't have any swim suit."

"Oh, my little sweetling!" Freda laughed. "Don't be so provincial!"

Devon blushed, feeling even more awkward around the sleek woman than before. She shyly turned around and pulled her bra off, then slid her panties down her thighs and legs and turned around, her hands cupping her pussy.

Freda and Amber were paying no attention to her, busy tossing a beach-ball back and forth. She felt foolish again, and took her hands away, then shook her head to clear a slight buzz and stepped into the water.

"Take your glasses off dear," Freda called.

Devon blushed again, and turned around, pulling off her glasses and setting them on a towel. She stepped into the water again, sliding down a low ramp until she was up to her chest.

Freda tossed her the ball. She caught it and tossed it back, feeling slightly better. They played catch for a bit. Then a man came into the pool.

Devon didn't even notice him at first. Didn't notice until he was in the water and he took the thrown ball from Freda and tossed it to Devon.

She stared at him in confusion, then only just resisted the temptation to hide behind the ball. She tossed it back and sank lower in the water as the man caught it.

"Girls, this is Franz," Freda said, matter-of-factly.

"This is Amber and Devon." She pointed to each of them.

"Delighted to make your acquaintance." he said, tossing the ball back to Devon. She had no choice but to reach up and catch it, displaying her nude chest to him.

She tossed it back and sank down again, feeling both embarrassed and stupid. Amber didn't seem bothered at all. Of course, she had gone nude on the nude beach last week, the only one of the Americans to do so.

Devon gradually got over her embarrassment, until Franz climbed out of the water. She blushed furiously as she saw his groin, and the large limp penis hanging there. Amber climbed out with him, the two of them laughing together.

Freda swam over next to Devon and put a friendly arm around her shoulder.

"Had enough swimming?"

"Uh, yeah."

"Let's rest then," Freda sighed, climbing out of the water. She stopped and turned, holding out a hand to help Devon. Blushing again, Devon took her hand and allowed the older woman to pull her up onto the floor.

They sat down on cushions, side by side. Freda dried her own very short hair, then ran the towel through Devon's, chatting all the while about inconsequential things. Devon sipped from her coke and watched Amber and Franz, who were sitting very close together.

Franz tilted Amber's face up and then kissed her as the brunette giggled. His arm was around Amber's back, his hand coming up under her arm and cupping her breast firmly. His finger squeezed together on the breast as his mouth shifted from her cheek to her lips.

His other hand slid between her legs and began rubbing up and down. Devon felt her skin flush with embarrassment as the man rubbed at her and Amber cooed in pleasure. They both lay back on the pool deck, Amber's legs spreading wider.

Devon couldn't look away. She felt both repelled and enthralled. She watched Franz's fingers push into Amber's vagina, sliding deep into the brunette's slit until only the knuckles of his hand were outside.

He pumped his fingers in and out as their lips moved roughly together. He rolled across her, coming down on the small girl's body, pressing her into the floor as they kissed. Her legs were wide open and he rubbed against her.

Then he pulled her legs up onto his shoulders and pushed them back, spreading Amber open. Devon's eyes watched raptly as the man's hard erection lifted and pointed at Amber's slit. She could see the groin very clearly

from only a few feet away, and watched as Franz centered his cock against the brown fringed slit.

Then it was pressing into Amber's body. Franz let the tip lay inside, and straightened his body over her. He grabbed her legs and pushed them back even higher, lifting himself into the air so he was supported by his toes and hands, only the thick little tube of meat joining him and her.

Then he sank down, his cock sliding smoothly and firmly into Amber's body as the brunette groaned and sighed in pleasure. Devon's mouth was dry as she watched. Her own breathing was coming faster and faster as Franz began to rise and lower his buttocks, sliding his erection in and out of the brunette's hole.

She could see the gleaming wetness of Amber's pussy cream on Franz's cockshaft. She could not take her eyes off it. Franz began thrusting into Amber with long, firm strokes, his cock working in and out like a piston in a shaft.

Amber was moaning and mewling happily, her bottom grinding up at the man as she worked herself on his cock. Devon looked down to see Freda's smooth white hand cupping her own breast. She looked at it in confusion, then raised her eyes to look at Freda, who looked back evenly.

"Why don't we leave, dear. I'm sure they would prefer privacy." She squeezed Devon's breast firmly, then pulled her hand away and pulled Devon to her feet. She led the blonde girl out of the pool, still naked, and down the stone hallway.

They went up a curving staircase and down another hallway, until turning into a bedroom, Freda's. Freda led her over to the big four poster bed and pulled her down on it. Devon felt she should protest, but she was filled with the sense of fate and acceptance.

She let Freda settle her on her back in the midst of the big bed, then watched as the big woman threw a leg around her body and sat down straddling her chest. She felt the woman's warm buttocks press into her belly, and felt her pubic hair, light and ticklish on her skin.

Freda looked down at her, her mouth curved in a satisfied smile, her eyes bright slits. Then slowly she bent forward, her hands going to Devon's breasts and rubbing back and forth across them. Her face obscured all else, then her lips touched Devon's, sending a charge into the teenager's body.

Mark Hunter was worried. He paced back and forth across his living room, his brows furrowed as terrible ideas rode across his mind one after another. Devon had been missing since yesterday, and it was totally unlike his responsible daughter to just wander off like that and not let anyone know where she was going.

He was getting more afraid with every passing hour that didn't bring word from her. She just wouldn't go off like that. She wouldn't! The police in Germany were looking for her, but how hard? A missing teenager, even two, probably didn't mean very much to them.

He picked up the slip of paper for the fiftieth time that day and looked

at it. It was the same as always, blank, save for a phone number. A friend had given him the number earlier. He picked up the phone at last and dialled the number.

Devon gripped the headboard with white finger, hanging on as though a hurricane was blowing against her. Her eyes were closed, and her teeth clenched as the German woman knelt between her widely splayed legs and played with her sex.

Freda kept shifting her gaze from the girl's pretty little pussy slit to her sweet young face.

She watched the reaction on the teenager's face as she ground her thumb into the swollen little clitty, then smiled in amusement. She dug her thumb in more, sliding her fingers in and out of the tightly sucking pit, and watched Devon's back arch upward as a gasp of shock came from her parted lips.

Devon's chest was rising and falling like a bellows as Freda worked over her. Freda's fingers were dancing little snakes, slithering and sliding and rubbing and caressing. Her mouth and lips were sometimes light as feathers, sometimes hard and hot like a burning poker.

She pushed her face in closer to the girl's pussy and slid her lips around the little pink clitty, then hummed deeply, setting the little nub vibrating. Devon's bottom rose from the bed, her pussy pushing up at Freda's face as a sob of confusion echoed through the cavernous stone room.

Freda munched on the clitty, her lips rubbing quickly from side to side as her tongue whirled around on the center. She sucked, then blew, then sucked. Finally, she sucked the little clitty into her mouth and closed her teeth around it, biting down as she pushed three fingers deep into the tight little fuck tunnel.

Devon gasped, then grunted repeatedly, her hips bucking up and down as her entire body shuddered in response. A great roaring sound blew through her head, deafening her as the orgasms rippled up and down her body like a sloshing wave inside a bottle. It set her limbs vibrating, her belly fluttering and her head thrashing from side to side.

Freda stuffed her tongue into the girl's pink slit, scooping out wads of pussy cream and swallowing it with a happy gulp. She sucked hard, pulling Devon's sex lips apart with her fingers and pushing her face into the open pussy, her mouth sucking and slurping.

Devon whined and whimpered as her body shook through the orgasm. Her body was battered by explosive releases of orgasmic energy that tore through her thin frame with irresistible force. Her fingers went slack on the headboard, yet her hands did not move as the leather restraints gripping her wrist held her in place. Her back arched again, and she cried out at the tightness and heat of her breasts.

Freda continued her sucking. Devon's convulsions weakened, gradually tapering off until she was still but for the rise and fall of her chest. Freda sat up, then moved slightly, sitting with her legs curled under her, right next to

Devon's right hip.

Devon's right leg was stretched out over Freda's knees as the older woman sat and slowly rubbed her big hand up and down over the hot sweaty flesh of Devon's sex. Her left hand caressed Devon's breasts, first one, then the other, rasping across swollen, spit-wet nipples.

She rubbed back and forth for long minutes, and was rewarded to see the girl's frame begin to twitch and then tremble again. She rubbed harder over the girl's clitoris, and began to push the tips of her fingers in and out of the tight, wet little slit.

She pushed her fingers deeper, feeling the blonde's pussy muscles tighten up and her juices flow more freely. She bent forward and sucked Devon's right nipple into her mouth, chewing on it and rolling it around with her tongue. Devon's breathing grew harder and her body began to writhe as a tall, raging orgasm rushed towards her.

Then Freda stopped, letting the intensity of the feelings subside. She slid upwards over the girl and looked down, smiling, then calmly slapped the girl's face - hard, throwing it to one side. The blonde cried out in dazed confusion, then again as her backhand snapped her head in the other direction.

Freda slapped her again, then again, throwing her head to the left, then right, then left again, as the blonde girl's face pinkened and her eyes lost focus.

She halted, bent, seized her chin gently, and kissed her lips, tasting the blood there before slowly easing back between her legs once more.

She began to work on her again, manipulating the blonde teenager's clitoris, caressing her pussy, and twisting and rolling her nipples. Then, as the disoriented girl approached an orgasm, Freda stopped. Devon sobbed in and whined in disappointment, her bottom grinding from side to side on the bed.

She tried to close her legs, but Freda stopped her. She pulled two more restraints from the bottom posts and tied them around Devon's ankles, spreading the legs wide and locking them in place. She got up then, going over to the closet. From there, she selected a pair of small vibrators and a long, very thick strap-on dildo. She carried them back to the bed and sat down.

The first vibrator clicked on with a buzzing sound and Freda slid it up and down Devon's moist sex. Back and forth she worked the hard little plastic device, then pushed it up under her clitoris and rested it there for long seconds.

Devon strained against the bonds holding her, trying to push herself up and impale herself on the hard buzzing instrument. Freda would only allow so much pressure however, and stopped completely when it looked to her as if the girl was going to cum.

She waited, doing nothing but kissing Devon's tear stained cheeks. When Devon's breathing was more even, she brought the vibrator down to her sex again, clicked it on and then slowly sank it into her pussy, pushing it deep inside until only the tip remained.

She left it there, picking up the second vibrator and clicking it on. She

began to work it lightly across Devon's nipples, buzzing one, then the other, alternating with her tongue and mouth. She reached down after a minute and began to pump the vibrator in and out of the pussy, feeling the wetness on the shining plastic now as it pulled outward.

Devon's breath came in strangled gasps and her chest rose and fell furiously. She arched her back and began to whine. Freda pulled both vibrators away again and Devon burst into tears, her body racked by miserable, wet sobs.

Freda smiled. She had plenty of time. And the drug cocktail the girl had within her would not only keep her mind unfocused but maintain her body in a state of exquisite sensitivity.

She slapped one of the girl's breasts, then bit hard on first one nipple, then the other, enjoying the girl's cries of pain. She eased back, giving each wounded button soft, gentle, soothing licks, then moved downward.

She put the vibrators down and lay next to the bound girl, sliding her hand back and forth across Devon's belly. She kissed her gently on the cheek, and began rubbing her groin against Devon's hip as she lightly palmed her left breast.

"Obey!" she whispered. "Obey!"

It was a slightly louder repetition of the recorded messages that had been playing in Devon and Amber's rooms since the girl's had gotten here. The voices came through carefully placed speakers and could be heard, though only if there was silence, in any part of the rooms.

Of course, they could be heard regardless of whether there was silence, but you wouldn't know you were hearing it. They were not quite subliminal, being audible to the human ear but simply ignored by the mind. All night they had played.

"Obey!" she repeated. "You must obey."

Devon whimpered as Freda kissed her nipple.

"Pretty little pussy," Freda cooed.

She moved up and threw her leg over the girl's shoulder, then sat down fully on her face. She felt the soft skin and little nose against her pussy, could discern the wetness of Devon's lips and hard bony jaw as she rubbed her pussy and bottom back and forth over them.

"Lick me, baby," she sighed. "Push your tongue up and lick my pussy."

She placed her wet pussy slit directly over Devon's mouth and rubbed. "Lick me. Lick me," she moaned. "Lick it, Devon."

Devon felt the wetness against her mouth and her tongue flicked out, touching Freda's bare slit. "Lick. Lick. Lick. Lick."

Devon began to lick at the pussy, hardly aware of what it was or what she was doing. She looked upward, seeing Freda's smooth belly above her face, and then high above that the rounded swellings of the woman's breasts.

Freda crossed her wrists behind her head, arching her back as she ground her pussy up and down over Devon's face. She sighed in pleasure as she felt the girl's tongue against her clit and rotated her bottom in slow half

circles against it. "My clitty. Lick my clitty!" she sighed, pulling her pubic lips apart and sliding her open sex against the upthrust tongue.

She cooed in pleasure, feeling the softness of the tongue against her, and reached down with her hands to cup Devon's head, holding it as she ground herself down against it. She felt her pleasure building, partly from the stimulation of Devon's face and tongue, but mostly out of the deep, sensuous psychic satisfaction she got from dominating the pretty young woman.

She watched the glazed eyes beneath her, and jammed her sex against the girl's mouth, sighing again, then laughing lightly. She felt herself burning with excitement, and knew her orgasm was approaching. Then it was upon her. She let all her weight come down on her pussy, down on Devon's face, and rubbed frantically, bouncing and grinding against her face.

Hunter looked carefully through the eyehole, then opened the door. The man gazed at him without expression.

"Mr. Hunter?"

"You're Mr. Grant?"

"Yes."

"Uh... won't you come in." He held the door wide and the man stepped through, walking out of the hall and into the living room, his eyes sweeping from side to side.

Hunter closed the door, looking at the man dubiously. He wasn't at all what he'd expected. The man was short and balding, wore a good, but not great suit, and didn't look any more capable of physical violence than Hunter himself.

The man turned, his eyes calm behind round glasses.

"I have a document for you to sign." he said. "Then you can give me a cheque."

"Uh, no offence, Mr. Grant, but how do I know you can help me?"

"You don't. We give no guarantees. We will do what we can."

"But... well, you don't look, that is, you don't look like..."

"Like a tough guy commando? I'm not, I am an accountant, actually. My skills are in management and research."

"Oh."

"What you need, Mr. Hunter, is someone to find your daughter. That is the hard part. Once she's found, it will be reasonably simple to bring her back, assuming of course, that she is still alive."

"Of course she's alive! Why wouldn't she be?!" he demanded.

Grant sighed and shook his head.

"I'm afraid Mr. Hunter, that you simply are not wealthy enough to justify a kidnapping. You had to mortgage this house for our payment, did you not?"

"How did you..."

"We do check on our potential clients, Mr. Hunter. Since you're not a wealthy man, there are two probabilities that have the highest likelihood of being true. The first is that your daughter has gone off by her own free will,

and simply decided not to tell anyone. You say this would not happen and I tend to agree that it is unlikely.

"The second possibility, which then becomes the most likely probability, is that she was kidnapped for sexual purposes."

Hunter blanched.

"I'm afraid you must face that fact. If she was kidnapped for sexual purposes, which, as I say, is likely, she is by now either in the grip of an organized gang, or dead."

"A... a gang?" Hunter whispered.

"Yes. If she and her friend were simply dragged off and raped, they would either have turned up by now, or be dead. If however, she were taken by an organized gang, and there are several in Europe, then she is being held still, probably in a very secure location."

"But who, why, how would..."

"Brothels, white slavery operations, there are several possibilities. We will investigate them all."

"You don't offer me much hope."

"That's not true. There is no hope, unless she has disappeared voluntarily, that she remains pure and chaste, but that does not mean we can not retrieve her, even if she is slightly soiled by now."

"You're talking about my daughter!" Hunter snapped.

"I apologise if I offend you but pretty young women are not kidnapped merely to be admired with the eyes. Now, do you have my cheque?" he held out his hand.

Hunter pulled the cheque from his pocket and gave it to him.

Freda yawned and looked at the clock. It was four in the morning. She got out of bed slowly, stretching and rubbing her eyes, then pulled on a robe and walked out of the room, going down the hallway. She opened another door and walked in to find Franz carefully watching the blonde girl.

"How is she?"

"She has been mumbling now for some time. I can't make out what she's saying though."

Freda looked down at Devon and wiped her eyes again.

"You can get some rest. I'll take over now."

