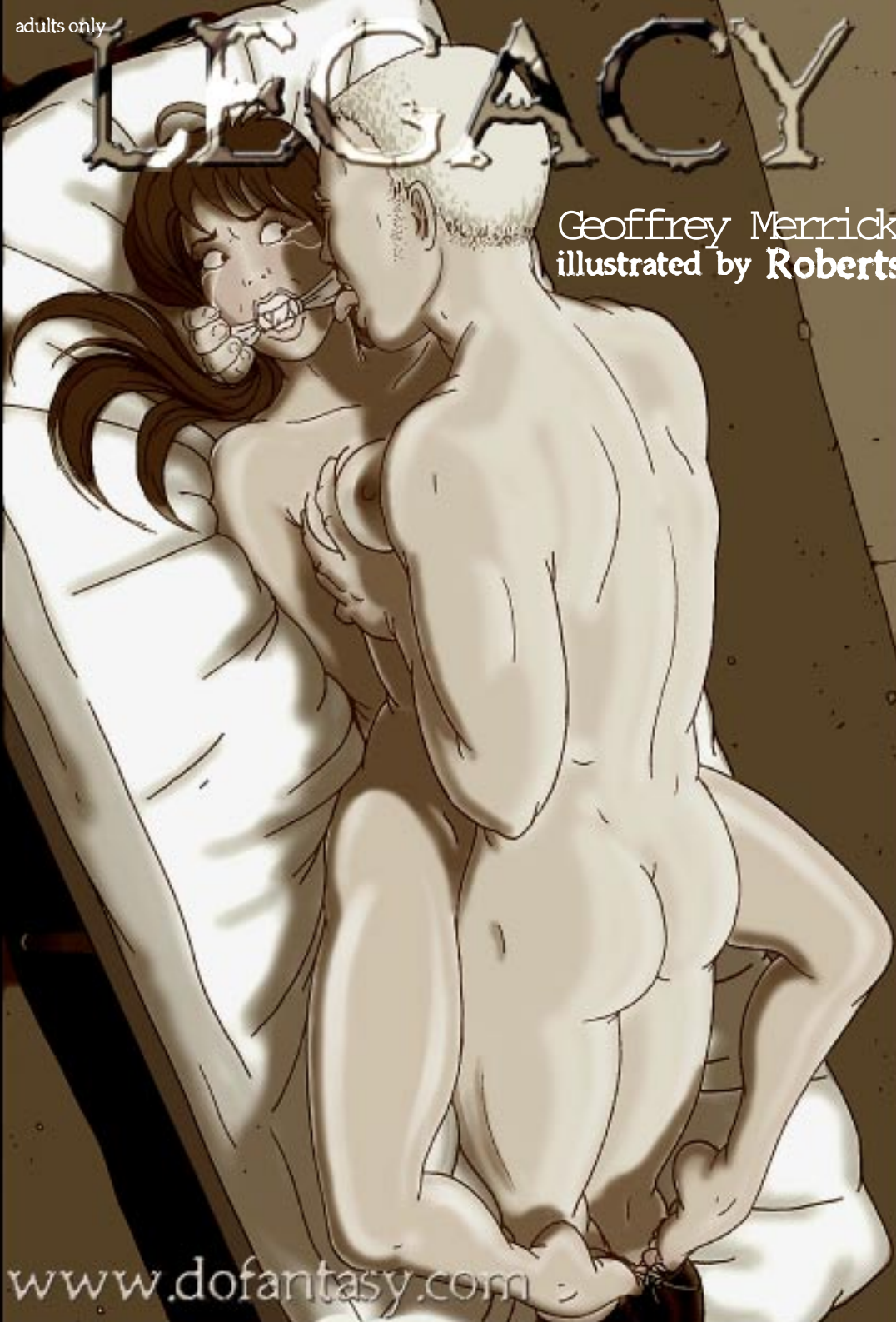


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Geoffrey Merrick  
illustrated by Roberts



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# LEGACY

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# **PART ONE**

**Berlin 1942:  
Blood of the Lamb**

# CHAPTER 1

**I**f he hadn't spilled the lamb's blood.

If she hadn't leaned over the counter.

If the blood hadn't stained her sweater.

If she had not taken the sweater off...

None of it would have happened.

But he had missed seeing a small puddle of watery blood gather on the counter after he had wrapped up the fresh lamb meat for Mrs. Van Tessel. And Rachel Abrams had also not noticed it as she had leaned against the counter afterwards, straining to see the cut of meat he was holding up near the side wall chopping block.

They were alone in the store, Rachel having come in after Mrs. Van Tessel had left. He hadn't paid a lot of attention. Rachel had been coming into the butcher shop since she was a little girl, and Otto Huber had grown accustomed to her.

In these politically charged days, his attention was only distracted by the flashy, tightly-dressed girls the brown shirts always had hanging off their arms. The ones with the big, fake smiles, the brassy voices, and the padded, pointed bras. As far as he was concerned, Rachel, with her dark brown hair tied in a bun, her thick glasses, and her dumpy, shapeless sweaters, was just a customer.

But she had leaned up against the counter, the lamb's blood had

seeped into her sweater's cloth, and then touched the shirt beneath...

"Oh," Rachel gasped, backing up quickly and looking down.

"What is it, my dear?" the kindly, old, rotund, balding butcher asked, wiping his hands on his apron as he came forward. He saw that the girl was holding the hem of her too-long sweater out, and noticed a dark circular stain on it.

"Nothing, Herr Huber," she said apologetically. "It's just that..."

"Goodness!" he exclaimed, looking from the counter back to the stain. "Oh no, what a shame. It must have been that fresh lamb meat...!"

She looked up at him ... and almost as if for the first time he noticed her eyes were not light brown as he had always assumed, but dark blue...

"Lamb?" she echoed vacantly, as if confused.

"Quick, quick," he told her. "It's spreading. Take it off. Take off your sweater before your shirt is ruined too!"

He stared, watching as the stain crept into a widening circle, not noticing how the girl bit her lower lip ... her ripe lower lip with perfect white teeth...

"Quickly, my dear," he said. "Blood stains will not come out...!"

Rachel's expression changed from concern to a certain resignation. He wasn't trying to trick her — he merely had her best intentions at heart. Realizing what he said was true, and that the family didn't have the kind of money to start buying her a new wardrobe, she shrugged, gripped the hem of her sweater and pulled it over her head.

It couldn't have taken longer than three seconds, but in those three seconds, everything changed. Otto Huber's eyes unavoidably followed the sweater's progress, so he was watching her waist when the shapeless sweater rose ... her incredibly trim, incredibly firm, incredibly shapely waist...

She must have been wearing her faded white shirt for years since it seemed an eighth layer of skin by now. She must've worn it all during secondary school as she grew, and matured, tucking it into the waist of the same long gray skirt and cinching it with the same wide black belt...

His eyes rose inexorably with the bottom of the sweater as it passed her chest. For a split second, he could not breathe. Her bra, old and

worn and thin as it was, obscured virtually nothing except her nipples. Her breasts swelled as his eyes widened.

They were, in a word, perfect. So round, so firm, so high, so fully packed ... They were big, but a mere centimeter away from being too big. They were, in another word, magnificent.

And then the sweater was over her head, catching in the pins that held her hair in the bun. And in that moment, he saw her creamy, slim throat, the way the milky flesh pockets of her collar seemed to yawn, her smooth chin, and her dewy strawberry lips...

She had to pull off her glasses, but the sweater finally came over her head — mussing her hair, with strands falling across her face and down her neck. Then she stood there, looking at him with an expression of pleasure and strange release, smiling as if for the first time in her young life.

“There,” she said pleasantly, “that’s better.”

He only had a second to control his expression. He couldn’t let her see the effect of all the voices that now shouted in his head. He couldn’t let her see that she was no longer little Rachel Abrams from the neighborhood. She was no longer even a long time customer of his butcher shop. Now she was something less, and something much, much more...

“Isn’t it always the way?” she sighed. “I only came in here on a whim. It wasn’t even a part of my errands, but I thought I might surprise mother and father if ... Well, no matter. What’s done is done, right?”

“Right,” Huber said, turning away as if to fuss with the meat he had been showing her. She couldn’t have been more than eighteen, and so beautifully developed — at the height of her youth. And her face ... her nose, so straight, her eyes, so deep, her lips, so rich, her expression, so sweet ... Why hadn’t he seen it before?

And suddenly he knew why. Because she had spent her whole life keeping other people from seeing it — intently trying to go unnoticed, hiding her face under thick glasses, no makeup, and a bland expression, forcing her bountiful hair into a lifeless bun, and covering her spectacular body in misshapen outfits.

But it had only taken a single surprise — a sudden decision to stop

at the butcher's to investigate an unplanned kindness, capped by a telltale stain on her favorite "disguise" to bring the teenage vitality out of her. Taking off that sweater had been like taking off a suit of armor.

But it couldn't have happened at a worse time, or in the company of a worse person.

