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Chapter One

The day was getting long.

Skyler began scanning ahead and around her, looking for a likely place to spend the night. Nights were dangerous. When she slept, if she slept, she was vulnerable, helpless. She needed somewhere hidden, somewhere she could look out on the world without being seen, somewhere safe.

No, not safe. There was no safe place any more. She would settle for somewhere hidden, somewhere that she could have some warning of attackers, some chance to escape, to run. Hunting season had been open for a dozen years now, and she was prey.

She slowed down as she approached a bend in the highway. Up ahead to her left the ground rose gradually, then sharply, ending in a low hill top covered in scrub brush and a few scraggly trees. It would be hard getting the bike up there, but she thought she could get it done.

She throttled back, then poured on the gas. The big Suzuki dirt bike purred, the engine making hardly a whisper as it shot towards the gentle slope. Learning how to refurbish bikes was one of her many talents, learned through painful experience, and unlike males with their stupid ego problems, she had no need of a powerful sounding bike. Hers had the best muffler she could rig.

The bike bounced as it left the road, then raced up the slope. She headed for the left side, which seemed to be smoother, putting more power into the bike as it bounced and jerked, fighting her control. She made it over the roughest patch, but then the ground grew too steep. The wheels began to spin and she powered down and hopped off when the bike slowed to a near halt. She crested the hill and let the bike fall over on its side, doing the same.

She yawned, flopping on her back and spreading her arms and legs. She jerked the zipper down the front of her coveralls down all the way to her lower belly, waving a hand under her sweat coated face.

"Fuuuuuck," she moaned.

She set up her small army camouflage tent and pulled her packs in, then laid a camouflaged tarp over her bike. No one would be able to see the bike from the roadside, but she never took chances, not ever. She rubbed her dusty face with a dirty, sweaty hand and cursed mildly, then went back behind the tent, carrying a small jug of water.

She unbuckled the sam browne belt from around her hips and pulled that off. It contained a Koslov machine pistol, several clips of ammo and a bayonet. She laid it on the ground with a sigh of relief.

She felt like she'd dropped fifty pounds in a minute, though it'd been more like four. She unzipped her leather motorcycle boots and pulled them off, along with her moist, dirty socks. She unzipped the front of the tight, black coverall and shrugged it off, tossing it on the ground.

Now clad in a lacy pink french bra and G-string she stretched out her arms and ran her fingers through her hair. Clad in these stupid, simple frilly things, she reminded herself she was a woman, and allowed herself to feel, in a small, relatively safe way, sexy, seductive. Here, where no one could see, that was all right. Nowhere else was the slightest weakness acceptable.

She unclipped the bra and removed it, then skimmed out of the G-string. She was

belligerent about them anyway. She hated being a female as much as she felt the odd yearning to be an attractive, sensual one. She'd given up figuring out the contrasting emotions. There were no shrinks left anyway.

She examined her body for bug bites or cuts. Her skin was white as ivory where the coverall did as its name implied. No blemishes marred her finely contoured legs, or the smoothly tapered ankles. Her small feet were sore, but otherwise seemed healthy. And from what she could see of her torso, that didn't seem to be marred or damaged either.

She ran her hands over her flesh, convincing herself that she was merely making sure there were no bites somewhere out of sight. Still, she appreciated the trimness of her body. She was a willowy young woman, slender without being thin. Her full high breasts pushed out firmly, and, as she cupped and weighed them for a moment, showed no signs of acknowledging gravity.

She padded naked to the side of the tent, her graceful figure seeming to float over the ground, long hair caressing her soft shoulders and back. She squatted by the tent and opened the small mirror she kept, examining her face.

It was a small face, elfin fine in sharply-drawn detail, yet with pouty, sensuous lips, a small snub nose, large, and limpid blue eyes. It was a sweet, innocent face, bordering that, without any conscious thought could fade into seductive and beguiling. It was a face that caught eyes and held them, captivated, a face men would kill for, and had.

Surrounding it, as she brushed it out, was a thick mass of long coppery red hair. It was straight but wind-blown, for she never wore a helmet on the bike. She wanted anyone seeing her to know she was a woman, and the long hair helped.

It wasn't that she was looking for company. Far from it. She would go far to avoid meeting any man. However there were hunters out there, killers. They were the type of men who, seeing a motorcycle moving by, would get their rifle, focus in, and shoot without inquiring as to who the rider might be. Then they'd flop back down, big beer bellies bouncing, and laugh uproariously with their buddies.

So Skyler kept her hair long, and wore form-fitting clothes, like the coverall that hugged every curve. Such men wouldn't try to kill her outright. In that way her sex was a help. The hunters would try and capture her if they knew she was a woman, a nice gang rape always livened up their day.

Besides, young females were worth a fortune these days. One that looked like her would be worth even more. She'd be used as a breeder if the slavers ever got their hands on her. And even if it was someone else, some brutal gang who kept her for their own use, she wouldn't fare much better.

Still, it was better than getting her head blown off by a sniper, and anyway, men almost always underestimated her abilities, giving her a better than even chance of escaping.

Skyler sighed, trying to think of something else. She took out a reasonably clean rag and poured some water on it, then tried to clean herself off a little. She hated to go to bed smelling of sweat. She hated the whole south, wished she dared go back north, but that's where the Chisums were supposed to be now.

The Chisums. Now that had been a close thing.

Bad luck, she told herself. Bad luck that she'd been coming out of the woods just then. Bad luck that her engine was low on gas, that Rolly Sims, the leader of the Chisums had caught sight of her as he led some of his men in search of food.

She'd almost lost them anyway, but Sims was smart, too smart for her improvised boobie traps. There were too many of them too, and even in avoiding one, then another, then another, desperately racing through woods and brush, she'd known there was no escape, known what

would happen.

The bike swerved then hit a rock, bouncing, the wheel twisting as she screamed and was hurled sideways into some brush. She rolled as well as she could, then scrambled to her feet, but a heavy body hit her high and bore her to the ground, knocking the wind from her.

She swung her elbow back desperately, caught something hard and heard a grunt. She whirled, her leg arcing up, foot slashing across a man's jaw and sending him reeling back. Another one jumped her and she grabbed him, using his weight to fling him into a tree across from her.

She ran, her shoes barely touching the ground as she dodged in and out among the too-scarce underbrush. Another motorcycle growled louder and louder and she whipped her automatic out from its belt, whirled and fired in one motion.

The big forty-five slammed into the rider's head and flung him backwards off the bike. The bike itself barely missed her as she jumped aside, then fell yards ahead. She ran to it, right it, then jumped aboard, gunning the engine.

But a hand reached out and grabbed her by the long hair just as the bike took off, and she screamed as she was yanked backwards off the seat. His weight bore her down and he sneered with laughter as his hands reached for her.

She twisted then cried out as a big fist slammed into her jaw, throwing her head back to the ground and stunning her.

Powerful hands tore at her jacket and blouse, ripping them open, baring her proud young breasts to hands and teeth as the chortling man, his jaw gaping with many missing teeth, cackled with delight at his prize.

His hands moved to her waist as she lay there groaning, undoing her belt buckle, then the clasp of her jeans as she moaned dazedly. He yanked her zipper down as she began to feebly fight again.

She kicked at him, throwing him back, and staggered to her feet only to be tripped up on her first step by her jeans around her knees.

Then he was on her again, laughing and cackling, yanking her pants the rest of the way off, her shoes popping off with them. He tore her already open shirt back over her shoulders, then ripped her panties off as if they were paper.

She was naked in the dirt, in the dust, her mouth full of it as he jammed her face down, then his cock pushed against her rectum, for that was the way he liked it.

Gruel, he was called, Gruel the Cruel, and she screamed as he thrust into her, his cock thick and hard, ramming up her virginal anus as she squirmed and clawed at the dirt, her tears falling to moisten it.

He just laughed in delight, his heavy body pinning her to the ground, his blunt-nosed, uncircumcised cock forcing its way up her tight little hole to the balls. She felt torn open back there as he began to rut into her, his teeth biting at her throat, chewing savagely as he slammed his hips into her soft buttocks with all his might, his cock spearing up her, impaling her again and again as she sobbed and screamed.

She thought he'd break her tail bone as he pounded himself into her with demented fury, his cock rip-sawing up and down inside her rectum.

Then the sound of engines closing, many of them, and men running up, laughing, men and women, laughing and snickering as they surrounded her and watched Gruel raping her, sodomizing her there in the dirt, his heavy body crushing her as he continued to pound himself

up into her numbed anus.

She shuddered and stopped struggling, grunting as she lay spread out there, the heavy man atop her, his loins thrusting, his hands racing over her. She screamed as he suddenly grabbed her hair and yanked it up and back, forcing her head up off the ground.

Then he dropped it again, his big hands slamming down into the dirt next to her head, then grabbing at her arms as he thrust into her with hard, deep, powerful blows, his cock slamming up her rectum, making her tremble and sob.

When he'd finally finished and he got up, she lay there, moaning, gulping in air, feeling broken. Then a hand wound her long, thick hair around it and yanked her head up, then her upper chest.

She screamed in pain, her hands pawing at the dirt, her arms pushing up as she tried to take the pressure off, rising to her knees, then her feet. And still her scalp screamed as the man holding it lifted higher still, forcing her head up and back, her high round breasts up and out.

Sims was the man who came up close, his big, beefy hand going up under her jaw, grasping her tightly, painfully, twisting her head from side to side to examine her face.

"Quality meat," he said, nodding slowly as his eyes looked down her lithe, athletic body.

Desperation had driven her to try to escape then. She knew what was coming, and knew that after a gang rape by all these men she'd be in no position to run anywhere.

Her knee slammed up into his crotch, then she brought the leg back sharply, her foot cracking into the knee of the man behind her.

Surprise had its effect, and she reeled away, naked but temporarily free, diving through the bushes, then racing for the distant trees as curses echoed around her.

She never made it, of course. They tackled her well short, laughing as Sims came limping up, glaring at her. Rough ropes bound her wrists together and she was hung from low branch on a scrubby pine tree.

The ache in her wrists, arms and shoulders melted to nothing as her stomach turned to acid at the sight of Rolly with a belt in his hand.

"You'll beg for it, bitch," was all he said.

Then the belt hissed through the air and her back exploded with fire as a scream was torn from her mouth. The shock of the pain drove her mind into tumbling orbits as she swung on the end of the rope.

Another blast, then another, then another, careful, calculated, lashing across her sensitive flesh as he worked his way down from shoulders to hips. One blow followed another, each one slashing across her pale white skin, the pain tearing through her mind.

Across her shapely rear, and who would have imagined her buttocks could hurt so much, the pain be so sharp, so jagged, as the belt whipped across them again and again.

Then down her thighs, to the backs of her legs, behind her knees. She wasn't screaming by then, for her voice had become worn and gravelly, the sound a hoarse croak as half her body burned like fire.

But that had been the warmup.

Ropes were twisted around her ankles, then they were lifted up behind her, the ropes tied around her waist. Rolly dropped his belt and picked up a small, thin rubber hose from one of the bikes.

The first time it hit the sole of her foot she thought her mind would explode. Agony filled the world and there was no place for her to hide from it.

She screamed, the shockwave of agony tearing her throat open.

Laughter echoed around her, then the hose struck again, then again, then again, hissing

through the air as it whipped against her heel, her sole, and the balls of her foot. First the left foot, then the right, then back again, or maybe not. No point letting her prepare.

She screamed and sobbed like a baby, pride gone, begging him to stop, promising anything and everything, offering herself to him, her pussy, her mouth, her anus.

They cut the rope free from her waist, and her legs swung down. Then they cut the rope below the branch and she collapsed to the ground, grunting dazedly as her chin struck the soft earth.

"You want more, slut?" Rolly demanded. "That's just the start. It'll get ten times worse if you don't fall into line. Now come here. Now!"

She lay there in the dirt, shaking and sobbing, lungs straining for breath, her tear-stained face coated in dust, her hair a tangled mess, arms and legs spread.

Then she heard heavy footsteps, and a moment later a hard motorcycle boot slammed into her from behind, into her pubic mound.

An explosion of dizzying, nauseous pain filled her as her body flipped forward then onto its back, jerking spastically. A strong hand gripped her hair, yanking her up to a sitting position, then almost lifting her up onto her feet.

Her rubbery legs scrambled for purchase as she coughed and sobbed in pain, misery and dazed confusion.

"He said now, slut!" a woman sneered, her face inches from Skyler's.

Then the woman's knee slammed up into her crotch. Skyler's legs flopped aside, but strong arms kept her up. The woman's knee slammed up into her crotch again, then again, then again, each time throwing her upwards a few inches, her head falling back as she gargled in agony.

Then they dropped her back into the dirt, where she lay choking and desperately trying to breathe.

"Now crawl or you'll get more of the same!" the woman screamed at her. "Crawl!"

Her battered mind barely functioned, but a crude animal instinct for self-preservation made her seize on the woman's words. Anything. Anything to avoid pain. Anything to make it stop. Anything.

Sobbing, coughing, choking on dirt and bile, she dragged herself slowly over the ground, fingernails breaking as she clawed at the dirt to halt in front of Sims.

Again a hand gripped her hair, Sims' hand, yanking her head off the ground, pulling it back so he could look into her eyes.

"Do you want to become one of my slags, bitch?"

She knew what answer he wanted, what answer he demanded.

"Y...y...y...yesssss," she said in a choked, pain-filled gasp.

He let her hair go and her face dropped back into the dirt as she groaned weakly.

"Well then, as one of my slags you can show you're sorry for making us go to all this goddamn effort to catch you. You can start by cleaning off my boots."

She had no idea what he meant.

"With your tongue, slag. Lick them clean. You've gotten dirt all over them."

Still she lay there groaning, until an open hand cracked across the back of her head.

"Lick em', slut! Lick my boots!" he shouted.

An order accompanied by pain, something she understood.

She raised her face, her vision blurred, and saw his boots inches from her. She stretched her neck out and licked at the top of one boot, then seized it weakly, her hands grasping it as her tongue slipped up and down its dusty surface.

The gang surrounded them, laughing and chortling, making obscene jokes as she licked at

Sims' boots, but all that mattered to her was pain, and getting no more of it.

After a few minutes Sims pulled his boots back and moved around her. His hands gripped her hair and crotch, lifting her bodily off the ground, and dropping her on all fours.

She sagged, but he dropped quickly behind her, seizing her hips. Then a new source of pain, but a small one, as he entered her, raping away her virginity as the gang gathered around. His cock ploughed through her hymen as though it didn't exist, then beginning a cruel, furious rutting.

His hips slammed against her aching buttocks as his hands dug into her flanks, then reached forward, sliding under her ribs to mash and maul her breasts.

He hadn't lasted long, nor had the man who came after, but there were a lot of them. One after another they took her, on her back, on her knees, thrusting brutally into her pussy and rectum, then her mouth, pouring their hot seed into her and over her, grasping and clawing at her breasts, slapping at her face.

They built up a campfire and settled their sleeping bags out around her, and still the raping went on, come spewing over her flesh, coating her lips and nostrils, her eyes and hair, her breasts and thighs and buttocks and crotch.

One and two and three at a time they piled over her, all of them using her at least once, most two or three times, until she thought she'd drown with the semen poured down her throat.

They did not tie her that night. They had no need. She lay spread out on the ground, throbbing with pain, coated in dirt and semen, breathing in shallow, agonized breaths as the gang fell asleep all around her.

Sentries moved around the campsite, watching for intruders, then were replaced, and they in their turn also replaced. Still she lay there, dazed, surely no virgin any longer, not by a long, long shot.

Her mind shied away from her months with the Chisums. Though things could have gone much worse. Sims had been taken by her red hair and looks. Many girls in her position would have been killed after the gang's lust had been sated. Others would have been kept around for use by anyone in the gang who wanted her, subjected to nightly bang bangs.

Instead she'd been his personal slag, collared and chained, kept naked and ready for his attentions.

She'd seen the whipping and beatings other slags got for the slightest disobedience to any of the Chisums. But Rollie never used the whip on her. She was too valuable. He was going to take her to San Jose, where a slag of her class would fetch a fortune, and he wanted her skin unmarked.

That didn't mean she wasn't punished, of course. He was an evil, brutal man and took a great deal of pleasure in breaking her, forcing her to submit.

Or so he thought.

She'd gone along with it, pretended, as her father had taught her, to become a meek, obedient slag, then she'd cut his throat one night and slipped away with one of the Chisums' bikes.

If they ever caught her now...

She wiped herself off as best she could then got the little coleman heater and made dinner. She didn't bother to dress for it. She wasn't expecting company, after all, and didn't want to get any more clothes sweaty and dirty. Maybe tomorrow she'd find a river or something to wash in.

They were supposed to have real bathtubs at the better slaver houses, with hot and cold running water and indoor plumbing. The breeder girls lived pretty good there, except for having

no say in who they slept with, or what happened to their babes once they were born. She'd thought about it a time or two. At least it would keep her out of the hands of the Chisums and their ilk. Sex wasn't so bad, after all. She'd even gotten to like it a little with Rollie, when he wasn't too rough or mean.

How that had happened she wasn't quite sure. The first couple of times she'd felt nothing, other than pain of course. Then, as the weeks passed, she started to...to lose herself during the sex. She didn't know why that was since she'd hated Rollie's guts, but it had happened.

She'd even started climaxing every time he used her. And the longer she was with him the less she'd taken to come, the more responsive her body become to him, and the more powerful the orgasms had been.

She'd hated herself for that. She knew it was unnatural. Even the other slags looked at her oddly after her screams of ecstasy had started echoing around the camp. But it had seemed to be completely out of her control.

It was one of the reasons she'd risked everything to escape. She'd been afraid she was losing her mind, turning into some brainless fuck toy for Rollie's use.

It hadn't just been him, though. For months afterwards she'd found herself almost constantly aroused, had masturbated to massive orgasms that had blown her mind. They'd slowly begun to ease, though, and whatever weird sexual need had inhabited her faded the farther she got from Sims body.

She closed her eyes, and slept.

Her vision was hazy, unfocused. She was in a strange room, all white, with odd looking instruments. She was naked, strapped down on a table as men in white coats bent over her. Lights flashed in her eyes and metal instruments probed her.

Her legs were lifted up and apart, her ankles locked into metal arms.

Her eyes jerked frantically as she tried to see what was happening, but her head was strapped down, almost immovable, and a heavy gag had been forced into her mouth and locked in place.

She saw one of the men take a strange looking metal tube, then bend forward at the end of the table. She felt his fingers at her sex, felt him spreading her lips. Then the thing pushed against her, into her, slipping deeper and deeper as he twisted it from side to side.

She moaned weakly into the gag, eyes bulging as her insides bulged out. It pushed deeper and deeper, driving far inside, until she felt impaled on it, and screamed in agony.

"Full penetration," the man said "I make it..."

She shrieked as he pushed down harder. "Hmm, almost twelve inches."

"All right. Expand the tube."

She felt the tube twist as the men turned something at its base, then blinked her eyes uncertainly. It felt...larger. Then she was sure it was no mistake. The tube was expanding, somehow unfolding inside her, pushing the tight, virginal walls of her sex apart.

"Dilation at two centimetres," one of the men said.

She moaned again, terrified and bewildered. She had expected rape when they caught her, and when they'd stripped her naked she had been sure of it.

"Dilation at four centimetres."

She cried out softly, a helpless moan, as the tube stretched the softly elastic walls of her sheath. Already she could feel them straining, and as each second passed the tube seemed to swell more and more.

"Dilation now eight centimetres," one of the men said.

She let out a soft cry, easily muffled by the gag, then another one, more desperate. She yanked at the straps around her wrists, and tried to free her ankles from the stirrups holding them. But her efforts only shook the metal frames a little, and one of the men in white responded by slipping additional straps around her upper thigh, then yanking them apart and strapping them down to the table.

"Dilation twelve centimetres."

She screamed as the tube split her wider and wider. Her pelvic bones were slowly being forced apart as though she were in childbirth. Beads of sweat trickled down her forehead and she strained despairingly against the bonds holding her as pain tore into her mind like a hammer.

Her eyes bulged whitely as her pelvic bones spread further apart, and she screamed madly into the gag, thrashing with the desperation of an animal.

"Dilation now fifteen centimetres."

"All right. That should be sufficient."

The locked the tube in place, then opened the bottom and flashed a light down the hollow tube, observing her cervix.

"Everything looks perfect," he said.

He took a long, narrow instrument and slid it down the open tube. It slipped through her partly open cervix and into her womb, where it pierced the flesh and locked tightly in place. A small electrical current passed down the tube and the men examined the readouts on a machine.

Moments alter she felt sharp little stabs up and down her aching vaginal tunnel as the walls were pierced in a dozen more places.

"Nerve stimulators in place."

"All right. Let's find that central node and put in the amplifier."

Pain beyond agony tore through her and her eyes rolled back in her head as she blacked out.

Chapter Two

She blinked her eyes weakly, groaning. Her body felt like it had been crawling up and down mountains all night. She hated that dream, that memory. She knew, instinctively, that something had been done to her body then, but not what.

She ate quickly and dressed, then got the bike back on the road. She drove for several hours, then turned off as she noted the signs of a town ahead. She slowed down, not wanting to damage the bike, nor to attract the attention of whatever people might live nearby.

Howls lit up the air and a chill ran down Skyler's spine as terror hit her system.

Mutes!

Her head whipped around as she looked for them, then she screamed in alarm as one jumped from a nearby tree, barely missing the swerving, bouncing bike.

Another ran at her from the side, jumping at the bike. It hit low and screamed as the wheel ripped off an arm and left him behind.