"Okay. I wish you'd let me fuck her though. I'm hard as steel after five hours of this."

"Go and see the brunette. You can fuck her if Marc says it is all right."

"Goot." He turned and left the room, closing the door behind him. Freda sat down next to the still tightly bound blonde and tried to make out what she was saying.

She too could not make it out. Just babbling, she thought. The blonde's body was covered with a sheen of sweat. Her once bright blonde hair was now dark with sweat and plastered to the girl's head and face. Her head tossed back and forth every few seconds and her body trembled as if in pain.

She and Franz had been manipulating her for over twenty hours now,

constantly stimulating her, bringing her up to the verge of orgasm, but never letting her peak, always backing off at the last second. Her body must be utterly exhausted by now.

Combined with the drug, the lack of sleep, the dehydration caused by the constant sweating without any fluid intake, and terrible, by now desperate burning need between her legs, had rendered the once self assured young woman into a pathetic, babbling, whining mess.

In the background, she could hear the recording still repeating itself endlessly. "Obey," it whispered. "You must obey. You must be obedient... Obey." Freda picked up the two vibrators and turned them on. She pushed one into the soaking slit entrance, sliding it up to press against the clit, then took the other and pushed it against the clit from the other side.

She had the little pink organ trapped between the two vibrators and rubbed them lightly from side to side. The girl sobbed in despair, her breathing increasing again, her body beginning to shake and quiver with renewed need.

Freda let her shake for a while, let the need build up in her until she began to grunt and groan, then she took the vibrators away and stood up, going into the corner and pouring herself a glass of water. She heard a broken sob of misery behind her and smiled to herself.

Sometimes, this could be such fun. She swallowed the water, then turned back to the girl. The sheet under her was dark and wet with sweat. Freda picked up a fluffy towel and rubbed it lightly across Devon's face, drying it off. She rubbed the towel over her chest and belly, then over her legs.

She tossed the dirty towel on the floor and sat down again, taking the girl's outrageously over stimulated nipples in her fingers and rubbing them from side to side gently. "Obey," she whispered. "You must obey."

In another room down the hall, Amber was squatting over Franz, who sat in a straight backed chair, his hands on her sides, just under her chest, helping her as she rose and fell over his lap. His cock stuck straight upwards and the little brunette was sliding her sheath up and down the fat organ.

Amber had been much easier to deal with than the other girl. They'd known she would be from the start of course. Still, she too would not be permitted to sleep or drink for at least a couple of more days. She was already learning to obey in a more simpler manner than Devon.

Earlier, she'd been fucked by a number of Marc's servants, each instructing her in exactly the way he wanted her to respond. Any deviation or hesitation had led to pain. Not terrible pain, for that was not needed, but pain nonetheless.

Even as pain was used to force obedience, the girl was being trained to enjoy it. Her orgasms, of which there had been many, were always accompanied by hard pinches and squeeze, pulled hair, and hard slaps. She was coming to recognize that pain led to pleasure, and vice versa. After a time, she would be unable to tell the difference between the two sensations.

She rode up and down on his cock now, sliding her tight sex up the

length of his shaft until the cock head rested between her lips, then slowly dropping down, taking it up into her belly until she was stuffed with hot, hard, male meat.

She was exhausted, perhaps even more so than Devon, for her orgasms, which shook her, and twisted her vitals into jelly like masses of quivering flesh, took a great deal of energy out of her. Nor was she being allowed to replace it. No food for her, at least, nothing with protein. She was allowed chocolates and candy, and nothing more.

Franz took her right nipple into his mouth and sucked hard. His hands cupped her sweetly rounded buttocks and helped her raise herself. He felt her pussy spasming and bit down hard on the nipple. Amber groaned as the sharp pain joined the build-up of orgasmic energy in her system.

Franz bit harder still, breaking the skin of her sensitive nipple and drawing blood. He sucked furiously, tasting her blood in his mouth and seeking more. His hand gripped her breast and squeezed tightly as he sucked, forcing more blood to well up into his mouth.

His other hand seized the girl's tangled hair and pulled viciously back, jerking her head way back so it was almost upside down, and stretching the skin over her round breast. He slammed his cock upward into her belly, rutting furiously as he drank her blood.

Amber whined madly, her body shivering and shaking. Her breasts burned with pain and pleasure as her pussy erupted in furious electric spasms of volcanic lust. She screamed, bouncing desperately up and down on Franz's pumping rod as she was inundated by hammering blasts of orgasmic bliss.

Her eyes rolled back in her head and she drooled freely, her limbs shaking and twitching as her body quaked in the midst of a colossal seizure. For long, long seconds she trembled and shook, until the orgasm finally subsided. Only then did she finally draw a gasping breath of air into her tortured lungs.

### THREE

Jack Martin stepped off the plane as calmly and easily as if he were a businessman here for a simple meeting, which was his very well-learned cover. He answered all the questions with a friendly, but not too friendly smile, then took his two bags and walked out to the parking lot.

There he opened the trunk of a dark blue Audi, tossing his bags in to either side of another bag already there. He looked around once, then unzipped the bag and checked. Everything was as it should be. He pulled out a holster and a small nine millimeter automatic and slid them under his blazer, then slammed the trunk.

He unlocked the drivers door, got in and started the engine. Still

nothing. If anything were going to happen, it would happen, it would happen now. He stepped on the gas, pulling smoothly out of the parking space and driving to the exit.

He opened his briefcase and took a pair of small color pictures from the sleeve, lowering the car's visor and clipping them to the inside. Not ten minutes would pass that he wouldn't look at them, not until he knew those faces as well as he knew his own.

He drove for several miles, watching carefully for tails. Finally, he turned off the road and pulled over. It took half an hour to be reasonably sure there were no bugs in the car, and to change the licence from the rental company one to another more common plate that belonged on the bumper of another Audi, one whose owner wouldn't notice the change for months, if then.

He started up again and drove toward the Autobahn, then turned north and stepped on the gas. A minute later he was in the fast lane, doing a hundred and fifty as he raced towards Rolburghe. It was, he thought, good to be able to get a car up to speed again. He let loose a brief curse for the fifty five mile an hour American freeways as the countryside whizzed by.

It was hardly Martin's first encounter with the high speed autobahns. He'd spent ten years in Germany first in special forces, then attached to the US Army's Delta force. He'd retired at thirty-five and found a much more prosperous employer, one who was willing to pay for the knowledge and skills the army had taught him.

He didn't know the name of the company, if it was indeed a company. His instructions came over a phone, a computer, or through the mail. His checks were deposited promptly in his Swiss bank account. Everything he needed was placed neatly for him, such as now, in the trunk.

Whoever he worked for was extremely competent. The information was good. Responses to queries was near immediate, and help was despatched on request. His last case, he'd worked with four other "employees" like himself. Two had come from the British SAS, one from Germany's G-19, and one from the US navy SEALs. Quality guys, all of them.

This one he was working alone, at least so far. It was a simple case, find a girl, or find who'd killed her. Of course, if it turned out some wacko had raped her and her friend, then strangled them both and left them in a shallow ditch somewhere, his work was going to be cut out for him.

Random killings were work for crime labs and scores of detectives. The "company" apparently didn't believe this to be the case. That meant white slavery, a slight, but real problem in Europe. He hoped the girls hadn't been shipped to the middle-east. The hundred and twenty degree heat always put him on edge.

He turned off the Autobahn and drove east onto a provincial roadway. A sign pointed ahead to Rolburghe twenty miles distant. According to the information provided him, the two teenagers had gone out for a tour of the town and simply disappeared. Nobody reported seeing them at all, after they'd left their hotel.

Rolburghe appeared in his windshield and he eyed it closely as he approached. It was a middle sized town, population officially pegged at fourteen thousand. It was too small for the girls to disappear into without a trace. Someone had seen something.

He knew people who would say nothing to the police, would be much more amenable to him, one way or the other. He parked in front of the hotel, the same one the girls had stayed at, then got out, carrying his briefcase as a porter rushed forward.

"W... w... water.." Devon whispered, her voice cracked and weak. Franz looked down calmly, eyeing her as he would a laboratory experiment, with interest, but not care or worry. He drew back his hand and slapped her face hard, bringing a grunt, and a low moan.

At once he clicked on the vibrators and pressed them against her clitoris, rubbing them back and forth. With practised ease, he shifted his grip, holding both with one hand while he slowly, but forcefully stuffed the thick girth of a dildo into the girl's honeyed pussy.

The girl moaned, her bottom sliding from side to side on the bed. She began puffing air through her nose furiously, as if hyperventilating. Her pussy shot up to jam itself on the dildo. Franz held it buried inside her for long seconds, then slid it back out and pulled the vibrators away.

The girl collapsed, knowing she'd get no more stimuli. It had been more than three days since she'd slept now. He and Freda and Marc, as well as a couple of other trusted assistants, had fondled and abused and manipulated the young woman's body hour after hour after hour, until now she was a raw mass of burning nerve endings.

It was, he knew, almost time. Just as he glanced at the clock the door opened and Freda strode through. She was wearing thigh high leather boots with six inch heels sharp enough to stab through wood. Her hands and forearms were covered by leather gloves that reached almost to her elbows. She wore a leather g-string and a tight leather corset that pushed her breasts up and out, displaying them to their best advantage. Their nipples stood out stiffly, like little erasers.

She stopped next to the bed, looking down at the exhausted girl. She held a riding crop in her hands, slapping it against her gloved palm.

"Untie her."

Franz freed the girl's ankles, then her wrists. She didn't move much though.

"Devon. Come here," she said. Her voice was low, but stern. Devon's eyes blinked wearily. "Devon. Come here."

Devon shifted slightly, drawing her arms down from above her and pushing half heartedly on the mattress. She rose a foot, then fell back.

Freda tossed the crop to Franz, who stood by the bed. Freda herself stood, arms folded, a dozen paces away.

"Devon. Come here. Obey," she said, her voice rising on the last word. Franz raised the crop and brought it whistling through the air, slashing down

directly across Devon's right breast.

The girl screamed, her hands cupping her wounded flesh as she curled up and rolled to her side towards the edge of the bed.

"Devon. Come here," Freda said. "Obey!"

Devon pushed her legs off the mattress and dropped to her knees on the rug. She slowly pulled herself to her feet, shaking and trembling, her hands still cupping her breast as she whimpered in pain.

"Come here."

Devon started forward, then dropped weakly to her knees. "Obey!" Franz slashed the crop down on her back. Devon jackknifed, almost falling onto her back as she sought to grab her back and howled in pain.

Franz slashed down again, the crop cracking against her right breast again.

Again she screamed, cupping her breast as she knelt, curled up in a ball on the rug.

"Devon. Come here," Freda said, remorselessly.

Devon's chest was racked by great heaving sobs. She crawled across towards Freda as Franz walked slowly behind her.

"You must obey me, Devon. You must always obey us."

Devon stopped a foot or so in front of her and tried to rise.

"Stay on your knees."

She lifted her right foot and placed it on the girl's shoulder, forcing her face down against the floor.

"Obey!" she said, shoving hard, mashing the pretty face into the floor.

She pulled her foot free, then slid it under Devon's face. "Clean my boot, little one. Clean my boot with your tongue."

"Clean it!" she repeated. "Obey!"

Franz brought the crop down hard across Devon's buttocks. The shaking blonde screamed again, jerking forward so her head rammed into Freda's boots.

"Lick my boots, dog!" Freda snarled. "Obey!"

She held her boot against Devon's face and the girl quickly started licking on the ankle. Freda watched patiently as the girl ran her tongue all around the ankle and then down around the heel of the shiny leather.

"Good girl," she said, smiling.

Franz pushed over a chair for her and she sat, crossing her legs. She held her top foot up so Devon could lick the bottom of the boot, her tongue dry and rasping harshly on the leather.

"Stop."

Devon stopped licking.

"Lick my pussy, dog."

Devon had to almost climb up the legs of the chair, leaning weakly against it as she pushed her face between Freda's spread legs and began to lick at her sex. Her tongue was dry and as such moved harshly against the woman's clit, making her sigh with delight.

Her pussy juice began to ooze out between her naked pubic lips and Devon lapped it up quickly, glad of any moisture. She jammed her tongue in between the pussy lips, sucking to get more of the juice into her.

"Ahhhhh... Good girrrl," Freda moaned, her sex pushing out against Devon's face.

She slid her hand beneath the teenager and cupped her quivering breast, squeezing lightly. Devon moaned and whimpered, her tongue driving in and out of the soft pussy lips.

The door opened and Marc came in, leading Amber behind him. She crawled on her hands and knees, her round bottom wiggling from side to side as she moved. He held a leash which was attached to a thick, studded leather collar around her throat.

Her eyes were wide and vacant as Marc pulled her in and ordered her to kneel a few feet away. She watched Devon sucking at Freda's sex and whimpered a little, but made no movement. Freda groaned and slumped in her seat. She brought her feet up and placed them on Devon's shoulders as the girl continued to eat her out.

"You," Franz said, pointing to Amber. "Get behind her and eat her cunt."

Amber fell forward onto her hands and quickly crawled around behind Devon, sticking her face in the other kneeling girl's pussy as if she were a dog. She put her hands on Devon's bottom and began to lick at her friend's sex.

Devon gurgled and spread her legs, opening her pussy as Amber's tongue began to rasp up and down the slit. Amber pulled the lips apart and shoved her face in between, slurping and sucking and blowing. She moved up onto Devon's clit and began to rasp and drill her tongue on it.

Devon's own tonguing heated up as sexual energy flowed into her body. She shook and trembled as her sex began to vibrate with high tension sexual electricity. She felt her belly heaving and churning and her entire body began to burn with a terrible, desperate need.

Her tongue was a swirling, shaking, dancing snake as she jerked and trembled against Freda's pussy. She felt her body burning hotter and hotter, and waited with ever increasing tension for that wonderful pleasure to be abruptly yanked away.

"Stop!" Franz ordered. Amber instantly pulled back and Devon began to sob, heartbroken.

"Do you want it, Devon?" Freda cooed. "Do you want it? Do you want a hard fuck?"

"Yes." Devon's voice was a rough croak.

"Do you want it? You have to answer louder."

"Yes, yes," Devon moaned through her tears.

"Beg. Beg for it."

"P... p... pl... pleeeese!" she sobbed. "Pleeeeee!"

"Please what?"

"P... please fuck me! Pl... pleeeese ffuckkk meee!" She was weeping now.

"Very well, turn around and crawl over to that rug there," Freda instructed, pointing, "and you'll get a good hard fuck."

Without a trace, a hint, even a shred of dignity, pride or self-respect, the girl crawled furiously to reach the small rug, then held still, her bottom up in the air and her legs parted. She whimpered and trembled, looking back over her shoulder at Freda.

Freda smiled and rose to her feet. She picked up a strap on dildo and stepped into it, pulling the straps up over her bottom and snapping the big thick thing in place over her own sex. Devon shook and sniffled tears as she watched, her buttocks grinding slightly.

Freda took her time, sauntering across to stand behind Devon. She raised her foot and brought the heel down against Devon's right buttock, grinding the sharp heel in as Devon gasped in pain and shook in helpless need.

She placed the center of her shoe on Devon's back, directly between above the cheeks and pushed the heel against her little anal opening. She shoved her heel against the little hole and it gave beneath the pressure, letting the heel through.

She pushed the heel fully into the trembling girl's anus, not stopping until the bottom of her boot was flat against Devon's body. She drew the heel out, then shoved it back in.

"Beg for it again, slut."

"P... please," Devon wept.

Freda pulled her heel out of the girl's anus, ignoring a trace of blood on the thing, then knelt behind her. She held her dildo in her right hand. It was too thick for her to get her hand all the way around, but she held it in place against Devon's slick sex.

She placed it just inside, then seized Devon's hips in her hands, her strong fingers digging into the flesh and locking the young woman in place. Then Freda slammed her hips forward with all her strength. She jammed her rubber fuck-toy deep into Devon's pussy.

Devon screamed as if stabbed. She tried to crawl forward, then tried to get up. Freda held tightly to her hips as she forced the terrible thick cock rod deeper into the girl's narrow sex. Devon was sobbing hysterically as pain tore through her system. Her pussy felt as though it was being ripped open by the fat plastic cock.

Then she slumped to the floor again, shaking as the last few inches of plastic cock were driven into her body and her pubic lips pressed against Freda's. Freda left the thick cock in place for a few moments, then drew back, sliding the dark gleaming rubber out of Devon's clinging pink sheath.