"Hello?" said a sing-song voice from the back. And in came Greta Huber, the butcher's wife — the very picture of a sweet, round, old woman. "Well, hello, my dear. Are you being taken care of?"

"Yes, Mrs. Huber," Rachel replied brightly. "Your husband is taking care of me."

The old woman looked in confusion from the pretty girl before her to her busy husband, her expression slowly drooping.

"This is Rachel Abrams, dear," Otto said quickly. "You remember Rachel, don't you?"

"Ray..." Greta started, then almost seemed to gasp in realization. "Rachel Abrams?"

"Yes, yes," he blustered, drawing near, knowing he would have to distract his bewildered wife to keep from spooking the girl. "Rachel, from down the street. I have stupidly stained her sweater with some blood from the lamb I sold Mrs. Van Tessel!"

He had to hand it to her, though. They had been married so long he swore they must share some sort of extra sensory perception. Because once she got it, and he could tell she had the moment he drew near, she understood down to the bone.

"Oh, no!" she cried. "Your lovely sweater!"

"It's all right," Rachel said quickly. "I'll wash it as soon as I get home..."

"Oh no," Greta retorted, moving forward. "That will be too late! We must clean it immediately if you don't want the stain to set!"

She placed her fat fingers on the sweater, looking up at the suddenly concerned girl. "Oh no," said Rachel. "You mustn't ... I'll go home right away and take care of it. You'll see..."

"But the moment the outside air touches it, the blood will coalesce!" the woman insisted. "Your sweater will be ruined."

"No, no," Rachel said, becoming agitated. "I'll go..."

"But, Miss Abrams," Otto interjected, "your meat...?"

"Uh ... some other time, Herr Huber," the girl said, suddenly holding the sweater to her chest and backing away toward the door. "I probably don't have enough money anyway..."

The couple watched her move closer to the door with a mixture of intensity and a strange relief. But then the answer came to the old woman, and, in a fateful moment, their lives were changed.

"Oh, dear," she said sadly. "Now everyone will notice..."

Rachel Abrams froze in the doorway.

Otto Huber stared at her, noticing how the light of dusk through the one outside window filled the otherwise pale interior of the shop. He could practically feel the coolness and see the virtual emptiness of the street outside as decent people rushed into their apartments prior to the evening's loud, fiery, political rallies.

"Notice?" Rachel echoed quietly.

"Yes, of course, dear," Greta Huber clucked in sympathy. "A big, round, dark stain on your sweater? People will not be able to help themselves. They will even see it in their peripheral vision and have to look just out of curiosity..."

"That's ... that's true," the girl said distantly, suddenly unsure.

"Of course, my dear," said the old woman kindly. "Come, come here and give me that silly thing. I will take care of it right away. You don't stay married to a butcher if you don't learn a thing or two about getting out blood stains...!"

He had to hand it to her. His wife hadn't moved. She hadn't startled the girl, driving her out to the street. She had made the girl come to her.

And with that first tentative step away from the street, their fates were sealed.

"There now," said Mrs. Huber as she touched the sweater with one hand, and put her other arm around Rachel's waist. "You'll see." And, very carefully, she led Rachel to the curtained window between the butcher block and the connecting room — which led into the kitchen.

"I must get home soon," Rachel said. "My parents will be worried. They don't know where I am..."

"Don't worry," the old woman said. "This will be over in a jiffy..."

And then they were out of the shop. Otto Huber quickly set up the "closed" sign and locked the front door. Before he pulled down the shades he checked the street. As he had anticipated, there was no one nearby. It seemed that fate was collaborating with them ... and their nephew ...

He quickly returned to the connecting room. It was dark, windowless, and nondescript, most of the wooden floor covered in big cloth bags filled with clothing — the outfits a large family would collect over forty years. The only light came from the butcher shop behind him and the kitchen beyond.

"You see?" he heard his wife say. "Just rub this powder on the stain, run it under the water, and poof."

"Goodness," he heard the girl say as he hastened to the room's single small closet in the corner of the side wall. "What is this amazing cleaner?"

"A little concoction of my own devising," he heard his wife say as he took down the squat, thick glass bottle from the single shelf. "Like I said, you have to learn new skills when you're married to a butcher!"

He heard them both laugh as he held his breath and pulled the glass stopper from the bottle's top. He quickly soaked a thick, pulpy cloth pad his nephew had supplied along with the mixture, then pushed the stopper back into place. It was not difficult. As a butcher, he had been using the same skills on livestock for years.

"No, no dear," he heard his wife say, her voice getting louder. "Let it dry first."

"But I have to get home," he heard Rachel reply, the unmistakable sounds of footsteps coming near the kitchen doorway.

"Well, all right then," he heard Greta say appeasingly. "Let me help you put it on..."

He couldn't help but smile as he took up position by the side of the kitchen doorway. His wife was a treasure. She might as well have put a ribbon around the girl's head and gave her to him as a present.

"There, just like new," he heard his wife say happily.

"Well, at least just the same as before," the girl said, and laughed.

It was the last laugh she ever made. Because then she stepped through the kitchen doorway.

As soon as she passed he was on her, one arm wrapped around her waist, the other clamping the sodden pad over her lower face.

Rachel's eyes went huge under the thick glasses, and her arms tried to reach up. She made a sound like a lamb, then a surprised, muffled shriek as he reared back, her feet kicking off the floor. Greta saw that her shoes were simple and flat, but noticed glimpses of stockings through the long skirt.

The assault was amazing. For all the noises she made, it was almost like watching a movie with the sound turned down. She tried to shout but all Greta heard was a distant, muffled bleat. She started to beg in terror as she doubled over, but all Greta heard were little hums. She started to wail hysterically, surging up again, but all Greta heard was a dying wind.

Otto suddenly wrenched her body to the side, sending her thick glasses flying. "That's better," he grunted, staring down into huge, frightened eyes.

Rachel couldn't comprehend it. It wasn't possible. Above the roar in her head she heard her parents say over and over again, "You can't show anyone who you really are. Not now. It's too dangerous. Haven't you heard what happens to girls who look like you?"

But she had known these kind, helpful people all her life ... she had only taken off her sweater ... it was only for a second...!

Rachel screeched and struggled wildly. He just dropped back, falling onto the bags as she shrieked in renewed surprise. Then his arm was crushing her chest. They both felt how her breasts buoyed his arm ... how her superb shape rested on his burly torso ... how her firm rear cradled his erection...

Rachel stiffened, then clawed and kicked with all her remaining strength. Her fingers shot back toward his head, but then the old woman was there, gripping the girl's wrist like a vice. Rachel's other hand scrabbled down below, trying to reach the man's sack, but the old woman prevented that, too. Now all she could do was stare in pained disbelief and betrayal at the old woman as the man clamped the sickly sweet

cloth over her nose and mouth.

Finally, the girl tried to scream for help with all her remaining might, but the liquid in the cloth had hooked into her nostrils. When she had stilled, it crept up her nose. And now, even as she writhed in their powerful grip, it started coating her brain, creeping into her mind, drooling down every canal...

"Nooooooooooooo," she groaned, her fingers spasming in the old woman's grip. But all Greta heard was the fluttering of a fallen dove.

"She's blinking," the old woman stated.

Otto immediately pulled the cloth from the girl's face and rammed it into butcher paper he pulled from his back pocket. He immediately wrapped the paper, expertly twisting the ends, and handed it to his wife. She tossed it, in turn, into the kitchen, then her eyes riveted on the girl as her husband slid her off his body.

They both stood, looking down at the still slightly trembling girl.

"Is she out?" Greta couldn't help but ask.

He nodded, not taking his eyes off her body — her arms by her side, her legs slightly bent under the skirt.

"Could it be?" Greta asked quietly. "After all this time? Is she the one?"

Only then did he look at his wife, wanting her to admit that she saw the same thing he did, but knowing there was only one way to truly answer. He reached down without a word and slowly, powerfully, started tearing Rachel's sweater down the front. Within moments, his wife had stepped behind the girl and was expertly loosening her hair from its severe plait.

When they were finished she lay with her arms out, her shirt swelling with every breath, and her mane fanning out beneath her.

"*Mein gotte*," Greta breathed. "With just a washing and combing, it would be..."

"And look at her face," he said.

"At rest," his wife mused. "So ... lovely. And her body...?"

He looked at Greta for another moment, then both kneeled on either side of the girl. They had to watch each other, unwilling to miss a millimeter of the revealed skin by both moving at once. He carefully

undid the girl's shirt, fanning it back to reveal her torso and chest. Her breasts bulged in the worn bra, but with another powerful tear, they were freed. He checked the size tag: 36D.

Greta gasped at the girl's round aureoles and tiny nipples. "Perfect," she breathed. "Not a blemish ... not a bump..."

He could only stare at the way the mounds remained firm and buoyant at the same time, high on her chest.

He finally tore his eyes away when his wife began undoing the girl's skirt. He glared at its size tag; 22 inches. Rachel's hips were slowly revealed, clad in an equally worn garter belt and panties. The curve of her waist ... the beauty of her pelvic bones...