The bike bounced down a low ridge as more of the mutes appeared. Skyler grabbed her gun and fired at a group of mutes running from her right and they screamed, several falling.

Then she screamed as something hit her from above, knocking her backwards off the bike. The gun flew from her hands as she tumbled end over end and came up against a small bush.

She groaned and tried to stand, then screamed as something huge and awful smelling grabbed her and hefted her up over its shoulders. It shambled backwards through the trees, gurgling and making odd choking sounds while she kicked feebly at it's chest.

Then it abruptly stopped and threw her down with such force the wind was almost knocked out of her. She stared up into its face and screamed at the leering, deformed scull, it's massive, sharpened teeth coming down over its lower jaw.

The mutants were human according to those who had some learning, but the sickness had affected them in different ways than most. Most simply died, but a few were changed, and their children after were changed even more.

Some were almost perfect in appearance, with maybe an extra arm or a few extra fingers. Some, like this one, were grossly deformed and incapable of speech.

But they were intelligent, and they were the nightmare of every normal woman, even a slag, for they went after women whenever they could. It wasn't, again, according to those with learning, that they found ordinary women so beautiful to look at. Their own rarely bred, which didn't surprise Skyler one damned bit given how ugly they all were.

What the Mutants did, when they could, was grab pure women and use them as breeders. That wasn't a lot different from what the likes of the slavers did, of course, except that being mounted by a man, even an ugly man was a lot different from being mounted by a grunting, shambling, gurgling, drooling beast man like the one kneeling above her.

She kicked out at him desperately and it gurgled, tossing its head up and down, then he grabbed the front of her tough coverall and tore it apart like it was made of tissue paper. He clawed at the bottom, ripping it open past the zipper, tearing the crotch wide apart to bare her sex.

Skyler slammed a foot against his chest that sent it reeling backwards and turned to scramble to her feet. But he caught at her foot and yanked her back down again, screeching and growling as he grabbed her around the waist.

Then another one appeared, one that was almost normal except for a second pair of arms sticking out from its ribs below the first. He grabbed the first mute and threw him backwards, then leered at her as he pushed her back against the ground.

He held her with his upper arms while he pulled open the hides and skins that covered his lower body. Skyler gaped at his prong when it came into the light. It was a dull shade of blue and covered by small bumps and thick ridges. It was easily as thick as her arm, and well over a foot long.

She screamed again as he drooled at her and grabbed his huge cock, pressing it against her sex. She twisted and writhed in desperation, revolted by the mere touch of the mute.

She felt his thick cock poking against her sex and almost gagged in nausea. He held her wrists together in one hand above her head, while two more pinned her thighs wide and the fourth held onto his thick blue cock. He dribbled saliva onto her chest and belly as he poked at her sex again and again, trying to force his tool inside her.

"Baby, baby, baby," he chuckled, the sound a low growl. "Tight, tight, tight you are. Tight and soft, soft soft."

She felt her pussy spreading under the assault, felt his cock slipping over the oozing pussy juice still filling her. She sobbed in desperation, twisting and writhing under his grip as she felt herself stretched wider and wider.

Then she screamed as his cock thrust into her, forcing its way inch by inch up her soft, cream-filled pussy tunnel, impaling her with a force she'd never felt before, not even during the chain bang the Chisums had given her.

He laughed down at her as he thrust harder, jamming his awful cock deeper into her sex sleeve, then he lowered his head, mashing his mouth against her. Her eyes bulged as she felt his tongue thrust into her mouth, whipping around inside, then push deeper, sliding into her throat, slapping from side to side against the inside of it as he jammed his tool into her to the hilt.

Pain tore through her and her mind was filled with horror and revulsion, yet something else was rising as well, and with a panicky feeling she realized her sexual fires were starting to ignite. She felt a moment of shock that such a thing could happen even while being raped by a mutant, then her mind desperately slammed down on the pleasure, trying to hold it off.

But it was no use. Even as the thing's long fingers dug into her flesh and his smell filled her nostrils, even as his tongue kept gagging and choking her and his awful cock rasped painfully over the tender flesh of her pussy she felt herself starting to grind her hips back up at it.

"No! No! No!" she sobbed. "Ohhh! Oohhhhhh! OOoooooo!"

She felt he would tear her legs off as the mute ripped them even wider, his lower hands like steel as it held her ankles up and apart.

"You...like...it...girl?" he growled in a low, gravelly voice.

He leered and jammed the final inch of his meaty cock into her belly, then began to tear it back out again. So tight was she that as he lifted his loins up his cock caught inside her and yanked her behind up off the ground.

But her juices were pouring forth now and as the lubrication grew he was able to tear his mighty organ up and down in her belly.

The pain was intense, and her mind flashed to a white room, a round white light overhead, her legs up and back and her pussy burning, aching, so stretched, so taut that she was screaming.

Then it disappeared and her mind swam, losing focus again and again, her eyes softening, glazing over as the sexual energy tore through her veins. She groaned softly as the mutant pounded its cock down into her, her mouth widening, her head falling back as she gurgled in pleasure.

She came, arching her back, sobbing in wondrous elation as the crackling sexual energy tore into her, snapping muscles and making her insides roil and twist and churn.

The mute threw back his head suddenly and howled as he came. And inside her she felt like a firehose had gone off, felt his seed pouring into her, gushing down into her womb as she sobbed in pleasure and horror

The frothing semen burned through her nervous system like a drug and she stiffened as a new orgasm tore at her mind. Her body began to shake like a leaf in a windstorm as the mute continued to hammer his mighty shaft into her with bruising force.

She lost sight of it, lost all sensation, all thought, lay encased in a glittering galaxy of sparkling lights as the pleasure poured over her, drowning her and her mind blanked out.

She woke to dizziness and nausea. Her eyes blinked weakly and she moaned low in her throat as she tried to focus them. She was moving, swinging slowly from side to side. Her arms ached, and her hands felt numb. Her insides felt like they'd been torn apart, and throbbed hotly.

She was bound hand and foot, she discovered, and hanging from a pole carried over the shoulders of two mutes, as if she were captured game.

She tried to raise her head, but it had been hanging back upside down for, well for some time, she guessed, and she felt too weak to raise it to look ahead.

As her mind started to fit itself back together she realize she was still feeling an intense sexual arousal. She had been captured by mutes and a fate far worse than death awaited her yet

she was feeling incredibly aroused!

As the mutes carried her along she could feel something brushing against her pussy, and peeked between her legs. She was being carried so her pussy and buttocks were moving through tall grasses. It was the grass she was feeling as it gently stroked along the insides of her thighs and over her mound.

It was almost unbearable, for it was too gentle to quite bring her off, yet kept her in a state of feverish sexual need, need she could do nothing to relieve.

They arrived at a mute camp, and the mutes carrying her dropped her roughly to the ground. The pole was slipped out from between her arms and legs and then one of the mutes bent over her and sliced through the vines binding her ankles and wrists. It rubbed the flesh roughly to get the circulation moving, then rolled her onto her belly as if she weighed nothing at all.

Her arms were jerked back behind her and more vines bound them tightly, then she was lifted by the hair, lifted right up off the ground.

She screamed in agony, writhing and shaking as the mute lifted her to a nearby stand and wound her hair over a horizontal pole, then tied it in place. It shuffled off, leaving her there screaming, unable to even close her mouth as her hair yanked her face upwards.

Tears spilled uncontrollably from her eyes as she hung there, and she quickly learned the futility of moving, fighting to keep her movements as few as possible as her scalp screamed in pain.

There were two poles stuck into the ground on either side of her, another bound across their top. Her feet were inches from the ground, but she hung freely by her long red hair as the creatures moved around her.

Next to her, only feet away, was a dead goat, hanging from its neck, and she trembled and mewled in piteous fear and pain as she wondered what horrors the mutes were going to perpetrate on her fragile flesh.

One of them shambled towards her as she hung there, a big ugly one, a female from the looks of her skinny, dangling breasts. She pushed her mouth out and growled. She was holding a long stick, and poked at Skyler's belly with it as she sobbed and moaned in pain.

The stick was jagged at the end, and she winced as it stick into her flesh again. Pain followed pain, all riding atop the agony in her scalp as the mute poked the stick into her gut, then her breasts, muttering something under her breath.

The mute looked around her, then slid an enormous tongue out of her jaw and pulled the stick away. She moved to a nearby campfire and pushed the end of the stick into the fire, looking around warily. After several minutes it lifted the stick, then returned to her.

She looked around slyly, then took the smoking tip of the stick and blew on it so it burned slightly. She pushed the stick into the soft flesh of Skyler's right breast and her screams came again as new pain tore at her fragile mind.

One of the male mutes looked up in annoyance at her fresh screams, then came over, snatching the stick from the female. He slammed his fist into her face, throwing her backwards, then broke the stick across the female's head while he yowled something Skyler didn't understand.

She was left alone for a while, a thousand needles stabbing into her head as she twisted slowly in the breeze.

She was barely conscious when one of the mutes untied her hair and threw her over its shoulder. He carried her across the camp to a small hilly area in back where a half dozen more of them were gathered.

He dropped her on the ground, where she lay, groaning weakly, the absence of pain so wonderful she was filled with a delicious sense of relief.

It was, however, to be short-lived. Ahead of her on the hill a geyser suddenly erupted, steam shooting high into the air, then water following in a hot spray.

Several big mutes dragged a heavy stone across to the geyser, and she gazed at it wonderingly, for it had been crudely sculpted to look like a huge penis, at least at the top. The first two feet or so were about five inches wide, then the stone widened as it got lower, until the base was a couple of feet across and slipped over the small geyser hole.

She saw steam start to rise from the tip of the stone penis, and realized the thing was hollow. She wondered if the mutes would pray to this weird cock thing.

She twisted slowly, pulling at the veins around her wrists, trying to twist her slim hands free of them.

A foot slammed into her back and she cried out as one of the mutes cursed her.

They rolled her onto her stomach and checked the vines, then slipped another one around her arms just above her elbows and tightened it until her arms bent back and her elbows were pressed together, ignoring her sobs of pain.

Her legs were yanked wide, wider, the tendons in her thighs straining, burning as she sobbed in pain. One of the females moved forward, clutching a thick mass of something wrapped in leaves.

She thrust her fingers against Skyler's sex, roughly forcing her lips open, then jammed the mass against her opening, forcing it inside.

Her fingers and thumbs jammed it higher, then another female bent over, holding a vegetable of some kind, small and round. The first one took it and stuffed it into Skyler's opening, then a second one, then a third, shoving her fingers in after, forcing the things up higher inside her as Skyler whimpered helplessly.

The women drew back and the men moved forward.

She was lifted up, again by the hair, though soon hands grabbed her thighs and arms. They carried her up the little hill, and she stared at the stone penis and cried out in denial.

"No! No! Please!" she screamed.

They carried her up to the thing, which stood about waist high, and spread her legs as they lowered her onto the rounded stone head. She sobbed in horror as she felt her mound crush down against the top of the carved cock, and felt the pressure and ache growing into pain.

They tore her legs wide, so they were almost horizontal to her body, each foot pointing in the opposite direction. She thought that surely the thing was too large, that it would never fit inside her, then her mind flipped over and another sudden vision hit her, a vision of herself strapped to a table, of her pussy burning as it was forced wider and wider, of white coated men pushing something immense into her...

Then she screamed in agony, the veins standing out in her throat as she shrieked in animal pain, her sex torn wide as the stone cock pushed up inside her.

She thrashed madly, her head and body twisting and jerking in spastic dementia, but the mutes held her firmly, yanking her lower and lower, then lowering her legs.

They let her go, and she stiffened and cried out, or tried to. She could hardly breathe for the pain as she slid further down the stone cock, impaled on it. Her thighs clamped down around it as she sought desperately to lessen the pressure against the back wall of her tunnel, her soft thighs squeezing against the cold stone.

It was far up inside her now, her feet far from the ground as she continued to squeeze her legs around the stone cock. Yet the pressure against her cervix was terrible, and she shuddered

with the pain as cramps tore into her aching mind.

She hardly felt the heat at first, for the pain was too terrible for anything else to even be considered.

She felt something give inside her, something break, squeezed beyond endurance. Liquid filled her sex, and she thought she was going to die for a moment before remembering the mass of leaves and odd little vegetable things the mutes had forced up inside her pussy.

The heat was growing, growing too much to ignore, burning her pussy in a way she had never felt before. It was not her inner heat, however, not this time. It was not her own maddened sex that was burning her up from the inside.

It was the geyser, the hot steam bubbling up from the geyser below, wafting up into her belly as she remained impaled on the stone cock.

Her legs trembled as they squeezed against the stone, and her upper body shook violently, her head back as she desperately gulped in air.

Beads of sweat appeared all over her body as the hot air cooked her from the inside out. The heat rapidly exhausted her, and her legs slowly loosened. She grunted, eyes narrow slits, as she slipped further down the stone cock.

The pain seemed to fade away, and her mind clouded as she started to slip away. She slipped another inch down the cock, whimpering as the rough stone rasped through her straining opening.

The orgasm, when it came, was unexpected. But then again her mind was no longer in any shape to expect anything. She shuddered violently, back arching, head rolling as her pussy spasmed and squeezed around the rough stone inside it.

Another orgasm rocked her mind and body, then another. She shook continuously as the orgasms grew in power and length, her legs slapping and jerking spastically against the stone now, toes twitching, feet jerking and flopping helplessly.

Her movements brought the pain back, jarring her mind briefly from its warm bath of pleasure, then another orgasm hit and she forgot about it.

Sweat poured off her body, and she could barely breathe, but her mind floated on a sea of wonder and bliss, spinning in time to one orgasm after another.

Her legs closed on the stone cock again, squeezing it, rasping against it as they squeezed and pulled upwards. The pain grew as she yanked herself against the stone, trying to pull her body down harder, to force more of it up inside herself.

Then large, strong hands grasped her thighs and arms, lifting her up, sliding her burning pussy up off the stone pipe as she screamed in an agony of relief, an orgasmic blastwave tearing through her as they lifted her up off the stone.

One of them grabbed her. It was almost eight feet high, with arms as thick as small tree trunks. It grasped her thighs and buttocks, spreading them and pulling her legs over its shoulders as it plunged its mouth up between her thighs and jammed its six inch long tongue up her pussy.

Skyler shook violently, her head jerking from side to side as the mute's tongue whipped up and down in her pussy. It pulled back, and another tongue thrust into her, then another, as the mutes shared the sticky moistness now dribbling out of her sex.

It was not blood, she realized, though she didn't care at all. She cried out as another orgasm racked her exhausted body, and more mutes placed their mouths against her gaping sex hole, drinking the purplish mixture that was trickling down from inside her.

She was held in mid-air as though she weighed nothing, passed from one to another as mouths jammed up against her sex and tongues flicked up inside her. They sucked and licked

madly as her mind tumbled end over end, the sex heat burning her as orgasms paraded across her mind in endless succession.

The mutants who had drank at her sex began growling and thumping their chests. They started to shuffle from foot to foot and make odd noises. Two of them began to fight, then a third. She cried out as she was roughly dropped onto the ground, almost all of the mutants pounding away at each other with fist and teeth and feet.

But not all. One of them produced a knife and sliced through the tough vines around her arms and wrists. Then hands gripped her and yanked her up onto all fours.

Her mind was filled with misery and horror and revulsion, with excitement, pleasure and lust. She loathed the very touch of the mutants even as she eagerly spread her thighs and raised her backside higher, exposing her gaping sex to the mutant's ready cock.

He growled as he moved behind her, then thrust into her. It hurt, hurt badly, but she didn't care. Her mind needed cock juice. Not all the orgasms she'd had mattered a damn to her. She needed to have semen and she would do anything she had to to get it.

The mutant laughed as two hands gripped her hips and two more slipped underneath to cup and squeeze her heavy, dangling breasts. Her breasts ached like fire as the thing's powerful fingers squeezed and twisted the soft meat, but she didn't care.

He began to pump into her, his hard, knobby prick grinding back and forth through her pink pussy flesh, and Skyler, hating herself, thrust back against him like a bitch in heat.

The mute's cock was tearing up her insides, she thought raggedly, but didn't care. The pleasure was a drug and she basked in its glory, another orgasm crashing down around her mind as she sobbed in wondrous glee.

Even as the fighting went on around her she noted that the victorious mutants were forming a group behind the one riding her, and knew without a doubt she would never survive a gang rape by so many powerful, enormous males.

It was a passing thought...unimportant.

She thrust herself back against the painful spear of flesh pounding into her, sobbing in pain and pleasure, mind awash in drunken heat, body throbbing, overheated, nervous system on overload as another orgasm neared.

She hardly heard the gunfire at first, and when she did she ignored it, thrusting herself back desperately, groaning and sobbing as she rode the mutant's hard erection.

It burst inside her and a wave of come poured into her body. Her mind screamed higher and higher, balls of fire ripping through her body as a shattering climax clawed at her consciousness.

When the first of the white-robed priests saw her she was slapping at the ground with her hands and howling madly, the mutant behind still thrusting powerfully into her overstretched sex opening.

The priest killed the mutant with several well-placed shots, considered the woman coldly as she fell to her belly, clawing at her sex, then went on to the next mutant.

When all the mutants were dead two of the priests returned to find the girl unconscious. They debated whether to kill her then and there, then decided to let a high priest decide her fate. She was lifted into a wagon and trundled back away.

When she woke Skyler found herself in a small rough bed in a stone room. She was wrapped in sheets, and beneath these she had on a tight, rough garment that wrapped her from neck to ankle. She hurt all over, especially between the legs, and with a groan she yanked the cloth up over her hips so she could spread her legs wide.

She winced as her fingers explored her aching, swollen mound, then pushed back the covers and sat up with a groan, looking down at herself. She awkwardly peeled the clothe over her head and winced again as she cupped her aching breasts.

Her skin felt raw, as if it had been scraped with sandpaper, but it felt clean, and she felt grateful to whoever had washed her, however roughly they'd done it.

It was dark in the small cold room, but a window was nearby. She got to her feet with some difficulty, and pulled back a heavy black curtain.

She was on an upper floor, the window barred. She looked out on a courtyard surrounded by a high stone wall. She turned away from it, looking down at herself and drawing in a shaky breath.

Her breasts were bruised, her thighs even more colourful, but aside from various scratches and scrapes, aching muscles and tendons and the bruises, she seemed in one piece.

Her mind squirmed horribly at the memory of the mutants rodding her, and she felt nauseous at the knowledge that at least two of them had poured their filthy juices into her body.

Even worse was the memory of her screams of pleasure. It was without a doubt the first time any woman had ever climaxed will being raped by mutants.

The door opened behind her and a woman came in. At least Skyler thought she was a woman. There was an almost feminine look to the eyes which stared at her with such alarm.

"Are you mad!" the person squealed. "Close those curtains and cover yourself!"

The woman rushed in, dropped a lamp onto a table and snatched the curtains closed. Then she rounded on Skyler and slapped her face so hard she fell back across the bed with a cry of surprise and pain.

"Filthy slut!" the woman cried. "How dare you bare your, filthy, defiled flesh to the world! Have you no shame!?"

Skyler stared at her in shock, cupping her wounded cheek.

"Cover yourself!" the woman screamed.

Skyler awkwardly pulled over the sheets and draped them over her body as the woman's eyes glared viciously down at her.

The woman herself was tall and broad-shouldered, but there was little else to be seen of her. She was wrapped from head to toe in a long black sheet of some kind. Even most of her face was covered, only her beady eyes glaring out from between layers of black.

"Wh...who are you?" Skyler gulped.

"I am Mary. It has been assigned to me to teach you the word of God and the ways of respect," the woman snapped. "You are probably too evil to be reformed, but our Lord says that we must try to bring salvation even to the lowest of creatures."

"I don't need any salvation," Skyler said warily.

"Filthy slut! You stand naked before the world and proclaim your innocence!" Mary snarled. "You will learn the ways of God and respect or you will be given unto his judgement! Do you understand!?"

"Uh, what do you mean his judgement?"

"Put on your chastity clothe immediately!"

"My what?"

"You were decently covered, slut, before you stripped yourself bare!"

"That thing?"

Skyler searched under the covers until she found the rough clothe.

"Put it on!"

The woman turned her back to Skyler, who regarded the thing dubiously, then sat up and pulled it over her head.

It was shapeless, formless, and far too tight over her breasts and hips and legs.

"It's too tight," she complained.

"Do as you are told, slut!"

Skyler glared at the woman's back resentfully but obeyed.

The woman turned and nodded.

"How are you supposed to walk in this thing?" Skyler demanded. "Decently," Mary snapped.

She went to a closet and pulled out an armload of black clothe.

"That is for sleeping and bathing," she said. "You will wear it at all times."

"Bathing? How are you supposed to take a bath in this?"

"Put this on."

A heavy, hideously ugly black skirt went around her hips, dangling to the floor, covering her toes. After that came a similar heavy, shapeless top that covered her from neck to crotch.

Mary moved behind her and roughly yanked her hair back, then bound it behind her head before pushing a tight clothe hat over her head. The hat came down to just above her eyebrows.

And finally Mary threw a heavy black cloak around her shoulders.

"It's too hot for all this," Skyler protested.

"This is how a decent woman is clad," Mary snapped. "You will wear it at all times when you are not in private. Let no man see your hair or your lips. If they do you will be beaten. Do you understand?"

"But why?" Skyler demanded in confusion.

The answer was a slap that sent her flying back against the bed again. She sat there glowering at the woman and considering how to kill her.

Then the door opened and two more heavily black-clad women came in.

"She is obstinate, rude, and wanton," Mary told them.

"We shall cure her of those defects," one of the women said.