She pulled it half way out, then slammed forward, jamming it back inside, and bringing another shout of pain from Devon. She ripped open Devon's pussy-pipe with powerful thrusts, sawing the horse-cock in and out of the tiny pussy hole until it had loosened.

Then she thrust with longer strokes as Devon knelt still, trembling like a terrified puppy. It was not fear that held her so. Her body was beginning to

respond to Freda's rough, brutal strokes. So long aroused, so long denied, it took little to turn the crackling fire between her legs into a white hot inferno of lust and desire.

Her eyes widened and her jaw dropped. She spread her legs wider and began pushing back to meet the savage stabbing lunges. Her face twitched, and her head jerked to one side, then to the other. Her sex throbbed powerfully, sending searing waves of steamy sexual energy through her body.

She jerked spastically, then stiffened. Her eyes opened even wider and she held absolutely still. The only sounds in the room were the SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! of Freda's lower belly meeting her buttocks and the sucking wet sound of the rubber cock tearing in and out of her.

Then Devon began moaning, a low keening sound at first that began building in strength and intensity until she was screaming at the top of her lungs, howling and shrieking in maniacal ecstasy and glory. Her body exploded, shards of sexual power blasting through every part of her system.

As she shrieked her heart out, her body shook and thrashed, bucked up and down and rocked from side to side.

Freda hung on, her body tossed and pulled by the twisting, shaking, convulsing, girl. She continued to pound her rubber cock down Devon's sex-box as the blonde girl slammed her hips from side to side and jammed it back on the impaling rod.

Devon's entire lower belly sizzled like burning flesh. She shook and bucked and tossed from side to side. Her upper body jerked up and down, then slammed back briefly against Freda as she sought to arch her back. She dropped forward on her hands again, and clawed at the rug as she hammered her groin back against the skewering cock-tool.

Then her arms gave way and she dropped onto her face on the rug, still rutting her bottom back against the driving cock as she pounded her face into the floor and grunted repeatedly in a high pitched voice.

The grunts became weaker and weaker, and her movements started to ease. After almost a full minute, she knelt there impaled and unmoving, finally pulling herself free and rolling unconscious onto her side.

Jack left the sweet shop and strolled down the street. Another negative. He was starting to get irritated. There had to be someone in this place that had seen those girls, however briefly. Amber, at least, was not a girl you overlooked, nor forget quickly, especially if you were male.

He went through the big wooden door of an old Cafe and sat down in a corner table, ordering a drink. When the girl brought it, she could hardly fail to spot the two pictures on the table, or the thousand dollar bill next to them. She looked like she'd been shot, her eyes opening wide as she counted the zeros.

She looked quickly at Jack, then back to the counter where the manager stood. She quickly dropped his drink on the table and moved away. Jack's eyes narrowed. There had been something there, he was sure. She knew something, but was afraid to say anything.

He scooped the bill and pictures into his pocket and quickly finished his drink. Ten minutes later he was parked just down the street from the Café, able to see the front door and the side parking lot. It was possible she would go out the back and down the alley, but he rather doubted it.

Hours later she came out and walked down the street. He waited until she was a block ahead, then started the car and followed. Too public, he decided after a couple of blocks. He parked and got out, following behind on foot.

Ten minutes later, she stopped in front of a townhouse and unlocked the door. The door closed behind her and Jack eased into some bushes. He watched for a minute, then turned and left. He'd be back, after dark, then the lady was going to answer his questions, one way or another.

Devon was allowed to sleep for two hours, then Franz slapped her awake. He had a cattle prod in his hands and he put her through a dog's paces, forcing her to kneel, crawl, sit, heel, and beg. Any time she was slow to respond he touched the tip of the prod to her pussy or nipples or bottom and white fire screamed along her never endings.

Amber performed right alongside her, moving instantly to whatever command she was given. Both had been reduced to dazed terrified animals, waiting for a command to obey, fearing the lash or the prod. Freda sat in a chair watching, a cold smile on her lips.

She watched as Franz and Marc put the girl's through their paces, training them in the arts of deep throating cocks and rimming anal openings. They made a lovely pair, she thought.

"Stop!" she shouted.

Both girls halted instantly, kneeling beside one another, bottoms high.

"Devon. Come."

Devon crawled back to her quickly, stopping by her chair. Freda rose and picked up the strap-on dildo.

"Stand up." Devon jumped to her feet, then almost fell down. Freda had to steady her with one muscular arm.

She slid the straps up the girl's legs and fastened the thing tightly against her pussy.

"Go and fuck Amber."

Devon dropped to her hands and knees and crawled back to where Amber knelt. She mounted her, kneeling upright, hands on Amber's flanks as she slid the tip of the dildo into her friend's pussy.

She slowly sank the thing into Amber's pussy to the hilt as the three Germans watched.

"Fuck her HARD!" Franz said.

"Fuck her FAST!" Freda called.

At once she began to tear the dildo in and out of Amber's sex tunnel, ignoring the girl's squeal of pain and whimper of fear. She pounded the rubber cock in and out of the moist sex before her, her hips hammering back and forth as she skewered the brunette's tight sleeve.

"Reach around and squeeze those big tits, Devon," Freda ordered. Devon complied, sinking her fingers into Amber's fat jiggling breasts as they swayed back and forth beneath her. She clutched them tightly, opening and closing her fingers repeatedly as she pumped into Amber's body.

"Twist her tits. Tear them off!" Franz shouted.

Amber whimpered and Devon moaned in misery and confusion. She clamped her hands tightly around the big meaty breasts hanging beneath her friend's chest and began to twist them from side to side, pulling them hard, trying to rip them free from her chest.

Amber cried and wept with pain and dark pleasure. Her groin heaved and shook and trembled in the throes of orgiastic bliss. She thrust back against Devon, the pain in her breasts throwing her into a powerful explosive cum that sent her senses reeling.

"Stop," Freda said.

Devon stopped pumping, her chest heaving with exertion.

"Push her onto her back and fuck her like that."

Devon looked down at Amber in confusion and Franz put his foot on Amber's chest and shoved, making her fall on her side. Devon then helped her roll onto her back. Her legs naturally fell wide and Devon lay on her, placing the cock back into her pussy and driving it deep.

She began to thrust into Amber again, their breasts rubbing against each other as she slid up and down Amber's body. She drove the cock high into Amber's little pussy hole, feeling it crushing against something hard up inside the girl's belly, but unable to slow down or ease off.

"Kiss her! Suck her tits. Squeeze them!" the watchers called.

Devon and Amber kissed furiously, their lips crushing together in a harsh imitation of passion. Only for Amber it was the real thing. Devon rutted desperately against her, pounding the long, fat plastic cock up and down the brunette's pussy tunnel.

She felt the resistance of Amber's muscles wavering, one moment weakening, one moment strengthening, and knew instinctively that Amber was coming. Amber threw her legs around Devon and slammed her hips up onto the impaling plastic cock, moaning and sobbing with pleasure as she came yet again, her tired, aching body bouncing and shaking through the fiery climax.

## FOUR

It was midnight. Jack moved like a shadow across the road and into the garden alongside the barmaids' home. He stopped, his eyes glancing from side to side. He waited as minutes passed. Nothing. He slunk along the wall and probed at windows, then slid to his knees by a basement window.

It pushed open easily. He took out his knife and cut the screen free, then slid through the window and fell lightly to the floor, landing in a crouch. He didn't move, looking around with the night vision infra-red glasses. Nobody was here.

He eased the window closed and crept up the stairs, stopping at the top to listen. Again there was nothing. The door eased open a crack and he looked through. Nothing. He moved through the small kitchen and out into the living room/dining room. The girl wasn't there.

Upstairs then, he thought. He moved quietly up them and looked around in the small, narrow hall. There were three doors, one of which was open and showed the bathroom. The other two doors were closed. One was on his right, the other on his left.

The door on his left showed a small crack of light from beneath the door. Not so on his right. He moved to the door on his right and slowly turned the knob. It wasn't locked and the door opened inward. He looked through into a small bedroom. There was a narrow bed in the center of the room and a woman slept soundly in it.

He closed the door and moved back to the other side of the hall, where the door showed a light. Patience is a virtue, he told himself. He went back downstairs and waited. An hour later, he moved back to the door. The light was off. He eased it open and went inside.

The room was bright enough for his eyes, being lit from a streetlight near the open window. The woman was asleep in her bed. Jack moved next to the bed, taking out a small loop of rope from his jacket. The barmaid slept on her side, with her hands within a foot or so of each other.

He slid the loop around one hand, then gently lifted the other hand and brought it closer, looping the rope around it. Suddenly he jerked the rope tight, shoving his hand over her mouth as he bound her wrists together and pulled the rope up above her head, wrapping it several times around the bedpost.

"Now we can talk," he whispered, grinning at the wide eyed woman. She struggled briefly, but realized she could do nothing and settled down, her eyes still wide and fearful. She slept in the nude, and the sheets had slid down over her breasts to her stomach as she had struggled.

He took a moment to appreciate their bountiful size and fleshy roundness before his eyes slid down her smooth, white stomach to the edge of the covers just below her belly button. He sat down on the bed and lit a cigarette, blowing the smoke towards the window. The girl stared at him, now and then jerking her hands against the rope holding them in place.

She looked to be around twenty or so, and had short, straight brown hair, falling around her round face. Bangs fell just above the eyes. Her nose was slightly too sharp, but her body, from what he could see above the covers was lush and firm.

"Now then. I want you to tell me everything you know about those two missing girls."

She stared up at him, unmoving. Jack slipped some bills out of his jacket. They were hundred dollar bills, as the girl could clearly see. He laid one down on her belly, then laid another next to it, and a third next to that.

"It can be very profitable for you to cooperate, my dear. Nobody knows I'm here. Nobody will see me leave." He placed a fourth bill on her chest, between her round breasts. He flicked a fifth under her nose, then slid it teasingly back and forth across her right nipple before placing it on her breast.

"On the other hand..." He pulled a long, ugly looking knife from his sleeve and held it up before her eyes. It was thin and razor sharp. He slid the cold metal over her left nipple, not deep enough to cut, then upended the knife, letting the tip stand against her nipple.

The weight of the knife pressed down on the tender brown nub, sticking the sharp point into her skin as she moaned fearfully.

"So you see, the most logical thing for you to do, is to come clean for me. Tell me what I want to know, and we'll both be better off for the experience."

He held the knife just under her nose as he pulled his hand away from her mouth. "Talk to me," he said.

"I don't know anything."

"That's not what I want to hear," he said, his voice a cold hiss. He placed a bill over her left breast and another on her forehead. "Don't be a foolish child," he advised her. "Tell me what I want to know."

"Money is not good to me if I'm dead."

"True. But death is a far off possibility, unless of course..." he slid the knife against her throat, "you irritate me too much."

She swallowed nervously as her eyes tried to follow the knife. "You won't hurt me," she said. "You're some kind of policeman."

"I assure you I am not a policeman... Heidi," he said, catching the name from the tag on her uniform blouse, which was hanging on a bedpost. "I'm not even a German."

"You don't frighten me," she said.

"Don't I?"

He pulled the edge of the blanket down, tossing it aside to reveal her nudity completely. The knife slid along her flesh between her breasts, sliding down to her sex.

"I have killed a large number of people, sweetheart."

He slowly and carefully, began to shave the top of her brown pubic thatch. Heidi held still, fearing he would cut her badly if she jerked aside. He scraped away at her fur, getting closer and closer to her slit.

"I don't know anything!" she whined, her eyes following the knife.

"Try to remember something. I'm sure you have a very good memory."

He shaved lower. Now she had only a tiny line of hair above her slit. Jack pulled her right leg wide and poked her left thigh with the tip of the knife, forcing her to spread wide.

"Wider," he said, very calmly. He poked her thigh again, and she

wincing, pulling her leg apart even more, so the thigh tendons stretched painfully. He began to shave alongside her slit with the knife, humming softly.

"Please," she gasped. "I know nothing."

"Don't believe you."

His fingers pushed down on her flesh, easing it aside as the knife scraped continuously. He moved it over her slit, pulling at individual hairs. He began to pull the hairs up, then cut them one by one. "Come now, my dear. Think of something," he said, cutting another long hair. "When I run out of hair, I'm going to have to start on skin."

She only had a few left. Then they were gone and her sex was almost entirely bare. Only stubble remained. He slid the tip of the knife against her sex and lightly moved it up and down between her pussy lips.

"I'm losing my patience," he said, sliding the sharp edged knife just inside her pussy.

"I... I may have seen them," she gasped.

"Uh hummmm," he said, sliding his fingers into her slit and spreading her lips. He searched upward and found her clitty, then pulled on it, sliding the edge of the knife against it.

"Now the thing about this is," he said. "That many countries, such as those in Africa and the Middle-east, perform clitorectomies on females so they can't become sluts. It won't kill you, but it will make any further sex for you rather unenjoyable."

He slid the knife against her stretched clitty and her eyes bugged out in terror.

"Don't! Don't! I'll tell you!"

"Excellent!"

"Please, take the knife away," she pleaded.

"Well, for now." He pulled the knife away and let go of her clit.

"I... I saw them that day."

"In your

Café?" She

nodded.

"What were they doing in there?"

"They came in for a drink."

"And who were they with?"

"They came in alone. They... they met a woman there."

"Who was she?"

"I don't know."

He tsked and shook his head, reaching between her pussy lips for her clit again. His fingers isolated it and pulled up on it as she hissed with fear.

"Please! I don't know who she is!"

"Then why wouldn't you tell the police? Why would you be afraid of telling me? You know a lot my sweet and I'm going to get it from you one way or another." He slid the sharp knife against her clitty and she whimpered in fear.

"It was the Countess Schimmler!"

"I see. And who is the Countess Schimmler?"

"She... she lives in the castle north of town. She owns much of Rohlburghe."

"What does she do up there?"

"We don't know, but she has many visitors. They are powerful men with bodyguards. People don't talk about them. If they do, they get fired and evicted. They have to leave town. If they cause trouble, they disappear."

"To where?"

"Nobody knows. They just disappear."

"So nobody knows what she does up there, yet everyone is afraid of her?"

"Sometimes... sometimes we hear things, if we are near the castle and the wind is right."

"What things?"

"Screaming, terrible screaming."

"Why don't the police do anything?"

"About what? Anyway, the police are all owned by the Countess. The Chief is one of her most frequent visitors."

Jack had been unconsciously rubbing his fingers together against her clit as she spoke. Neither of them had really noticed, she because of her fear and he because he was listening intently to her story with one ear and listening for any sound of approaching danger with the other.

He noticed just then what he was doing, and noticed also that his fingers were wet, not from any blood he'd drawn, but with a silky, oily wetness that came from only one place. He said nothing, continuing to rub her clitty as she lay spread out before him.

"What does this Countess look like?"

"She is very tall. Very strong," she gasped. "She has very short blonde hair, though it is not her true color."

"How long has she lived here?"

"Several years ago she came here and purchased the castle from the Baron de Sovnen."

"And she's been getting these... visits since then?"

"At first there were only craftsmen. She brought them from outside the town and they would speak to nobody. Then the visitors started coming. It is dangerous to speak of them."

"Where did these craftsmen come from?"

"From Stuttgartde."

"What company?"

"I do not know."

"And they said nothing about what they did there?" He rubbed a little harder on her clitty and Heidi sighed inaudibly. "No. They would not talk with us at all."

"Does the Countess have guards at her castle?"

"Yessss," Heidi gulped, spreading her legs slightly wider. "She has

many guards. They have... they have machine-guns."

Jack slid a finger teasingly against her slit and eased the tip in between them, then slid it slowly up and down between her wet pussy lips as he continued to manipulate her clitty.

"How many people are at the castle now?"

"I... I don't uhhhh... know," she moaned.

"Have you heard of any other girls disappearing around here?" He pushed his fingertip into her sex-tube proper, sliding it in to the first joint, then the second. "A... a... few."

"Often?"

"No."

"Who were they? Local?"

"No. Always... always foreigners."

"How many?"

"I... I don't... maybe five or six."

"Young, old, rich?"

"Young, very young, teenagers, college girls, always very very pretty ones."

"Ah!" His finger was deep into her sex-hole, buried to the knuckle. Her insides were hot and slick, tugging at his finger as he slowly eased it in and out. He pushed another finger in beside the first, hooking them upwards and sliding them back and forth so they rubbed against the bottom of her clit.

Her breath was short and ragged as her eyes shifted from his face to her groin. Jack slid his other hand up her belly to her left breast, letting it lie atop the round swelling meat, feeling it rise and fall, feeling her sharp, pointed nipple press into his palm, feeling her heart hammering in her chest.