Then her legs were slowly brought into view, encased in thin stockings. "So long ... so smooth," Greta breathed as she drew down the skirt. "So shapely..."

"And now," the man whispered, his fingers trembling. "The final test."

He took one foot and she, the other. Together they removed Rachel's simple shoes. For a moment they could say, and do, nothing. Of all the parts of a woman, the feet were the most likely to be imperfect. Such was not the case with Rachel Abrams. Both her feet, not to mention her hands, were exquisite, elegant, and perfectly proportioned.

The Hubers stood, almost staggering. They stared down at the girl who now wore only her panties and stockings. She was femininity personified; five feet, seven inches tall, her face so sweet, her chest so bounteous, her waist so trim, her 34 inch hips so smooth, her legs so shapely...

"Dare we...?" the man panted, his eyes riveted on the triangle between the bottom of her panties and her inner thighs.

"No," his wife gasped. "We mustn't. His instructions were that she not be touched."

"No," he disagreed. "He said that she must be unsoiled."

"No," she replied. "I distinctly remember..."

"All right!" he hissed. "But the one thing we can agree on is that she must not get away. True?"

"True," the old woman nodded.

Then they both looked back at the insensible girl, their expressions slowly changing from wonder and shame to something more hungry, desirous ... and punishing...

## CHAPTER 2

**R**achel Abrams awoke from a veritable sleep pit — a black, aching, dreamless void with no memory of who or where she was.

All she saw was a dark brown ceiling — dabbled with morning sunshine — seven feet above her head. She felt something deep and soft beneath her, and smelled something musty and aged.

Memories cut into her brain like broken, falling glass, but before she could recognize them, all was overwhelmed by a sickening sensation clamping on her stomach, throat, and mind.

She reared up, instinctively rolling out of the bed she was lying upon, and anchored her feet on the floor. Ignoring the unfamiliar surroundings, she plunged toward the room's one door and down to the end of the short hall.

Diving into the small, white, doorless room, she saw the goal of her quest. She dropped to her knees, gripped the sides of the porcelain bowl, and vomited violently into the toilet.

The retching felt like someone was repeatedly punching her in the stomach, and with each contraction, her head seemed to throb with inverse agony.

She felt so horrible that she wasn't even aware of the gentle hands holding back her hair. She was so groggy that she didn't even start when the old woman spoke.

"There, there, dear. Here, drink this. This will help settle your stomach, and your head..."

She was so confused that she unquestioningly took the glass offered her and swallowed the soothing pale liquid inside.

That's right, she heard inside her head. Mrs. Huber ... the butcher's wife. Her concoctions help...

Before she could think further, the old woman took the glass and started caressing her hair again. "There, that's better, isn't it, dear? That should settle you down in no time..."

For her part, all Rachel could do was lean there, against the toilet, gasping. But she noticed the tearing pain in her head was beginning to subside and her now completely empty stomach was beginning to relax.

"So nice," she heard the old woman coo. "So soft, so thick, so lustrous..."

Rachel felt the gentle hand on her head and even reveled a bit in the sweet smell of her mane, before realizing that she never let it loose this way, and that she had hadn't washed and brushed it to this sheen for years.

"No," she gasped, trying to lean back. "I mustn't..." But then a spike seemed to dig into her head and the sharp pain pushed her down again.

"Now, now, dear," the old woman said soothingly. "You mustn't move so quickly. You're still a bit sick, don't you see? Be very careful. Here ... I'll help you..."

Rachel felt the old woman reaching under her arms and, with a steady, careful lift, helped her to her feet. Only then did she become aware of the sensation that the dress had on her straightening legs.

"But," she muttered. "this is not my..."

"Oh no, dear," said the old woman. "Your sweater was ruined, remember? We had to help you. See?"

And Greta pointed to an oval mirror on legs positioned across the small, white, tile bathroom. Dazed, Rachel managed to raise her muddled head and look into it.

At first she didn't know who the extraordinarily beautiful girl was. She didn't recognize the burnished mane of chestnut hair coming down

to the spectacular chest, housed in the auburn, laced-up, skin-tight, u-necked, mid-length dress with a loose silken skirt that seemed to caress as well as outline the amazing legs.

With a start, she realized who it was. Then it all came back.

She sucked in her breath to scream, her back arching. Greta Huber gripped her hair like a whip handle and punched her in the stomach. Rachel Abrams doubled over and started retching in the toilet again.

Otto Huber looked up as the butcher shop door opened. Rachel's father came in, looking in every corner, his face worried.

"Frederick," the butcher exclaimed in the otherwise empty shop. "What is the matter?"

"What?" the man responded suspiciously. "How do you know something's the matter?"

"It's all over your face," the butcher answered honestly. "Is there something wrong?"

Only then did the man seem to lose his paranoia, only to replace it with anxiety. "My daughter, Rachel, did not come home last night."

His daughter, Rachel, was, at that very moment, hunched over a toilet a floor above him, a fluffy towel pressed into her face, the ends of her hair in the toilet bowl, and her dress-encased breasts crushed against the porcelain lip as Greta Huber struggled to wrench the girl's arm up her back.

"*Mein gotte,*" the butcher exclaimed down in the shop. "Did she run away?"

"No, of course not," Frederick Abrams snapped. "She's only eighteen...!"

The eighteen year old surged back, her limbs flailing in surprise as the old woman fastened onto her like a tick, dragging her back atop her on the bathroom floor. The towel fell away, but before the girl could shriek, the old woman clamped her hand over Rachel's lovely lips, her fat digits sinking into the girl's face flesh like burrowing worms.

"Now, Frederick," the butcher said. "You know what teenagers can be like..."

“Not mine!” he retorted, misery creeping into his tone. “But I know what the youth league boys are like...”

His teenager gasped in disbelief as the old woman’s arms bore down, dragging her own arms back. The old woman’s legs wrapped inside the young girl’s thighs, forcing them still, and wide. Rachel lay, trapped, on top of the butcher’s wife, her lips mashed shut and her chest thrust toward the ceiling.

“Now, Frederick,” the butcher chided. “You don’t think...?”

“What else can I think?” the man cried. “You didn’t see her pass by last night, did you?”

It was seeing the bulge of her breasts, practically erupting from the tight dress’ bodice, that galvanized the girl. Using all her youthful strength, she jerked back and down, her head hitting the old woman in the face, and her ribs punching Greta’s stomach. With a woof, the old woman’s limbs snapped away, and Rachel was rolling off and up, racing for the door.

She cried out in surprise as ten fat fingers locked around her left ankle.

“What was that?” Frederick Abrams asked.

“Oh dear,” the butcher said quickly. “My wife may have slipped in the bath...”

Rachel moaned in agony as the old woman’s full weight crushed against her back, Greta’s insistent fingers cramming a handtowel deeper and deeper into the girl’s working mouth. Rachel clawed at the material gagging her and did everything she could to push up off the floor as her breasts bounced on the tile.

“Well, shouldn’t you check?” Frederick Abrams wondered.

“She is all right, I’m sure,” the butcher said with a wan smile. “This has happened before. If she needs me I’m sure she’ll call again...”

Rachel brought her elbow back into the side of the old woman’s head with a sharp snap. Then she ignored the towel half in her mouth to scramble up and charge out the door. Choking, she clawed at the gag as her weakened legs struggled to get her to the one door in the middle of the hall.

To her horror, her stupor had still not completely worn off. But,

despite her blurry vision and staggering steps, she clamped her fingers around the doorknob.

“But what if she is hurt and cannot call out?” Frederick Abrams said.

The butcher smiled in amazement. “That is what I so like about you,” he announced. “I wanted to stay here and help you, but your concern is with me and my wife! I’m sure she would be the first to thank you!”

Rachel wrested the door open just as she yanked the handtowel from her gasping mouth. But before she could even choke out a cry for help, the butcher’s wife slammed into her, pinning her against the wall.

Rachel instinctively hunched to protect her stomach, but the old woman’s hands pressed maniacally against her mouth and lower face. When the fat fingers jerked back, Rachel found her mouth plastered with some sort of cement-dripping cloth.

“Help!” she tried to call, “Help me!” But the only sound that emerged from her sealed lips was a low, useless hum. Before she could even sob in frustration and tear at the drying cloth coating her mouth, the old woman attacked her anew. The two struggled desperately, limbs flailing, skirts swishing, their bodies mingling at the top of the stairs.