"Where am I and who are you people?" Skyler demanded.

"We are God's chosen, the Sons of St. Isaac," one of the women said arrogantly. "It is our appointed task to bring peace and enlightenment to this fallen world."

"By covering yourself in black?"

"The female body is a filthy tool of the devil," Mary snapped. "It was made to tempt men's minds and bodies and alter them from God's chosen path."

"Before the fall the Godless stripped women naked and had her constantly tempting men with her immoral behaviour," the third woman said, speaking for the first time. "Women were responsible for the fall. Thus we cover ourselves and do penance for the evil done by our mothers."

"My mother was a test tube," Skyler said sullenly.

"It is a figure of speech, you wanton whore!" Mary snapped.

"Who are you calling a whore, you old biddy?"

"Do you think we do not know?" one of the others said in a shocked voice.

"We were told of how you consorted with the devil children, of how you knelt before them

and took their...their...organs into your body."

"I didn't have any choice," she said, flushing.

"Disgusting!" Mary said.

"Your evil must have been great for God to give you to the Devil children."

"Nobody gave me to the mutants I..."

"Silence!"

Skyler glowered at her, almost at the limits of her patience. She bit her tongue, though, in no shape to fight, especially in the heavy, constricting clothes that made it so hard to move.

The women led her out of the small room, then through a narrow, stone-walled corridor, down several flights of stairs and into a chapel of sorts. There were no seats, and the floor was cold stone. A raised dais at one end was thickly carpeted, and an enormous cross hung on the wall behind it.

A man stood on the dais, clad in a loose white robe with a red cross on the centre. The three women grabbed Skyler and forced her to her knees, sinking down to their knees around her, then pushed her flat on her stomach as they fell around her.

"Forgive us for profaning your temple, oh Lord," one of the women sang.

"What is it, Sister Mary?"

"I have the wanton female found with the devil's children, oh Lord."

"And which is she?"

The man came down from the dais and stood over them. When Skyler raised her head to look up he frowned, and raised his foot, stepping down roughly on the back of her head and forcing her face into the stone below.

"Do not raise your filthy eyes to me, female!" he snapped.

"She is an ignorant heathen, oh Lord," Mary said. "She has grown up in filth and wantonness and needs enlightenment."

"And how much enlightenment would one who copulated with the devil's children require? Is there enough enlightenment on this world for such a creature?"

"Father John did saith so, oh Lord."

The man snorted. "Father John is too good a man to be wasting his time on a squalid little female. She should be burned and have done with."

"If that is your word, oh Lord," Mary said.

"I have little doubt that is to be her fate, but to keep Father John happy we shall see if enough penance will cause her awareness and remorse for her sins. She may begin by fasting for the next day and spending her time here in meditation and prayer."

"Yes, oh Lord. Thou are truly wise and just," Mary said.

These people, Skyler decided, were not going to be fun at all. She would have to get away from them as soon as the possibility presented itself.

The man took his foot off her head and walked back to the dais, and she lifted her eyes slightly, watching him as he moved to the cross and bowed before it. Her eyes flicked down to his rear and she felt a little tingle of heat between her legs.

She ruthlessly squashed the feeling, filled with a sudden fear of what her uncontrolled lust would bring on here in this strange place.

Mary and the other sisters led her back to her cell and placed her on her knees in the corner.

"You will remain here for the next twenty four hours," she said. "Pray to God for his forgiveness."

"For what? I didn't do anything!"

Mary hissed and lashed out but Skyler jerked her head back, glaring up at her. "Hey! It's not my fault those mutes grabbed me and raped me!"

"You are a filthy, fornicating dog!" Mary snarled. "If you cannot reform your ways you will be burned at the stake and your soul given to God to judge!"

Skyler blinked in alarm, then licked her lips worriedly.

"Uh, I'll try to reform myself," she said meekly.

"You had better!"

The three women left and she was alone there in the corner. She looked around the small, barren room, wondering if she dared try the door. No. Tonight, she thought. Tonight she would have to try and get out of here.

She knelt there for hours, shifting her position every now and then, her muscles stiffening and aching. She thought longingly of the bed but Mary or another of the sisters came in to check on her every hour or so and she was almost certain that being caught in bed would get her at least a beating.

She found it harder and harder to keep still, however, as the heat in her pussy began to grow, and a low tingling grew into throbbing discomfort. she reached down several times, trying to rub herself, but the tight, heavy clothing got in the way.

The shadows lengthened, then darkened. Shortly after it was pitch black Mary came again, holding a lamp, and warned her that she had better stay awake and do her penance all night, and that others would check on her.

After she'd gone Skyler stood up, glaring at the closed door. She could hardly move in the clothes she was wearing, and decided to at least get rid of the chastity gown. She removed the heavy cape, then the skirt and top. She yanked the tight chastity gown off and tossed it under the bed. She hesitated, then, fingers trembling a little, she sat back on the bed and spread her legs wide.

Her pussy still ached, and each touch against her raw flesh made her wince in pain, but her need was too great to ignore. She pressed the tip of her finger against her clitoris and began a gentle rubbing that soon had her gasping for breath, her head back, her back arched as she ground herself up against her finger.

It was just bad luck that Mary had forgotten to remind another sister about a dawn chore and came back, passing her room just as Skyler's voice rose in a soft groan of lust and pleasure.

She didn't even see the door open as she lay back, grunting, stroking faster and faster against her clit. Her knees were raised, and spread wide, her head back as the orgasm began to take hold of her.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck me! Fuck me!" she groaned. "Oh God! Fuck! Oh!"

Sister Mary stared at her in appalled silence, hardly able to understand the shocking depth of the girl's carnal depravity. She staggered back as the redheaded girl began to buck her hips up uncontrollably, jamming her sex against her fingers, thrusting two of them deep inside herself as she moaned in lewd desire.

But it had been over eight hours since she'd last tasted a man's juice, and the orgasm was not enough to satisfy her. She drove her fingers even deeper into her dripping sex, moaning helplessly as the sex-heat took control of her.

She was rising ever higher towards another starburst of joy when Sister Mary and four other sisters came screaming into the room, all of them carrying heavy sticks and staffs.

Even Skyler's excitement broke as staffs slammed into her thighs, her belly, her face, and even into her open sex. She screamed, twisting and rolling, but the women were in a fury of religious outrage, and blow after blow cracked across her head, shoulders and back.

She rolled and rolled, jumping to her feet only to take the blunt end of one of the staffs hard in her gut, throwing her back against the wall. The side of another staff slammed into her face, cutting her lip, then another hit the side of her head, throwing her to the ground.

Blow after blow landed on her head and shoulders as she knelt there on all fours, the heavy staffs slamming down onto her soft white flesh with meaty sounds until she collapsed to the floor, hands over her head, whimpering in pain.

Barely conscious, she was wrapped in a robe and carried out of the room, then down the stairs to the punishment room beneath the chapel.

The punishment room was designed to educate people, especially women, on the errors and costs of their sins. It was filled with devices of torture, many of them made to destroy the spirits of impudent females.

The women tore the robe off her and dragged her to a wooden device at one end of the cold stone room.

It consisted of one narrow wooden crosspiece supported on two posts, and two flanking centre beams, one on each side of the crosspiece. The crosspiece was a two by two inch squared rod balanced on one corner so that the top, rather than being flat, was a sharp corner.

They lifted the dazed girl onto the crosspiece so she straddled it, and her soft, aching mound came down squarely on the upper corner, her entire weight behind it.

Then her arms were lifted up as a narrow pole was balanced across the top of her shoulders behind her head. Her wrists were quickly lifted up and out and bound tightly to the pole, which was also strapped around her neck.

The pole was fitted into two slots in the flanking beams, thus preventing even an unconscious person from falling forward or back. She could not move sideways either because her bound wrist would not pass through the slot.

As a final precaution her ankles were bound tightly together.

"If you take so much pleasure from that vile place between your thighs you shall take pain from it as well!" Mary snarled.

She and the other women then turned and filed out of the room, leaving Skyler alone in the dark, the pain growing worse and worse with every passing second. She tried to move, to ease the pressure against her bruised, throbbing sex, but soon found that she could do little.

She could let some of her weight come down on her tailbone, but that soon produced its own pain.

The pain grew minute by minute, maddening in its undeviating bite, in its unchanging, throbbing cruelty. She clenched her teeth, fighting off a sob, then broke into tears, shaking weakly as her pussy boiled like fire. The pain and frustration mounted, and she threw back her head and screamed in misery and agony.

But no one heard.

It felt like hours later when Mary came into the room again, holding a lamp aloft.

By then she was a trembling, exhausted mass of numbed pain. Cowed and desperate, she turned her teary eyes towards the woman, blinking in the sudden light.

"Well, trollop, are you beginning to regret the filth you have given yourself to?"

"Please," she whimpered. "I'm sorry! I won't do it again!"

"We take you in out of the goodness of our hearts and try to educate you, to bring you into God's light, and you repay us by defiling us with your filth!" Mary spat.

"We will see how much disgusting pleasure you receive from your sex organ when we're done with you."

"I'll do anything you want!" Skyler sobbed, her voice breaking. "Just let me down from

here! Please! Pleeease!"

"You are given this time to meditate on your sins," Mary said arrogantly. "You have much more of it to go before we will even consider forgiveness."

"Please! Please!" Skyler sobbed desperately. "Anything! Anything!"

Mary snorted, then moved to the centre beams.

She smirked at the redheaded girl, then shifted a lever at the base of the beams. She grabbed the side high up, then jerked the beams forward.

Skyler gasped, then cried out in pain as her body weight was shifted on the crosspiece. The beams moved forward, forcing the pole forward as well, and forcing her to bend forward, taking her weight off her tailbone and placing all of it down on her soft mound, in fact, down at the top of her mound, against her clitoris.

Mary locked the beams in place again, smirking, then went to a nearby shelf as Skyler's gasps and moans rose in strength, and lifted off a heavy rock with a rope bound around it.

She brought the rock back and set it down below her feet, then tied the rope around her ankles and lifted it.

Skyler screamed as another twenty-five pounds of weight was added to the pressure digging into her sex. Tears poured from her eyes as she babbled and pleaded with the black-robed woman for forgiveness, but Mary ignored her, walking out of the room and slamming the door behind her.

With the new weight, all of it centered on the narrow wedge of wood that had been forced up between her soft, aching pubic lips, the agony burned even hotter, and Skyler's mind seemed to collapse. She screamed again and again, her shrieks echoing off the stone walls as had the shrieks of many others who had come before.

Hours passed, and her screams died away, her consciousness fading, but not leaving completely. Pain kept her awake, agony biting into her soft flesh.

She hardly noticed Mary when she arrived again. The light hurt her eyes, however, and she turned her head slowly, weakly, staring at the woman as if not seeing her.

Mary smirked, then took a strap from a nearby shelf and wrapped it around Skyler's waist.

"P...p...pleeease," Skyler croaked.

Mary ignored her, snapping the strap to a bolt in the crosspiece in front of Skyler. She then unlocked the centre beams and pulled them back. Skyler's body was forced to roll backwards, her back arching as the belt prevented her from sliding her pussy along the beam.

When Mary locked the beams into place again Skyler was leaning sharply back, her back arched, all her weight coming down on her tailbone. She was trembling violently, gurgling and sobbing as the shift in pressure took the weight off her soft pussy flesh.

As the agony there began to fade, however, it picked up again, her tail bone rubbing directly down on the sharp edge of the beam with no way for her to shift the pressure. Soon she was screaming again, but her hoarse voice made the sound low, and her exhaustion made it weak.

Inside her agony bloomed anew, and her misery and hopelessness grew. Not even in the midst of the Chisums' chain bang had she felt such agony of the body and soul.

When the room filled with light again she hardly moved. She groaned weakly, closing her eyes against it.

The person who came in did so furtively, looking behind them, then closed the door tightly before darting over to stand beside her. After a moment of staring, a hand came out, a male hand, and began to move over her agonized body, squeezing and kneading her breasts, then slipping down to her pussy to stroke and finger it.

"Please," she whispered "Please."

He ignored her, but unlocked the beams and shifted them forward, far forward, forcing the whimpering young woman to bend forward further and further until her belly was almost pressed against the crosspiece.

Then he hiked up his robe and straddled the crosspiece himself. She felt his naked cock pressing up against her sweating buttocks, felt the rounded tip rubbing back and forth against her wrinkled little anal opening.

Then it slipped inside her.

As the pressure finally came off her tailbone Skyler cried out in agony and relief, her body shaking. She barely noticed the man as he fumbled at her behind, then eagerly jammed his cock upwards into her rectum.

She groaned weakly, the pressure and ache of the man's cock almost unnoticed at first. But as his hands slipped around her and began to grope and fondle her breasts, and he desperately worked his eager cock back and forth inside her he began to spurt small amounts of semen into her body.

It was quickly absorbed into her starved system, and she began to feel a dizzying wave of lust and excitement. Her breasts swelled, her nipples hardening as awkward fingers pinched and prodded at the soft flesh.

The man's thighs smashed into her from behind, and jarred her body atop the pole, grinding her sex forward and back. She moaned in new pain, but the heat rose sharply, and the pain began to fade. Most of her weight was on her belly or abdomen and this had given her a small respite.

She trembled as the sexual energy coursed through her veins. The pleasure rose like a wall, shutting out her pain as it seeped through her body, and she welcomed it with desperate passion, the relief of pain intoxicating.

The man leaned over her, grasping her mass of tangled hair and yanking her head back. His teeth bit into the side of her throat as he thrust himself into her rectum again and again, his other hand almost beating at her breast.

Then he gurgled in pleasure as he came, his semen spurting up into her aching body, filling her with a glowing white heat of ecstasy that took her mind into another dimension and filled her with glorious bliss.

His breath was hot on the back of her neck as he clung weakly to her body. Then he pulled loose, stepping over the crosspiece and quickly unlocking the centre beams, sliding them far back again so her weight came down on her tail bone once more.

He hurried from the room, ignoring her moans and whimpering cries of pleasure as her orgasm continued to ripple up and down her body. She bucked up and down, arching her back more sharply, throwing her head from side to side as she tried to bounce atop the crosspiece.

The orgasm went on and on, tearing through her mind and body like a firestorm, then finally burned itself out as she slumped back exhausted and unconscious.

Chapter Four

She lay on her back in a small stone cell. There was no furniture of any kind, and only a small high window with bars across it. She was naked and cold, her wrists locked together in front of her in heavy metal shackles. She lay on her side, her legs spread as wide as she could

instinctively move them in her sleep. Her crotch was a throbbing mass of pain, and every movement made her moan.

Her right breast lay pressed against the cold stone, and felt frozen and numb. Her entire body was bruised and battered, with a fresh array of bruises, lumps and cuts all over it.

There was a small bowl of water nearby, and a small plate of bread next to it. She was so weak it took twenty minutes to work up the strength to shift her body along the floor on her side and lick at the water.

Her throat ached as the water went down, for she had screamed herself hoarse during her torment. Nevertheless, her tongue reached out and licked at the bread, eventually taking it into her mouth so she could chew it down. She was hungry enough just then to eat anything, and she realized she hadn't eaten since the morning the mutes had grabbed her,

She wolfed it down quickly, then finished the water. After a few minutes she was slightly more clear-headed and with a groan of pain shifted her body off the floor, trying to sit up.

She found that her ankles were also shackled. A foot long chain bound the metal shackles together, and a ring in the middle of that chain locked another chain that ran up to a metal belt around her waist. The small chain which ran between her wrist shackles ran through a ring set in the front of that belt as well.

Finally, a heavy, rough metal collar was locked around her slender throat. As soon as she tried to stand she discovered that a chain was locked to a ring at the back of the collar and bolted to a ring in the floor. It gave her some movement, but only a little. She could not stand erect.

She had no idea of the time, nor even the day, and no idea of how long she had been unconscious. When she tried to reach down to her wounded pussy she discovered the shackles prevented her from lowering her hands that far, or from raising them to her breasts.

She could barely make out the door in the shadowy recesses of the corner, but even if she could have reached it she was quite certain it was locked. She had little choice but to kneel there and wait for whatever her captors intended.

Sitting, of course, was not an option.

More time passed, and she wistfully remembered racing down the small dirt roads on her bike, camping out under the stars, bathing in frothy, fast-flowing water, and eating whenever she felt the urge. These people were, she thought, as bad as the mutes they called "devil's children".

Thinking of the mutes made her flush as she remembered how they had used her, and then her pussy started to throb. That worried her since she couldn't even touch herself, and had no idea how long she would be a prisoner of these screwy religious people.

Not that all of them were against sex. She remembered the hooded man who had snuck into the torture chamber to sodomize her. No doubt that was one of their hypocritical priests. She wondered what the stupid sisters would think about that if she told them.

Not that she would. In her short acquaintance with them she had already decided that nothing she said would be believed, and that anything bad that they could blame on her they would.

Even if they believed her they would blame her. There she was tied up and sitting on that horrible pole, helpless, and some guy comes in to rape her and they'd blame it on her.

Bitches, she thought spitefully.

Eventually she heard the sound of a heavy bolt being drawn back, then a second one. She shook her head in wonderment. Did they think she would break down the door if there were only one?

The door opened and she closed her eyes to slits as the room suddenly brightened.

Two large, hard-eyed women came in, heavily muffled in their black robes and gowns. They unlocked the chain from her collar, then dragged her to her feet, holding her tightly under the arms.

Without a word they half carried, half dragged her out of the room and down the dank, narrow corridor which led back to the punishment room. She whimpered in fear as they led her inside and up to where a third woman stood.

"Well, slattern," the woman hissed. "Have you begun to reconsider your filthy ways?"

"Yes! Oh yes!" Skyler cried eagerly.

Mary sneered in contempt, then turned abruptly, moving over to an evil looking metal device.

The main body of the device was a metal table with two round holes in the centre. She was stripped of her chains, then bent over the table, her breasts pushed through the holes. One of the women then twisted a large lever, and Skyler gasped as she felt the holes starting to close. Heavy wires which had lain around the edges of the holes like nooses began to tighten, pinching in to her soft, malleable flesh. Hands suddenly pressed down on her head and back as the wire closed tighter and tighter.

"No! Ooow! Stop! Stop it!" she screamed, her movements becoming more and more desperate.

But the nooses continued to close, until they were no wider than a gold piece, strangling her aching breasts and making them bloat out below the table like fat, hard balloons.

Meanwhile her arms were pulled out to her sides and strapped down to the table at wrist, elbow and shoulder. Her legs were pulled apart, and strapped tightly to the front legs of the table at ankle, knee and thigh, the heavy, leather straps cinched very tightly around her slim legs.

There were two long metal arms at opposite sides of the table at the corners. The first of these was swung sideways, then around so that the end of it was pointed at her head. A rough hand gripped her hair, yanking her head up and back so that she faced directly forward. Then a thick, rubber pipe was forced into her mouth. It was so thick she could hardly open her jaws wide enough and thought she would lose a tooth.

But the women forced it deep into her mouth, then placed a clamp over her nostrils to stop her breathing through her nose.

A strap was wound around her head, then around the pipe so she could not pull back.

Very businesslike, they swung a second arm around from the lower corner, bending it, then thrusting a second pipe into her rectum, jamming it deep with sneers of contempt as she moaned helplessly around the first pipe.

One of the women, Skyler thought it was Mary, ducked under the table. She felt hands on her breasts, then the two nooses, which were part of one wire, began to tug down. The wire, which was tightly binding her breasts was attached to a small flat pan, and Mary began to slowly place lead weights on the pan.

Skyler's screams grew louder and louder, though they were hardly heard in the small room. Five pounds, then ten, fifteen, then twenty, twenty five, then thirty pounds of weight were placed into the pan now hanging from her breasts.

Under the side of the table, on a short, heavy swing arm was a large, thick metal tube. Mary swung the arm out, up and around so it jammed down against Skyler's sex, pinching the top part of her pussy down against the table. Skyler screamed in pain as she felt her clitoris crushed between the metal arm and metal table, her body shaking violently as she strained

against the leather bands holding her in place.

"Since you seem to have so much desire to have your filthy body used for copulation," Mary sneered. "We'll see how you like it all day long!"

It was then that Skyler felt something thick and hard pushing against her small sex.

Mary turned a heavy screw, and the thick rod shifted forward through the ring on the end of the swing arm, pushing against her and then forcing its way up into her soft pussy sheath.

The tube was quite thick, rounded, but hardly smooth. In fact, it was covered in small, sharp little studs which clawed over the taut, straining walls of Skyler's pussy tunnel as the thing drove in deeper and deeper.

She groaned and sobbed, her pussy box stretching and straining, each stud clawing its way up her belly as three, six, eight, then ten inches of the thing were stuffed up inside her. Mary continued to turn the screw, her eyes burning as another inch was forced into the shaking, sobbing young woman, then another, then another.

She gazed at the flesh around Skyler's pussy, at how it was forced inward by the thick girth of the metal tube filling the girl's tunnel. She watched as the pressure against the redhead's cervix, against the end of her pussy, began to pull her forward, straining her legs against the straps holding them.

Only then did she lock the device off.

She nodded to one of the women and a heavy motor and pump were started.

Suddenly a flood of liquid gushed into Skyler's mouth, almost choking her. It was incredibly sour, and she felt the flesh of her mouth puckering and burning as she looked up in terror.

"It's only lemon juice," Mary said with a smirk.

Another gush of liquid poured down the second tube and spewed out the end into her rectum, this time hot lemon juice that made her scream as it poured into her bowels.

"Perhaps after you have had a day or two to think about your fate you will have more piety towards your betters, and more care about abusing the flesh God gave you," Mary said piously.