He pushed a third finger into her pussy, stretching her pussy lips wide as he pumped them slowly in and out.

"Do you like that, Heidi?" he asked, as if the question was merely a continuation of the interrogation.

"Yesss," she sighed.

"You're very wet."

She blushed redly.

He reached for his pants and quickly unsnapped them, pulling his zipper down and taking out his cock, which had become hot and erect. She looked at it wide eyed, her mouth open as air rushed in and out of her chest.

He lay down, then rolled atop her. She didn't move. Her legs stayed stretched wide apart as if the point of the knife still dug into her thighs. His weight came down on her and she grunted slightly, her eyes staring into his were both frightened and excited.

He reached down for his cock and placed the tip against her slit, rubbing it up and down between her pussy lips, then he centered it and pushed it into her, letting himself sink down into her belly slowly, inch by inch, until he was balls deep inside her.

"You like that, Heidi?" he gasped.

"Yessssss... Ohhhh Yessss!" she whimpered.

He kissed her, his lips pressing fully against hers, pressing her head back into the pillow with their force. Her mouth opened and his tongue shot inside as his hands seized her breasts and began to fondle the malleable flesh.

He let his cock stay buried deep in her belly and began to grind himself against her, pressing his groin into her moist opening and moving his hips in slow circles as their tongues slithered together. She strained against the rope holding her wrists, but Jack knew instinctively that she didn't want to be released.

He began to pump against her then, staying deep inside her sex-pipe as he rutted against her in short sharp pumping motions as she moaned beneath him. His hands slid beneath her and gripped her fleshy buttocks, jerking her up against his short thrusts.

"Yessss... yessssss!" she sighed.

Then he propped himself up on his elbows and began to thrust in earnest, using the full length of his shaft as he drove himself into her with long firm strokes. His oiled cock slid in and out of her straining pussy lips as Heidi sighed and moaned, pulling repeatedly at the rope holding her wrists.

He felt her pussy burning with sexual passion, felt her body shaking and trembling beneath him as she approached orgasm. He hammered his cock down into her tight seeping sex, slamming his pubic bone against her as he rutted wildly.

She threw her head back and strained hard against the ropes, which dug painfully hard into her wrists. She jerked her loind up against him, wanting his cock deep inside her as she flew into her climax. Her body trembled and shook and her head thudded back against the pillow repeatedly.

Jack felt the cum being sucked right out of his cock, like a voracious vacuum on a straw it bubbled out of his balls, down his long cockshaft and spewed out into the pit of her hungry sex, foaming and bubbling with hot salty seeds.

Amber had progressed faster than Devon. Her mind, less strong, less confident, less intelligent for that matter, was easy prey for Freda and her colleagues. Now she stood against the wall, shivering slightly in anticipation as the customers looked over the girls.

She wore the same studded leather collar around her neck. The collar was thick and wide, making it difficult to look down. She wore similar bracelets and anklets, each of which was studded and locked by a small key, and each of which had a small, strong ring of steel so they could be easily fastened and tied.

She wore a bright green G-string that barely covered her shaved sex. Her large round breasts were nude so they could be better appreciated. In addition to the rings on her collar, anklets and bracelets, she had three others.

At her final session the previous day, she had been fitted with rings through her pussy lips and nipples. She herself had cupped each round breast, squeezing it out to make the meat balloon and swell, and her nipple stick out.

Freda had seized each nipple tip with a pair of pliers, squeezing the metal down hard to produce an agonizing burning pain in the shivering brunette. Then she had slowly stuck the thin needle through the end of the nipple, piercing it.

Small gold rings were placed in the holes to protect from infection. They were only for when she was alone however. Now that she was on display they had been replaced by large gold rings, each more than an inch wide.

Her body had screamed in pain and pleasure when Freda had stabbed the needle through her nipple. When she'd done it to her second nipple Amber had cum with a trembling, shaking fury. She had cum again as the needle was pushed through her pussy lips.

She stood straight, her chest pushed out and her legs slightly apart. A wide welcome smile was on her full red lips, and her eyes were wide and friendly. Her long brown hair showered about her shoulder like silk, framing her pretty face.

There were a dozen other girls standing around waiting the three men's choice. All were lovely. All had the same smiles and welcome eyes. All would do anything, absolutely anything that was ordered. Most were barely into adulthood. One was a young lawyer of twenty-nine, her arrogance crushed with her spirit.

Not all of the girls were clad as Amber was. Some wore shimmering, translucent silk. Some wore tight, binding teddies and corsets. Some were in leather.

One girl was almost encased in leather. She wore thigh high leather boots with long heels, elbow length leather gloves, leather G-string and halter. The halter had two thin round holes so her breasts stuck straight out in bulging round fleshy sacks. Her entire head was covered in tight leather, leaving only her eyes visible through small slits. There was a zipper where her mouth would be, but it was closed.

One of the men pointed to Amber and her smile lengthened. She walked over to him, looking up with longing into his stern blue eyes. He was tall and thin, with thinning grey hair and a tight, pinched mouth. She knew he wanted to hurt her and fought to keep from squeezing her thighs together.

"Come," he said, his accent thick. He turned his back on her and strode out of the room. Amber quickly followed, hurrying along in his wake, eyes demurely downcast. They moved down a wide hall to an open door and went inside. The room was wide and equipped with many things, not excluding a big brass bed.

He pushed the thickly padded door closed and turned to gaze angrily at her.

"Sit there," he said, pointing to a low bench. She quickly did as he ordered, keeping her legs apart as she'd been instructed.

"Lie back and abuse yourself."

She was caught a little at first, but then realized he wanted her to masturbate. She smiled happily. She could do that!

She began to fondle her breasts, doing it as she'd been shown, so he could see as much of her breast as possible. One of her hands slid up and down her belly and then into her groin, which she cupped and rubbed.

Slowly she began to dip her finger in and out of her sex, rubbing at her clitty. Her finger pushed deeper, and was joined by a second, then a third. She continued to play with her breasts, twisting the nipples, squeezing the rubbery flesh, pressing her fingers deep into the soft meat.

She arched her back and moaned realistically. Beginning to feel her arousal in reality. Her fingers rubbed quickly, the heat in her pussy burning higher and higher with each passing second.

"Stop!" he said. Reluctantly, she opened her eyes and pulled her hands away. She was panting heavily.

"Come here."

She walked over to where he stood in the center of the room. There were chains hanging from pulleys above them. They were set up so that a girl could be hung in any number of ways.

The man fastened one to each of her bracelets than pushed the buttons that worked the pulleys. Amber's arms were pulled up and apart until she stood on her tiptoes. Then she was lifted free of the floor altogether, hanging by her wrists a foot above the stone.

She whimpered softly, pain and pleasure swirling.

He stood in front of her, still taller than her despite her elevated height. His hands reached out and cupped her breasts, then his fingers squeezed brutally tight, twisting the sensitive flesh cruelly. She whined and shook, her breasts flaring with agony. Her pussy burned anew with the pain.

He let go and moved against the wall, where an assortment of articles hung. He pulled down a long bull whip, then reconsidered and placed it back on its peg. Instead he pulled down a cat o' nine tails and a thin cane.

He walked over to Amber, who trembled fearfully. He moved behind her, setting down the cat and hefting the cane. He slashed it back and forth a couple of times, hearing the satisfying hiss as it cut the air.

He gazed down at the girl's lovely rounded buttocks and smiled cruelly. They would not be so smooth and white when he was finished. His name was Gunther. He was in his late sixties, but still strong, and still full of hate for Americans.

In his late teens, he had been in the SS, and had never recovered from the humiliation of Germany's surrender to the degenerate Americans. He hated them more than he hated anything, except Jews of course. He hated Jews more than even Americans.

The countess had been kind enough to provide him with several young Israeli girls, each of whom he had brutally tortured and raped to death.

It was an expensive hobby, but one which kept him occupied and happy. Right now, he was waiting for another Jew. The Countess promised one was en route and would arrive in a few days. Until then, he would have his pleasure with this sluttish American girl...

He brought the cane cracking down against Amber's buttocks, sending her lower body jerking forward as she screamed in pain. An angry red line appeared across her twin cheeks. Gunther gazed at it in satisfaction. The cane lashed out again, and again and again, each time producing a howling shriek of agony from the girl and a nasty red welt on her round fleshy buttocks.

Each time he felt the cane smash into her sweet flesh, his cock hardened more. Each scream raised the intensity of his pleasure. He slammed the cane against her bottom again, rocking her forward and causing another agonized shriek to echo through the room.

Gasping, he dropped the cane and moved against the girl. His hand felt her ravaged buttocks, felt them almost pulsing with heat and pain. He dropped his pants and brought his own red hot erection up against her flesh, rubbing it against her cheeks.

Then he centered the point against her anus and pushed hard, forcing it through her tight sphincter and up into her rectum. She whimpered and groaned, the burning pain of her buttocks dazing her with its intensity, yet still the pleasure was there, heady, glorious, rising with each blow until now it was on the edge of a precipice.

The hard male cock stabbed up into her bottom and pushed her over the edge. She grunted and moaned, her body dancing in its bonds as she rutted back against Gunther. He cursed and snarled, ramming his cock deep up her anus, his hands like steel bands on her thighs, pulling them apart as he tore his cock in and out of her rectum.

Her anus clamped around his cock, sucking and chewing on it as the orgasm tore through her. He reamed her out, his cock a brutal plough as it jammed in and out of her little hole, churning her anal tube into a frothing bubbling stewpot.

In less than a minute his cock sprayed out his white sperm, spurting it up into the depths of her bowels as his cock pumped repeatedly. He clung to her, his hands around her now, clutching her fat breasts in a death grip.

He relaxed and pulled back, his cock softening. He gazed at the half-conscious girl hanging there and his lip curled into a sneer. He reached across the cane, sitting on a table, and picked up the cat, moving back slightly and raising it.

## FIVE

Devon gasped for breath as Franz finally pulled his long, fat cock up out of her throat and let the head rest on her tongue. She sucked in great breaths of air, seeking to fill her lungs before the meaty prick pushed forward again. Then he moved, gripping her head tightly as he pushed his cockhead slowly forward into the back of her mouth.

It popped through and down into her throat, making the elastic flesh bulge outward painfully as if she'd swallowed something too big, which in fact she had. It slid down her food pipe until the head actually passed out of her throat and into her upper chest, cramping and aching there.

She was on her knees, naked of course, as Franz stood above her. Her wrists were bound tight behind her and a leather band circled her chest just below her breasts, drawing her arms in tight against her sides.

Two thick elasticized bands circled her breasts, cutting into the soft flesh, making them bulge outward like mushrooms, the skin taut and tight, the nipples pointing out sharply.

A leather belt circled her waist, hanging low. From it descended a leather strap, which came down between her legs, cinching up tight between her pussy lips and fastening to the belt behind her. The belt was pinching and squeezing her pussy lips harshly, spreading them apart and crushing her tender flesh between them.

Her guts cramped around two ten inch long, thick rubber dildos stuffed into her pussy and rectum. The dildos were in two parts, the upper part of the dildo, and the lower part. A number of tiny, but very powerful batteries were in the base of each dildo and their energy caused the two parts to rotate in opposite directions.

In addition the very tip of the dildos was metal, and the power sparked through it into her body every few seconds, each time setting off a tiny explosion of pain inside her tormented abdomen.

Franz pushed his cock down into her until his testicles rested against her jaw. He eased his grip on her head, smiling cruelly, as if daring her to back away. Behind her stood Freda, her riding crop ready if the girl tried to avoid the throat fucking or didn't work hard enough.

Devon's back and buttocks already bore evidence of Freda's impatience. Time was money, and her clients liked their playthings obedient and submissive. She cracked the malleable leather down across Devon's well striped bottom again, making the girl moan around the cock stuffing her throat and jerk forward, knocking her glasses askew on Franz's belly.

Freda had decided to keep the glasses for her. They added to her intellectual look and would make her quite popular. She herself found the girl adorable, and had used her tongue a dozen times in the past several days.

During that time Devon had not slept more than two hours at a time. Her brain was foggy and confused, her actions slow and jerky, and her thinking processes derailed without the aid of the drug. She still was given small amounts, but not much. It wasn't needed.

She was making progress, and if it wasn't as fast as her little friend, well, that was to be expected. Freda lashed her soft, pretty round bottom again twice, the crop leaving new glowing welts on the previously unmarked flesh. Devon began sliding her mouth and throat on Franz's cock and Freda smiled in satisfaction.

Many men liked to face fuck, and some preferred it if the female did all

the work. Devon's mouth, in fact her head, moved back and forth, up and down, sliding her throat up and down around Franz's cock. Her tongue writhed and wriggled around against the portion of the cock in her mouth, and whipped at the end of the prick whenever it popped free of her throat.

Franz's eyes closed and he groaned low, his body began to shake and he seized control of the girl's head, slamming his cock into her to the hilt. He pumped rapidly inside her throat until finally slowing down and sighing with pleasure.

His softening cock pulled out of her mouth and hung semi-flaccid between his legs as he looked apologetically at Freda. She frowned in irritation and moved back, tossing the crop on a table. She picked up a strap-on dildo and pulled it into place, fastening it firmly at her crotch, then she sat down on a small chair and beckoned the girl over.

Devon had finally learned that once on her knees she could not rise without specific permission. She half fell, half rolled down onto her belly on the floor and then wriggled like a snake across the cold stone to reach the foot of Freda's chair.

She kissed Freda's ankle, then began licking it.

Freda unsnapped the rubber band hanging from the belt and pulled it free from between her raw, chafed pussy lips. Devon whimpered in pain, but knelt unmoving as Freda's fingers fished around just inside her pussy and seized the end of the dildo, sliding it out of her and placing it on a table beside her chair.

Devon couldn't help a groan of relief as her sex was finally freed of the dildo, for it had been up inside her for hours now.

Freda fistfisted her own rubber cock up and smiled.

"Come and show me how you fuck me, dog. Stand up and straddle me."

Devon groaned, rose slowly and unsteadily, blinked her eyes, swayed slightly, then, moved forward, pulling her legs apart to straddle Freda's chair.

She squatted and tried to feel the tip of the plastic toy with her bare pussy lips. She bumped down a couple of times before it centered on her opening, then she slowly slid down, engulfing it with her sweating aching pussy-tube, letting it slide up inside her belly until her buttocks rested on Freda's thighs.

She rubbed her sore, unnaturally swollen breasts against Freda's chest and face as the woman nipped and chewed at her flesh. She achingly pushed herself upward, feeling the dry plastic pull at her soft pink flesh as she tore herself free.

She rose until the cock was just inside her, then slid downward again, repeating this as Freda fondled her behind, sucked and bit on her breasts and nipples and rubbed her hands over her buttocks. Her eyes were dull slits behind her glasses, and mouth hung slackly.

The dildo up her anus started to slide out finally. Franz watched with a smirk and when it was half out, he gripped it and started to rapidly pump it in and out of Devon's sore, ruptured rectum. Devon whimpered but continued to

slowly pull herself up and down on Freda's hard rubber cock.

"Good dog," Freda said.

She bent her back as Franz stuffed the dildo high in her anus once again, and moved to another table. Devon almost lay on her back, her feet hooked against the legs of the chair, and her sex still locked on Freda's dildo.

Her body bowed back as her head hung down over Freda's knees. The soft flesh encasing her breasts became even tauter against them. Freda rubbed her hand over them, then took the needle from Franz. She pinched one of the girl's nipples, pulling it up hard, then jabbed the needle through it.

Devon gasped and wept with pain as the needle pierced her nipple and came out the other side. Franz knelt beside the chair, his fist in her hair, holding her head down. Freda rubbed the needle back and forth, as if fucking her nipple. Then she pulled it out and took a gold ring from Franz, sliding it into the new hole.

She pinched Devon's other nipple then, and stabbed the needle through it. A second ring was placed on her body as Freda smiled and rubbed her hands over them.

"Now we look pretty. Don't we?" she smiled, pulling Devon upright and hugging her against herself. She caressed Devon's hair as the girl wept over her shoulder.

"Now now. You must remember that you are here to serve." She stressed the last word, as the recording had been doing for days now. "You must be obedient."

Amber's eyes were half open slits as she hung from the chains like a sack of meat. Gunther sniffed in anger and pulled his arm down. The girl's back was already a bleeding mess.