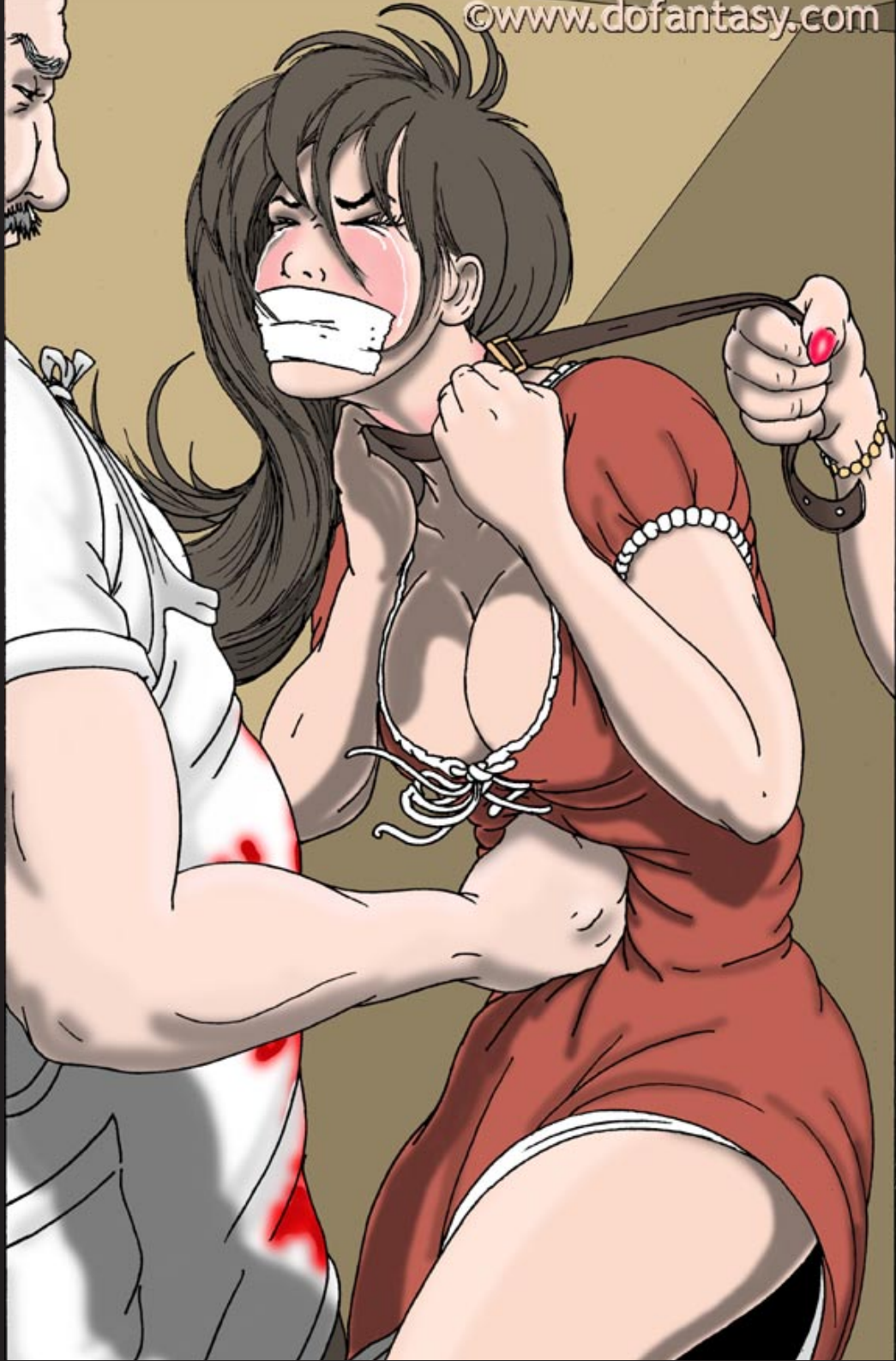
“Please,” Frederick Abrams pressed. “See if your wife is all right. I would be doubly stricken if she was hurt and you did not find out until it was too late.”

The butcher shook his head with an admiring smile. “Very well then, my friend. But you will see. Wait right here, all right?”

And Otto Huber went quickly through the curtained opening just as Rachel Abrams burst through the kitchen doorway like a terrified deer.

She was trying to scream but couldn’t, her lips working furiously under the plastertape and clawing at her throat where Greta Huber had tightened her belt – the old woman holding onto the other end like a woman trying to control her maddened dog.

For a second it all seemed to be in slow motion, but before even the moment was up the three slammed together in the middle of the room, the Hubers sandwiching the young girl between them.



Greta's fingers were in the hair of Rachel's brow, yanking her head back. Otto's fist was in her stomach, knocking whatever wind was left out of her. And then the butcher showed what he knew about catching a runaway lamb.

As she doubled over from his punch, he bore her all the way down onto the cloth bags — thin, scratchy, gray wrapping twine appearing from his apron pocket. Then, like the expert animal handler he was, he held both her hands behind her back with one of his, and wrapped her wrists tightly with the cord.

Rachel's feet kicked furiously, but they only thudded into the other bags, and then Otto's hands were there too, gathering up her feet and brutally encircling them. It was over in seconds.

"There you are, my dear!" the butcher boomed, as he snapped the twine off into a vicious hog-tie. "Herr Abrams was worried about you!"

Rachel jerked in place, her head coming up, her eyes wild. She nearly made a sound that could have been "Father?" but then the butcher snapped the remaining twine around her tender throat, choking the cry off.

"Herr Abrams?" Greta echoed, amazed and not quite sure what to do.

"Yes, my dear, our good neighbor from down the street," Otto continued whole-heartedly, gripping Rachel's face between his massive paws. "He heard you cry out upstairs and wanted to make sure you were all right." He fervently motioned at the shop curtain as he pressed Rachel's gagged and choking face deeply into one of the cloth-stuffed bags.

"Oh, yes!" Greta suddenly exclaimed, heading toward the doorway. She swept it aside and saw the man just on the other side of the counter. "Thank you so much for your concern, Frederick," she told him, drawing him away from the entrance. "But as you can see, I'm quite all right."

"Y-yes," he stammered. "Yes, I... suppose I've taken up too much of your time as it is, but..."

"Not at all, Frederick. What is it?"

"You didn't happen to see my daughter last night, did you?" he

blurted.

"Your daughter?" Greta echoed.

His daughter was, at that moment, choking to death, her fingers clawing above her back, her ankles twisting in cruelly cinched bonds, as the butcher forced her head ever deeper into the over-stuffed laundry bag.

"Why, no," Greta concluded.

"Of course, of course," the man said miserably. "I ... I had better check the rest of the shops on the street ... before it's too late. Maybe ... maybe they saw something..."

"Of course, dear..."

"Greta!" they heard Otto call from the back. "Could you come here a minute, dear?"

"Yes, dear," she replied, before smiling supportively at the man. "Will you excuse me a moment?"

"Certainly," said Frederick Abrams, unable to keep the misery from his voice.

He was moving slowly toward the door, stopping to stare out the shop window, as the old woman slid into the connecting room. There Otto was holding Rachel up by her hair, her knees on the floor, her body in a "U," her breasts bulging from the u-neck, the twine sunk deeply into her throat, her eyes closed, and her face nearly purple.

The Fuhrer help them, because, even with her skin soaked in sweat and her suffocating, mouth-sealed expression etched with agony, she was still breathtakingly beautiful.

The old woman hurried over.

"Make sure she doesn't die," he whispered, handing the comatose girl to his wife. "I will see him out."

And the butcher was up, heading for the shop, as the old woman quickly gathered Rachel into her arms.

"There, there, old friend," Otto Huber told Frederick Abrams, his hand around his shoulder as he led him to the shop's front door. "I'm sure she'll turn up, none the worse for wear..."

He was back in the connecting room before the bell over the door stopped tinkling. There was a staggering sight; the lovely Rachel Abrams,

her legs from the thighs down wedged in a stuffed laundry bag, his wife's knee in the middle of her back, and her arms wrenched behind her until the girl torso was off the floor, her breasts about to burst from their bodice, and her skin stretched around the plaster sealing her lips.

The ropes were off her throat, but their imprint and stains remained. Even so, the only sound she could make were grunting exhalations of anguish and effort.

Huber, his belt about to burst, moved quickly forward, chortling to cover the sound of his hands roughly shoving down the dress's u-top. Unbeknownst to his wife, Rachel's breasts popped free, the aching nipples just managing to scratch at the bodice. Then his hands covered the mounds, glorying in them as he bore the girl over and down, her back to the floor.

He shielded her body with his, seemingly checking on her well-being, but grinding her breasts as if kneading dough.

"Do you think he heard her?" Greta Huber asked urgently.

He had to laugh. "No, my dear," he replied, not turning around. Instead he filled his eyes with the radiant, agonized face of the girl. "And I don't think he ever will again. Yes?"

Greta could only sit back. She saw how his shoulders were moving. She knew what he was doing. But she couldn't blame him. More than once she had longed to do it herself as she had bathed and combed and redressed the unconscious girl, watching her slowly recover from the ether. It was only natural as they held this treasure captive that they would want to partake of her.

They couldn't wait for long. This girl was the one. Greta would have to contact their nephew immediately. They couldn't wait much longer without inviting disaster. This girl was too lovely ... too sweet ... too sexy ... too innocent ... too helpless to be left untouched for too long.

She had to contact the man who once told them that "a chosen one" had to exist. He had to stop whatever he was doing and come there now ... before it was too late.