She and the other two women turned then and left, snapping out the lights.

Skyler moaned desperately, then swallowed the bitter juice, gulping down mouthful after mouthful until her mouth was empty. Only then could she suck air down from the hose and expand her burning lungs.

Even as that happened the tube forced up her pussy began to chuff backwards as the motor turned small wheels in the middle of the swing arm. It was slow, but clawed at her insides like razors as pain filled her world.

More and more hot lemon juice was pouring into her rectum, and her breasts screamed as the wire cut into them and threatened to tear them off.

Without warning lemon juice poured down the mouth pipe, and she coughed and choked even as she fought desperately to swallow it all. There was more of it than before, but she gulped it down desperately, then coughed and gagged as she sucked in air.

Her insides cramped and burned from the lemon juice pouring into her rectum, and her pussy was being torn up by the studded metal rapist pumping back and forth inside it.

Pain hit her from every direction, and she sobbed in hopeless misery as her abused body became a thing of agony.

More lemon juice poured into her mouth, and she swallowed desperately, even though her stomach already felt as full as her bowels. She knew she could not swallow much more, and wondered if they meant her to drown in it.

But the thought was fleeting as the metal cock picked up speed. The entire table was shaking now with its furious pounding as it rammed up her aching pussy hole again and again, smashing against her cervix with enough force to make her scream.

Then she did scream, but the sound, such as it was, was quickly cut off as the tube in her mouth abruptly extended itself, telescoping forward, forcing its way down her throat all the way to her stomach.

It abruptly reversed itself and vacuumed everything out of her stomach, even as the one in her rectum did the same.

The one in her stomach then pulled back into her mouth, leaving her with an empty sensation and an ache in her belly.

Shortly afterwards a fresh wave of lemon juice poured into her mouth, then more hot juice poured down into her rectum as the metal cock pounded into her again and again and again.

Hours of pain, of agony passed. Awash in a nightmare of hopeless horror Skyler lay bent across the table, her body jerking spastically, trickles of sweat sliding down her buttocks, down the backs of her thighs, down her tightly bound breasts, dripping from her forehead and cheeks, and along her ribs to the table top.

Her mind drifted amid the storm of pain and misery, and she hardly noticed when a hooded figure slipped into the room and moved slowly around the table.

The figure studied her for long minutes, as a bulge began to appear in its crotch. Then it moved behind her and the metal cock slowed, then halted and was pulled out.

She groaned blearily as her pussy lips were allowed to relax. Her sex remained gaping open as eager fingers stroked around and over them, then inside, flitting about, caressing, rubbing and exploring pink flesh.

He stepped back, then looked under her at the tray of weights hanging below. He bent down and snickered at the sight of the wire binding her breasts, then reached his foot in and jammed it down on the tray.

Skyler's scream was heavily muffled by the pipe in her mouth, but clearly audible as he put more and more weight on his foot, his eyes crinkling with humour as the girl's body began to shake and tremble.

He pulled his foot back with a laugh, then opened his robe and pulled out a long pink erection. He rubbed it over her slick sex, then thrust himself into her to the hilt, his hands digging into her flanks as he raped her quickly and efficiently.

The redhead hardly felt his rape, as more lemon juice poured into her mouth, and her breasts throbbed in agony with the remembered pain of his added weight.

When he was done, however, his creamy juice poured down into her belly, and almost immediately she felt an electrical reaction as it seeped through her pores and into her bloodstream.

He fastened his robe carefully, then swung the metal cock up and around, thrusting it deep into her sex before turning on the power once more. The pain, the ache, was still there as it pumped inside her, but now her body began to swirl with pleasure, obscuring, shading, overlapping the pain.

Her crushed clitty began to sparkle with crackling sexual pleasure, and sensual joy spread through her body in a heavy, cloying flood.

The lights disappeared, leaving her in the dark with her pleasure and pain, and her body began to shake and tremble against the table as an orgasm rippled up her spine.

Her nervous system was caught in the nightmare grip of endless pain once second, then the second was blasted by a howling wail of shocked pleasure. It twisted and overloaded, and

Skyler's body began to shake as she was racked by convulsions.

Her mind spun and tumbled as it was buffeted by powerful sensory shocks, thrown this way and that until it was virtually torn free of her sweating, shaking body, seeming to hover above it as a cloud of bliss lifted it skyward.

When Mary arrived she was not fooled by the grunts and groans she would have expected from the redhead, from any woman. Her eyes narrowed as she focused on the girl's crotch, as she saw the tell tail signs Skyler was trying to jam her sex back against the plunging steel cock.

Cursing, she moved to the edge of the table and bent, then added more weights to the tray hanging from Skyler's breasts. Another ten to start, then twenty more, then thirty more after that. Yet even with ninety pounds hanging from her breasts the redheaded nymph continued quiver and jerk against the straps, continued to thrust herself back against the steel cock impaling her.

Mary quickly halted the pumping machine, staring at the redhead in hatred and disgust. She called for her assistants, and moments later they were hurriedly unstrapping her even as Mary hurled buckets of cold water over her body in attempt to break her obvious dance with lust and pleasure.

They dragged the sweating, trembling girl across the floor, then lifted her arms high, slapping heavy shackles around her wrists and letting her dangle from them as Mary turned on a fire hose and sprayed icy water over her.

The water slammed into her face with bruising force, throwing her head back, then pounded against her chest and breasts before hitting her stomach and abdomen, then her pussy.

Mary curled her lip into a sneer as she increased the pressure, fighting to walk forward, aiming the fire hose directly at the girl's sex, the pressure of the water making the redhead swing back under the chains holding her aloft.

"Filthy slut!" she screamed as she poured water against the hapless girl. "Your vile debauchery will not affect God's chosen children!"

She turned off the hose, eyes hot with fury, then moved to the wall and removed a long, coiled whip. Skyler hung barely conscious from her wrists, head forward on her chest as Mary moved behind her and let the whip uncoil.

The two women moved aside as Mary drew her arm back, then lashed forward expertly. The whip hissed through the air, hard and strong, then lashed across the centre of Skyler's back.

The whip hit with the force of a hammer, and Skyler cried out, her head jerking back, then screamed a split second later as the jagged edged pain burned its way into her nervous system and exploded.

Her back arched and she howled at the top of her lungs, her legs kicking and jerking as Mary drew back the whip for another blow.

Again the whip lashed out, slashing into the soft white flesh of her shoulders, drawing another shriek of agony as the redhead jerked and shook on the end of the chains.

Mary sliced the whip lower, curling it around the redhead's narrow waist like a belt, leaving a trail of fire and a glowing red welt behind as Skyler screamed for mercy.

The whip lashed out again, curling around her chest, snapping against the side of one plump, firm breast. The pain howled like a runaway train, and Skyler's mind was blasted by the force of it.

Again and again the whip lashed across her back, leaving angry, criss-crossing red welts that blazed like fire

Mary smiled in smug delight. She moved back, looking down at the whip and shaking it

loose, then drew her arm back and snapped it forward. With expert care she sent the hardened tip, and only the tip of the whip snapping into the centre of Skyler's back.

She screamed as the pain blasted into her. It felt like she had been shot or stabbed, and her legs kicked and scissored as she trembled on the end of the chains.

Again Mary sent the tip snaking forward to snap directly at Skyler's bruised tailbone, already so sore. The tip laced in between her soft, puffy buttocks and struck the tailbone a direct blow.

Mary sneered contemptuously, then sent the tip cracking into the back of Skyler's right leg just behind the knee. She laughed as she drew her arm back again, the whip snapping out from the side, then around to tear into Skyler's armpit.

She moved around the sobbing girl, smirking, letting the whip trail along the wet floor behind her.

"Are you starting to repent your evil?" she asked sweetly.

"P...please! Please! Anything! P...p...please!" Skyler begged, her voice breaking.

"Are you sorry for showing such...disrespect to me?" Mary purred, sliding her hand up along Skyler's face and pushing away the tangled red hair that had matted against her forehead and cheeks.

"I...I'm...s...sorry!" Skyler moaned.

Mary pushed her head up and back, sliding her hand over the sweating flesh as she looked down at the young woman's lushly displayed body.

"Perhaps it is your body that is the cause of your corruption," she purred, gripping Skyler's jaw in a tight but painful grip. "Perhaps a body like yours was made by the devil to tempt men."

Her fingers curled under, sliding along Skyler's lips, dipping inside.

"I'm so...sorry...sorry," Skyler sobbed.

Mary smiled, her fingers sliding along the girl's lips.

"Please!" Skyler begged.

She kissed the woman's fingers, and when that brought a smile of pleasure to the woman's eyes she licked at them desperately, then as the woman slipped them into her mouth suckled and licked, whimpering and whining as the fires of pain burned through her pride and reduced it to ashes.

"But perhaps if we destroy the body the corruption will end," she said, sliding her fingers in and out of Skyler's mouth as the girl sucked on them.

Suddenly she pressed the three fingers in her mouth down hard while jamming her thumb up against the underside of the redhead's chin. Skyler mewled in pain as the woman twisted her head up and back savagely, then out hard, her fingers digging into the soft flesh as she sneered in contempt.

She pulled her hands out as Skyler gasped then slapped her face as hard as she could.

Skyler's head flew back and to the side, then the back of Mary's hand sent it spinning to the other side. Another slap threw it to the left, and a backhand back to the right.

"Filthy evil creature," Mary hissed as Skyler groaned and let her head fall forward.

She reached behind her and grasped her hair, yanking her head up and back violently, forcing her sweating young body to arch back.

"The Lord will cleanse thee of thy sin," she said, jerking her face forward again so she could spit.

Then she let her go and paced back. She turned, expertly measuring the distance, then drew the whip back.

Skyler could hardly see through her tears, and tried to whimper a plea as the cruel woman swung her arm violently forward. The tip of the whip hissed through the air like a dart and snapped directly against her right nipple.

The nipple, swollen and throbbing from the hours Skyler's breasts had been tightly bound, exploded like lightning had hit it, and sent a searing blast of agony deep into her brain.

"Filth," Mary spat.

She waited for the girl's body to stop spasming and shaking, then sent the tip cracking into her other nipple, then into her right earlobe, then her left armpit.

She motioned at the two women, and they lifted the dazed, sobbing young woman's legs up and back, spreading them wide. Each held a leg back, then reached for her sex, slipping two fingers into her hole, then prying her pussy lips wide open.

Mary calmly studied the sight, then drew the whip back. The two women pulled harder, anxious to widen the hole as much as possible to keep their fingers from being touched.

But they needn't worry, for Mary was an expert, and the tip whipped straight in between their fingers and down the open hole of Skyler's pussy tunnel to blast into the side wall of her sheath an inch inside.

The pain tore her mind to shreds, and her muscles spasmed so badly she couldn't even scream. Her body began to violently shake, as though she were undergoing a fit.

The tip whipped in again, and again, and again, each time entering the girl's pussy hole and striking the flesh inside her tunnel.

Then Mary aimed higher, aimed at the top of her sex, at where the small hood barely covered a swollen clitoris.

The women pried at it, spreading her wider at the top, exposing the soft little button as Mary drew her arm back again.

The whip hissed forward and the tip bit into her clit with tremendous force. Skyler's head snapped up and back as though she'd been punched under the chin. Her eyes bulged as her mouth opened wide, but only a low, gurgling sound emerged.

Again the tip flew across the room and struck her clit. Agony like none she could have ever imagined howled through Skyler's mind, and blasted the last trace of sanity out of it. Another whip crack snapped across the burning clit, drawing a banshee howl of pain from the gurgling animal that Skyler had now become.

"Do you still like it, slut? Does the pleasure still beckon you?" Mary asked with an evil smile.

She lowered the whip, eyes filled with satisfaction.

"Blessed is the Lord," she said.

"Blessed is the Lord!" her helpers echoed.

"Take her somewhere she can...rest," she said in mock sympathy.

"Yes, sister," the said, dropping the barely conscious girl's legs and reaching up to unchain her.

Chapter Five

The world turned slowly for Skyler. It was a world of pain and misery. Her mind was blasted to a cringing husk and all she prayed for was for the end of the pain. It wasn't a

conscious thought, for she was beyond that, beyond any thought at all. It was merely an animalistic whimpering from a far corner of her mind.

Tight coils of rope bound her arms tightly together from elbow to fingers, wound around her slender arms so tightly it dug deeply into the pale flesh. The same rope cut across her breasts and criss-crossed her chest, circled her slim waist several times, then plunged down between her thighs, digging deep between her swollen pubic lips before rising up between her buttocks, circling the ropes round her waist, then plunging back in the other direction.

Her legs were pressed firmly together, rope winding around and around them from thighs to ankles.

She hung upside down from a chain, and the world, such as it was, turned slowly in the dark cell.

The sun crept through the small high window, slipped slowly across the room from one end to the other, then disappeared, leaving her in darkness once again.

Again the room brightened, shadows appearing from the darkness. The door opened then, and a hooded figure crept in. It moved quickly up to her, then halted as if in thought.

It tried to ease a hand between her thighs but they were slammed too tightly together to permit more than a finger, and since the object the figure desired was covered by several thick strands of rope it cursed unhappily.

It went to the wall and slowly turned a large wheel, and Skyler began to descend in a slow, jerky fashion. Her hair touched the floor, then her head. Her head bent and her neck touched the floor, then her shoulders, and finally her back.

With her legs still raised high the figure moved forward, then began to undo the knots holding the ropes together. They had been knotted at the top, so after undoing them it was necessary to unwind the rope from around her shoulders and chest, then her arms before getting to her waist.

Finally, fingers trembling, the figure yanked the long rope from between her thighs, removing one, then two, then three loops to free her forbidden sex. He unwound her thighs and ankles then and dropped the long rope to the floor as he laid her legs wide, wide apart and ran his hands slowly up their length.

He stroked her inner thighs, then moved his hands up to her breasts, gazing at them with lust and excitement, noting the red, swollen nipples with a sigh of delight.

He bent and licked at them, then sucked them into his mouth one at a time, chewing lightly, suckling and moaning as his fingers dug into the sweating orbs.

He pulled his lips off after what seemed an eternity, then eased lower, parting her sex, gazing at her brutalized genitals. He licked lovingly, adoringly, groaning as he reached down and opened his robe, taking out a stiff erection.

He rose to his knees and thrust into her, then laid his body atop her, grunting as he thrust repeatedly, as his buttocks rose and fell with desperate urgency.

Skyler was aware of what was happening, in a distant way. Her battered brain was coping weakly with the return of blood after having been upside down for so long, but she realized she was being rodded. She just didn't care. She didn't have the energy or the will or the pride to care.

It hurt, but it was so mild compared to the hurts inflicted on her that it hardly qualified as pain. His stiff cock sliced back and forth between aching pussy lips, across a swollen clitoris, and over the bruises and welts within her pussy tunnel itself.

And then sperm poured into her and her mind blinked and fluttered. It was still too dazed to really care or understand its situation, but the surge of energy was slowly clearing out the

cobwebs.

The man hesitated, turned and gazed at the door, then removed his robe fully. He had time this time, time to enjoy himself.

He straddled the young woman's body, sitting his hairy buttocks down on her stomach, then sliding forward. He grasped her breasts and squeezed them against his crotch, against his hot red cock, mashing and kneading her malleable flesh as he rubbed himself slowly against her.

Skyler looked up blearily, eyes fluttering weakly as she looked at the man. She had no idea what he was doing atop her - certainly nothing that had ever been done to her before - but again, though it hurt her aching nipples, it did not really qualify as pain in her new and sharply altered definition of that term.

He saw her fluttering eyes and let go of her breasts, sliding himself forward to bring his groin against her face. He rubbed his flaccid prick over her lips and face as he leered down at her.

"Your mouth! Your mouth," he hissed. "Take it into your mouth!"

Almost instinctively she obeyed, licking and sucking weakly as he groaned and clasped her ears, riding her with excited grinding motions.

His cock began to grow within her mouth, and he began to pump into her, grunting as he thrust down into her, jerking up on her ears at the same time.

Some of her mind began to sputter into life, and she realized she was no longer bound. She moved her legs slightly, then her hands. She reached up slowly, her hands pushing against his lower stomach as he threatened to shove his cock down her throat.

He cursed and his fist slammed into the side of her head. She cried out, then cried out a second time as he punched, her. She twisted her head to one side, and his next blow struck caused her to clench her jaws.

He howled in agony, pounding at the side of her face as he leapt back, falling on his back on the floor, clasping his injured cock and sobbing.

Skyler groaned as she lay on the cold stone, her hand rising to her face. She rolled slowly onto her side, trying to sit up.

The man cursed in a shrill voice. His eyes looked around wildly, then he grabbed a coil of the rope and sprang forward. The rope slipped over her head and he yanked back hard as it caught around her throat.

Skyler's eyes bulged and she gurgled helplessly as he strangled her. He snickered, climbing to his feet, yanking her head up and back as he held his hands tightly on the noose. She reached up weakly, fingers clawing at the rope as her mind began to boil and her chest burned.

She reached back for his wrists, then, perhaps instinctively, darted her long arm past them and grabbed at his cock, her fist closing around his balls.

Again he howled, letting go of the rope, slapping and tearing at her wrist as she squeezed with all her power.

Her hand was knocked free and he stumbled back, falling again, laying on his back rocking from side to side as he whimpered and moaned.

Skyler sucked in air, her head throbbing, and she sat up slowly. The adrenaline combined with the sperm seemed to have cleared her mind somewhat and given her at least a minimum of energy.

She staggered to her feet, grabbing at the wall, then as he sat up brought her knee forward into his face.

His upper body shot backwards and the back of his head hit the stone with a loud crack. He was still, and she sank to the floor again groaning.

She crawled to the door and found it unlocked. She opened it, then crawled into the hall.

Directly across was a small room filled with soap and cleaning things. There was also a hand pump and a sink, and she pumped water out over her head, opening her mouth wide and gulping it down.

She let the water pour over her head and shoulders for several minutes as she tried to get her blurred eyes and shattered mind to work. Then she stood up straight, wet hair dripping around her shoulders.

She stumbled back across the hall and gazed down at the man laying there. It was that priest, the one she'd first met. She moved over to him warily, but saw no sign of breathing.

She snatched up his robe and pulled it over her head, then took his shoes and stomped her feet into them. Slowly, she moved back down the hall, the hood over her head, her face in darkness.

She climbed up a flight of stairs, then went down a wider hall and found herself in a kitchen. She trembled at the old smells, and she frantically searched the cupboards, wolfing down bread and raw cheese, then almost drowning in milk, pouring it into her mouth and over her face.

The sun was rising outside, and she knew that soon people would arrive to begin breakfast. She also knew she would never escape. Not in daylight, not as weak as she was. Soon the priest's body would be discovered, and then they'd begin to search for her. She didn't even want to think about what they would do if they found her.

She looked up and saw, high above her, an opening in the ceiling. A panel had been pulled aside for one reason or another, and not put firmly back into place. It was a dropped ceiling, consisting of a steel frame with plasterboard tiles meant to hide the rough concrete and pipes above. She didn't know this, only that there looked like there was space up there.

Her eyes moved across the room to a distant shelf, a high shelf, and hope burned inside her. She gathered up more food and a jar of some fruity substance, then hurried to the shelf. There was a working counter next to it, and with some effort she climbed atop that, then reached up high and placed her sack atop the topmost shelf.

Healthy, she would have managed the shelf with ease, but she was far from that, and she tried again and again to pull herself up to its top without falling over or taking the shelf with her.

But desperation drove her to the top, and she pushed at the panel there. It slid back easily, and she raised her head and shoulders to find a good two feet of space between it and the roof above.

To one side was a large ventilation shaft, easily two feet wide, and there was a small space above. She brought her sack up and threw it a couple of feet, then carefully eased her weight up, praying she didn't cause the steel frame to break.

The panels were weak and obviously would not bear her weight, but the steel frame had little difficulty as she pulled herself inside, then dropped the panel into place.

Minutes later, as the first of the cooks arrived, she lay sound asleep atop the ventilation pipe. An hour later, when the body of the late Lord Father Perciles was discovered in her cell she still slept, and she slept the day-long uproar, the furious search of the buildings and grounds, the weeping prayers for the Lord's soul, and everything else.

She slept for twelve hours, woke briefly to swallow more bread and drink down half of what turned out to be apple juice, then slept again for another eight.

She finished off her food and apple juice as she listened below her. She had no idea what time it was, but the silence would seem to indicate it was late. The sleep had eased much of the confusion in her mind and renewed her energy. Her bruises and welt still ached, but she was able

to move and think again.

She eased herself off the ventilation shaft and crawled carefully along the roof, her feet and hands on the metal frame until she came to the panel she had entered through. She eased it up a crack and peered into the darkened kitchen, then, satisfied, lifted it up and carefully lowered herself to the top of the shelf.

Getting down from the shelf was far easier than climbing it, and soon she was loading up another sack with food and jars of liquid before heading out in search of an exit.

The halls on the main floor were wide and still well-lit, despite the hour, and she moved slowly and cautiously, her ears listening intently for any unusual sound. She was approaching a corner when she heard voices talking, and footsteps approaching from the other direction.

She turned and bolted up a stairwell, taking them three at a time, then rounded the corner and halted, heart pounding.

She gazed up and down the silent, dimly lit hall, then started forward, again moving slowly. She froze at a voice.

"But I'm worried, sister," the voice said.

It was young and female.

"With almost all the men away hunting AntiChrist, what will happen if the devil's children attack?"

"The AntiChrist will not get far, child. Have no fear. The holy warriors of father church will find her and give her to the stake as she so richly deserves."