Still, he was dissatisfied. A professional, he knew that the cuts were all very thin and shallow, and would stop bleeding within minutes once he stopped. Within a few days there'd be no sign that the girl was every whipped at all. He didn't like that. That was why he preferred the big bull whip.

It left deep, ugly scars that only surgery could correct, and nobody would waste that kind of money on these sluts. It was too bad that scarred whores were worth less, he thought. If he wanted to use one up with the bull whip he had to purchase her, and he had to conserve his funds for the Jew-bitches.

Still, he was pleased as well as angry. This slut was well trained. It screamed nicely when he beat it, and then orgasmed, leaving him with the feeling of true power and strength. He moved around in front of the American, contemplating her still unmarked front, and those big, soft breasts.

The girl didn't even look at him. Her eyes were unfocused and glazed as she stared at nothing. Her flesh glistened wetly in the reflected overhead light. He put down the cat for a moment, wanting something harder than its thin leather tendrils for those shining mammaries.

He pulled a special little ping-pong paddle from the wall. The paddle had been thickened. The rubber coatings had been removed and the wood

polished and lacquered until it shone. He smacked it against his thigh as he approached her, then raised it and brought it down flat against her right breast.

The flat wood cracked against the soft meat with a loud smacking sound, crushing the sensitive orb and leaving it bouncing and jiggling as he brought the paddle back. The girl howled and danced in her chains, her legs twisting and flopping in vain as her breast reddened.

He hit it again, and again, and again, and again, watching the flesh bounce and jiggle and change colors, almost giggling with delight. The girl screamed relentlessly, her body thrashing and jerking insanely as he beat her breast.

He stopped and then refocused his aim on her left breast. He waited briefly, enjoying the sight of the two twin mammaries, one white, the other red. Then he began again, working this one into a blinding oozing mass of tortured nerves and aching, throbbing pain.

During the midst of the beating, the girl came again, her whinings becoming truly agonized as her eyes rolled back in her head. She bent her head way back, either deliberately, or unconsciously pushing her breasts out at him as he slapped the paddle down against them both.

He dropped the paddle, lifting the girl's legs and stuffing his cock inside her. She grunted and groaned and drooled on his chest as his steel fingers dug into her buttocks and his cock slammed repeatedly up her belly. He bit down hard on her throat, only just barely restraining himself from biting hard enough to cause real damage.

His cock was being sucked and squeezed voraciously by her spasming twitching pussy slit. He thrust into her repeatedly, his cock sawing upwards to put pressure on her clit and sending her into yet another orgasm. He held himself high in her belly as his sperm gushed up into her.

When she had drained him, he finally relaxed, pulling his cock out of her and letting her legs fall again. He was tired now. He glanced at his watch. Almost lunch time. He rolled a little cart over next to the girl, then pulled wires from it, fastening one to each of the rings piercing her body.

He clipped her ankle bracelets to chains coming out of the floor, holding them spread wide so the girl hung in an X shape. Finally he turned on the machine and went into the bathroom to shower. Even over the water he could hear her sudden screams and shrieks as the high voltage electricity shot into her body.

It was not a continuous stream, alternating a low, gentle buzz with short, sharp, sudden stabbing jolts of much higher power. Gunther finished the shower, dried himself and did his hair, then dressed and went back into the room. The machine was on one of it's low voltage swings.

He paused and turned the dial all the way over, sending powerful agonizing voltage shooting into her. She shrieked maniacally, dancing and shaking and trembling and jerking continuously as she was held in the grip of the terrible electric current.

He watched for a while, then eased it back, letting the machine take over. The girl slumped almost unconscious, but he knew she'd wake fast when the next hard jolt hit her. He left the room and went to lunch, anticipating the scallops, and wondering what wine to order

Jack studied the castle through the binoculars. It wasn't much of a castle, really. It was built more for looks than with the idea of holding off an army. Nevertheless, it was still able to produce a challenge for a single man. He watched the guards patrolling the walls and the front gate, which opened every hour or so for a car to come in or out.

There seemed to be several men by the gate when it opened and they all had sub-machine guns slung at their shoulders. They all looked depressingly alert as well. Still, he didn't have much problem finding several weak points in the structure.

It was built long before anyone had had the concept of a rocket propelled scaling rope or ladder for one thing. Although the walls were carefully patrolled, the towers to the south, being at least a hundred feet of solid stone with no windows, apparently were considered impregnable.

He knew he could hit the ledge, or balcony way up near the top. The problem would be the noise the thing made going off. Perhaps a distraction. The car, the one with the terrible engine, the engine that backfired explosively... whenever the proper button was pushed, would be appropriate.

Still, he needed to know more about the layout of this place. He'd already placed the order for the blueprints. They would give the basic layout. Whatever she'd done in there, he was willing to bet she hadn't been able to change things much. This place was all stone, and would have taken much longer to alter in any significant manner than those workers had spent here.

If the towers only let out onto the courtyard then they'd be next to useless. If on the other hand they connected with the main building, which he was willing to bet they did, then he should be able to get in there without anyone knowing it. If Devon was anywhere she was in there.

Another limo pulled up and he focused the telephoto lens on it, taking pictures of the driver, the man in the back, and the licence plate. He'd gotten a dozen of them so far.

That would be his fall back plan. Let the "company" check them out and find out who they were. There was a good chance one of them could be blackmailed into providing an intro for him. Then he'd be able to drive right through the front gate.

He watched for several more hours. Once it got dark, floodlights seared the walls and lit up the inside courtyard. This was gonna be a prick, he thought. He packed up his gear and quietly moved back to the car. Just in time, he sensed the movement and swung up his arm to block the man's knife.

He chopped out viciously, driving his hand into the man's solar plexus, then followed with a knee to the crotch that doubled his opponent over. He flicked a tight wire from his belt and wrapped it around the man's throat, getting behind him and pulling hard.

The man collapsed to his knees, his hands struggling in vain against the wire. Slowly his movements eased and then his hands dropped away. Jack hung on, tightening the belt until he was sure the man was dead. Finally he released him, letting him roll onto his back.

He looked down unhappily. A missing guard tended to cause trouble. Not as much as a dead one though, he told himself. He picked up the knife and slipped it into his belt, then lifted the lifeless guard, tossed him over his shoulder and slowly made his way back to the car.

He dumped the man in the trunk, then went back and checked for signs of a struggle, brushing at the dirt and grass until most of the signs were gone. He drove back to town down a long, winding, deserted road that went by a river. The guard took a swim, loaded down with weights.

"On your back, slut, fondle yourself."

Devon instantly fell back onto the rug, spread her legs wide and began to play with her breasts and pussy. Her hands moved enthusiastically as she moaned and whined in heat. Her fingers pumped in and out of her hole as she twisted and pinched her nipples.

"All right, stand up."

Devon stopped and stood obediently, standing with her hands clasped behind her and her back straight.

"Turn. Bend over and spread your legs."

Again Devon obeyed, spreading her legs wide and clasping her ankles. Freda brought the crop smacking down on her buttocks, once, twice, three times. The girl winced and moaned but held her place.

"On your hands and knees."

Devon dropped to all fours like a dog, her legs spread and her bottom raised.

"What are you?"

"Your slave, Mistress." Her voice was calm and natural now, as if she were just asked the time.

"And what is your task?"

"To obey and to serve, Mistress."

"My feet are dirty. Clean them."

Devon crawled forward and began to lick over Freda's bare feet. Her tongue worked around her right ankle, then down between the toes. Freda lifted her foot slightly so the girl could lick the underside. She smiled at the eagerness she displayed.

"Stop." Devon stopped at once, a well trained dog.

Franz came in, holding a naked young girl by the arm. She was a newcomer, her body slight and thin, younger even than Devon and mind befuddled with lack of sleep and drugs. Franz tossed her to the floor beside Devon.

"Take this," Freda said, tossing her a thick dildo. Devon took it and held it tightly.

"Use it on her, and don't be gentle."

Devon crawled over to the girl and pulled her legs apart, then punched the dildo against her sex, pushing hard to force it down the narrow tunnel as the girl whined and twisted weakly.

"Fuck her hard."

Devon jammed the dildo fully into the girl's belly, then began jerking it in and out with all her force, heedless of the girl's agonized whines and cries.

"Enough."

She stopped and then Franz walked to them. He lifted the girl to her knees and twisted her arm up behind her back. His hand pulled her hair, jerking her head back, thrusting her breasts and chest out. Freda handed a long shiny knife to Devon, placing it in her fist.

She looked at it in confusion.

"Stab her."

Devon looked at the girl, then at Freda.

"Stab her in the chest, right between the titties."

"Now!" Franz yelled.

Devon turned, ignoring the girl's pleading, terror filled eyes, raised the knife and brought it down against the girl's chest. It hit with a dull thump. She pulled it back, but to her surprise, there was no blood, or blade for that matter.

She looked at the other end of the handle and saw the blade had disappeared inside. It slowly eased out again and she felt it. It was made of rubber. She looked up at Freda in confusion as the woman smiled.

"Just a test, dear. Just a test." She reached out and patted Devon's blond hair and the girl smiled timidly. The other girl had fainted. Franz took her away.

"Well, I think you're ready to start making me some money. Would you like that, dear?"

"Yes Mistress."

"There are many men who will enjoy fucking your pretty little pussy and rutting into that tight little asshole."

"Yes Mistress."

"You will treat them well. Won't you?"

"Yes Mistress."

Gunther was annoyed. No sooner had he turned off the machine and disconnected the wires than the stupid slut had collapsed senseless. He glared at her in anger. He slapped her face... hard. It rocked her head but did not produce any groan or movement.

He slapped her again, and again. Still, she stayed unconscious. He muttered to himself and went over to a cabinet, pulling out a needle and little tube. He took the hypodermic and stabbed it into her arm, pushing down the plunger to send the adrenalin into her body.

Then he held the smelling salts under her nose. Her head twisted, jerked away, but he followed it until she gasped and grunted back to life. He put it away and went back to the table to fetch his cat. He wasn't finished with this

little plaything by a long shot.

He was, in fact, considering buying her. She was such a soft morsel, and his cock stiffened at the terrible things he would be able to do to her if she were his. He made a mental note to enquire about her price, then brought the cat down on her right breast.

She sobbed and danced, her legs kicking and jerking up and down. Yes. That was much better. He thrashed her breasts repeatedly, first one, then the other, then alternating until his arm got tired and her breasts, like her back, ran red with blood.

He put the cat down and bent to seize her right ankle, freeing it from the chain. He freed her left as well, then lifted them both up, pushing her feet up into the air and locking them to two more chains descending from the ceiling. He pulled on the pulley, the chains jerking her ankles up beside her head, spread apart so her sex and anal opening were spread open before him.

He lifted a soft leather riding crop and his eyes gleamed as he saw the winking sex and wrinkled anus. He raised it and brought it cracking down to the center of the brunette's shaved mound. Her piercing screams made him wince. He hit her again, aiming for her slit, wanting to hit the clitoris.

The girl jerked maniacally in her chains, twisting and thrashing as she howled and whined and sobbed like an animal. His next blow landed across her anus and sent more pain flaring into her body. He halted temporarily, stabbing the tip of the crop into her pussy and working it in and out.

He slid it out and jammed it into her anus, fucking that for several seconds, then he pulled it free and moved forward, pushing his cock against her pussy slit and drilling it down into her. He fucked her hard, his cock punching in and out of her agonized pussy hole as he gripped her tortured, sweating, bloodstained breasts and squeezed them brutally, twisting them round and round as he pounded down into her.

The girl's body exploded into a gut wrenching orgasm, her pussy almost tearing his cock off as he pistoned it in and out of her. He continued to squeeze her breasts, hanging on for dear life as she went mad against him. He wondered at the strength of the chains to hold her, then gushed forth his silvery seed and withdrew.

Again he paused to catch his breath, then picked up the crop. Now he was really going to give it to her.

Jack gazed at the computer display in irritation. The little portable was horrendously expensive, but incredibly powerful. It was displaying the blueprints of the castle, which clearly showed that the towers had only one exit, a door at their base on either side of the courtyard.

What was worse, according to the company both towers were used as barracks for the guards. So much for that idea, he thought. He wondered how the company knew that. But then, he'd wondered that often. Then he knew as the computer informed him that the company had managed to corral one of the men he'd photographed.

He was a powerful and very married politician, with four children and

an image as a church going gentleman. The man was going to pay another visit to the castle and he was going to take Jack with him. The only condition was that Jack do nothing whatsoever while he was with him.

Well, that was all right. Once the introduction had been made, he could come back and get in himself, perhaps with a few of his own "friends".

## SIX

Devon was lucky. Freda wanted her for something more than just a pain-toy. She had dismissed Amber as a brainless piece of fluff even before she had been brainwashed. She didn't consider the girl smart enough for anything else.

Devon though, showed promise. The girl was smart, and now, completely docile and under control. There were many possibilities for a girl like her. Freda ran a call girl network in several major cities and a sophisticated and smart looking girl like Devon would be very popular.

Likewise, she ran a porno video system, where she used the girls to make movies. She felt Devon would be believable in a number of parts. Then again, the girls played many roles right here in the castle, pretending to be daughters, nieces, schoolgirls, nurses, sisters, etc. Devon would be a good actress, and extremely adaptable.

So she was kept from the most rabid clients, those who would mark up her flawless skin, and instead began her initiation in the main guest room, or the orgy room as some of the girls called it.

The immense room had once been the ballroom where nobility had danced and chatted, their behaviour oh so proper. Now it abounded in plants and rugs and obscene paintings and wall hangings. In the entrance was a life size sculpture of an incubus raping a human woman. The incubus's enormous cock somehow fitted into the girl's sex, though no real woman could have lived with something that size inside her. The girl had an expression of rapturous delight on her face.

Water flowed from fountains and fake waterfalls. There was an enormous round pool with sloping sides for the guest to lie in. The floors were piled with large, thick cushions and furred pads, and alcohol flowed almost as freely as the water.

The girls were plentiful and available. Some were bound in obscene positions, their orifices available for use. Some were attached to machines of various kinds which could be activated for the amusement of the clientele.

Though few of the clients realized it, there was a kind of ranking to the girls. The highest ranking girls were those who had proved their intelligence and capability over the months or years. These were the ones who roamed freely, ready to drop into a client's lap at a smile and gesture, who would

cuddle and coo, and whisper sweet things into their ears.

These girls knew how to laugh at the unfunny jokes, how to interpret the client's moods and act accordingly, in other words, how to best please the clients. These were the elite, the most valuable of Freda's harem.

Under them in terms of seniority, were the "waitresses" who carried drinks and little delicacies around. They also were available for use and were, often. Their conversation and judgment was not yet as smooth as the freely wandering girls, but they were trusted nonetheless.

Next in rank were the bound girls, the ones who were positioned for the clients use in ways thought to be erotic and enticing. Some were bent forward across a table with their legs spread, or on their backs, also with leg spread. Some hung from the ceiling in chains, their sex thrust out so their bodies could be roughly used. Some hung horizontally, chains attached to their limbs as well as going under their backs. Their legs were open and their head hung back, all orifices ready.

The newest girls, those who knew nothing and were worth less, were the ones bound to the machines and devices, or those bound in place next to the whip and torture shelves. These girls were mostly runaways who had received little training from Freda and her helpers. They did what they were ordered to try and avoid pain.

At any given time, there were various "shows" going on, each on a separate little stage. The girls in the shows were of the same rank as the waitresses, and in fact, alternated duties with them, switching from one task to the other every little while.

Devon was assigned as a showgirl/waitress as an introduction for her. Just in case she had any shred of lingering pride or shyness, she was to perform in three separate shows the first evening. After that she could begin waitressing.

Her first "show" was a simple lesbian thing. She was paired with an older woman named Brigitte, who looked to be in her late twenties. Freda introduced her and left her there. Brigitte was a French woman and had little time for chit chat.

"Listen carefully," she said. "I am the school teacher. Understand? I'm an aggressive bull dyke and you are the sweet shy schoolgirl. I will start fondling and kissing you and you are to resist like a shy little girl, backing away, keeping your eyes demurely down. Say nothing until we are having sex, then you can groan a lot. Understand?"

"Uhhh Yes, Brigitte."

"When I get tired of your shyness I'll get mad and rip your clothes off and start doing you. Just follow my lead then. I'll be cursing and yelling at you. Just do as I say. Understand?"

"Yes, Brigitte."

Brigitte was dressed in a tight, but conservative dress, her hair curly brown done behind her in a tight bun. Devon wore a knee length checked skirt, a white blouse, navy blue blazer, white knee socks, and black flat shoes.