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## CHAPTER 3

**N**arl Van Ness watched the pretty little blonde walk down the street from the back seat of his automobile. He appreciated the way her shoulder-length yellow mane was affixed atop her head with only strands hanging down. He saw her bright blue eyes glitter within their long, quarter-moon lids. He saw her straight, pert little nose. He studied her bright smile, her little white teeth, and soft pink lips. He saw the youthful strength in her jaunty strides, and the way the pedestrians smiled at her as she made her way.

“All right, Karl,” said Fritz Forman. “You see?”

He nodded, eyes not leaving the girl’s pleated skirt, her laced ankle boots, her frilly white waitress shirt, and the way the ensemble’s built-in suspenders bunched her breasts forward.

“Now,” challenged Auric Guttman, “put your money where your mouth is.”

They all wore the uniforms of the I.S.O., the Internal Security Office, but they were little more than boys. In fact, they had just left their teens only one year before.

“Yes,” said Fritz, who, like Auric, stood outside the car, looking in the window at the handsome, young, blonde man within. “She is well-liked, has many friends, and communicates with her family regularly. You cannot simply make her disappear. She would be missed. She

would be found. You would bring trouble upon all our heads.”

Only then did Van Ness glance away from Madelaine Geild to stare at Fritz with a sneer. “Fool,” he said softly. “You have no idea of who and where you are, do you?” With a dismissive wave, he sat back. “Watch, learn, and keep your mouths shut,” he instructed in such a way that none would dare counter.

“On,” he called to his driver behind the sedan’s wheel, a brute of man also named Carl. But while only their first initial was different, there was never any confusion ... because Carl only responded to Karl calling his name.

It was a large, impressive, touring car, of the kind that had it’s own curtained-off section in the back. It was perfect for his uses now, as it always had been. Carl pulled it out into the street and moved it inexorably across the lane to move alongside the oblivious waitress.

Karl watched her for awhile as she made her way. It was a long boulevard, filled with other cars, trucks, and even horses, so he had no fear of losing her or attracting attention by going so slow. He was only aware of the other pedestrians in so much as how they effected her progress. Otherwise his attention had locked onto Madelaine, and Madelaine alone.

Five foot, five inches, he judged expertly. No more than twenty-two years of age. A slender, but not slim, body. A sleek, but not extravagant, shape. Thirty-five, maybe thirty-four inch hips ... between twenty-three and twenty-four inch waist ... and thirty-four, perhaps thirty-five inch bust ... but certainly with C cups ...

Was she the one? No, certainly not. But she definitely had to be reminded of who she was, where she was, and what she was for within the new Fatherland ...

He had already adeptly determined the sidewalk traffic pattern, seeing where, for just scant seconds, she would be alone on the street. “Now, Carl,” he hissed, opening the door as he spoke.

The driver pulled the car up onto the sidewalk directly in front of the girl.

She stopped abruptly, her smile disappearing, and there she was, framed in the sedan’s doorway. For a split second he nearly laughed,

for her face changed entirely when she didn't smile: her lips were tiny, soft, and almost pouting, like a kewpie doll's, and her expression was one of childlike wonder, but with a sensual edge.

"Hello, my dear," he said softly, smiling himself, then his hand shot out, gripped her right wrist, and, without ceremony, but with stunning strength, yanked her onto the floor of the sedan.

Carl did not have to be told to direct the car back to the street. To the other ISO men watching, it was as if the car had lost its way for just a moment before righting itself. Then, almost before anyone could realize what had happened, the auto was back on the street, continuing on its slow, careful, way ... only one person wasn't where she had been...

It was so fast, so unexpected, and so violent, Madelaine could hardly understand it. Even if she had used all her strength to resist, he still would have pulled her in. Her mouth opened in surprise but, before she even knew it, he had shoved a triangular rubber plug in her mouth, as if expertly corking a wine bottle.

Even before she reacted in surprise to that, it's thick round strap was yanked tight against the back of her neck, forcing the rim to snap under her pried-open teeth. Only then did her small hands, with their short clear nails, came up, only to be gripped, yanked behind her back, and cinched with elastic rubber tubing, seemingly in one brutal movement.

She started to make noise, but he dragged her up by the throat, and slammed her back against his body. For a frozen moment, they both just sat there, his powerful fingers tight on her fine neck, her eyes huge and confused, her cinched hands holding onto his knee for dear life.

Then he began to speak, quietly but chillingly, in her left ear. "If you make a sound, one single sound, I will break your neck instantly, and no one will ever know. Then I will kill your family and all your friends."

And, with that, he pulled her off his lap by her throat and cinched her ankles, then her knees, with more rubber tubing. Then, still holding her neck, he started wrapping narrow masking tape around her face.

But when the others appeared at the rendezvous point around

the corner from the block-long ISO building, and looked in the sedan's window, all they saw was a mildly smiling Karl Van Ness.

"B-but, but," stammered Fritz. "Where is she?"

Van Ness shook his head sadly, as if bemoaning a stupid student, then raised his arm slightly. The lip of his belt was in his fist. The others leaned in, following the length of leather, to see it pulled tightly around Madelaine Geild's throat as she sat groggily on the car floor, her legs tucked beneath her, her arms behind her. Above the neckline, only her nose and tufts of her hair was visible through the tape.

"Mein gott!" Auric breathed. "You took her ... just like that. But, how ... how...?"

"How will you get her inside without filling out forms and informing your superiors?" Fritz said intently.

Karl looked at the others with mild disgust. "Don't you see?" he said quietly. "We are the master race. We can do ... anything ... Carl?"

The car jerked forward, surprising the others and sending them hopping back to the curb. Then it made its smooth way around the corner as if it had never surged abruptly. Fritz and Auric could only stare after it in wonder, trying to grasp the fact that their fellow officer had a beautiful blonde girl imprisoned, paralyzed in terror, on the floor of his automobile.

But when the car arrived at the entrance in the middle of the block, the guard only saw Intelligence Operative Karl Von Ness in the rear compartment. "Working late again, Von Ness?" the soldier asked briskly, handing him the sign-in document.

"Of course," the handsome blonde man answered, signing the clipboard sheet and handing it back to the officer on guard.

"Very commendable," the man opined, then opened the guard rail. Carl drove smoothly through the cobblestone courtyard and into the cavernous garage beneath the impressively ominous structure. He parked in their assigned slot, amongst the other large, dark sedans.

Only then did Karl kneel on the floor and push up the back seat. It rose like a coffin lid, revealing the blonde girl lying within, sweat staining the tape covering her face, soaking her shirt, and dripping down her bound legs.

“Good,” Van Ness said, reaching in. “Good. Your family remains alive at least one more night.” He pulled her from the secret compartment as if lifting a pet, then laid her on the floor, leaning over her, his hands on either side of her mummified head.

“Now,” he said quietly into her sealed face. “I could risk taking you out, walking you along the corridors to my ... facility, but I feel that the sound of others so nearby might ... shall we say ... agitate you.”

He started unknitting the straps at her ankles and knees. “For I know that you must be thinking...” Snap. “... even hoping ...” Snap. “... that this is some kind of joke, correct?” He returned his palms to rest on either side of her head. “A bet, yes? And it is, my dear, it is. But...”

He reached under her skirt and curled his fingers under the strap of her undergarments. “You have no idea what sort of bet.” He tore her panties off as she started to wail and contort. “And I cannot have you too rested inside here, no matter what,” he finished as he expertly and cruelly lashed her ankles to her thighs and pulled down his zipper. He pushed her skirt up to her waist, admiring the silky softness of her crotch hair.

Hardly acknowledging her struggles, Van Ness fell atop her, his hands bunched in her shirt. With one strong pull in opposite directions, the cloth was ripped open, revealing her silky slip and lace foundation cups. He tore down the bra and filled his hands with her creamy orbs almost in the same motion.

Madelaine reared up, but it was much too late. His weight and power bore her down again as the sounds of choking sobs emanated from under the packing. That turned into a horrified gasp as he surged into her with a brutal thrust. But she hardly had time to realize her violation before he started ramming and plunging into her like a maddened attack dog.

Carl occasionally glanced in the rearview mirror as he kept watch, and the vehicle rocked with the violence of his employer’s assault. Madelaine was slammed to the floor again and again, the top of her head thudding into the door and seat as he mauled her breasts, slapped her face, and crammed her hips on his spike.

Carl tapped on his window twice. Van Ness stiffened, still plugging the girl, then suddenly pressed down on her as heavily as he could, his

forearm crushing her throat and his hand clamped over her taped and filled mouth. Carl slid over the back of his seat, dropped a thick towel on Madelaine's face, calmly sat on the back seat, and stepped on her knees.

Van Ness quickly pushed the towel over her face while keeping his forearm on her neck. They both waited as another officer went obliviously to his car – while the girl tried to scream, wriggled, choked, then moaned, trembling.

The other car started, backed up, and drove away. Even before the sound of its engine had faded, Carl was back in the front seat refolding the towel, Van Ness's hands were grinding the girl's mounds, and he was rutting within her with increasing vehemence. Soon he was groaning, rearing back, dragging her with him, only to slam her back down to the seat and the floor as he jerked up into her again.