It wasn't the understanding that the supposed "antichrist" was her that froze Skyler, but the voice.

It was Sister Mary.

"Oooh, Sister," the voice moaned "I...we shouldn't!"

Skyler heard a slap, then Mary's voice in a hiss so low she could not make out the words.

She trembled and shook, torn between murderous rage and terror.

Then her hand went to the door and she turned the knob. It opened a crack and she peeked inside.

"Be a good little girl, Rebecca and I'll let you watch the AntiChrist when they bring her back and put her to the stake."

"Really?" the girl gasped, eyes widening in delight. "You promise?!"

Mary smiled and stroked the girl's head, then her hands undid the black robe the girl wore and it dropped to the floor.

The girl was younger than Skyler by several years, and she blushed and giggled as Mary stripped her. Busty and voluptuous, breasts jiggling as she moved, she lay back on a narrow bed, spreading her arms and legs as Mary drew black strips of cloth and bound her wrists and ankles to the four corners.

Then Mary stripped off her own heavy gown, revealing, under all those heavy robes, a short, petite frame, though with large, full breasts. Her blonde hair fell to her shoulders in ringlets and curls, and she had, for some reason, no pubic hair.

She smirked at the girl as she ran her hands over her body., She looked to be in her mid thirties, and her face was as hard and cold as steel as she pinched her fat brown nipples.

"Do you think I'm beautiful?" she asked.

"Oh yes, sister!" the girl sighed, eyes shining.

Mary smiled then climbed into bed, kneeling between the girl's outspread legs. She moved her hands slowly up her thighs and over her belly to her breasts, her hands sliding against them from either side, squeezing them slowly together.

Her fingers slipped upwards to the girl's nipples, then she pinched them hard, making the girl whimper and gasp. She pulled up, stretching them, then stretching out her breasts.

"Oh! Oh please! Please!" the girl sobbed.

"Shut up, slut!" Mary snarled.

She reached back and picked up a thick wad of foam, then pushed it against the girl's mouth. The girl moaned, then obediently opened her mouth. Mary stuffed the foam into her mouth, prodding and jamming it with her fingers until the bound girl's cheeks bulged out like a squirrel.

Mary sat back for a moment then, her eyes moving over the girl's body, then she reached in and slapped the side of the girl's right breast - hard. The soft flesh jiggled and shook, and the girl screamed into the foam, the sound muffled.

Mary slapped her other breast with her other hand, then the first breast again, then the second, then the first. Again and again and again her hands cracked down against the soft flesh until both were bright red.

Then she slid her body upwards until she straddled the sobbing young woman's chest, her thighs wide, her bare pussy directly over one swollen red breast. She sat down then, slowly, her hands gripping the thick meat and pushing it up against her sex.

She began a slow grinding motion, rubbing her pussy against the girl's hot breast, squirming and grinding herself into it as she groaned in pleasure.

Skyler wanted to rush forward, but was gripped by fear. The woman had caused her so much pain that confronting her, the very thought of confronting her, was terrifying and she found herself almost unable to breath.

She watched as Mary groaned and slid forward atop the girl, then plucked the foam from her mouth. The girl began to sob and moan but a quick slap to the face and a hissed threat quieted her. Then the woman straddled the girl's face. She sank her strangely hairless sex down onto the girl's mouth, and Skyler watched the younger woman's tongue slide up into it, pumping and licking as Mary ground her behind in slow, lewd pleasure.

Even as Skyler looked for a weapon she felt something inside her responding to that lewd grinding, to the groans of pleasure rising from Mary's lips and the soft wet lapping of the girl's tongue.

She closed her thighs together and sighed in pleasure even as her pussy throbbed with pain. She watched the girl's tongue as Sister Mary ground herself back and forth over her face, and thought of how nice a tongue would feel against her own sore pussy.

She moved slowly into the room, closing the door behind her, then set her sack down on a small desk. Sister Mary groaned as she arched her back, her head going back further and further as she brought her hands up to cup her breasts.

Skyler moved up behind her, joined her hands together, raised them high, and brought her fists down into the centre of the woman's face as she lay back, groaning, eyes closed.

Mary grunted in pain as she was thrown back onto her back, knocked off the girl's face. Skyler raised her foot and slammed it into the woman's side, knocking her over and off the other side of the bed.

The girl's eyes widened and she started to scream. Skyler snatched up the foam and shoved it into her open mouth then jumped over the bed and landed on Mary's midsection. The air whooshed out of the small woman as Skyler caught her balance, then grabbed her by the hair and yanked her up to her knees.

Then she smashed her knee into Mary's face, throwing her backwards onto her back on the floor.

She stepped forward, her foot slamming into Mary's puffy red pussy mound once, twice, three times, then she bent over and grabbed her by the hair again, slowly lifting her to her knees, then her feet.

Mary was choking and coughing, stumbling weakly, eyes glazed as she whimpered and grabbed weakly at Skyler's hand. She flew backwards as Skyler's fist hit her in the face, hit the wall and bounced off only to meet another fist, then one in the stomach that dropped her to her knees.

Skyler's foot caught her under the jaw, she whipped up and back with a grunt, dropping senseless to the floor.

Filled with elation, Skyler snatched one of the belts from Mary's discarded robe and quickly bound her wrists behind her back, then moved to the bed.

She pulled the gag out and the girl looked up at her in terror, eyes wide.

"Are you going to take my soul?" she gulped.

Skyler's eyes moved over the girl's lush body, then she undid the priest's robe and let it drop to the floor.

The girl blinked, licking her lips as Skyler climbed into the bed.

"You...you mustn't," she cried.

Skyler knelt over her, then dropped her pussy against the girl's mouth, jamming her sex down hard. After a moment the girl began to lick, slowly at first, but then, after Skyler reached back and slapped at one of her fat, jiggling breasts, with a lot more enthusiasm.

"You're going to show me the way out of this place, you little bitch," Skyler growled, and maybe if you do a good job on my pussy I won't burn you up later."

The girl's soft pink tongue slid back and forth along Skyler's sex, and she groaned at the mixture of pain and pleasure, rubbing herself slowly up and down against her mouth. She cupped her own breasts gently, wincing a little as the flesh moved and her aching nipples burned.

She pulled her pussy back, moving down the girl's body, then lowered one soft breasts against her lips.

The girl licked tentatively at the swollen nipple, then took it into her mouth, sucking softly as she licked.

Skyler sighed as the sore nipple was massaged with such exquisite gentleness, the girl's soft tongue and mouth feeling like heaven to the sore button.

She eased her breast back, then fed her the other one, stroking her fingers through the girl's long hair as she groaned and reached down to ever so gently rub at her own clit.

Then she straddled the girl's face again, letting her lick up through her aching puss lips, groaning as the girl's tongue caressed her clit and pleasure poured through her body.

The pain melted away now as the pleasure soared to greater and greater heights, then she came, arching back, sobbing in delight at the power of the climax that rippled up and down her body.

She jammed her pussy into the girl's mouth, rutting and grinding as the pleasure poured through her like liquid fire.

"Yes! Yes! Lick me! Oh! Lick me!" she cried, bouncing atop the girl's face, rubbing and grinding herself furiously.

The orgasm eased slowly, and she groaned as she slumped low, but the girl continued licking, doing as she had long done for her mistress, licking until she was told to stop.

Soon Skyler was grinding and bouncing again as the pleasure shot through her, then another orgasm, then another shook her body.

She fell back with a groan, shaking her head to clear out the cobwebs.

"Are you going to take my soul now?" the girl whimpered.

She groaned and sat up, then exhaled deeply.

"Stupid little bitch," she said.

She looked at Mary, who was starting to groan and come around, then went to the window and looked out onto a tall blank wall.

"How do I get out of this place?" she demanded.

"You'll never escape," the girl said. "The holy warriors will..."

Skyler bent over her and glared and the girl shut up with a squeak of terror.

"You're going to show me how to get out of here," Skyler growled. "And all your so-called Holy warriors are gone hunting the antichrist, remember?"

She gazed at Mary darkly, then looked up at the curtains. With a rough yank she tore them down, then ripped the cord from it and went to Mary.

She grabbed the woman by the hair, then yanked her to her feet, bending her over the desk and slamming her head into it. Then she tied two loose loops in the cord and pulled them up over Mary's breasts, cinching them tight as soon as they were flush with her chest.

Mary cried in pain as Skyler drew the cords tighter and tighter, and when she began to yell Skyler stuffed a handful of tissue paper into her mouth.

She dragged the woman across the room, tied the end of the curtain cords to a radiator pipe, then lifted the woman up, smiled into her wide eyes, and shoved her out the open window.

Mary gave a muffled howl as she tumbled off the windowsill, but didn't drop far before the curtain cord brought her up short. Her big breasts stretched and stretched, and for a moment Skyler thought they might actually tear right off, but then the woman hung there in place, face and breasts beat red as she stared up through bulging eyes.

"Don't worry," Skyler said. "Someone will probably notice you in a few hours."

She turned to the girl, then grimly untied her. When the girl started to struggle she slapped her and the girl whimpered and subsided. Skyler quickly bound her wrists behind her back, then dropped a heavy robe over her before donning the priest's robe once again herself.

"Now show me the way out of here," she hissed. "Or I'll tell everyone what you and Sister Mary were doing together."

Her eyes widened and she looked around fearfully.

"You mustn't! They'll burn me!"

"Like I care! You were going to watch me burn up at the stake!"

"But you're the AntiChrist!"

"And you're the stupidest little slag I've ever seen in my life!"

"What's a slag?"

Chapter Six

The girl, Rebecca, showed her to a small back entrance the novices used when they wanted to sneak out to play in the nearby river. They emerged in a darkened back yard which had a small door in the wall. Skyler dragged the girl to the door then threw back the heavy bolts and slowly pulled the heavy metal thing in.

She pushed the girl through, then went through herself and pulled it closed behind her.

"But we can't both go! Someone has to lock the door!"

"Why?"

The girl looked at her as if she were insane.

"If the devils children come they'll be able to get inside!"

"So?"

"But...the Devils Children are...are horrible and...and loathsome!"

"So are you guys. Get moving."

She led the girl into the woods, making her go first so she bulldozed through the plants and bushes in the way. They found a game trail after a bit, and Skyler led the way. Rebecca was gasping and groaning, finding it hard to keep up after a very short time, but Skyler, who was still feeling weak, had no sympathy for her.

"All that soft living," she jeered. "You'll have to put some muscle on you, slag."

Suddenly they heard a howling in the distance. They both froze.

"What was that?" Rebecca squealed.

"I'm not sure," Skyler gulped.

She thought she knew, though. She thought it was mutes.

That made her insides twist and squirm. On the one hand the mutes disgusted and terrified her. On the other hand...over the past couple of days she'd only gotten the occasional quick poke from the priest. She needed far more. She wanted a gang bang, and the thought of cocks pounding into her, even mute cocks, was making her pussy burn.

She yanked Rebecca along, moving slower, more quietly. More howls sounded around them, and they halted, Rebecca whimpering now, praying.

She halted, then looked down at herself in horror, realizing that the two of them, dressed in the garb of the Church, might well be torn apart on sight if the mutes found them.

She yanked the heavy robe up and off, tossing it into a bush, then after a moment of hesitation, she pulled Rebecca's robe up and off as well.

"What are you doing!? You mustn't expose us to..."

"Listen, stupid. If they catch you in that robe they'll probably tear your head off."

"Better that than a fat worse than a thousand deaths!"

"Yeah, well, maybe, but they'd do the same to anyone with you, and I don't intend to die quite yet."

She yanked the girl forward again, both of them naked now as they moved between trees.

"We should get off the trail," Skyler whispered.

She eased to one side, searching for an opening in the thickly growing bushes, then the trees suddenly erupted as howling figures rushed towards them.

Rebecca screamed so loudly she managed to jerk Skyler's attention away from the rushing mutes, but only momentarily, then she turned and dove into the bushes on the other side of the trail. She rolled, then sprang up and ran, dodging in and out amongst the trees as the howls rose behind her.

If she'd been in better shape she probably would have made it, for the mutes' night sight wasn't very good. But as weary and bruised as she was she was soon panting loudly and slowing even as the mutes caught up.

A long arm reached out and gripped her hair, and she screamed as it yanked her back, then swung her around so violently her feet lifted free of the ground.

The Mute let her fall and she tumbled end over end, into some bushes, where she again scrambled to rise, only to find herself caught from behind.

And then it was on her, chortling in a strange tone, its hands gripping her flanks as it jammed its erection against her sex. This one wasn't as huge as the first one who'd raped her,

but it was still big, and her bruised pussy burned in pain as the thing forced its thick member through her taut, swollen lips and deep into her stomach.

It began to rut wildly, and though her insides felt like they were being torn apart at first Skyler quickly found herself eagerly grunting to each new thrust, her body rocking to and fro as she was crudely and wildly ridden.

The sperm boiled into her womb and moments later the juice burned through into her bloodstream and leapt to her brain like a narcotic. She felt all her senses sharpening, felt her body thrum with excitement and strength. She groaned and whined as she knelt there on all fours, her eyes focusing then unfocusing as the thing continued to ride her.

Suddenly it was gone, from one second to the other. She quivered and moaned as the anticipated thrust did not come, and began to sag, her eyes glazed. But then another of the mutes jumped atop her, a new cock thrusting deep, and a tremor of lust and delight moved through her as the rutting continued.

Her entire body shook as the mute pounded against her, and she cried out in pain as it yanked her long hair up and back, forcing her head back.

Then she felt her insides boil and a mammoth climax tore through her. The scream of pain was instantly followed by a shriek of delighted pleasure as the orgasm roared through her mind, the power and pleasure irresistible.

The world shook around her as searing lust and desire blasted through her weakened mind. She gave way completely, wrapping herself around with a cloak of sexual hunger that knew no limit and no boundaries.

Another mute mounted her, then another, then another, and the world became a small hot vortex of lust between her legs, as there in the pitch dark amidst the bushes the mutes jammed their cocks deep inside her and rutted like animals, pouring their rich hot cream down her spasming tunnel.

Pain didn't matter, nor pride, nor anything else. Only the pleasure mattered. Nothing else even existed. Wrapped in a world of intoxicating lust and pleasure she was an eager receptacle for mutant come. So much was spewed inside her it began to dribble out of her gaping hole each time one of the mutants withdrew. Then it would spurt out around the new, pistoning organ until that one also deposited its load and withdrew.

And yet it still wasn't enough for her. The more she got the more she wanted, and when one of the mutants stumbled to one side she reached up and grasped at its erection, tugging it down and towards her mouth. Before the amazed creature could react she had it in her mouth and was bobbing her lips up and down it.

By then nothing would have made it move aside, and it crawled in closer, gurgling in pleasure as its green tinted cock throbbed inside her.

So excited, so feverish was she that she slipped her lips forward and took the mutant cock right down her throat, her mind swimming through a tidal storm of raw, animal lust as she felt the mutant cock go deep into her chest.

The mutants were quick on the uptake, and thereafter took her two at a time. This made things faster, but there were still a lot of mutes. Mutant come filled her mouth and throat and soon her stomach. It dribbled over her lips and sprayed against her face, trickling down her throat and chest.

The power of the orgasm hitting her was now stunning, each one momentarily blasting her unconscious. And they were coming more and more often. A dim part of Skyler's mind realized she was in danger of being done to death right there in that clearing, that her heart might stop

due to the power of the orgasmic eruptions with her.

Still, there was nothing she could have done about it just then. If it hadn't been for the disturbance that halted her mass raping she would probably have died there - quite happily.

The disturbance came from a new group of mutants, two dozen of them. They were dragging Rebecca along, and from the looks of her Skyler figured she had been rodded good and proper.

The two groups began jabbering excitedly, and then the new group showed a small mark on Rebecca's right shoulder, a stylised cross she recognized as being strewn throughout the compound they had only just escaped.

Within seconds she was seized and the mutants began twisting her from side to side as they searched her body for a similar mark.

After further discussions she and the dazed Rebecca were lifted onto poles and then carried some distance through the woods. They arrived at a small clearing, and the mutants moved carefully towards a small mound of dirt at its centre.

Skyler had climaxed four times on the short trip merely from squeezing her thighs together. Now she watched dreamily as the mutants grabbed Rebecca and dragged the whimpering girl towards the mound of dirt.

At first she thought it was similar to the geyser sculpture they had impaled her on when they'd caught her, but it was made of dirt and not stone, and was smaller and thinner. It wasn't until the girl was actually lifted up and impaled on the thing that she realized it was an ant hill.

It was not as high as the sculpture, but when they dropped her onto it Rebecca's legs were almost straight as they touched the ground, and she couldn't bend them to jump upwards. Her hands were still bound behind her, and she sobbed in terror as the mutants surrounded and growled at her.

It was then that she gasped in pain, then again, her legs jerking as something bit her low on the ankles and feet. But the bites continued, and she yelped and jerked her legs one at a time, kicking them against the side of the hill.

This, of course, only served to make the ants more angry, and they poured out of the hill and raced up her body, their little teeth biting into her thighs, then up into her bare pussy where it was wrapped around the top of their hill.

She screamed as the ants dug their little teeth into her labia and clitoris, as she felt more and more of the little bodies flowing up her legs and onto her belly.

She screamed again as she felt them coming up into her pussy from the top of the mound, biting at the soft pink flesh deep inside her. She began to writhe and twist, to kick her legs madly as she screamed and thrashed.

The screaming finally pulled Skyler out of her cloud of pleasure, and she blinked her eyes towards the drama taking place in front of her. She groaned and tried to stand up, only to have one of the mutants grab her by the hair and yank her to her feet.

"W...wait!" she cried.

"She is of the Killers," one of the mutants hissed.

"The killers," several others growled.

"I...but..."

"Are you of the killers?" one demanded, narrowing its large eyes.

"I was their prisoner. I escaped," she gulped.

"Then you should welcome her death."

"But...she wasn't of the killers. The older ones are the killers."

"She would become one!"

"If you let her go I can show you how to get into the killers' fort!"

Several of them rounded on her then.

"To go there is death," one said. "It has high walls and many killers with fire sticks."

"But I know a way through the wall, and almost all the killers are gone searching for me. I can let you in and you can take all their women for your own!"

There was much growling talk then, though she couldn't understand it. She turned and saw to her horror that a solid wave of ants was up to Rebecca's waist, with numerous leaders biting at her breasts and moving up her throat.

The girl was thrashing wildly but there was little she could do, impaled as she was.

"You show us, we will let you go," one of the mutants said. "The killers have slaughtered many of us for many years."

"Let her go to," she demanded. "And promise not to kill the females you find. Use them as breeders instead."

The mutants glared at her, then babbled to each other before one of them nodded agreement. They called to the others who were closer to the mound and Rebecca was lifted off it, the ants brushed off her by heavy, hairy hands and arms.

A foul smelling liquid was squirted over her, then the nozzle of a leather container was shoved into her pussy and more of it was squirted there.

She was carried along as Skyler led them back to the unlocked door the two had come through. The mutants growled as they poured through, and soon shrieks of horror erupted from within.

Skyler dropped back next to Rebecca, who lay on her back on the ground, trembling and sobbing. Her body was coated in a sticky substance of some kind which apparently killed ants.

Skyler sat down wearily, rubbing softly at her aching pussy. She was glad, now that she had her mind back, for the interruption, yet even so she felt empty, abandoned, and wished it would have continued.

Her crotch and thighs were coated in mutant sperm, as was her face and throat and much of her chest. Her body still thrummed with sexual energy, and she was tempted to hurry inside to let the mutants take advantage of her.

But sanity prevailed, if only just, and after much slapping and cursing she got the girl to her feet and led her back into the woods. There they found a small opening amid some bushes, slipped inside, and fell asleep.

Chapter Seven

The two slept most of the night, though both tossed and turned often, though for different reasons. In the morning Skyler led the girl through the woods all the way to an open field where they lay down and took a nap that lasted the rest of the day.

Rebecca was numb, her eyes wide and staring, and neither spoke nor responded to anything Skyler said. She moved when given a quick shove, though, and that was all Skyler wanted her to do just then.

They made their way down to a river where Skyler washed herself and Rebecca off. And it was there the Mutes found them again, though this time there was no wild attack.

Rebecca cowered in terror as two of the mutants acme up to them, both carrying heavy

sacks which they dropped at their feet.

"We gift you with these," one of them said to Skyler. "We have won a great victory, taken many enemy lives, and carried away many breeding women. For years beyond counting the killers have used their firesticks to attack our villages and hunting camps. Now they are no more.

"There's still the men, you know," Skyler said warily.

"No more," he replied with a feral grin that showed long, sharp teeth. "We met them as they returned. They had no chance to use their firesticks."

"Well uhm, good I guess. They were a nasty bunch."

"With the killers gone and so many breeding stock we will go back up into the hills now, away from your people. Tell them not to seek revenge for the killers or they will get the same."

"I doubt the killers were very popular anyway," she said, fighting to keep her voice steady.

It had been a day since her gang rape, and yet already she was starting to get the shakes, starting to crave sperm. She didn't understand why this was so. Surely all that sperm should have been enough to last for her ages.

Her eyes flicked down to the bulging crotch of the mutant before her, then back up to its face. It wasn't really too grotesque, she decided. It had a large head which was a little oddly shaped, and four arms, but aside from that it seemed mostly human.

She didn't have a chance to ask, though, as it nodded and withdrew, taking the other with him. She looked after them wistfully, then down at the bags they'd dropped. She sighed and turned them out, finding an odd collection of things, some of it junk, some useful, along with food and water skins.