There was a school teacher's desk in the center of the little stage. A swivel chair was behind it. Devon was slightly nervous, worrying that she wouldn't do a good job and Freda would be disappointed and angry with her. She tried to remember everything Brigitte had said as the woman walked ahead of her to the stage and sat down behind the desk.

She mounted the two steps to the low stage and stood awkwardly next to Brigitte, who ignored her. The Frenchwoman pretended to be writing. She put her pen aside finally and looked up at Devon, her eyes scanning her body from toes to head.

She started to speak, but Devon had no idea what it was since it was in German. Her voice was silky and sweet as she talked though. Then she stood up, standing directly in front of Devon and looking down. Devon stepped back a step and Brigitte smiled.

Her hand reached out and slipped through Devon's hair, brushing it away from her face as she continued to talk. Then she moved around to stand next to her, putting her arm around Devon's shoulder. She turned her so the blonde was pushed against the edge of the desk.

Devon looked at her, then remembered and cast her eyes downward. As she did, she realized that a number of men had paused to watch. She ignored them, staring at the ground as she felt Brigitte's arm, the one over her shoulder, slide down and cup her breast through the blazer.

Again, she forgot what to do. Brigitte leaned over and nuzzled her throat with her mouth.

"Push my hand away," she hissed.

Devon responded at once, shoving the older woman's hand off her breast and shrugging the arm off. Brigitte slipped it around her waist then, and kissed her cheek. Devon turned her head away.

Then Brigitte's right hand slid beneath her blazer and cupped her breast again. She needed no instructions and pushed it away, folding her arms across her chest. Brigitte's hand fell to her knee, sliding up and down her leg, then going up beneath her skirt.

Devon started to push it away, but Brigitte abruptly started snarling at her. She jerked her hair, hard, making her cry out involuntarily. She was afraid that she'd done something wrong, but then remembered what Brigitte said about pretending to be mad.

Brigitte forced her hand right up into Devon's pussy, forcing the skirt up along with it. Devon's legs spread as the older woman pushed her back against the edge of the desk and she sought to retain her balance. Brigitte cupped her pussy and squeezed it tightly, still pulling back on her hair.

Devon whined in pain as the woman slipped her hand into her panties and squeezed her mons harder still. She pulled the hand out and then let Devon's hair go. She had been beside her but now turned to face her, her body touching Devon's and still forcing her back against the desk.

She glared angrily and snarled again, her voice was very loud and nasty. She gripped the edges of Devon's blazer and yanked it open, pulling the jacket

off her shoulders and letting it hang half on, half off, holding her arms. Her hands then went to Devon's blouse and ripped it, tearing it completely open and then shoving it down her arms along with her blazer. As Devon wore no bra this left her naked above the waist.

Her hands went to the sides of Devon's head and held her tightly, then she kissed her, harshly, savagely, forcefully, her mouth mashing down against Devon's and her tongue shooting into her. She let go with one hand and slid it to her panties, tearing them off with a single ripping snap.

Now all of Devon's private parts were revealed to the audience. She didn't feel bothered by that. She was too busy concentrating on doing everything right. Consequently, she had no difficulty looking worried as Brigitte pressed her larger body against her and forced her back against the desk.

The older woman's fingers being pumping roughly in and out of Devon's pussy as her mouth came down on the blonde's once again. Then her hands were in Devon's hair and she was tugging the young blonde girl forward and forcing her down to her knees in front of her. Once Devon was on her knees, cowering meekly, Brigitte stood back and tore open the front of her dress, which slipped down her buxom body into a heap around her ankles.

She stepped out of them, naked, and gripped Devon's hair again, pulling her face into her pussy. Devon began licking energetically. Whenever she forgot to make any noise, Brigitte pulled sharply on her hair, causing her to moan and whimper into Brigitte's pussy.

Brigitte groaned loudly, rutting her pussy into Devon's mouth. She began to slump lower and lower, pushing Devon back until the blonde teen was flat on her back and Brigitte was squatting over her face, rubbing her wet pussy against Devon's lips as the girl ate her.

The end of the show arrived when Brigitte came, groaning and moaning loudly in orgasm, shaking her head wildly and grinding furiously against Devon's face. Some of the watchers might have thought it was too theatrical, but Devon, whose face was buried with gushing pussy cream, knew better. Brigitte really had come.

Freda pronounced herself satisfied with the little show, though she reminded Devon that it hadn't taken her much effort in her little role. Brigitte smiled worshipfully after Freda, proud that the woman had stopped to talk briefly to her. She then led Devon to a changing room to dress for the next show.

As they dressed, she casually revealed that she had been in the castle for over twenty-five years now. Freda gave her a nice birthday present every year, she said, proudly. As Devon learned, Freda's most effective girls... and boys, were not taken in their teens, but much earlier.

These were either kidnapped, or purchased outright from poor parents all across Europe. Freda had decided that the perfect age was five. At that age the children had no shame in their bodies to be unlearned, but were old enough to be taught obedience.

They were easily brainwashed and then raised and trained to give sexual pleasure. The girls were taught submissiveness more than the boys. Both sexes were well schooled in sexual technics and perversions of every variety, getting much experience in the lower caverns as they grew.

There, beneath the ballroom, was the special area set aside for the rich of Europe who proffered their lovers on the young and tender side. The children grew up learning nothing about life other than sex and obedience. They didn't know how to read or write.

If by some mischance one or more of them had found themselves outside the castles walls, they would most likely have simply wandered back inside, for they knew nothing at all about the outside world. No television or radios existed for them inside, and they had never seen such things as airplanes or trains, let alone cities or wild animals.

Brigitte had spent seven years in the lower levels, her stay being cut slightly short by her rapid development around twelve. Since then she'd been in the upper levels, servicing the less perverted, but still depraved wealthy of the continent.

She was now Freda's number one girl, and usually didn't do shows, as she arrogantly pointed out to Devon. She was only doing them now to help Devon and make sure she didn't screw up. She worshipped the ground Freda and Franz walked on, and would have done anything for them, including killing herself.

At first, Devon didn't understand her when she said she'd been at the castle all her life. She thought Brigitte was Freda's sister or daughter or something. When she corrected her by saying she had been brought there as an orphan when she was a five year old, Devon had been even more confused.

"But why would they bring you here when you were five?" she asked.

"Because I was an orphan and had no place else to live."

"Oh."

"I'm glad. They've taught me so much."

"Did you go to school?"

"School?"

"You know, a school."

"Oh? Oh yes, them. No, Freda and the teachers taught me everything here. They were very nice to me, especially since I was such a slow learner. I threw up the first time I tried to take a man's cock in my throat," she confided.

"I almost did too," Devon nodded, pulling on another girlish skirt. "I was only six."

"You're joking!"

"Perhaps I am," she said, not very convincingly.

Devon and Brigitte went back out into the ballroom, dressed much as they were before. This time Brigitte didn't try to seduce her at first. Instead she yelled at her in German, then slapped her.

Devon slapped her back, which caused a strange thrill in her mind. She

was terrified at once, her eyes going wide as Brigitte's narrowed. Brigitte had told her she must slap her back, but Freda had never allowed her to hit back when someone hit her and she was frightened that she had been wrong to do so.

Brigitte grabbed her wrist and pulled her across her knees as if she were a little girl, then lifted her skirt up, exposing her buttocks and pussy to the watching men. She continued to say things to her in German, almost none of which Devon understood, except for the words "bad girl" which she had heard often.

Then she started spanking her. Her hand slapped down with a loud crack against Devon's cheeks, making the white flesh jiggle and bounce as she brought her hand down over and over, turning the white skin pink, then red.

Devon began to snifle and weep, partly from the pain and partly because she was still worried and anxious that she had broken the rules by hitting Brigitte. Brigitte continued to slap her behind, lifting a ruler from her desk and using that to beat Devon's bottom while she yelled at her.

Finally she stopped, her words becoming soothing and comforting. Her hand began to caress Devon's pulsing hot buttocks, then slid down between them and rubbed lightly over her pussy. Again, Devon wondered at how marvellous things felt on her pussy since all her hair had been shaved off.

She felt her pubic lips pried gently open as Brigitte slipped a finger into her. The finger pumped in and out, stuffing in to the knuckle, then pulling back out. Brigitte held the finger in front of Devon's nose, saying something in a chiding tone, which, Devon thought, was probably about how wet her finger was now.

She slid the finger into Devon's mouth and Devon sucked on it, tasting her own juices for the first time. Then the finger was withdrawn and Brigitte began to pump it and a second finger in and out of Devon's slit.

Devon groaned in pleasure, grinding lightly on Brigitte's lap as she sought to work her pussy back on the fucking fingers. The two fingers became three, then four, then Devon whined and whimpered as pain shot through her groin. Brigitte was trying to force her entire hand inside her.

Then she did, the heel of her palm slipping through Devon's taut pussy lips and the lips closing around the woman's wrist. Brigitte closed her fingers inside Devon's pussy and shoved her fist down to the pit of her love tube.

She began to pump it slowly up and down in the tight rubbery sheath, almost lifting Devon off the chair with the force of her pussy's clinging tightness. Devon shouted and came, thrashing and convulsing like a mad thing. Brigitte continued to pump and pump until she came a second time, then a third, screaming and howling in agony and ecstasy with the thick, bony fist up in her abdomen.

Finally Brigitte pulled it out, shoving Devon off her lap onto the floor in front of the chair. She jerked her around by the hair until her face was against her pussy and Devon slowly and tiredly began to lick her.

After that show, Brigitte showed her how to waitress. They dressed in

the little waitress outfit, which was little more than a silk thin, elastic webbed black mini-dress that fully outlined her figure and descended to just an inch below her pussy. She wore no underwear so she'd be available to be taken by any man who wanted her.

The dress was also very low cut, revealing most of her breasts, and could be shoved off her shoulders or lifted above her hips with ease. In fact, as Brigitte followed her around, one of the men that she was delivering a drink to haul her down onto his mat, spread her legs and shoved his erection into her.

He pumped steadily into her pussy, not saying a word as he kissed Devon's lips and jammed his tongue into her mouth. His hands cupped her buttocks, jerking her lower body up off the mat to meet his lunging strokes.

Devon didn't need Brigitte's presence to remind her that she should moan and groan. Over the previous days she had been turned into a very responsive sexual creature and her body had begun to ignite and respond the moment the man had lifted her little skirt and stuck it into her.

Unfortunately he came quickly, then pulled out and motioned her away. She gasped and panted as she rose to her feet, tugging her skirt back down as Brigitte handed her her tray back. "That was very good." Brigitte said, and Devon smiled happily, following her back to the bar for another drink.

Along the way they passed numerous other girls, some being taken by men, some tied into strange positions, some being punished. Then she recognized Amber, who she hadn't seen in days.

Amber was standing beside a framework of pulleys and gears. Her wrists were bound behind her and a thick rubber cable descended from the framework above her to tightly encircle her large breasts so they bulged out.

Devon sympathised with her, remembering how her own breasts had ached when a similar band had been tightened around them. There were three other girls, all similarly bound, standing in a row under the framework.

Devon wondered what they had done to be punished. She watched as a pair of men moved over to where several levers were and laughing pulled one. The girl beside Amber, another very busty brunette, was hauled into the air by her breasts.

The girl shrieked and moaned as her breast meat was strangled and stretched. Then the other man pulled another lever and Amber was slowly pulled off her feet, hanging by her big fat red breasts. Amber also cried out with pain and wept in fear and misery as her breasts turned purplish.

"What did they do?" Devon asked, as they passed.

"Huh?"

"Those girls, Amber."

"Oh them, nothing, why?"

"Aren't they being punished?"

"Not especially."

"But, that must hurt a lot."

Brigitte shrugged, unconcerned. "Some men like to hurt pretty girls is all. Their just common whores anyway. That's what they're there for, for men

to hurt."

"But why?"

"I don't know, Devon. You ask too many questions," Brigitte sniffed, exasperated.

"If they weren't bad, they shouldn't be hurt," Devon said, subdued.

"If men want to hurt them they can. Men like hurting girls. It makes them happy!" Brigitte huffed, impatiently, as if it were obvious.

"Will we be put on those?" Devon asked, timidly.

"No. Not us. We're smart. We do the shows and stuff and get to do movies and even get our own rooms, well, I do. You will too, though, if you're good."

That sounded nice to Devon, but she still felt badly about poor Amber, who was dangling by her breasts as the men twirled her round and round.

Jack eyed the guards carefully as they passed through the gate. This could all be a trap, of course. He was counting on Herr Kruger's intelligence, hoping the man would realize that should anything happen to him, the information about his sexual escapades would certainly get out.

So far, Herr Kruger had been completely cooperative. He was far from happy of course, but he was cooperative. Jack was Wilhelm Verman, an important businessman and old friend. Nobody had questioned this as Kruger was a trusted long time client.

The limo pulled into the courtyard and stopped by the door. A doorman pulled the door open and he and Kruger got out, Kruger leading the way in through the brightly lit entrance and down a hallway.

"What do you wish to see first?" Kruger asked.

"Just give me the grand tour," Jack said, in German.

"As you wish."

## SEVEN

They moved through the various areas of the castle that were open to the clientele. Kruger led him to the specialty rooms, each done up in different modes. One was an ancient Aztec mode, where, he whispered, you actually could sacrifice a virgin if you wanted to pay enough.

"You mean dead?"

"Of course."

They went to the old Roman room, where clients were clad in togas and the slave girls wandered around with grapes and wine. There was the Arabian room, with its dusky slaves and the Greek room, which was filled with very young, very muscular men and boys for the pleasure of the clientele.

They then went into the largest room, which Kruger said was the main "lounge" and entertainment area. There were scores of girls here, some on the

mats that were spread around, being used by men old enough to be their fathers, or grandfathers or more. There were girls bound in all manner of positions, and girls walking around carrying food and drink.

They stopped at a low stage where a pair of girls were engaged in a wet and slurpy sixty-nine, then moved on to where another girl, one with very short blonde hair was standing by a wall, her wrists tied to thick ropes above her.

Her back was laced with scars and new cuts, many of which were still bleeding. Beside her was another girl, a brunette, similarly bound, who's back and chest were covered with cuts. "These are for testing the whips."

"What?"

"If you want a whip or cane or something, to beat a girl with, you may test them on these two. See?"

He lifted a short whip off the wall next to the girls and slashed it down against the brunette's already torn and bleeding right breast. The girl screamed weakly and wept. Kruger returned the whip to the wall, where there were dozens, scores of others.

They moved along and passed two girls with lovely bottoms bent over tables. Their legs were straight and spread wide, opening their holes for the use of passers by. Their heads protruded over the other end of the table so men could use them.

"Are all the girl's pussies shaved?" he asked, intrigued.

"Pretty much. Most of us like it and it keeps them cleaner."

He led him along, passing other girls bound in place. There was a table, with girls spread out like a buffet. Each had her bottom on the edge and her legs pulled back, ankles tied to the table to either side of their heads.

Kruger looked at his watch and smiled.

"Ahh," he said. "There's a show just starting. We don't want to miss it."

"What kind of show?"

"Come, hurry or we'll be late." He pulled Jack along until they joined a group of thirty or forty other men staring through a large window. There was a college aged girl in a small room not much bigger than a closet.

She was sitting on a table right underneath the window, her back to them. She was fully clothed, wearing a blue blouse and black mini skirt. Her blonde hair was a bit tangled, but quite soft and fluffy looking as it fell across her shoulders.

"It's one way glass," Kruger said, in an aside.

"Who is she?"

"Nobody. Someone they picked off a street somewhere and brought here drugged. She has no idea where she is or what she's doing here." he said, gleefully.

"What's going to happen to her?"

"Watch." He looked at his watch, impatiently.

Gretchen kicked her feet idly, wondering how long she'd be left here.

She yawned tiredly and sighed. She'd been on her way home from medical school, and had just gotten off the bus when someone had grabbed her. She'd felt a sudden sharp pain in her arm, then nothing. She'd wakened here hours ago, terrified at first, banging on the door and walls.

She'd gradually calmed down but was still very frightened. Who had taken her and why? Her parents weren't wealthy. Perhaps it was terrorists, she thought, or maybe it was simply a mistake and she'd be released when they found out.

Then the door opened and two enormous men walked in. Her eyes opened in stunned amazement. Despite all the terrible things she'd imagined, two hulking, brutes wearing little more than bikini bathing trunks had not even entered her mind.