Finally, crushing her against the back seat, doubling her body over, he came with a choking grunt, cannoning his cum deep inside her. Madeleine wailed in revulsion and despair, her head going back, but even that was cut off when he grabbed her arms and dragged her over to the far door.

Much to her confused amazement, she felt her legs freed and she was stood outside the rear door. Fingers tore at the sodden tape above her nose, and suddenly she could see. She could see, through focusing, teary eyes the handsome young blonde man who had dragged her into the car, as well as a stocky, ugly, older man with close-cropped hair who held her arm. Beyond that was only a small sea of other cars and a cement wall.

They looked around the otherwise unoccupied garage, then stared at her panting face, wet eyes, and heaving chest amid the torn and crimped outfit. Then he punched her in the stomach.

Madelaine doubled over in pain and shock, her air totally gone. Her eyes bulged in disbelief, then screwed shut in despair as she tried, aching, to breathe. Finally her muscles relaxed and air surged into her nose as she unavoidably reared up to take in as much as she could.

He hit her again. Madelaine almost collapsed, but the ugly older man held her off the garage floor by her arm. It took her even longer

this time. An alien, high-pitched little sound came from her stuffed and sealed mouth, but, finally, she moaned in agony and rose unsteadily — her back touching the side of the car.

He hit her again — this time cupping her face as she bent over. He nimbly cleaned his cock on her breasts, bra, and slip. Then he wiped his hands on her shirt, slammed her back against the car, forced her undergarments back up, refastened whatever buttons were left, shoved her dress down, and started tearing the rest of the tape off her face.

Carl held her head back by her hair as Van Ness forced her wearied jaw open to remove the rubber plug from behind her teeth. Drool poured down her chin as she made a soft gargling sound, but then he punched her in the stomach again. As she doubled over, more saliva and mucous drooling onto the garage floor, he wiped her face with her panties, then shoved them in her mouth.

The two of them wrenched her arms up her back as Van Ness dragged her head back by her hair. “Now,” he said evenly. “Let’s go.”

Her assault was so overwhelming and the pain was so intense, Madelaine was hardly cognizant of the drab, dark, low stone hall they pushed her into. She was only vaguely aware that there were no windows — no light from outside. The only thing she was eventually conscious of was the young man pulling the panties from her mouth, and the table they then stood her behind.

“Interrogation unit four,” Karl said.

“Ah,” said the guard on duty. “The silent suite, eh?” He examined the comatose girl closer. “What was her offense?”

Karl looked down at her dazed face with disdain. “Little bitch was working with the French underground...”

“Please,” she managed to say. “Please ... no ... help. I’m not ... I’m not...!”

“That’s what they all say,” the guard said angrily. “Take her away ... and good luck.”

Madelaine tried to say no ... she tried to tell the guard that she was a good girl ... that she was just a waitress at one of the officers’ favorite beer halls ... that this man had kidnapped her off the street and raped her in the building’s very garage, but then he was shoving her panties

back in her mouth and they were dragging her behind a thick steel door.  
And that ... was that.

## CHAPTER 4

**T**he cell was approximately twenty by twenty feet. Maybe more, maybe less. The walls were stone. The floor and ceiling were cement. The floor was slightly angled, ending in a grate in the center. The ceiling was low – maybe seven feet off the floor ... no more than eight.

There may have been a small, rectangular, barred window high on the wall at one time, but there was only darkness beyond it now – as if it had been bricked in. The only light came from a single yellow bulb in a chicken wire enclosure above the floor’s grate.

Madeleine Geild sobbed, the clip deep in her tongue clacking against the edge of the ring gag holding her mouth open to its widest aperture. She choked, her tongue forced out of her mouth by the clip’s wings, which would not allow her to pull her tongue back behind her wedged-open teeth.

The naked blonde girl cried bitterly. Had she been strong enough, she could have pulled her tongue in, thereby forcing the clip open as the wings were bent back by the ring ... but apparently, she wasn’t.

She jerked in place again, in frustration, setting off the lightning flashes of agonized ecstasy from her throat, her nipples, her scalp, her cunt, and even her nose. She groaned, as drool and sweat poured down her face, chest, and legs. She “stood” on tormented tip-toe, trying to keep from being broken in two or have her face ripped off.

He had ringed her mouth and clipped her tongue after they had torn the clothes from her body and his servant had shackled her wrists behind her. Then he had stretched nostril hooks from the ceiling to her nose, yanking her head up. Then a noose from the ceiling was tightened under her chin, drawing her head up even more and securing the ring gag even more firmly in place. Then he made pig tails of her hair on either side of her head, wrapping the ends in thread, then noosing her nipples with the other ends — her own mane yanking her breasts up.

She was stunned, in more ways than one. She had never seen such devious, sadistic, and delicate work. Or felt it. But still he wasn't finished. He pulled another strap around her lower neck, just over her collar bones, and attached the center chain of her wrist shackles to it so her arms were bent high up her back.

And then came the impaling pole.

Madelaine had tried to scream when the handsome young blonde man and his ugly servant had lifted, then lowered, her upon its great, thick, penis-shaped top, but it had slid in too quickly — and the tearing at her hair, the choking at her throat, the ripping at her chest, the twisting of her nose, and the aching of her shoulders overwhelmed the sound like a wave crashing onto a bather.

All she could do then was desperately struggle to keep from strangling, her toes twisting on the sloped cell floor.

The handsome man who had abducted and fucked her walked slowly around her desperate, undulating form, letting his fingers lightly touch her comely shape. He discovered, to his pleasure, that she had a fine, soft peach-fuzz of silky blonde hair over almost every centimeter.

"My dear," he finally said softly as she struggled to keep alive. "Be not concerned — there is no communication between the guards at the gate and here in the information collection eyrie. No one outside these walls will know you are here." He watched her silently for a few moments, considering. "I usually don't like 'older' women," he finally mused, "but you are something special."

He continued immediately, before the realization that he was two years younger than the extraordinary beauty he had beaten and fucked sunk in. "You may be wondering," he said, "why the guard referred to

this as the 'silent suite.' It is because that, while others headquartered along this hall find screams and shrieks and shouts music to their ears, I, alone, do not. I, alone, revel in silence."

He said the last word very carefully into her blinking face, holding the back of her head by her hair. Despite herself, she tried to remain quiet, but then the tongue clip clacked against the ring gag, the mucous collecting at the back of her throat slipped, her toes sagged, the nose clips yanked upwards, and the straps dug in as she sank another millimeter on the impaling pole.

Ignoring the heart-rending sounds of anguish she made, he continued to walk around her. "The others think they've gained something by making their ..." He searched for a proper word. "... subjects confess or beg for mercy. They experiment with the best and fastest ways to break their subject's will. They love — yes, love — to hear their subjects scream in pain with every torment. But I?"

He looked into her disbelieving and terrified eyes. "I experiment in silence. I think that by letting your subject scream, you allow them to gain release from their pain and situation, if only for a moment. No, I wish to seal my subjects within themselves. I wish to restrain my subjects from gaining release through their voices." He carefully continued around until he was behind her. There he leaned in and cupped her breasts in his hands, whispering in her right ear.

"I don't want you to scream," he said. Then he squeezed her tits as if trying to pop them. "But I do want you to try...!"

In another second he had moved on as Madelaine writhed in place, shaking against the straps, groaning, her nipples and nostrils dancing, her fingers clawing, her tongue lolling, and her leg muscles spasming. In a lightning bolt that paralyzed her, she realized that he hadn't had to rape her to "tire her out." It would have made no difference had she screamed and struggled and begged with all her strength in the hall. Once he had said she was French Resistance, no one would have believed her.

He had wanted to rape her, and had used the excuse of keeping her quiet to do it. That's what Nazis did. Unspeakable things, but always with an excuse to justify or rationalize it. That's who Nazis



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were. That's what Nazis liked.

"Of course you are not a French Resistance agent," he casually continued, as if reading her mind. "So there is no need for you to confess. And, of course, even actual Resistance fighters only know what they need to, to keep them from revealing any important information during interrogation, so there is no need to question you. But no one outside this room need know that, either. No, to them and to me, you are a stubborn, strong-willed young woman. So, you must be taught, hadn't you?"

His talk had the effect he wanted. If she hadn't known before, she now knew she was well and truly helpless, and trapped.

He stood in front of her frightened, cowering form. They locked eyes for a moment – his triumphant, hers afraid – and then he surged forward...

There was a sharp rapping at the cell door, followed by an immediate announcement. "Van Ness! Urgent message for you!"

The handsome blonde rapist looked to his servant, who could only express silent bafflement. The girl wanted to feel any sort of relief, but she was still suffering too much and was still much too fearful.

Van Ness didn't bother berating the messenger. He wasn't a posturing fool. He knew no one interrupted any of the operatives down here without good reason. He merely looked at the girl. "Feel free to try telling him the truth," he advised her. "That would be amusing ... especially after he leaves..."

Then he went and collected the message at the door. The messenger said "*seig heil*," saluted, and immediately left. Van Ness stood at the slightly ajar door, and looked at the paper in his hand. It was folded, with the agreed-upon emergency code written on the front. He opened it immediately. Inside were four words.