Most of the clothing was the heavy robes the church people had worn, but there was also a wildly inappropriate selection of seductive lingerie in an assortment of colours, and a leather cat suit outfit with matching stiletto heeled boots.

She lit a fire with the aid of a box of matches, then she and Rebecca ate.

The girl stared at her the whole time without speaking, until Skyler started to get irritated.

"Stop staring at me!" she snapped.

The girl hesitated, then dropped her eyes.

Skyler bound the girl's ankles, then the two slept through the night. By morning some of her old strength had returned. She donned the cat suit, wincing at how tightly the thin, shining leather was against her breasts, backside and crotch. The stiletto boots were a bit big, but some clothe stuffed into the toes took care of that, and she snapped off the heels so she could better walk in them.

Rebecca looked longingly at the robes, but said nothing, and Skyler left her naked. She tossed out what she couldn't use, including the robes, and kept only what she thought she might, and what she believed she could seel, including the lingerie, which weighed almost nothing anyway.

Then, with a small cord tied around the girl's waist, she headed South and East, back towards where she'd been when she was attacked. Her goal was vague, but she hoped that, assuming the other two had been killed, she'd be able to get one of the bikes working. Then she'd head towards the nearest place she could sell the girl.

She had a few qualms about that, but logically she knew the girl could never survive on her own. She was entirely helpless and useless. Besides, whatever they did to her would likely be better than the rest of the women were getting at the hands of the mutes, and certainly better than she and her filthy sisters were going to give to Skyler.

She still wasn't sure why she'd asked the Mutes not to kill the women back there. It wasn't

so much she didn't think they deserved to die, she finally decided, as the thought of the sisters becoming the sexual slaves of the mutants made her smile every time she thought of it.

She hoped Sister Mary had a particularly interesting group of "lovers".

She recognized that this was not at all related to what the church people had been doing to the mutes and entirely due to what they had done to her. She still didn't much like mutes, and to her mind it was too bad the two groups hadn't wiped each other out entirely.

She was thinking on this the next evening when to her surprise Rebecca suddenly crawled towards her from across the fire, then bowed her head against the ground. She stared at the girl for a long minute, wondering what was up with her now.

"What do you want?" she finally demanded.

"I...I must confess my sins and receive my punishment."

"Well don't do it to me."

The girl raised her eyes and stared at her beseechingly "Please," she whimpered.

"Fine. Fine. Confess," Skyler grunted, popping another piece of bread into her mouth.

"I confess that I have done unholy and sinful things with sister Mary..."

"Yeah, I saw."

"...and with Sister Karen, and Sister Julia, and Sister Anne, and Sister Deniece, and Sister Martha, and sister Katherine, and Sister Janet, and Sister Sharon."

"Right bunch of little hypocrites you were," Skyler said with a glare. "Doing each other all night and then whipping on me for being a whore. At least I did it with men!"

"Copulating with men is a sin unless it is for the purpose of producing offspring," the girl said as if quoting.

"Stuff your copulating."

"I...also confess that I...to...that I copulated with several mutant males..."

"I'll bet," Skyler snorted.

"More than ten and I...I....enjoyed it," she said with a whisper.

"You what? Did you say you enjoyed it!?"

The girl bowed her head.

"Not at first," she whispered. "At first as they tore away my virginity I felt only terror and pain, but after...but I began to like it and...my body began to...to...It came to...accept the lewd thrusting of the devils' organs inside me."

"So you liked being rodded, huh? Well, that's a surprise. I hope your sisters learn to like it too, cause they're gonna get a whole lot of it."

"I must be punished," Rebecca said, bowing her head further.

"Not by me."

"But there is no one else!"

"Tough."

"If not I...then I must die."

"You ain't dying on me. I got a use for you."

"I must be punished for my sins or I can not cleanse my soul. Only through pain may our souls be cleansed."

"It figures your stupid church would believe something like that."

"I must be punished!"

"Shut up and go and eat."

"I won't eat," the girl said defiantly. "I will not eat again until you punish me and I can cleanse my foulness."

"Suit yourself."

Rebecca sat down across from her, staring, lower lip pushed out, eyes begging. Skyler ignored her, finishing her own meal and swallowing it down with water from one of the skins. Then she tied the girl to a nearby tree and went to sleep.

The next morning the girl again refused to eat. They walked for four hours before stopping for lunch. The girl practically dropped in place but again refused to eat. They walked all afternoon as well, and by evening Skyler was getting more than slightly annoyed. The girl was shuffling slowly along and she had to keep yanking on the rope to pull her up when she fell.

Skyler was getting angrier the longer things lasted. Not only was the girl trying to force her to do something because of her stupid excuse for a religion, but was slowing her down to boot.

There was another reason for her frustration, of course. She needed sperm badly and there were no males around, not even mutants, to give it to her. Masturbating several times a day, quietly, without the girl seeing was accomplishing little.

Nor would the girl lick her as she'd done earlier. Every time Skyler ordered her to the girl only smiled and demanded punishment, and Skyler was determined not to give in.

Nor could she force the girl to do anything. After all, punishment was what the girl sought, so what threat was left to Skyler to enforce her wishes?

The next morning she waved food under the brunette's face but the girl only turned aside. Her eyes were red and a little sunken, her eyes a little glassy. She had lost some weight, but most of that was from walking, and she'd been a bit chunky to start so now mostly looked sleek, if a trifle thin.

Most of the ant bites had faded, as well, and Skyler found her pussy throbbing now as she gazed at the girl. She had never really thought of females in that way before. Even though she'd had the girl eat her back at the fort that was mostly due to...well...it had been a sudden arousal from...

From watching Mary ride the girl. And now the thought of riding the girl's face made Skyler hot again, as it had the day before. What she really needed was cock, but as each hour passed without one she was getting edgier and hornier and angrier. She wanted to get back to where there were people, where there were men, and the stupid little bitch was slowing her down because of her ignorant religious beliefs.

"You stupid cow!" she shouted as the girl stumbled and the line tied to her went taut.

Skyler walked back to her, furious. "If you can't walk then maybe I should just kill you here and leave you!" she shouted.

The girl nodded slowly and Skyler cursed in anger.

"Stupid freak!"

She kicked her in the ribs, and Rebecca groaned in pain, flung onto her back. She made no attempt to cover or protect herself, laying there on the ground, even spreading her arms and legs apart to make herself more vulnerable.

"You want punishment, you slag? Fine! I'll give you some of what they gave me!"

She drew her foot back and then slammed it forward, the pointy toe smashing into the younger woman's soft, puffy mound.

Rebecca gave a startled croak of shocked pain, grabbing at herself and flipping onto her stomach before crying out again.

"Get on your knees, you bitch!"

Clutching herself and gasping weakly, Rebecca clawed her way to her knees as Skyler searched through the bag and came out with a long slim belt. She doubled it up as she looked angrily at the blonde, then smiled, feeling a sudden rise of heat between her legs.

"All right, slag. Put your arms behind your head and arch your back hard. You want the kind of punishment the sisters gave me, don't you? Fine. Then hold that position and don't move!"

Skyler gazed at the girl's firm breasts. Even though she had lost some weight the last few days they didn't seem to have shrunk in the slightest. In fact, whatever weight loss she had undergone had all come from her face, which no longer had the slight puffiness it once had, and her hips and waist, giving her an incredibly narrow, hourglass shape.

Her breasts looked larger than ever, and Skyler looked down at her with resentment mixed with a sudden blooming lust, raising the belt and swinging down hard. She felt the pressure as it slashed into Rebecca's left breast, felt and watched as it sank through right to her ribs, then bounced off.

Rebecca cried out in agony, her body shaking violently, yet her fingers, though white, remained locked together behind her head, and her back stiffened quickly, pulling back even as the echoes of the agony tore through her chest and the narrow line of wounded red flesh rose across her round orb.

Skyler snorted as she looked down at the girl's tautly arched body, then slashed the belt down again, this time across the left breast. Again it struck hard, and Rebecca sobbed in anguished pain, her body trembling violently.

Yet she held her place.

Another blow landed across her soft, sensitive breast, then another, making her cry out in pain as tears filled her eyes and began to spill down her cheeks. She began to sob in agony, her body shaking as Skyler continued to lash her aching breasts.

Skyler wasn't normally a vicious woman, but something about Rebecca filled her with anger. And for some reason, she was finding the beating touched some hidden reservoir of sadism inside herself. Every time the belt landed across one of the girl's breasts she felt a little burst of satisfaction, pleasure, and excitement in her lower belly.

Both of Rebecca's big breasts were red now, the nipples stiffly erect even as Skyler aimed the belt right at them.

Another vicious blow slammed through Rebecca's breast and into her ribs, and she sobbed as she fell backwards. Yet somehow she held her position, her hands behind her head, back arched up hard as her buttocks pressed down against the heels of her feet.

Coldly, Skyler took a step forward, slashing the belt down across the taut stomach, then again, across her ribs, then across her right breast. And as her excitement mounted she swung faster and faster and faster, the belt a blur as it cracked down against Skyler's breasts, chest, ribs and stomach.

No matter how hard she swung the girl managed to continue to hold her chest up and out. Several times she slammed down into her chest or stomach so hard it knocked her flat. But almost immediately, even while she was still sobbing from the pain, her body shuddering and shaking, the girl managed to slowly push her chest up and out once more.

Skyler was both angry and charged with lust as she looked down.

"Lay down flat!" she ordered. "And lift your legs up and back."

She watched the sobbing girl slowly draw her legs back.

"Harder, skag! Now spread them wide. Wider! Wider!"

The girl's trembling feet pointed backwards, her legs pulled wide and her sex bared as Skyler clenched her teeth and slashed the belt down directly against her puffy little pussy mound.

A shudder seemed to pass through the girl's body from head to toe as the belt connected, and the veins stood out on her throat as her head jerked back. But her fingers clamped down on

her ankles, holding them up and back as Skyler drew back her arm and whipped down against her mound again, cracking the belt directly into it with a heavy thwap! of noise.

Rebecca cried out in pain, in agony as the belt flew in again, then again, then again, slamming into her sensitive mons repeatedly as Skyler worked her own sex into a charged lather of excitement.

Then, aroused to a fever pitch, Skyler threw down the belt and dropped to her knees, plunging her face downwards and crushing it against the soft, moist groin of the quivering blonde girl. Her tongue thrust between Rebecca's swollen sex and licked eagerly as her face rubbed across her soft, aching buttocks and groin.

The dazed teenager, unable to do more than sob and tremble, continued to hold her legs up and back as Skyler thrust a leg between them, then half twisted, bringing their soft mounds together. Skyler cried out in delight as she began to roll and buck her hips, grinding her pussy against Rebecca's as the girl's sobs began to fade to sniffles.

Her climax was explosive, and she cried out as she swayed in place, body swaying as her mind reeled, her hips grinding desperately as she jammed her sopping groin into Rebecca's own delicate mound and rubbed furiously.

She tore the girl's legs apart then, straddling her face and dropping her hot sex into Rebecca's mouth.

"Lick me! Lick me!" she cried, eyes narrow slits as she arched her back.

Rebecca obeyed, her tongue sliding up into Skyler's spasming sheath, slipping and twisting within her as her hands rose hesitantly to grip the redhead's tight buttocks.

Her fingers dug into her flesh as Skyler began to gasp and groan, rubbing and grinding her pussy over Rebecca's face. Another explosive orgasm made her scream, her body shaking as she let all her weight down onto Rebecca's face and ground herself back and forth, eyes closed in bliss.

She came again, then again, then yet again, each orgasm tearing at her vitals, draining her reserves of energy and throwing her mind into tumbling, churning confusion.

Yet there was no satisfaction for her. Each climax seemed to claw at her mind and body more, and leave her more shaken and feverish than before. A string of crackling blasts of pleasure sent her into seizure, orgasm coming in a near continuous stream. She fell off the blonde, convulsions racking her slender body Rebecca followed her.

Her heels drummed on the ground, her head thrashing, body writhing in the grip of an endless orgasmic firestorm.

Rebecca sat back on her heels, looking at her, watching, eyes narrowing as her fingers continued to roughly thrust into the sobbing, gurgling woman's sex, her thumb grinding down hard against Skyler's oversized, swollen clitoris.

The redhead arched her back again and again, gasping helplessly, trying to breath with her chest locked tight, her stomach aching, mind spinning. Then she gave a final convulsive heave and went limp, unconscious.

Rebecca drew back then looked at the pack sitting by the fire. She went to it and removed the ropes there. She went back to Skyler's prone body and with a grunt of effort rolled her onto her belly, then pulled her arms behind her back and carefully bound them at wrist and elbow. She ran the rope down to Skyler's ankles, binding them tightly together as well, then pulling them up high against her wrists and tying off the rope.

Only then did she go beneath a spreading oak and pray for forgiveness for her wicked acts, for the way she had incited the devil's children to lust after her vile body, and the filthy things she had done with them and with the antichrist now bound beside the fire.

Her body ached. It burned with the fire of pain, a cleansing fire she revelled in. Her eyes shone as she prayed for the Lord to accept her pain as just punishment and cleanse her of her evil that she might then take up his sword to battle his enemies.

Skyler woke during the night but was too exhausted to do more than squirm and curse at the deaf blonde before falling back into blackness. Rebecca began to gather loose wood before dawn, piling it into a large and carefully laid circle around a thin birch. Under it went kindling, grass and small sticks.

Then as dawn began to break she went to Skyler and gripped her by the hair. With much effort she began to drag her towards the piled wood, panting for breath and praying at the same time, ignoring the redhead's screams and curses as the power of the Lord swept around her.

One against the birch she untied the rope between Skyler's wrists and ankles, then forced her to her feet before finding her against the birch. She piled the firewood higher and in harder so it covered the redhead's legs all the way to the knees, then, smiling in the throes of rapture, she bent to light the fire so that the Lord could see her dedication to the cleansing of the Earth.

Skyler struggled desperately, cursing and screaming at the girl, but Rebecca hardly heard her. Her face held a beatific smile as she set fire to the kindling beneath the wood and sat back to watch the smoke rise.

The grasses she had used were green, so there was a lot of that. Rebecca spread her arms wide, arching her back, face turned up to the golden light coming from the sun as it rose over the eastern horizon.

Chapter Eight

The dog stopped at the edge of the clearing and watched, growling softly. Moments later two men appeared, both carrying rifles. They looked around warily, then moved slowly into the clearing. They approached the bizarre scene carefully. And when Rebecca turned her smiling face a rifle butt slammed into it, hurling her backwards.

"Get me out of here!" Skyler screamed.

They gazed at her a moment, then began to kick aside the kindling and the wood that had caught, working their way in to the birch. There they looked at the trembling, white-faced girl and one spoke in a strange language as he slid his hand down and squeezed one of her breasts.

"You believe this?" one said.

"Talk about luck," the other replied.

"This is quality meat."

They untied her from the tree, then picked up the dazed blonde and led the two women back into the bush. Ten minutes later they were led into a small encampment near a river. There were a half dozen men laying around there, and nearly a dozen women, all naked, and all chained to stakes driven into the ground.

Skyler realized at once that they were slavers, but the dread she had felt for the name only days before was tempered by the relief still flooding her system after her rescue from Rebecca's fire.

"But I am the sword of God. I must punish his enemies," Rebecca whispered as she was throw to the ground near the other women. A stake was hammered into the earth and then a

heavy metal collar clamped around her throat and chained to the stake. A similar collar was locked around Skyler's throat and she was chained on the other side of the women, the slavers wisely deciding to separate the two.

For long minutes Skyler just sat back, trembling in relief, not caring about anything but being away from the fire and that crazy blonde religious freak.

The other slavers were jovial as they gathered around their two newest possessions, prodding and groping them as they speculated on what price they would fetch. One of them pulled Rebecca onto all fours and mounted her, beaming at his companions at the "good ride" she gave.

Skyler's mouth almost salivated as she watched the blonde's breasts swinging back and forth and the man's cock thrusting into her. She turned and looked hopefully at the rest of the slavers, but none seemed very interested in imitating their friend. They had all taken their pleasure from the girls there on the ground when they'd wakened at dawn.

After untying the ropes from her wrists and elbows they shackled her wrists together in front of her, then left her pretty much alone.

The other women showed little interest in the newcomers. They were uniformly dull-eyed and hopeless looking. Most were older than Skyler, sometimes by quite a few years. She was, she realized, with some pride, the most beautiful woman there, though Rebecca had bigger breasts. She wondered if that meant she'd get the highest price.

Of course moments later she realized that it wouldn't be her getting the price, but the men moving around the camp and packing up their things.

She squirmed, rubbing her thighs together as she watched the man finish with Rebecca. The blonde sagged, then lay down, panting, still whispering prayers. It had been too long since she had had any sperm, and she was starting to tremble now, just like a drug addict did when they didn't get their fix.

The man packed things into several long canoes, then led the eight women into them and set off downriver. The current was swift and the men paddled to keep the boats under control as the boats raced east into the bright sun.

Skyler huddled in the bottom of one of the boats with a slim, short brunette of about thirty, neither talking. Hours later the men brought the boats to shore and several of the women began to prepare lunch.

She and Rebecca were taken aside by two of the men then, and her insides began to squirm in anticipation of being given a long rodding. But it was not to be. She was thrown on her back and legs pulled wide, but it was no cock thrust into her. Instead one of the men soaped up her crotch, then with a shaver, removed every trace of her pubic hair.

When this was done to both her and Rebecca they were forced to kneel as they were instructed in the obedience expected of slaves. They were shown how to kneel - sitting on their heels, with their backs straight, heads up, and legs spread wide. They were instructed on kneeling to please their owners by always smiling and always answering in a "happy voice".

One of the men held a sewing needle to their breasts while the other asked simple questions. Whenever one or the other of them did not answer in a sufficiently "happy" voice he jammed the needle into the underside of their breasts, or sometimes even the nipples.

The needle caused little damage but stung terribly, and both women were soon speaking in the "slave voice" that the men required. This involved not only the happy tone but speaking in monosyllables and always in the third person. And, of course, always answering "master".

"What colour is your hair?" one of the men asked.

"Skyler's hair is red, master!" she exclaimed with a wide smile.

"And what do you like to do, Skyler?"

"Skyler loves to please her master, master!"

"What are you, Skyler?"

"Skyler is a slave, master!" she exclaimed brightly.

"And are you happy to be here?"

"Skyler is always happy to be with her master, master!"

"Be warned, dog, that now that you know you'll get a lot more than a pinprick if you forget. It'll be the whip for you."

"Yes, master!"

"Thank me for teaching you, slave."

"Thank you for teaching Skyler how to be a slave, master!"

"Tell me everything, Skyler," he said, his fingers sliding between her legs. "Tell me all."

She talked, telling him about the Mutes, and about the Priests, then going back further, about the Chisums, then, hesitantly, further still, to the cold lab. All the while his fingers stroked at her sex and she squirmed helplessly.

"I'll be damned. You're one of them that's been treated," he said, almost in awe.

"I-I don't..."

"You're an addict," he said with a sharkish grin.

"I don't know...what...that is," she whispered. "Master."

"You're mad for sex is what it means. Not just sex, neither. You need sperm. You need the juices from a man's cock. Once you got taken by that gang the craving started up. You must have escaped before it got critical or you never would have survived on your own. But then them Mutes did you, and those freaky priests. Yeah, you got the sperm hunger. You need it like a drug now."

He chuckled as he watched her squirm, sliding his fingers into her moist honey pot.

"You'll bring a great price, you will. And I know just the place."

The women who were to be auctioned knelt on a raised platform side by side. Each was in the slave position, sitting on her heels, back straight, knees well apart. Their hair, except for those who had been shaved bald, had been washed and brushed carefully. They were all quite clean and smelled of perfume.

The would-be buyers walked up and down the aisle gazing at the merchandise and considering their bids. Now and then one or another would reach out to grip a girl's breast or bottom, to slide a finger along a clitoris or open a mouth to examine teeth.

Like the others Skyler sat carefully, legs apart. Like most of them she was impaled on a long, thick metal tube, the rounded nose nudging her cervix. Her wrists were manacled behind her back and a collar around her throat was chained to a bar above her.

To her right a whimpering young blonde knelt, eyes filled with horror, face bright red. She had, much to Skyler's wonderment, gold rings inserted into her nipples, her ears, her nose, her belly button, and even her labia. As such she was the topic of a great deal of interest.

Skyler had never heard of anyone wearing rings on their body before - at least, not anywhere but around their fingers. Still, she did her best not to stare. She had been ordered to look only forward, and not to make eye contact with any of the potential buyers.

Most of the men who walked along the aisles were wealthy, for women did not come cheap, especially the ones in this section of the warehouse, which were of the highest quality.

Skyler had been embarrassed at first when she'd been taken out and placed here. That had surprised her. She hadn't thought she still had any pride after her multiple rapings by the mutes

and the way the religious nuts had abused her.

But those were mostly animals - or so she thought of them - and women. Now she was kneeling in a terribly lewd position, with her shaved mound clearly visible to dozens of men who walked up and down the narrow aisle.

Most of her thinking processes were now restored thanks to several "injections" the doctor had given her. But already she could feel the craving growing, the need to feel more sperm inside her. Every time one of the men examined her she felt her heart beating faster and her body beginning to thrum with excitement.

When a slim, bald man paused to examine her and slipped his hand down to stroke her clit she groaned aloud and arched her back.

He raised his eyebrows at this, then continued to rub at her clitty as the fires erupted within her. Other men turned to watch as her head began to roll and she began to tremble and shake. Then she started to helplessly ride up and down on the bar inside her, gasping as she raised and lowered herself.

All the men could see how the metal glistened as her pink lips slipped up its length, and they looked their lips with interest as the redhead slipped back down its length again with a lewd groan of pure pleasure.