She jumped off the low table, backing against the far corner as they came forward. Both were very handsome men in their early twenties with thick shaggy hair. Their muscles bulged out everywhere, like they were body builders.

"Who are you?" she asked, fearfully.

Neither answered.

"What do you want?" she pleaded.

They both smiled and moved forward. They grabbed her, effortlessly fending off her attempts at resistance. In quick order, her clothes were stripped off her lithe young body, leaving her naked. They twisted her this way and that, as if posing her, then lifted her up onto the low table.

Jack watched in disgust, mixed with a strange excitement as the two big men positioned the young girl on the table before the window. Her sobs and screams came clearly through the speaker above the window as one of the men held her shoulders down and the other slowly pulled down his bikini.

Jack was impressed. The guy was really well hung. His long thick cock pointed straight out at the girl, who was blubbering in horror as she watched it. Her body thrashed uselessly as the man came up to the end of the table and pried her legs apart.

Then he slowly stuffed his cock down her pussy as she wailed and begged pathetically. He forced himself into her with very hard, brutal strokes, jerking her small body up and down on the table as he used her. Then he finished and pulled away.

He took the place of his friend at the other end of the table as the other got between her legs and sank his cock down her into her sex. The first man grabbed the girl's hair and tore at it viciously, then dropped his semi hard cock into her mouth. She had little choice but to begin sucking on it.

The second man hammered his cock into her pussy for long minutes before finishing. When he did, the first pulled free of her mouth and moved around again. He shoved the girl's legs far back, so the audience could clearly see him force his thick meat down into the squalling girl's anus.

Each of them took her several times. When they were through, several of the men moved to a door at the side of the window. This led to a hallway,

Kruger explained, which gave into the little room. They could all enjoy raping the girl, now that she was broken in.

"What happens to her then?"

"Oh, she'll probably begin training then. When that's finished she'll be out here like these." He led him along the various girls. "Some of them are simply discarded of course."

"What does that mean?"

"Well, there's two such shows a day. They can't accommodate that many fresh meat here. Some of them are sold to other places, many shipped to the Middle East. Others are just released back onto the street."

"Isn't that dangerous?"

"Not really. Those ones were taken far from here and will be released back where they came from. Even if they complain to the police, there's nothing to link them here, and almost none of them complain. They're too embarrassed and afraid."

They wandered down the room, passing a pair of girls stretched out on their backs on a table. Their legs were split wide, tied tightly parallel to the edge of the table. An old black man stood in front of one, casually fucking her. There was a fat, middle aged woman in front of the other, one of the few women clients Jack had seen.

She held a simple heavy belt in her right hand and was determinedly whipping it down into the girl's sex. The young redhead arched her back in agony, gasping in pain each time the belt landed. Her entire groin area was red with pain.

Beyond her was another of the little stages. A girl lay on her back alone, her legs spread as she fucked herself with a pair of dildos. She writhed and moaned as she pumped the dildos in and out of her pussy and anus.

They passed numerous chairs, piles of cushions, and thick mats, on which clients lounged watching shows or eating. All had female companions, some had several. Many rutted away in full view of those passing, unconcerned with being watched. One old man was sitting up, calmly reading a book as a girl sixty years younger than him sucked his cock, taking it deep into her throat as she bobbed her pretty face up and down.

A pair of girls were tied to a large stone pillar, their hands bound tightly together above their heads. Their backs smashed against the hard stone as two men whipped their naked breasts with canes. They cried in pain, trying helplessly to dodge the blows.

"Here's a nice one to start," Kruger said, stopping by a blonde girl who knelt on a small raised platform. She was on her hands and knees, her legs spread. Her ankles and wrists were tied tightly to the corners of the platform. Her bottom was at the perfect height for a man to effortlessly use her.

"Take her. I'll take this one," he said, pointing to a younger girl hanging from her wrists, bottom sticking out invitingly.

"I'm not here for that," Jack hissed, though he had been painfully aware of the bulge in his pants since the rape show.

"Well you'd better, otherwise they're going to get awfully suspicious. We don't get shy boys here, you know." Jack looked at the girl with obvious reservations.

"Look old man. She's had more fucks than you'll ever hope to. Just screw her and be done, then we can go and look at some more things." He unzipped his pants and took out his cock, pressing it against the other girl's anus. She moaned and turned her head around, winking invitingly.

The kneeling girl also turned around with an inviting smile, her eyes wide and bright. She wiggled her cheeks at him and shoved them higher. "Wanna fuck me, Master?" she asked.

"Want me to?" he asked.

"Oh yes, Master! I like being fucked!"

Jack slid his hand along her flanks, feeling the softness of her sweet young flesh. His hand slid along her inner thigh and over her bare pussy mound. The girl sighed with pleasure, pushing her pussy back at him. Jack's cock pulsed furiously. What could it hurt, he thought.

He took out his cock, which was hot and hard and past ready, and placed the helmeted tip against the girl's slit. She moaned again and pushed back against him. His cock forced its way past her pussy lips and into her tight little pussy sheath. He had intended to take her softly but found his excitement too great.

He drove his cock rod deep into her belly, making her squeal in pleasure as he filled up her pussy tube. At once, he began to rut against her, his cock slicing in and out of her sloppy wet hole. His hands continued to caress her soft buttocks, then slowly made their way up her back and under her ribs to cup her hanging breasts.

He squeezed them tightly as his cock pounded into her hole. The girl was moaning desperately, bucking her hips back at him as she sought to increase the friction against her clitty. He stretched a hand down her belly, sliding it over her abdomen and then down to her pussy. His finger sought her clit and pushed down on it, forcing it against his rubbing shaft.

The girl went wild, gasping and grunting as her whole body shook and shuddered through a colossal orgasm. Jack's cock rammed deep down to the base of her sheath and gushed out a hot load of semen, spurting wad after wad as his nuts poured out their bubbling honey.

He sighed in relief and pulled his softening cock from between her thighs, patting her soft bottom and squeezing it once as he did up his pants. Kruger finished fucking his girl in the anus, and pulled out, leaving her slumped in her chains. He wandered across to the girl Jack had just used and stuck his dirty cock in her mouth.

She began to suck and lick at it, showing no hesitation at all. Jack was slightly irritated, seeing as how he'd just fucked the girl, but then realized that there was no real feeling between them. The girl had dozens of fucks a day, probably.

Kruger pulled his now cleaned cock from between her lips and wiped it

in her long blonde hair, then casually put it back in his pants and wandered off, waving at Jack to follow.

The passed another show, this one featuring a tiny brunette who was being held upside down by a couple of the muscle men type he'd seen through the one way glass. Each easily held a leg as they fucked her fore and aft. They held her a foot off the ground. Another musclemen type lay flat beneath her. His cock stuck straight up and the girl's mouth bobbing up and down on it.

A fourth musclemen knelt in front of her, his hands gripping her breasts and squashing them against his cock as he pumped in and out. She was jerking off two more musclemen who stood to either side, their big, thick cocks looking even bigger and thicker in her small hands.

Then Jack stopped suddenly. There was a girl bent backwards across a big rounded wheel-like apparatus. Her ankles were bound tight to the floor, spread far apart. Her wrists were bound to a pulley, which was pulling her with more and more force as a large fat man turned the wheel.

Her head, upside down on the far side of the wheel, was almost obscured by her thick, tangled brown hair and the thin man pumping his cock into her mouth. Nevertheless, he recognized her as the girl that had been with Devon when she'd disappeared.

He barely kept himself from yelling in delight. So she was here! He'd been almost sure of it, but not quite certain. The man fucking her face was happily slapping at her fat breasts with his open hands, slapping them one way, then the other, hitting one at a time as he then watched the meaty melons bounce and jiggle.

"Wait here," he said.

"What for?" Kruger looked at the group casually. "There's much better than this ahead."

"I want to talk to her."

"Talk? Are you joking? She's a brainless piece of ass!"

"I Still want to talk."

"She won't have anything to tell you," He looked around worriedly. "Listen to me, my friend, these girls here are well trained. They are very professional here. That girl has been very carefully brainwashed. If she thinks you're going to do anything against the rules, anything that the Countess wouldn't like, she'll tell them."

"Not if I tell her I'll get her out."

"Are you mad?! She doesn't want to leave! She'll fight you tooth and nail if you try to take her away. I tell you these girls are completely under their control! Look, see?"

The girl was moaning and gasping and jerking against her bonds, very obviously in the throes of orgasm. Jack frowned in indecision. Maybe Kruger was right. He couldn't risk himself with this girl, not until he had the other.

"Look, if you want her, buy her!"

"Buy her?"

"Of course! They're all for sale, other than a very few special favourites

of the Countess."

"How much would it cost?"

"It depends on the girl. She's just one of the torture girls so she shouldn't cost that much."

"Very well, you buy her for me."

"Me? What would I do with her?"

"Give her to me of course."

"That's a lot of money, friend!"

"You just said she wouldn't cost much."

"Well, compared to some of the others no, but she'll still set me back thousands."

"So make a good deal."

Kruger pumped angrily, then left to seek out one of the supervisors. Jack continued to watch as the skinny man slapped and squeezed and twisted her breasts. They must have been awfully sore, but the girl was obviously enjoying herself, either that or she was an awfully good actress.

The skinny man finished, pulling his cock out and spewing in her face, shooting his sperm into her eyes and nose. He jerked his cock with his fist, then sighed and stuffed it back in her mouth for her to clean.

Kruger returned with a tall, barrel-chested man and pointed to the girl. The man frowned.

"You want her? She's got nice tits but she ain't got much upstairs."

"I don't need her to perform mathematical equations," Kruger snapped.

The man laughed and nodded his head. "That's true. Well then, given as how she's pretty new and has hardly earned back the money spend training her, she'll cost you."

"She's all marked up."

"Only with light markings. They'll disappear in a week. Look at that gorgeous body and sweet face. Her breasts are large and firm." He walked over to the girl, who was now alone on the wheel. The fat man had left with the skinny man and the girl was still tautly stretched back across the wheel.

"Why don't people ever put things back the way they're found?" the big man sighed. He rolled the wheel back, easing the strain on the girl's spine and arms. She sighed in relief.

"Now then," the man said, standing next to her in the same manner as a car salesman standing next to a car. He even put his hand on her belly. Jack expected him to launch into a spiel about the paint job and engine.

"She's newly trained, and seems to enjoy her new position," he turned and smiled at her, then turned back, "so to speak. She was trained for pain and submissiveness." He slipped his big hand under her pussy and squeezed hard, making the girl gasp in pain.

"One of our clients made her cum just by whipping her tits with a cat o' nine tails," he said, proudly, showing the multiple little partly healed cuts on her mammarys. "She has a pair of tight holes here and sucks like a vacuum."

She's a real natural, in fact, if she weren't so dumb, we'd have put her in the higher batch and she'd cost you a lot more. She's a real bargain." He rubbed his hand up and down her belly, smiling proudly again.

"How much?" Kruger sighed.

"As I said, because she's so new and hardly used, her price is higher. Fifty thousand."

"That's too high," Kruger snapped.

The man shrugged. "Wait a few months and she'll cost much less, well, better make that a few weeks, she won't last months. In fact, you're not the first to enquire about her."

"Oh?"

"Yes, Herr Gunther."

Kruger looked pained.

"Yes, such a waste of fine flesh that would be," the man sighed, squeezing the girl's right breast.

Kruger looked at Jack resentfully. Then back at the salesman.

"Very well," Kruger said.

"Will you take her with you or would you like her delivered?"

"We will take her with us."

In due course, Amber was untied and carried away from the wheel. Her legs were too sore to walk on right away. She was bathed, her hair washed and brushed neatly, then led naked around to the front. Her hands were bound behind her, but that was a mere formality as everyone knew she would make no attempt to escape.

There at the front was the Countess. Jack stared at her carefully as she spoke to her assistant. The woman was tall and gorgeous. Despite the pictures he'd seen, he was amazed at her. Of all the women he'd seen tonight, she was the one he'd most like to fuck.

"Herr Kruger," she said, pleasantly.

"Yes, Countess. So good to see you."

"And I you. What is this I hear? You are purchasing one of our little slaves?"

"Yes, Countess."

"Won't your wife be slightly annoyed with you?"

"It is a gift for my colleague, Countess."

The Countess turned her piercing eyes on Jack.

"May I present Wilhelm Vernom from Bonn."

"Such a sweet little town, Bonn," she said.

"I like it. It has its charms."

"I hope you will take good care of our little Amber. She needs much attention."

"I'm sure I can supply it."

"Amber." she said, pulling the girl forward. "This is your new master. You will go with him and obey him as you would me."

The girl looked stricken, looking from Jack to the Countess and back

again.

"But... but... am I leaving?" she whimpered.

"Now, now, now," the Countess said, patting her head. "Herr Vernom has purchased you for a large sum of money. Is this how you show your gratitude. You must behave and act like a true slave, so we will be proud of you."

"Yes, Mistress. I'm sorry."

"Come again any time, Herr Kruger, Herr Vernom," The Countess said, sashaying away. The back of her gown dipped down low, giving Jack a view of the cleavage between her buttocks.

"Well, let's go then," Kruger said. "This evening has certainly cost me enough."

They drove through town and stopped only at the little country estate the company had rented. Jack and the girl got out and the limo departed. Jack looked down at the girl, who stood motionless on the stone driveway, looking idly around her, not at all worried at being seen nude.

Fortunately, the company always chose its residences for their seclusion. There were tall hedges around the little mansion, and they couldn't be seen from the street.

"Come on then," he said, climbing the small set of stairs to the front door.

"Yes, Master."

He shut the door and told her to sit on the chesterfield. Her hands were still cuffed behind her and she was still nude. Somehow though, he didn't think of either getting her anything to wear or freeing her. She seemed natural like this.

"I'm glad I found you," he said.

"I am too, Master."

"I've been looking for your friend."

"My... friend?" she asked, confused.

"Devon."

"Oh, her. Oh yes, she's there."

"You're sure?" he asked, eagerly.

"Oh yes,"

She bobbed her head up and down energetically.

"I've seen her a couple of times. She does shows. I wish I was allowed to do shows." She sighed, wistfully.

"Why?"

"Well, cause everyone stares at her and is happy. Plus she doesn't get hit so much."

"I thought you liked getting hit."

"Not really. I mean, I do eventually. It makes my cunny really really warm and all, but I prefer just fucking. Wanna fuck me?"

"Not just yet. When was the last time you saw Devon?"

"Uhhh, a coupla hours ago."

"Great. I must have just missed her. I could have bought her instead."

"You don't like me?" she pouted.

"Oh sure I like you. I wanted to get her back though. That's what I've been hired for."

"Well, you couldn't buy her anyway."

"Why not?"

"Cause."

"Cause why?"

"Cause she's the Mistress's favourite."

"Her favourite?"

Again her head bobbed up and down.

"I heard some of the girls talking. "She's the Mistress's favourite now and the Mistress never sells..."

"Her favourites. Yes, I heard."

"Wanna fuck me now?" she rolled over and knelt with her belly on the chesterfield and her legs spread wide apart, pushing her bottom and bald sex up at him. His cock gave a lurch as he eyed her tight looking slit and little puckered anus. It suddenly occurred to him that she really belonged to him, that she would do anything, absolutely anything he wanted, without complaint or hesitation.

She's barely more than a child, his subconscious snapped.

Not with a body like that, he responded. Look at that ass, and those tits. As if she could hear his thoughts, she wiggled her bottom from side to side.

"Wanna fuck me in the asshole, Master?"

Well, he had some time to spare actually.

## EIGHT

Devon's third show had not been with Brigitte. Instead, wearing the same schoolgirl outfit, she'd been raped and sodomized by a tall, muscular black man. The man had roughly stripped her, pushed her flat on the low stage and spread his weight on top of her. Then he'd roughly thrust into her anus as the men stood around and watched in amusement.

He had been so much bigger than her that he'd crushed her beneath his weight. His cock had been long and thick and had hurt badly as he'd pumped it in and out of her anal opening. What was worse, two men who'd been watching wouldn't let her leave when the show was over.

Instead, she'd had to lie there on her belly as first one, then the other, imitated the black man's efforts, coming down on her back and raping her little anus with all their might. She hadn't liked that at all.

She'd been near where Amber was being stretched on the wheel, and had watched the man slapping her breasts, and then the group of men who'd

gathered around her. After that, Amber had been untied and led off, a full hour before she was supposed to be shifted.

After the two men had sodomized her, she'd gone into the back for a shower and then changed into her little waitress outfit. She'd run into Brigitte along the way.