"We have found her."

"My dear," he said, refolding the paper and putting it in his pocket. "Listen carefully. There is something you must do..."

**W**hen he left, he left alone. As other officers brought other people into

the other seven cells — these I.C.E. cubes were in operation twenty-four hours a day — the hall was soon full of screams, cries, barked questions, and desperate pleading.

But outside cell three, there came no sound. If one of the guards had dared listened closely by the slot in the door, he might have heard a distant grunting, or a strange cat-like mewing, or even a wet, sliding sound of flesh on flesh. But then again, he might not.

Inside the cell, where Carl stood, the sounds were only slightly clearer, mingling with the echoes of the screams from without. There Madelaine knelt in front of the impaling pole, her hands wrenched up behind her and lashed to the steel penis crown. Her elbows were likewise cinched together, bending her forward, her back straight and at a forty degree angle from the pole.

Her ankles were bound to her thighs by black straps, and, again, almost two feet up the pole, which added to her bent position. Her succulent, nipple-clipped boobs hung down toward the floor but her head didn't, since her hair was now in a tight ponytail, its middle threaded to her elbows. Her mouth was pulled all the way open and her lips spread all the way back by a bar-gag wedged diagonally all the way in the back of her teeth and viciously strapped at the back of her throat.

"I am sorry," Van Ness had apologized, "but I do not have the time to secure you in the manner you so richly deserve." And then he had left. His servant had remained. And now, in her cold fingers was Carl's cock.

She had her strict orders. Jack him off until he could come no more. But only the servant knew what he would do if she did, or even didn't. All Madelaine Geild knew for sure was that, in one hand, he held a whipping crop, in the other, a wicked knife.

Her hands stroked and stroked and stroked and stroked blindly behind her as drool poured over her lower lip...



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Jack him off until he could come no more

## CHAPTER 5

Rachel Abrams lay comatose on the big, heavy, wooden bed in the attic room amid the thick, overstuffed bedclothes. She was exhausted from her fear, regret, and assault — still unable to comprehend how they had attacked her, drugged her, stripped her, changed her clothing, and assaulted her again, practically upon death.

They had stolen her from her family. They had seen her naked. They were using her as some sort of plaything, changing her clothes as if she were a mannequin or doll. And they were keeping her from escaping. They were binding her wrists and ankles as if she were an animal for slaughter. They were filling her mouth with pulpy padding, so contained that it couldn't choke her, but nor could she spit it out. It forced open her jaw and pushed down her tongue. And they were further muffling her cries with a covering tied over his lips and under her hair, sealing the stuffing in.

She lay there now, exhausted, her wrists tied to her thighs, pushing up the hem of the incredibly tight lace-up dress to shameful heights, and her elbows tied to her waist. Her knees and ankles were likewise tied, then tied again to the bed's baseboard, so she couldn't crawl to the door. Through her teeth was a stocking, stuffed with many other stockings, which she tried to chew on, but they kept her jaw from closing. Over that was a further muffler, tied, like the stocking, behind her head,

under her hair.

Her tears were wet on tears that had dried, and her throat ached from screaming. But her parents couldn't hear her up here, and she couldn't run to them. The room was hot and dark and stifling, its arched ceiling heavily padded – the wooden walls thick and covered with rugs.

She laid there, depleted, weeping, for she-didn't-know-how-long, until she felt something on her chest.

Her eyes opened slightly, the orbs smoky within. Then her lids snapped wide and she jerked in place. The butcher was sitting on her stomach, leering down at her, his pants open...

The dress' bodice was bunched at the base of her erect breasts. And between them...!

One hand was suddenly on her throat, squeezing. The other thick paw was tight over her gagged mouth.

"This has to be," he whispered harshly into her wide, impossibly shocked, eyes. "Ever since that moment in the shop. And it has to be now..."

Then, without a single care for her reaction, he pushed her breasts together around his erection and started to thrust.

Rachel's hands spasmed in their bonds, her fingers aching up, trying to push him away. Her back arched in agony, trying to eject his weight from her. She started to cry and scream in shame anew.

"Be quiet, you stupid girl," he growled, pausing not a moment in his surging, feeling the warm fullness of her breasts cocooning his throbbing member. "What do you think they are for? Any breast can succor a child, but yours...?!"

No, Herr Huber, she tried to cry. Don't, please! You mustn't. I am only eighteen. Please, stop, let me go...! But it was useless. He was like an animal and the cunning gag made all her words smothered mush.

She stared in humiliated horror as he tit-fucked her, thunderstruck that anyone could do any of this to someone else. She had been so sheltered by her paranoid parents, she had never even seen a penis before. She had never even considered that it could be used this way.

Her captivity, their silencing and stilling her with rope and cloth,

and now this assault ... it was all too much. She could only stare up at him, her fingers clawing, her toes curling, her eyes frightened, her expression pleading — begging no, no, no, no, no, over and over again as he mauled her orbs, his cock surging between her bulbous breasts.

She watched in horror as Huber's once-kindly face changed again, from cunning rage to ecstasy. She heard him groan with what only could be termed exultation, and then suddenly creamy white liquid spurt from his cock crown, taking her by surprise.

It splattered diagonally across her face as she squealed with disgust into the gag — then cried out in stinging pain as it dripped into her eye.

"There, there," the butcher gasped, quickly using a bloodstained butcher's handkerchief to wipe the cum from her pretty face. "There, there ... that wasn't so bad, was it?"

Rachel started to sob in earnest, then stiffened in place, her eyes even more huge.

"Now, now," the butcher began, until he realized she was not looking at him, but over his shoulder.

"There now, indeed," came a calm, quiet, voice from behind him.

The butcher whirled around. Karl Van Ness, wearing his severest uniform, was standing in the carpet-covered doorway, which he had opened silently in the darkened attic.

"K-Karl!" the butcher stammered. "I thought ... I thought it would be hours...!"

"That I would show up at dawn?" the young blonde man murmured. "Come now, uncle, after all these years, you still don't know me that well?" He leaned to the side to take in the glow of the semen on the girl's face. "But I know you all too well..."

For a moment, no one moved, Huber tensing as if waiting for an execution. But Van Ness merely sighed and motioned absently. "Well, come on, then, finish cleaning her face...!"

The butcher immediately wiped Rachel's face dry as quickly and carefully as he could. "There ... there, nephew," he bleated, mightily heaving himself off the girl, "good as new. You must know, of course, that I would never..."

He snapped his mouth shut as Van Ness raised his hand in a

silencing motion. "Of course, my dear uncle," he said smoothly, his eyes looking only at the girl stretched across the bed. "I know you wouldn't be so suicidal as to touch her below the waist." His eyes began to glitter in the gloom. "And I must admit," he continued slowly, "such mammary glands would give off a mighty siren's song indeed..."

Only then did Rachel suddenly seem to come aware of her partial nudity. She reddened, and started weeping piteously again.

Her crying had no effect on the young man. He just stared at the beautiful eyes, the mane of lustrous hair, the proud chest, the round breasts, the unmarked aureoles, the unblemished skin, the shapely body, and the long legs. Abruptly he snapped, "Sit her up," and suddenly Greta was there, coming from behind Van Ness and joining Otto at the bed.

They sat Rachel up, who stopped crying in confusion.

"Dress," Van Ness said. "Off."

As the girl shook her head, looking pleadingly at the old couple, the young officer, and back again, Greta carefully unlaced the front of the tight brown dress, and Otto powerfully but carefully tore it from her smooth skin until she sat, naked, in the middle of the thick mattress.

"Her lips," Karl said. "Let me see them."

Greta quickly undid the muffler and revealed Rachel's lips, which were clamped down upon the stockinged sack of other stockings. Van Ness closed his eyes for just one moment, and took a deep breath. "Very well, then," he finally said softly. "Untie her."

"Un-untie her, nephew?" the butcher echoed in disbelief.

Van Ness didn't reply. He merely stared at his uncle. Otto quickly started untying her.

"Ungag her," the officer told his aunt. The woman didn't question his orders.

He merely stood watching while Rachel's ankles, knees, and elbows were loosed, and the stockings began to emerge from her mouth. Then, suddenly he was there, leaning over the side of the bed, speaking softly into the girl's stunned face.

"Now, my dear," he told her calmly. "No loud noises, yes? You must promise me. No loud noises or I shall leave you here with them,

do you understand?"

As Otto continued to work on her wrists, he couldn't help exchanging a disbelieving glance of ironic sadism with his wife. They both had to consciously control their sneers as they saw the wide-eyed young beauty nod in their peripheral vision.

"Good," Van Ness sighed as, finally, Rachel's limbs were free. "Now," he told the Hubers, "up, up, out of the way..."

The butcher and his wife pulled themselves aside to stand on the left side of the bed, behind the girl, as she began to cover herself with her arms.

"No, no, no," Van Ness said with quiet command. "It is all right, child. We have all seen you. It is safe here. Please ... please lower your arms."

Rachel stared at him in disbelief and a kind of hopeful fear.

"Lower your arms," he said darkly.