Her climax was obvious, and many eyes narrowed as men speculated on what her cost would be - and whether they could afford it. It was one thing to train a slag into the appearance of eagerness, quite another to find one who actually WAS eager to be used.

For several minutes men gathered close to her, examining her, stroking her to two more orgasms as they discussed her likely price. Then they moved away to look over more merchandise. She slumped weakly, chest rising and falling quickly.

Another man moved over to stand before her. He was tall and slender, with a full beard and a vaguely foreign look. He gazed at her without expression, then reached in and thumbed one of her nipples.

Skyler moaned softly, then gasped in pain as he jammed his finger and thumb together, pinching her sensitive, swollen nipple. He pulled at it, still pinching as she winced and cried out in pain.

Then he turned his thumb, jamming his nail into it as she cried out and tried to twist free. He only pinched harder, and in desperation she bent and bit at his forearm.

He laughed, yanking his hand back, then halted a blow that would have sent her head spinning. He smiled then, but it was a cold smile.

"When you are mine," he said. "I will teach you better manners."

Then he turned away, leaving her there still gasping in pain from her aching nipple.

She knelt there for several hours, on display, then she and the rest of the women were herded into the back and made to form a line leading to a small door. The door opened and she could hear the sound of many voices beyond as the first woman in line was hustled through.

She felt a growing nervousness as the line inched forward, wondering when or even if she would get a chance to escape. Her lower belly was already fluttering, her sex throbbing with need. She remembered one of the men who had taken her originally saying that orgasms without sperm would only increase her need, and she had had many that morning.

She shifted her weight from one foot to the other as she stood in the line, bored and tense at the same time.

As she neared the front she saw the girl at the doorway being attended to. Her hair was brushed a final time, then leather restraints were buckled to her wrists and ankles before some kind of lotion was rubbed over her body.

She disappeared, and a minute later the next woman got the same treatment, then the next, then it was Skyler's turn.

Her wrists were encased in thick leather and then linked together in front of her. Her ankles were similarly equipped and also locked together. Then one of the men there raised her arms and lifted her off the floor. Her linked wrists were slipped over a large hook which hung below a long, heavy bar above her head.

She gasped as he let her go and she dangled there by her wrists, but she had seen it done to the other girls so was not taken by surprise. A smooth oily substance was then applied to her body, the man's hands quickly sliding it up and down her torso, over her breasts, then down her long legs.

It left her body glistening in the overhead light.

She heard a loud bang from around the corner and the man nodded to another, who pushed her forward. The hook she was dangling from slid along the bar, then round the corner and through a curtain.

Skyler found herself in a large amphitheatre, sliding along the bar above a stage where a man stood behind a pedestal. What looked like two hundred or more men sat and slouched in layered seats overlooking the stage on three sides, all looking down at the stage - at her.

"Number twenty-seven," the man behind the pedestal said. "Female with red hair. Age, approximately nineteen. Well-used and extremely responsive. Measurements are thirty-six-D, twenty-two, thirty-six. She's seventy two inches high and weighs one twenty six. She still has all her teeth, and as you can see, is unmarked, with excellent skin. She's also, of course, extremely beautiful. She has been treated, and is in full heat. She'll be an excellent addition to any slag bar or breeding establishment. She would also, dare I say it, make a very lovely addition to a private harem. And would certainly cause envy among your visitors.

"Whatever you choose to do with her, at nineteen and in perfect health there's many years of use in her.

"Now, what am I bid for female twenty-seven?"

A number of men started shouting as she gulped in air, alternately aroused and mortified at being in front of all these men as naked as she was. Then again, she realized, she would have been embarrassed even if she were fully clothed. She was not used to so much attention.

The bidding was frantic, but she didn't understand much of it. Then a final number was called, how high she didn't know.

The other man pushed on her back and the hook slid along the bar, across to the other side of the stage, then down to where her wriggling feet could touch the floor. Her wrist restraints were unlinked, then her wrists pulled behind her back and relocked. Her ankles were locked to a foot long chain, then she was led down the hall to where a man sat behind a table and another man stood before it.

The man standing turned cold eyes on her and Skyler's mouth opened wide in fear, recognizing the man who had pinched her nipple and threatened her earlier.

"Well, my dear. We meet again."

"Yes, master," she gulped.

He handed some gold coins to the man behind the desk, who signed a piece of paper and gave it to him.

"There you go, sir. She belongs to you now."

"I'd like her attended to before I take her. You do that here?"

"Of course, sir! A small additional charge..."

"Yes, yes. I know."

Skyler didn't know what they were talking about but the thought of being "attended to" didn't fill her with enthusiasm.

She was led down a narrow corridor and into a stone walled room. In the middle of the room was a large X-shaped wooden frame. Two men removed her leather restraints then pushed her back against the frame. Leather straps were buckled around her hands, forearms, biceps, head, chest, stomach, hips, thighs and calves.

One of the men, a huge, hairy bald man with a leather vest, moved forward and wrapped a thick padded material around her wrists and ankles. Then a glowing brazier was brought near.

Skyler swallowed fearfully as the man laid down several gold bands and let them heat up on the fire.

Meanwhile he produced a pair of pliers and a needle. She cried out in pain as he pinched her left nipple with the pliers, then yanked it out, stretching it painfully. He pressed the needle against the side of her nipple and before she could even scream, plunged it into and then through her nipple.

She yelled in pain, but fortunately it was almost over at once. Still, she sobbed as her released her nipple, then slipped a gold ring through it and somehow fastened it in place.

She remembered seeing the blonde girl fitted with such rings, and whimpered as he picked up a second ring. Again she screamed as he pinched her nipple and yanked it out. He was calmly efficient and ignored her as he stretched her nipple, then stabbed the needle through it.

"So what do you think of Chorski's chances in the next match?" he asked.

"He's too slow," the other man said with a shrug. "Donovan will tear him to pieces."

"He's slow, but he's a big fucker," the first man said.

He pinched the flesh of her belly and tugged it out, then stabbed the needle through her belly button. Skyler howled in pain as her flesh was pierced again, throwing herself helplessly against the leather straps binding her to the frame.

Another gold ring was slipped through the hole made in her skin. Her earlobes were pierced next, as tears trickled down her cheeks. After that the space between her nostrils was pierced and a ring hung there just above her lip. Finally, the man grinned at her at last and winked. He slipped his fingers down and gripped one of her pubic lips, then thrust the needle through it at the very bottom. Not stopping, he then stabbed it through the other one.

He hummed a tune as he slipped a gold ring through them, then picked up a pair of pincers and lifted one of the glowing gold bands from the fire, examining it.

The other man picked up one of the bands, a long one, and went to another machine with it. Meanwhile the first man carefully placed the band around Skyler's wrist over the pads there and squeezed it together with the pincers.

He picked up a long hose with a metal hood, then turned a nozzle and fire spat out the end, narrow and blue. He pointed it at the gold band, running it back and forth along the join, then turned it off.

He repeated the procedure three more times, placing gold bands around her other wrist and both ankles. Then the second man came back with the larger band and her face and throat were covered with padding as it was fitted around her neck.

She felt it tighten around her throat, then heard the hiss and felt heat through the padding. Then she squealed as water was poured over her, sprayed against the bands around her wrists, ankles and throat.

The pads were removed and the straps unbuckled. She looked down and saw that the bands were now immovably locked around her wrists and ankles. They were thick but lightweight. Each had a small ring on one side, a small clip on the other, and the word Slave

inscribed along it.

"Excellent," the man who'd bought her said.

He looked her over, then took her by the hair and led her to a mirror, showing her how she looked. Skyler saw that the collar around her throat was likewise inscribed. The word Dog had been written there.

"These will never be removed until your death," he said.

Then, her wrists locked behind her back, she was led out to a waiting car, placed in the boot, then laid there as the car drove away.

She was not alone in the boot. The blonde girl she'd seen earlier was there too, and she too had been shackled.

"Do...you know who he is?" Skyler whispered.

The other woman, who looked to be about her own age, opened her mouth and closed it again, then shook her head.

"My name is Skyler."

The other girl opened and closed her mouth again, but didn't speak.

"What's your name?"

Again the girl opened her mouth, then closed it.

"Don't you talk?"

The girl shook her head.

The car bounced as it moved around the poorly maintained roads, and the two girls were thrown together, then apart several times. Finally the car halted. The boot was opened, and the two were lifted out.

Skyler was surprised to see they were on the edge of the water, and a large ship was sitting nearby.

"Is that the ocean?" she asked.

A hand slammed into her face and flung her backwards. She fell against the car then dropped to the ground, sobbing.

Her new owner gripped her hair and yanked her back to her feet, then shoved her towards a gangplank, pushing the other girl after her. Skyler stumbled dazedly before catching her balance, and tried to repress the hatred and fury she felt against the arrogant pig of a man.

She was lifted onto the deck by a leering crewman, then she and the blonde girl were led across the deck to a door, and downwards into the ship.

The two were led down a series of twisting corridors, then up several narrow stairways into a luxuriously furnished room.

"I'll have more time for you two sluts later," the man said. "In the meantime you can get to know each other."

He pushed them together with a leer, then reached between them, gripping their nipple rings. He pushed against each, and looking down, Skyler saw that each could be opened slightly. He interlinked the rings between their nipples, effectively locking them together.

He then did the same with their belly, pussy, and nose rings, unclipped their wrist shackles, and clipped them together again behind each other's backs.

He gave them a push and Skyler squealed as they fell onto a heavy bed, her nipples, pussy, nose and belly aching as the other girl's rings tugged and pulled against them. Their arms automatically tightened around each other, breasts flattening together as they sought to keep from tearing the rings through their flesh.

"All right, slags. Push your tongues out. I want to see them going way out," he ordered.

Skyler and the other girl agreed, and their master slipped a metal clip of some kind

between their mouths. Skyler squealed as it snapped closed on her tongue. The pain was intense, and she yanked her tongue back, yowling, only to find the clip still attached.

The man pulled the clip and Skyler yowled in pain again, feeling her tongue forced out from her mouth. The man leered down at her as he tugged it harder and harder, and Skyler thought her tongue would be yanked right out of her head as he chortled in amusement.

But instead he eased back, then placed the other end of the short clip around the blonde girl's tongue, letting it snap closed there.

Both of them sought to tug their tongues back then, but could only succeed by pressing their lips tightly together. Even then their tongues ached as the clip cut into them.

The man laughed, locked their ankles together, then left them alone.

They looked at each other, both blinking their eyes in pain. The blonde girl's face was very red, and Skyler wondered if she were embarrassed at how the two were pressed together.

For her part, aside from the pain in her newly pierced nose, nipples, belly button and pussy - and, of course, the pain in her tongue - she found the other's presence comforting. She had no embarrassment about pressing against the blonde's soft, warm flesh.

Certainly enough hands and bodies had touched hers in the past weeks that she was no longer squeamish about it. And her brief time with Rebecca had erased whatever problems she might have had with female bodies touching her.

In fact, with the sexual heat rising within her once again she might have considered doing something other than just laying there if her hands and legs weren't tightly bound. Even her tongue was bound. She rubbed her breasts against the blonde's when she could do it without seeming obvious, but that wasn't very often.

The name engraved on the blonde's collar, Skyler saw, was Meat. That did not strike her as particularly clever, even when she realized that it, like her own, was meant to be insulting and crude.

Men, she decided, were far too good at being pigs. Maybe what she needed to do was search for a part of the world where there weren't any.

That, unfortunately, reminded her that she hadn't had any sperm since earlier that morning, and she squirmed worriedly against the blonde as she thought about how terrible and sick it had made her feel the last time she'd gone without sperm for any length of time. She hoped that jerk who had bought them would come back and fuck her soon. Or at least let someone else.

She moved slightly, and both of them gasped as her pussy ring tugged against the ring set into the blonde girl's pussy. The blond jerked back and her nipples tugged against Skyler's.

There was a sound at the door and Skyler turned her head, or tried to. Her eyes teared as her nose ring tugged against the blonde's and her tongue pulled against the clip.

She heard a low sound behind her, then a face appeared over her shoulder, a man's face.

He looked around quickly, then bent over her. "Listen carefully," he said in a low, hurried voice, "Maxwell is a vicious cretin! Do anything he asks, no matter what, or he'll tear you apart! He hates women and loves to hurt them, and he'll use any excuse you give him. If you don't do exactly what he says you'll never make it to Europe alive."

He gave her shoulder a squeeze, then darted away, and she heard the door close behind her. She looked into the blonde's frightened eyes and swallowed in fear, knowing he hadn't been exaggerating.

The boat began to sway slightly, then with more motion, and the blonde whimpered in alarm. Skyler found herself rolling her eyes back as well, as she realized the boat had left the shore and was moving...well...away. Out into the water someplace.

Where was this Europe place anyway?

They lay there worrying, occasionally gasping as one moved and tugged on the other. Then the door opened and the man she had been told was called "Maxwell" came into the room.

"Well, my little dumplings, have you been getting acquainted?"

He slipped a hand onto each of their behinds, caressing them gently, then laughed and slapped them hard, making them both cry out in pain.

He undid all the rings binding them together, then let them roll onto their backs.

"You," he said, looking at Skyler, "Are a whore. Well used, as the auctioneer stated."

He turned his eyes to the round-faced blonde. "But you," he said with a sneer, "Are a virgin. A very rare thing indeed."

Skyler gazed at the blonde in amazement, wondering where on Earth she had been raised that she had stayed a virgin as long as she had. The girl was certainly pretty, and even if she did cringe back like a mouse, well, there were plenty of men who liked that in a woman.

"But no worry. We're going to take care of that little problem right now!"

He turned to Skyler with a nasty smile. "Dog. Eat her out. Get her ready for my cock."

"Yes, master!" she said with as much eagerness as she could muster.

The blonde gasped and drew in her knees and Maxwell laughed in delight. "Do you know where Meat comes from, Dog? She lived in a commune of women run by an old nut from before the fall. They kept all the men away except for those they captured for breeding. Those men they tied down and blindfolded, then rode him while blindfolded themselves so they wouldn't see his ugly manhood. They covered him in a blanket with just a small hole to poke his cock through, then milked him like that."

He laughed in delight again.

"They gave away boy children and only raised girls, and them, like her, never got to see no man at all until their twenty-first birthdays when they were bred."

He leaned over the blonde, smiling as he slipped his fingers through her hair. "Of course, this little cunt never even saw a man until those slavers caught her out running loose. Lucky for me they was smart enough to know what her pussy was worth with the cherry still inside. So I get to pop her!"

He looked down at her, gripping her hair as she was about to slip her tongue into the blonde girl's pussy.

"Thing was, they considered sex of any kind disgusting. They only put up with the breeding to get children. From what I hear even that was so disgusting they had to drug the women beforehand as well as blindfold them. But this little whore...she's gonna get to experience everything first-hand!"

He let go of Skyler's hair and pushed her face into the blonde's crotch, slapping the back of her head to urge her on.

"Lick the little whore," he ordered. "See how she likes that."

Skyler slipped her tongue into the girl's pussy crack, but the blonde let out a strange, animal sound and kicked her back, staring at them, eyes wide.

Maxwell smiled. "Silly little slag," he whispered. "We'll show her how it's done, dog."

He reached down and gripped the blonde by the hair, yanking her back violently so she fell out of bed onto the floor. He dragged her across the floor by her hair as she screamed silently, making only low moaning, whining sounds.

He halted and reached to a nearby table, then pulled the blonde's hair up in a mass above her head and twined it together into a thick tail. He took a narrow cord from a nearby table and tied it to the tail, then, smiling, threw the cord up over a pipe running along the ceiling, and

grabbed the other end.

Skyler watched as he pulled on the rope, forcing the blonde onto her feet, then lifted her completely off the floor. The blonde's mouth opened wide and she made the gargled pain-filled noises again, but Maxwell only chuckled in amusement, lifting her a good foot off the floor then tying off the rope against a hook set into the wall.

The blonde reached up, of course, for her hands were not bound together, and gripped the narrow cord. But it was narrow, and as he settled lazily onto the bed next to Skyler she could see the girl was already having trouble supporting her weight.

"Suck me, dog," he ordered, shoving out with his feet and throwing her off the side of the bed.

She scrambled back onto her knees and in between his legs as he slouched back to watch the blonde, then undid his trousers and tugged them down. His cock was only starting to get hard, but she slurped it into her mouth and suckled eagerly anyway, wanting to show him her obedience.

She moved her hands in carefully, rubbing and massaging his balls as her lips worked over his cock. She licked rapidly at the underside of the head, then pulled her lips free, sliding her tongue up and down the shaft before popping one of his balls into her mouth.

She worked it over inside her mouth, her tongue rolling it around against her cheeks as her hand gripped his cock and her thumb stroked against his cock head.

She was starting to get aroused herself, to feel her pussy thrumming with lust and need, and was desperately eager for the taste of sperm as she slid her lips back up his shaft and took the head into her mouth.

He was harder now, though whether it was from her actions or watching the sobbing blonde continue to try and hold her weight with her fingers she didn't know. She kept hearing the girl's soft, gurgling and sobbing behind her but knew better than to turn to look.

She thought of her own long tresses and shuddered at the thought he might hang her by them. She'd had her hair pulled often enough lately to know how much that hurt. She didn't even want to think about how much hanging from it would hurt.

She was bobbing her lips up and down on Maxwell's slick cock now, her tongue licking quickly. She pulled it out, squeezing at the base, massaging the balls as she rubbed his spit-wet head over her face and groaned in only partially feigned pleasure.

She pressed his thick head against her lips, forming them into a kiss as she dipped her tongue into the small hole. She trembled slightly as she tasted the first of his juices, then pressed forward, letting his cock force her lips apart and slide up into her mouth.

She sucked as she licked, and bobbed her head rapidly. A loud squeal behind her was followed by Maxwell's laughter.

"Knew you couldn't hold up for long," he jeered.

A moment later he shoved her back hard and she fell on her behind with a cry.

"Go over there and push the slag. Make her swing around."

Skyler gulped fearfully and turned to look at the blonde. She was hanging entirely from her hair now. Her arms were at her sides and tears were spilling forth from her agonized eyes as she tried to remain as still as possible.

Skyler crawled over, then stood up. She did not meet the girl's eyes, but instead moved behind her and clenched her teeth before pressing her hands on her back just above her round buttocks. Then she pushed a little, making her squeal.

"Harder, dog! I want her swinging hard! Or you will!"

She pushed harder and the girl's legs swung wildly back and forth, then again. Skyler

pushed forward, then stumbled back as the girl swung back that way. She shoved on her back again then hurried back as Maxwell laughed and the girl swung back and forth on her hair.

Her arms were reaching up again and trying to grab at the rope, but she seemed to have no strength in either arms or fingers.

"Enough," Maxwell said. "Stop her."

Skyler put her arms around the blonde's stomach and halted her swinging, feeling her tremble and shake from the pain.

"Now climb up on her back."

Skyler's jaw dropped and she stared at the man in disbelief.

"You heard me!" he roared. "Climb up on the bitch's back, you filthy female dog!"

"I'm sorry," Skyler whispered, near tears herself as she put her arms over the blonde's shoulders, then slowly brought her weight down on them.

She was sure the girl's hair would tear right out, but it held as she climbed up on her back and slipped her legs around her belly, then hung there. The tension on her scalp must, she thought, be unbelievable. But though she was horrified at helping to inflict the pain she was more frightened that disobeying would put her in the same position.

"All right. Get down and start eating the cow. See if she tries to shove you off this time."

Skyler climbed off carefully, then dropped to her knees around in front of the sobbing, shaking girl. She licked gently along her inner thighs, pushing her face in harder and closer as her tongue snaked up against her shaved pussy mound. She slipped it between her tender pubic lips and lapped at her honey pit as Maxwell moved up behind her.

He watched with a sneer, then moved around behind the girl, and opened and closed several cupboards. A moment later something heavy struck the blonde's back and her squeals and gurgles of pain redoubled. It struck again, and Skyler could feel the strength of the blow through her body as she gripped the blonde's thighs.

She knew it was a belt or whip of some kind, and while sorry for the blonde felt a wave of gratitude she was not the target.

On and on the beating lasted as Skyler continued to lick and suckle on the blonde girl's pussy cleft. Her groans and sobs grew weaker and weaker, then faded away entirely. Still Maxwell beat her, the blows landing hard and fast on her back, buttocks and thighs.

He halted, panting for breath, and moved around in front, smiling in satisfaction at her limp, unconscious form. Then he grabbed Skyler by the hair, yanking her back.

"Enough, you dog. She can't feel it. Get on the bed and kneel like a bitch. I'm ready to feed you cock now."

Showing more eagerness than she would have thought possible Skyler scrambled onto the bed and positioned herself on all fours waiting him.

He moved up slowly behind her, then knelt in position, his hands slapping down roughly on her buttocks and squeezing crudely. He reached beneath her thighs and squeezed her mound, as well, then took his erection and guided it against her.

She was not the least bit surprised when he rammed himself forward like a bull, slamming his cock deep inside her with a single brutal thrust. Even though she was wet and ready, though, it hurt, and she gasped and closed her fingers into her palms, trembling briefly as he buried himself and then ground his hairy pelvis against her soft behind.

"Filthy dog!" he sneered, his open hand slapping hard against the back of her head "Think I can't feel how wet you are? You love, cock, don't you dog!?"

"Ye...yes, master!" she whimpered.

"I should have the entire crew take turns gang banging you until you die, you filthy

creature! I bet you'd like that, wouldn't you!?"

"N...no, master!" she said, though she wasn't sure.