"Where did they take Amber?" she asked.

"Huh?"

"Amber. My friend Amber. She was on the wheel."

"Don't ask questions kid. It's none of your business," Brigitte frowned.

"I just wondered."

"They sold her, OK?"

"Sold her?"

"Yeah. Something wrong with that?"

"Well, it's just that... I won't get to see her anymore."

"Tough."

"But, who did they sell her to?"

"How should I know. Forget her and get your pussy out there on the floor." She shoved Devon towards the door.

She'd gone out as she was told. Before she even made it a dozen steps she was pulled down to the ground by a horrendously fat man. His fat belly had almost smothered her as she'd sucked him, then nearly crushed her as he fucked her.

When he was finished, she found her dress was ripped in several places and had to go back into the private area for a new one. There were two girls there, both older than her. They'd both been here longer, too. They were talking and at first she didn't pay much attention to them, then their words penetrated to her subconscious.

"...think it's a waste is all. Mistress should get rid of him."

"He pays a lot of money though," the other girl said. They were changing into their costumes for a show. They were to play sisters in a bed at night who started having sex with each other.

"It's just that she was such a sweet little thing."

"Forget her."

"Well, it's just a shame is all. That man is really mean. He could beat up girls without killing them."

"He likes to kill girls, Brigitte says, especially Jewish girls."

"Is Emma Jewish?"

"Uh, huh. I think so."

"So he's gonna kill her then? I still say that's a waste. She has a really pretty face and nice hair. It's not her fault she's little and flat."

"You were never flat," the other girl giggled.

"Are you talking about Emma Myers?" Devon asked.

The two turned and one nodded.

"Yeah. You know her?"

"I saw her this morning in Mistress's quarters."

"Was she eating Mistress?" one of them giggled.

"Uh, huh. What's wrong with her?"

"She's been sold, silly."

"To that awful Gunther man."

"Is that bad?"

"Course it's bad, silly. Gunther beats up girls bad, an' when he wants to really really hurt them, he buys em'."

"Everyone knows from hearing the Mistress's and Masters talk that girls he buys get killed in awful ways."

"Mistress wouldn't allow that, would she?"

"Course she would."

"The girl is only untrained meat anyways."

"Huh?"

"Like you when you got here. She's not trained."

"Guess it would be a waste of time," the other said.

"Do all the girls that get sold get killed?" Devon asked, worriedly, thinking of Amber.

"No silly, most of 'em don't anyway."

Later that day she was called up to see Mistress again. That happened often enough and she was always proud, knowing how jealous the other girls were. This time though there was another girl there.

The last time, Emma had been there and Mistress had had her and Emma perform with each other. Emma hadn't been happy though, snivelling and crying a lot. Devon had been hoping to be alone with Mistress now and was unhappy to find this other girl.

The other girl was a slim redhead. Her eyes were wide and vacant, which Devon knew meant she was still on the drugs. She was new then, she realized. The girl was sitting in Freda's lap and Devon was instantly jealous. She walked over and knelt in front of Freda's chair as the woman caressed the redhead's small breasts.

"Isn't she sweet, Devon?"

"Yes, Mistress," Devon answered, dutifully.

Slut, she thought.

"She's a pretty little thing, yes she is," Freda cooed, kissing the girl on the cheek. "Her name is Amy. She's from Ireland." She shifted the girl about so Amy was sitting with her back to Freda's chest, using the Mistress like a chair.

Freda had one arm around the girl's waist and the other was caressing her hair as she leaned back. Freda pulled her legs apart, which pulled the other girl's apart as well.

"Lick her, Devon."

Devon pushed the girl's legs wider and pushed her face into her pussy, which was still tinged with red fur. She was resentful at having to lick this new girl, especially as she had all that hair that would get in her teeth. Still, there was no thought of disobeying.

She slid her tongue up and down the girl's slit, pumping it in and out as Freda continued to caress Amy's hair and face, eyeing her dazed eyes closely. Devon sought out Amy's clit and began to lick at it, her tongue whipping up and down and up and down in quick, rasping motions.

The girl began to stir, whining and jerking her legs and arms.

"Shhhhhh. You keep still, little one." Freda cooed. "You let Devon lick you good. It'll feel very nice."

Devon buried her face in the girl's muff, slurping and licking and rubbing with her fingers. She pushed her finger in between the lips and began rubbing it up and down the inside of the pussy lips. The girl groaned louder, grinding herself up towards her face.

Devon pushed her finger deeper and deeper, until she came to an obstruction. She frowned, her concentration on licking the clitty. She pushed harder, stabbing her finger forward. Amy yelped, her pussy pushing and jerking hard as if she were in sudden pain. Devon's finger slid deep into her very tight pussy.

"Shit!" Freda cursed. She grabbed Devon's hair and twisted her hard around so the blonde yelped in pain, then flung her to the ground.

"What did you do you stupid cunt?!"

"I... I only licked her like you said, Mistress," Devon whined, holding her hair. Freda slid a finger into Amy's pink pussy and probed around. Her face was furious as she looked over at Devon.

"You fucking imbecile slut!!" she raged. "She was a virgin. Do you know how much her cherry was worth?"

In fact, she wasn't really planning on auctioning the cherry, she had planned to save it as a novelty, and eventually take it herself, using her biggest strap-on dildo.

"I didn't tell you to stuff your dirty little finger up her cunt, you bitch!" she snarled.

She shoved Amy aside and stood up, then kicked forward with her foot, slamming her boot hard into Devon's belly as the blonde knelt there.

Devon gave a low gasp as air shot out of her lungs and fell forward. Freda kicked her again, this time in the side, sending her rolling onto the floor on her back. Freda followed and as Devon twisted around frantically slammed her leather boot right up into Devon's mound.

Devon shrieked with agony, her hands clutching her pussy as she rolled over several times and curled into a ball on her side. Freda stomped over next to her and slammed her boot heel down into Devon's right breast, mashing it against the floor and grinding her heel into it as Devon whined and sobbed and frantically tried desperately to apologise.

There was a knock at the door and Franz entered. Freda kicked her in the belly once again and moved away to confront him. "What do you want?"

"Uh, just these for you to approve." He handed her some papers.

"You're mean!" Devon said, clutching her wounded breast.

Both of them turned and stared at her in surprise. Freda glared angrily.

"Looks like somebody needs some more training," Franz grinned.

It had been a long day's wait, but the men were finally here. The company had not been happy when he'd told them that the only way to get the girl out was a frontal assault. Fortunately, they'd had some influence with the federal German police.

Most of the men were therefore, policemen. Jack and two of his associates were to go in first and find Devon. They had twenty minutes, no more, then the place would be raided.

He didn't want to think about the headlines tomorrow. The press would have a field day with a castle filled with sex slaves and important industrialists and politicians. That wasn't his problem though. Right now, his problem was getting in.

They couldn't bring their own weapons. Everyone passed through a metal detector at the entrance. That didn't matter though. They'd take guns from the guards when needed.

"I'm sick of this little slut anyway," Freda snarled.

"You want her retrained?"

"No. Put her with the bitches for torture. Maybe she'll come to learn some manners when her flesh is torn off by whips!"

Franz dragged her up by the hair and pulled a pair of cuffs from his pocket, clicking them around her wrists as he held them behind her. She moved back to the couch and sat down, lifting Amy and pulling her back across her lap again.

Devon whimpered as Franz shoved her out of the room and dragged her down the hall towards the stairs.

"Too bad, bitch. Should have kept your mouth shut," he grinned. He took her to the first floor, then down the hall, away from the big hall where she'd worked that day.

They went down to the other end of the hall

It was child's play to enter the private area, after all, the guards were alert outside, but seemed to be distracted inside. They just followed one of the girls through the door when she went in to change.

"I don't think you're supposed to be here," she said.

"Forget about us."

"Okay." she replied, promptly turning her back and walking away. Mark and Steve gazed after her in amazement, their eyes still bulging from the scenes in the room they'd passed through.

"If we wanted to, she'd fuck us right here, wouldn't she?" Mark sighed.

"We have work to do." Jack frowned, leading the way through to the far end of the corridor and into the section used by the Countess as her personal suite. They went up a lengthy set of stairs and found themselves in a luxuriously carpeted hallway.

"This looks like it," Jack said.

"I liked it downstairs better."

"Hold onto your dick, will you?"

"Hell, I have to."

They moved quietly down the hall, checking the doors they passed. Then they opened a door and found a tall, skinny man glaring at them in outrage.

"Vos ist los?!" Gunther demanded.

Mark slammed his boot into the guy's crotch, doubling him over. Jack brought his knee up into his face as he doubled down, throwing him back up and pulping his face. The man flew across the room and landed on his back, his head making a loud crack as it hit the stone floor.

Steve hurried over and checked his pulse. He looked up with a frown. "He's dead."

"Well he shouldn't have been so fuckin' noisy," Mark said.

"I hate marines," Jack sighed.

"Hey, up yours, buddy."

"Hey, look here." Steve pointed at a box the size of a small coffin. He pried the top open and jumped back with a curse, then he stepped forward again. Jack looked over his shoulders and saw a very young teenage girl lying unmoving in the box.

"Got a pulse, but it's pretty slow," Steve said.

"She's been drugged, probably for shipping. The old guy must have bought her."

"Well, glad we killed him then, fuckin' pervert," Mark said, indignantly.

"I thought you wanted to screw them girls back there."

"Not the little ones!" Mark snorted indignantly.

"She's all right here. Let's go find the bitch," Jack said.

"Not nice to talk about our client like that," Mark grinned.

"Not her. The Countess." He shook his head and led the way back into the hall and down towards the opposite end. They checked more doors. Finally, he heard voices as he peeked into a room. They moved carefully inside and across to a far door where the voices were coming from.

"Lick me darling. Lick Freda," one of the voices said.

Jack nodded and they rushed in. There was a naked teenager spread-eagled on the bed. Freda was squatting naked above her head.

"What the... "She jumped up and ran towards the far wall as the others ran forward. Her hand closed around a gun and she jerked it out of a drawer, but then Jack's fist tightened on her wrist and she dropped the weapon with a cry of pain.

"Nice lookin' pussy," Mark grinned.

"Forget it, Mark. She don't do boys."

"You had better leave before I call the police." she sneered.

"I want to know where Devon Hunter is," said Jack. "If you don't tell me, I'm going to see how much of the punishment you give the girls, that you can take." He shoved her across to Mark, who grabbed her arms and twisted them up behind her back, holding them easily with one hand as he got a solid

grip on her hair with his other.

Jack lifted a riding crop from the table beside the bed and pushed the end against Freda's chin.

"You like to use these, baby. I wonder how good they'll feel on the receiving end?"

"What do you want?" she gasped, fearfully.

"I want the girl, Devon Hunter."

"I don't know any such girl!" she protested.

Jack raised the crop and brought it slashing down across her round right breast. She shrieked and hurled herself from side to side, crying out in agony as an angry red line appeared on her breast.

"I got all night, baby," Jack lied.

"She's downstairs! She's downstairs!"

"Where downstairs?" Jack raised the crop again.

"She's... I sent her to the Aztec room."

"The Aztec room, you mean where they sacrifice virgins?"

"Virgin, hah!" she snarled.

Jack slashed the crop down on her other breast, whipping it several times as she sobbed and screamed and jerked and twisted against Marks' hold.

"I want to know exactly where she is," he said to the snivelling woman, then he brought his knee slamming up into her pussy. Her eyes opened wide and she grunted, and would have fallen had Mark not held her.

Devon was laid out on an altar, her wrists manacled in heavy chains to the top corners of the stone. Her ankles were also bound, but there was give in the chain so she could move them a little, though not close them. Her back was cold on the stone and she trembled, both with cold and fear.

Around her, the room was in darkness, save for the circle of tall candles lit all around the altar at a distance of about ten feet. There were about twenty robed and hooded people standing around just behind the candles. They were chanting something in German.

Then one of them stepped forward. He was tall and thin. She could see nothing of his face behind the hood. Then he pulled the hood back and she screamed. His face was a hideous mask of hair, with long tusks coming out from the sides of his huge mouth.

Then she sighed in relief, realizing it was a mask. The man was wearing a mask like a monster of some kind. He dropped his robe and walked up to the altar naked. His entire body was painted red. His cock was huge! Then she realized that that too was fake.

It still frightened her, for he apparently intended to stuff the giant cock into her and she didn't think she could take it and live. The thing was easily a foot long and as thick as a baseball bat. He chanted louder than the others, then climbed up onto the altar, coming down on her.

She whimpered in fear as she felt the thing against her. It felt like it was very hard, like bone or something. He pressed it against her pussy and

jammed down, causing pain to shoot into her groin. She grunted and whined as he put more and more pressure against the opening.

Slowly, slowly, she felt the thing forcing her pubic lips wider. Already they were wider than they had ever been, but they tightened and widened still further. Her pussy was on fire, burning with agony as he split her open. She screamed, her body shaking and pulling against the chains that held her.

He pushed down harder, letting all his weight come down on the hard sex organ and forcing it bit by bit up her undersized sex tube. She felt her pussy tearing open, forced far apart as the blunt hard object pushed relentlessly down into her body.

Deeper and deeper it pushed, and she felt her pubic cones separating as if she were giving birth. It moved further into her, causing agonizing pains and cramps all through her lower belly. Her groin felt like it had been torn open, as if she had been stabbed by a terrible knife or sword.

Still it forced its way inward, cramming the walls of her sex apart, rasping down her silky tunnel until it hit her cervix, and still it pushed inward, causing incredible pain as it rammed against her cervix with terrible force.

She passed out from the pain. That wasn't part of the ceremony, however. As soon as they realized it someone moved forward with smelling salts and woke her. She looked up at the devil mask above her and screamed again.

Her pussy was bloated with something huge and hard.

She felt it stuffed way up in her belly and groaned in terrible pain. Then the demon man began to pull back. The hard cock thing was locked tightly inside her, her pussy lips so taut around it that it wouldn't move. He had to exert all his force to slowly rip the thing back down her pussy, actually lifting up her body from the altar by the force of the suction her sheath exerted on the massive thing.

He pulled it out, then pushed it slowly back in. He wasn't being gentle or considerate. No amount of force would get the thing to move faster. He fucked her in slow, measured strokes, groaning and grunting with the strain as Devon wept and shook.

Slowly he managed to work up some speed, though not much, and fucked down into her hard enough to make her grunt loudly every time the thing thrust into her. He rode her for long minutes until finally he reached down to his groin and squeezed the base of the fake cock.

Something hot and wet sprayed into Devon's belly. It wasn't like a cum, with its small shooting wads. This was a massive outpouring as if someone had turned on a hose inside her. The liquid was very hot and bubbled in the deepest recesses of her sex as the demon man slowly pulled the hard bone-like cock out of the tight confines of her pussy.

Finally it pulled free and her opening gaped, thick red liquid gushing out of it. She looked at it in horror, thinking it was blood and knowing she would die from that great a wound. She didn't feel like she'd been cut, but the

pain in her abdomen was enough to blur something like that.

She waited to get cold and weak, which she knew was what happened when you lost a lot of blood, yet it didn't happen. The blood, if it was blood, wasn't hers. The man got back down off of her and held his arms in the air, shouting something. The others responded and slowly moved forward, standing around him.

Then he turned back to Devon and he had a hideous long knife in his hand. She stared up in terror as he raised it above her chest, chanting along with the others. Suddenly a shot rang out and the man was thrown backwards, landing on the floor in a tangle of limbs.

The others started screaming. They broke and ran in all directions as Devon slumped back against the altar. A man came over and stood next to her, gazing down at the blood still coming from her pussy in horror.

"It's not mine," she said.

He looked at her with an odd expression then looked relieved.

"Well, that's good. I'm glad to finally meet you, Miss Hunter. I've come to take you home."

Not a bad week, he thought to himself as he parked the car and got out. It had been easy work, all things considered. Very rewarding too. It wasn't every day you freed more than a hundred enslaved women, most of them teenagers or younger. He opened the front door of the mansion and stepped through.

Amber came bouncing in from the other room, where she'd been watching TV. Her face was happy and her eyes wide and pleased as he locked the door behind him.

"Welcome home, Master." she squealed. "Wanna fuck me?"

"Yes, Amber. I think I do," he grinned. He gripped her hair, pulling her face against his pussy. She giggled, her hands fumbling at his belt and pulling his pants down. Once his cock sprang out she turned and bent over, spreading her legs. He knelt and stuffed his cock into her.

END