"Vile animal!" His hand cracked painfully against the side of her head, making her ears ring, but he started to thrust into her then, gripping her flanks to use her with hard, savage strokes.

His hard tool plunged down into her again and again, stabbing into her like a spear as he growled and rodded into her with all his strength. The bed shook, and the sound of his hips slamming against her behind was almost as loud as her gasps and yelps.

Soon, however, his cock started to leak inside her, and the sperm, even in small amounts, began to hit her nervous system. Everything faded but the pleasure then.

Her head rolled and her back arched. She raised her buttocks and shifted her knees further apart, taking him even deeper, gasping still but from pleasure now as his thick erection sawed back and forth inside her.

She felt an orgasm approaching and tried dazedly to suppress it, not at all sure of how he would react when he realized. But it was hopeless. As more and more of the sperm dribbled down her tight silk tunnel her mind began to blur, her eyes glaze and her body fill with a terrible sexual pressure.

Then it hit and she cried out in wonder, slamming her buttocks back against him, her head thrashing, breasts swinging, body charged up and burning with ecstasy as he cursed and rammed into her.

"You like this? You like this? I'll find something you don't like, you slag!" he snarled, his cock pistoning into her, his hips slamming against her buttocks with bruising force.

He slid his hands down and cupped her breasts, digging his fingers into the soft flesh as he squeezed and twisted cruelly. Yet she ignored it, her mind and body gripped by euphoria as the sexual pressure released in a massive, rolling wall of pleasure that rippled up and down her shaking body.

Nothing mattered but the pleasure as it poured through her nerves and muscles and bones, as it burned along her spine and through her dazed brain. The world twisted, her vision blurred. The entire universe was a blazing, multi-coloured light storm as she basked in the orgasmic delirium.

He cursed, his hand slapping at her behind, at her head, at the side of her face. The grasped her hair, yanking her head up and back brutally, riding her with all his strength, using his cock like a battering ram as he slammed it forward again and again.

He released her hair, grabbing her wrists and yanking them up and back, using them like the grips of a wheelbarrow as he speared her with his thick, hard cock.

Her head jerked up and done bonelessly, her hair flying as he yanked her back then slammed into her from behind, only to yank her back again.

But her spasming, burning pussy was too much for him to retain control for long, and he spilled his seed within her, feeling her insides boil around his pumping cock, feeling it squeeze and suck the life blood from his balls as she began to shake and tremble yet again, another massive orgasm blowing through her.

The world moved dizzily whenever she moved her head, and Skyler groaned softly. She was hanging about three feet off the floor, horizontally, arms and legs outstretched.

Narrow wires ran from the four posts around her to her wrist and ankle bands, pulling them straight out in four directions, pulling so tight her spine threatened to break, and screamed constantly. She could not budge either of her arms or legs so much as a millimetre, and she fought fear that they would all come lose of her torso with only a little more pressure.

More wires, thinner ones, came from above her, linked to the rings in her nipples, ears, belly-button and pubic lips. The weight on them was not enough to tear at the skin, but enough to ache terribly.

It felt like her ears were stretching above her, and she could have seen, were her head not pulled down and back, her breasts thrusting upwards like two cones of flesh. Below them the flesh of her belly, and her soft pussy lips were also yanked up, though thankfully by not nearly as much.

She could not, of course, raise her head, for her hair, like that of the blonde, had been wound into a narrow tail, then bound with cord and pulled back hard. The cord was fitted to a hook which had been pushed into her rectum, tugging firmly against her tailbone as it kept her head almost exactly upside down.

She had no idea how long she had been hanging as she was. Time lost meaning very rapidly in a dark room filled with pain. She knew the blonde was somewhere off beside her, hanging in the identical position other than that hers was belly down.

Skyler had seen her being placed as she was, had watched as weights were hung from all her rings, as her hair was pulled up and back, the hook slipped into her rectum.

It had been her hope as she'd watched that Maxwell would spend all his time tormenting the blonde, and leave her alone, but that was not to be. As soon as the blonde was in position Skyler had been next.

How long had it been, she thought dazedly, since she last wore clothes?

More importantly, how was she going to escape this raving madman, this evil degenerate cretin? At least the religious wackos justified their torments by their twisted belief in God. Maxwell made no effort to justify anything he did. He was merely, as far as she could see, amusing himself.

And, maybe that other man was right, that he just hated women and liked to be able to torture a couple of them.

She had no idea where they were going, where Europe was, or how long it would take. She hadn't been outside the metal-walled room since they'd first come aboard.

What would happen, she wondered, if she killed Maxwell? She was fairly sure she could do it. Who did he work for? Would the other people on the boat be as mad at her as the Rebecca's people were for killing that priest? And where could she hide?

"Hello, children," Maxwell said as the light flicked on. "I trust you have been enjoying yourselves."

He smiled as he approached them, sliding his hand under the blonde girl to set the weights on her nipples swinging, then coming over to Skyler to squeeze one of her cone-shaped breasts.

He removed his clothes slowly, then moved in front of Skyler, pushing his semi-flaccid penis into her open mouth. There was little she could do other than lick weakly, for her hair was pulled back so hard that she could not close her mouth.

She looked up dazedly as he pumped his cock into her oral cavity, not much surprised when his cock was shoved down into her throat. The Chisums had, after all, done much the same on occasion.

It was as uncomfortable as always. Even though she was already hurting in a dozen different places the feel of his thick prong sliding up and down in her throat ached and made her want to gag and choke.

He pulled out after only a brief time, however, moving over to plunge his hard erection down the blonde's throat. She was in no more a position to resist than Skyler had been, what with her hair pulled back so hard her face was drawn into a horrid, tight mask.

Skyler watched out of the corner of her eye as Maxwell laughed at the girl, his hands on his hips as he pumped his big cock back and forth through her open lips and down her throat.

He reached down and slapped at her breasts, setting the weights swinging below them, then ran a hand down her body and slapped at her behind to make the weight swing from her pussy.

He continued to pump, obviously amused, reaching under her head to set the weight swinging from her earrings as well.

No weight hung from her nose ring, of course since her head was pulled up and back and it might get in the way of her open mouth. Instead the wire attached to that ring was drawn almost straight up to the ceiling, and he twanged and tugged on it as he raped the virgin girl's mouth and throat.

He pulled out then and squatted down so his face would be level with hers, his glistening erection bouncing as he moved.

"Well, little slag, I've kept your cherry intact still, even if I've used your throat nicely. Now I think I want to bury my cock inside that tight young body of yours."

He moved around behind her, getting in between her spread legs and sliding his hands over her buttocks and along her hips.

"But I suppose I can let you keep your cherished virginity a little longer," he said in a tolerant voice.

He tugged on the cord that ran from her hair to her anus, then slipped the hook out of her rear hole and let it go. He slapped at her behind with a laugh then before grabbing her hair and yanking her head back again.

"I hope you're grateful to me for not rodding myself up into that virginal pussy of yours, girl," he said.

His right leg rose, his knee coming up high as he slid his hands along the blonde's back to her shoulders, then he placed it on her right thigh, putting weight on slowly.

The girl moaned and gurgled in pain as he put more and more weight on her leg, then pushed down against the centre of her back. He climbed atop her entirely, laying his body along hers, all his weight coming down on her wrists and ankles as the bands held them rigid.

"Ahhh," he groaned, sliding his wet cockhead down along the crack of her behind.

He pushed the head against her wrinkled anal opening, then drove himself into her, snickering at the animal sounds of pain she made as he buried himself in her round rear hole.

He spread his legs, letting them lay along hers as he began to grind his pelvis down against her, his hands going around her and cupping her breasts, swinging, squeezing and slapping at them.

"Ahhh, fresh, tight meat," he groaned, his behind starting to rise and fall as he pumped his cock into the blonde's anus.

Skyler expected her arms or legs to pop off at any second, but the girl hung there in place sobbing, only tears falling from her cheeks to the floor below as Maxwell drove himself into her harder and harder, making her body shake as he jammed his manhood down into her rectum.

He drove himself into her tight little hole to the hilt, grinding against her as his hands

moved over her body with painful intimacy. He pulled back on her hair, chewing on the side of her throat and licking at her lips and cheeks, then tugged on the line leading to her nose ring, giggling as his hips began to rut into her.

He spread his arms out then, along hers, pushing his upper body back a bit as he began to pump into her.

Skyler could only imagine how the girl's arms, shoulders, legs and wrists felt adding that much extra weight to the load they must bear, but as she had before, she felt a deep gratitude he was saving the worst of his cruelty for the blonde.

She shook and jerked under his thrusting, her mouth opening and closing repeatedly as she groaned and gargled. Her face was a mask of agony as Maxwell's prong was thrust down into her again and again.

Skyler cringed as she waited for the girl's arms to snap, but though they shook and trembled they managed to survive Maxwell's cruel sexual gymnastics. He groaned as his pumping grew faster, then gasped and collapsed for a long moment atop her before sliding off.

He slapped her bare buttocks with a laugh then crossed the room and looked at the two of them.

"Well, ladies. I trust you two are comfortable?" He laughed and moved back to examine Skyler, caressing the sides of her now cone-shaped breasts then tugging at the wire attached to her pussy ring.

"Perhaps too comfortable? Hmmm. Perhaps we can think of something less plush, something to harden you up a tad. No doubt you've been living soft. Life on ship can be difficult, you know. Space is tight. You can't just spread yourself out to rest wherever you want."

He tapped his forehead as if thinking, then burst out laughing, his eyes gleaming with malice as he turned them from one girl to the other. "Oh I have just the things for you two."

He left the room, returning a few minutes later with a tall, gaunt looking man who held a measuring tape. The man quickly took their complete measurements, then, muttering to himself hurried away.

Maxwell then leisurely removed the wires from their rings and let them down to the floor. There he grabbed the blonde by the hair and took her outside. Skyler lay on the floor groaning, her arms and legs aching fiercely, cramps and spasms running through them.

Every time she moved she cried out in pain, even though being able to move was a deep and wonderful relief.

By the time Maxwell came back she was able to sit up and move her arms and legs more or less normally.

"Guess where your friend is," he said gleefully.

"I...I don't know, master," she gulped.

He laughed in delight, then grabbed her by the hair and casually yanked her to her feet, pulling her after him.

He took her down the corridor and then down several flights of stairs to a small, dank, horribly smelling room in the bowels of the ship.

"The bilge," he said with a bark of laughter. "This old tub leaks like a sieve and all the water finds its way into the bilge where we pump it over the side.

He pointed to a vast pool of murky water and winked at her. "Watch."

He activated a pump and the level of water began to noticeably lower. Soon Skyler could discern a figure in the water. As the water lowered she realized it was female, that it was the blonde girl.

She was more or less floating freely on her stomach. Her eyes were taped over, however, and she had a rubber hose of some sort in her mouth. Her nose ring was fastened to the wall near the hose thing by a small chain. Another chain was fastened to her pussy ring and led to the other side of the pool. Her legs were free but her wrists were manacled behind her back.

"The hose is for air, of course," he smirked. "But that's all she gets."

He turned the knob and the pool began to fill again. Soon the blonde disappeared from sight as the filthy water rose well above her.

"How you think you'd like a few days down there?" he asked with a smirk.

"Please no, master!" she gulped.

"Ha! You'll go where I want and do what I want. Maybe a little isolation will do you some good. But for now, I have something else for you in mind."

When she regained consciousness she was alone in a dark place. For hours she lay in a stupor, confined somehow, though she knew not how, nor cared. Now and then a spasm rippled along a leg or arm or along her spine, and her head would twitch feebly. Aside from that she lay still.

After a time she began to become somewhat aware of herself. She felt hot, and suffocated. She realized she was encased in something strong, something that was wrapped completely around her body, even around her face. She could feel it pressing into her everywhere, tight, hard, squeezing.

There was something in her mouth, something spongy. She could not push it out for something was pushed against it, the thing over her face. She could not bend either arms or legs. Nor could she turn her head or bend her back. She could not even wiggle her toes or move her fingers.

She was very hot and getting hotter. She was sweating inside the whatever-it-was, and badly. She could not feel so much of an inch of air on her skin. Her mind wandered, then faded in and out. There was nothing to see, nothing to hear. The only sensation was the constant feeling of close confinement and heat.

After a time she felt something move near her mouth. It was...a zipper, she realized. It moved sideways along her lips, and she felt air on her sweating mouth as fingers dug between her lips and yanked out the spongy thing.

She gulped in air, sobbing and panting, eyes staring sightless into the black.

Then she felt something soft but hard against her lips, sliding past and into her mouth. She knew what it was and sucked weakly, almost instinctively. It began to pump in and out, thrusting past her mouth and down her throat.

She gagged, but that accomplished nothing. The cock continued to slide down her gullet, then, when the man's groin was pushed in hard against her lips, began to withdraw. She felt the cock, now slick, sliding up and out of her throat, then it halted and thrust back hard, burying itself deep in an instant.

She tried to struggle but was still unable to move any part of her body. The cock thrust into her again and again, ramming down her throat, then sliding slowly back. Something pressed against the sides of her head as it happened, and then...suddenly, it was over.

The cock slid out, and as she gasped and choked, the spongy thing was shoved back into her mouth and the zipper closed.

Just then the sperm hit her bloodstream and her body jackknifed, or tried to as her mind swam in pleasure. Her brain seemed to dissolve and she lost track of herself for a time, only gradually come back to self-awareness still locked tightly into immobility.

Then she became aware of a change. It confused her until she realized she had been lifted and was now upright. She felt herself moved then dropped to the deck, still on her feet.

Then she felt another zipper, this one behind her head, moving up across her head. She felt her hair coming free, then something gripped the front of her mask and pulled it forward off her head and down her face. She felt two slim round tubes that she had been using to breath through slide out of her nostrils as her eyes blinked in the light.

"Hello, love," the man said.

She stared at him numbly, not knowing who he was, hardly knowing who she was.

"Snap out of it, girl. We don't have much time," he said, slapping lightly at her sweating face.

Laying nearby was a figure encased in black leather, or maybe it was rubber. There seemed no arms and legs, and the head showed no features other than two small round openings where the nostrils would be. There was a zipper over the mouth, and another on the top of the head.

She looked down past the hanging mask and saw that she was encased in a similar outfit.

"Listen to me. Are you listening?"

He slapped her face again until she nodded dizzily."

"Look, Maxwell's hated on the ship, but he and his officers have all the guns. If we're to get control of the ship we need the key to the armoury, and Maxwell keeps it on his person at all times."

He looked behind him worriedly, then turned back to her.

"He's never alone outside here. He's always got a couple of his armed bully boys with him. If you can somehow get the key to us... I realize that's asking a lot, and I know you've no way of doing it as you are. But he won't keep you like this for good. If you can get free hit him over the head or something, but be careful There are always guards outside the door.

"Get his keys and drop them out the porthole on that side of the cabin. We'll have someone watching all the time. Understand?"

She blinked her eyes weakly.

"Yess," she groaned.

"Did you hear what I said?"

"K...keyss."

"Good girl! Now I have to do this up again. Sorry. Wish I could set you free but I dare not."

He pushed a spongy ball into her mouth, then lifted the thick leather mask and pressed it against her face, pulling it over her head and zipping it up. He lowered her to the ground again, and she was alone in darkness once more.

How long it lasted, she didn't know. But then fingers were fumbling at her bindings and her sweating face was exposed to the light again. She groaned weakly, her eyes fluttering as Maxwell sneered down at her.

"Had a nice sleep, my dear?" he asked.

He removed all her bindings, save the shackles, then put her aside to attend to the other girl. She sat on her heels dazedly, staring at him, remembering there was something she was supposed to...do.

Still half dazed she picked up a long, heavy club from beside his bed and stood on shaking legs. Maxwell opened the front of the leather binding the blonde girl.

She raised the club, still not really knowing what she was doing, then brought it down heavily across the back of Maxwell's head. He was thrown forward over the blonde's body, dead still. Skyler fell atop him, gasping, staring into the wide eyes of the blonde.

She sat back and lay down, trying to gain her strength back.

Slowly her mind began to function again, and with it she realized what she'd done. She stared at Maxwell in horror, not even wanting to think about what he would do to her when he regained consciousness. Her eyes snapped to the door, to the guards there, then back to Maxwell.

What had that man said? He wanted...a key, keys. Yes!

She swallowed nervously, then crawled to his body, fumbling through his pockets until he pulled out a key ring. She went to the porthole and opened it, peering out nervously. She dropped the keys out and closed the hole, then moved back to the blonde.

"I thought you were in the bilge," she said, for want of anything else.

"I...he...I-I-let me out," the blonde whispered, staring at the unconscious man in terror.

"You still smell a little."

The blonde pouted and looked resentful, but she knelt and began to undo the rest of her bindings.

"Don't!" she cried.

"Shhhh!"

"Don't! I don't want to get the blame!"

"What's your name anyway?"

"Jasmine," she replied fearfully.

"Jasmine, the only hope either of us has at all is that the men out there kill all the ones in charge. Otherwise I think this pig of a man will wind up killing us both before too long."

"But he'll get mad," she whined.

"So what? He hurts us whether he's mad or not!"

"But you like it," the girl accused.

"I do not," she said defensively.

Maxwell began to stir and she picked up the club, then hit him again, then a second time for good measure.

"He's gonna be mad," Jasmine said worriedly.

Suddenly there were shots, then shouting and more shots. They both moved away from the door, Jasmine crawling under the bunk and Skyler sliding in under a table, behind a chair. The shooting and yelling had not gone on long when the door burst open.

Screaming men ran in, grabbing the still unconscious Maxwell, then dragging him away. The two girls huddled fearfully, not knowing what to do.

After a while things quieted down, but nobody came for them. Then the cabin opened and several men came in, quickly found them, and dragged them out of hiding, laughing and joking as they pawed their bodies.

Both of them were used repeatedly, but not too roughly, and Skyler's mind was soon drunk with pleasure as the sperm pumped into her from three directions. She fell into a dreamy half consciousness that eventually became whole.

When she woke she found herself laying in a bunk. She was still naked, but something was out of place. It was a few minutes before she realized, shocked, that the bonds around her ankles and wrists were gone, as was her collar and the rings.

She sat up carefully, looking around. She was in a small cabin, and its only other occupant was Jasmine, who still slept. She swung her legs out of bed, wondering what she should do, who her new master was.

The door opened and a man came in, one she recognized as the man who had snuck in to see her twice before.

"Hello, hello," he said cheerfully. "And how are you two this fine sunshiny day."

"F-fine, master," she whispered.

He winked and sat down beside her, sliding a hand through her hair.

"None of that no more. We've mutinied, see. We're heading for England."

"I thought we were going to Europe."

"Nahr, not no more. Though England is sort of part of Europe, sort of. Anyways, they don't have no slaves there, so you two are free. Once we make port you can go where you want."

"Free?" She blinked her eyes in shock.

"Not that there ain't some as would like to keep you and sell you. But it's going to be tight enough explaining how we mutinied. The brits don't like that much. You two make a great excuse, though. We're going to say we done it for you."

He looked smug. "The brits will forgive us, we think."

"I can...just....but where will I go?"

He snorted. "Girls like you are worth lots there. You'll have no lack of offers."

"But I thought you said they didn't buy girls."

"They don't, but they rent them plenty. There's still a shortage of young girls over there, you know. You can pick and choose, and ask a pretty penny from them that lies between your legs, too."

His hand slipped between her legs, his fingers idly stroking at her sex. Skyler felt the sex heat rising and shuddered.

"Yeeeessss," she groaned, arching her back.

He pushed her back and slid atop her. Skyler spread her legs desperately, then hugged him tightly as he entered her. Her mind was awash with hunger and need as he thrust his body down against her, and when the seed flowed into her blood she sighed with delight and fell asleep once more.

They landed in England a week later. By then she and Jasmine had clothing of a sort, loose coveralls. Jasmine had not been much used since she didn't like it, but for Skyler, the trip after Maxwell had been a glorious party. The man all seemed happy, and they were always ready to give her the fix she needed.

They were rough men, but not unkind, and it was a revelation to her to have sex willingly, without the fear or pain which had almost always accompanied it in the past.

She stayed on the ship for a day after they docked, talking to a tiny man in a gold uniform, then to a doctor, who examined her closely. She had sex with the men many times each day as the authorities decided what to do with them. Then a tall, slim woman in a beautiful dress came aboard and came to see her.

"I understand you have been treated," she said in her funny English accent.

"I guess."

"I understand you enjoy sex."

"Well, yeah."

"I have a place for you in my house."

"Your uh, house?"

"My manor house. It's north of London. It's quite luxurious..." She looked around doubtfully. "Especially compared to what you're probably used to."

"What would I have to do?" Skyler asked warily.

"What you do now, have sex with men."

"I don't want to be a slag. I mean, a slave like you call it."

"We have no slaves. You'll be free to refuse any man you don't like. You'll be free to refuse any act you don't like. You'll be paid two thirds of the fee charged, and only have to have sex a couple of times a day."

Skyler's eyes widened.

"Although I suspect you'll want more than that. Sometimes I envy you treated girls." She ran her eyes down Skyler's body.

"Why?"

"The pleasure you feel. I hear your orgasms are many times more powerful and... But no matter. Would you like to come and live with me?"

"I...yes. I guess. I can leave if I want?"

The woman nodded and stood up.

"I'll get to dress like you?"

"Certainly."

"Neat!"

She followed her off the ship, wondering what would await her in this new world. It certainly sounded pleasant. But she was under no illusion there wouldn't be nasty men here too.

Then again, she was kind of a nasty girl herself.

She hummed softly as she followed the woman down the gangplank onto the shore. Who knew what awaited.

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