Their eyes met. She slowly lowered her arms, turning her head away in embarrassment.

"No, my dear, no," he said soothingly. "There is no need for shame. Look at you. Look at you!"

Rachel's head sank, her hair fanning down on either side of her head, her hands in her lap, the outsides of her breasts just touching her inner arms.

"Raise your head." She slowly complied. "Open your eyes." She finally did that as well, biting her lip. "Relax..." he said serenely. Her breasts jiggled despite her attempts to keep from trembling. Her hands began to shake.

"No, no, no, my dear," Van Ness said pityingly, sitting down beside her, putting a comforting arm around her shoulders. "Look into my eyes, dear. Just look directly into my eyes — no where else."

She did as she was told. She stared into his bright blue eyes, set in a handsome, actually incredibly handsome, sympathetic face.

"Don't you know how beautiful you are?" he said softly, his mind filled with the shape of her big breasts and the satin smoothness of her triangle of rich auburn cunt hair. He drank in her tenderness now — the sheen of her thick, heavy hair, the deep, soulful pools of her eyes, the

elegant perfection of her nose and the pink sweetness of her lips, set in a face designed for agonizing innocence and an eternal beauty. "What's your name, child?"

"Ray ... Rachel," she finally said in a tiny voice. "Rachel Abrams."

"Rachel," he repeated. "And how old are you, Rachel?"

"Eighteen," she said quietly. "Three days ago..."

Van Ness smiled warmly. "Eighteen," he repeated. "That's wonderful."

"Can ... Can I go now?" she asked, almost in a whisper.

"Not quite yet," Van Ness said tenderly. "Not until I give you your present."

Then he hit her in the stomach.

The Hubers were waiting, and, of course, the strike was expertly placed and controlled. Rachel doubled over, wheezing, her breath knocked out of her. And then Greta was there, stuffing the balled-stockinged gag back behind her teeth as Otto grabbed her wrists and started binding them behind her back.

Van Ness was standing beside the bed, undoing his uniform. "Yes," he said briskly. "She is the one. You were right to call me. Tie her big toes together. I want to feel the entire length of her legs."

By this time Rachel had gotten her breath back, but it was too late.

"Leave you with us?!" Otto chortled softly into her ear as he tightly recinched her wrists. "You will wish fervently that he had!"

Rachel started to cry again in despair and terror ... because, yes, as he had made her sit, she became dreadfully aware of just how beautiful she was. Her breasts ... her secret place ... how perfect, how virginal...

But then she was hurled back, her head hitting the pillows, her mane of lustrous hair fanned out. When she saw the naked, young, blonde man beside the bed, her breath caught in her throat. He was muscular, hairless, and prodigiously endowed. Rachel nearly went insane at that moment but found, to her misery, she could not.

"Don't you understand?" he said as he climbed atop her, forcing open her legs with his hand and then his body. "We were made for each other. It was meant to be. You'll see."

And almost before she could comprehend it, he had inserted his

cock crown between her vaginal lips, wrapped one arm under her neck, gripped her left shoulder, and surged all the way inside her, ripping through her hymen like a torn curtain.

Rachel cried out, but then his weight bore her down, one hand in her hair, the other crushing her left breast, his mouth sealing her lips, and his hips insistently thrusting like a piston.

By the time he was suckling her throat and kneading her tits, her head was all the way back, her eyes were closed, her fingers were clawing the air beside her waist, and her body was wracked with unreasoning sobs.

“Don’t worry, dear,” he grunted in her ear – thrusting, always thrusting – her once virtuous vagina tight, warm and even wet on his member. “Let your instincts take over.” He lightly pinched her clitoris, then tweaked it between his thumb and forefinger.

The girl moaned, mentally unprepared for the rape, despite her abduction. All her overwhelmed senses knew was that this was what her parents had been afraid of.

“No, please, stop,” she gargled behind the gag.

“I can’t,” he said, still thrusting. “Don’t you know how beautiful our children will be?”

“Children!?” Rachel screamed, trying to scramble up and out from under him despite the cords around her wrists and toes. The Hubers were there, pushing down her shoulders and dragging her ankles back to the bed. Karl, for his part, had merely embraced her, crushing her tits with his arms and face while never missing a beat with his cock. “No,” she gasped, “you can’t...!”

But then Otto’s meaty hand was there, pushing the pulpy gag deeper into her mouth and mushing her lips.

“I must,” he grunted back at her bulging, pleading eyes. “It is fated...” Then he grabbed her waist, kneeled so that everything from her shoulders to her feet were off the mattress, and started slamming himself into her like a pile-driver.

Rachel screamed into Otto’s hand as if falling off a cliff, and her ankles hummed in Greta’s palms as she writhed and sweated and sobbed.

Outside, Frederick Abrams walked by amongst the early morning



workers, wondering why the Huber's shop wasn't open yet.

Up in the attic, his eighteen year old daughter was being brutally raped, her wrists tied, her toes cinched, her mouth stuffed, and her lips being mashed by the butcher's clamping fist. Then Karl started grunting and groaning sharply, grabbing at Rachel's hip and tits, slamming himself as hard and deeply as he could.

Rachel felt it. Her groin muscles were clamping, trying to force him out, to seal herself off, but she felt the throbbing heat of the bunched blood inside his shaft. Her mind filled with the image of the butcher's cock spurting. No, her brain screamed. Not inside her!

She wrenched herself as hard as she could up, away, and over, but his spike impaled her, her bound toes kept her legs locked around him, and the Hubers' hands held her down.

Suddenly he grabbed her tits in both hands and squeezed with all his might as he plunged his cock all the way inside her, his own body erect. Then he came as Rachel's head came up, tears exploding from her pain wracked eyes and a shrieking cry of torment exploding from her clamped lips.

It seemed to go on for minutes, but it was hardly seconds. Then he slapped the butcher's hand away and collapsed atop the sobbing girl. "Happy birthday, Rachel," he whispered tenderly before starting to suck on her throat and pinch her nipples.

The Hubers and Van Ness smiled down at the wailing, shuddering beauty ... no one, not even Rachel, aware of the small trickle of cherry blood seeping from her vagina and staining the white sheets between her legs...

## CHAPTER 6

**M**adelaine Geild cried bitterly, her tears mingling with the sweat that ran down her face and the drool that poured over her lower lip. The ache at her shoulders was immense, but so constant she hardly felt it anymore. Cum was all over her hands, lower arms, back, and hair as she kneeled painfully in the silent suite, her wrists twisting and her fingers fluttering.

The bastard chauffeur made her jack him off three times, snapping the riding crop against her ribs, breasts, ass, and the bottom of her feet every few seconds. He just stood there, unmoving, as he ejaculated over her, then waited, impatiently, for her to start stroking again. Her fingers were so semen-stained it looked as if she were wearing milky-clear gloves.

But finally the bastard had to relieve himself in another way. No doubt he would have urinated on her if he had needed that release, but she already knew his master drew the line at certain humiliations. "Do not mark her badly," she had heard the officer instruct his driver before leaving. "You know I do not like it when their natural beauty is not maintained."

So the bastard had grunted, cum for the third time, and then had left the room. Madelaine wriggled, trying to find some sort of purchase amongst the straps, but they remained impossibly tight around her hair,

wrists, and feet. She moaned in dread as she heard the door open again, preparing herself for another round of abuse.

But then she noticed that the trousers of the man standing in front of her were not the same. Her eyes rolled upwards, but could only see as high as this new man's chest.

"Shit," she heard him swear as she felt hands tugging at her wrists and feet. "There's no way to get this off in time." Then, to her astonishment, she felt fingers at the buckle behind her head. The log in her mouth started to slide out, freeing her jaw, teeth, and tongue. She looked up in shock as the I.C.E. cubes' guard kneeled down to stare into her eyes.

"Oh thank god," she croaked. "Quickly, you must tell your superiors. I am not a French resistance agent! I was abducted and raped by these men!"

"I know," said the guard. "Hurry..."

Madelaine twisted in her bonds, but there was still no give. "Help me, please!" she whispered intently.

"There's no time," the guard said quickly. "Blow me and maybe I'll go easy on you."

Madelaine froze. "B-blow you?!" she stammered.

To her astonishment, the guard only snorted. "Are you joking? Reich officers snatch 'n' fuck girls all the time, leaving nothing to the likes of us. So, come on, get going, before that ugly son-of-a-Jew gets back."

For a moment, the blonde just stared at the cock that waved in her face, her mind overwhelmed by the depravity. But ... this ... wasn't ... fair! She had not betrayed anyone! She had been grabbed off the street and assaulted. Where was the justice?

"Blow you? Blow you? You must tell them to let me go! I am innocent! Help me, someone, help...!"

"Why, you...!" the guard recoiled, hastily jamming the bar back, deep in the girl's mouth. With two wicked tugs, it slid into place, wrenching open Madelaine's jaw and slamming down her tongue. "I'll get you for this, you stupid bitch!" he swore, then yanked on her tits as hard as he could before spitting in her face and hastily leaving the cell.

Madelaine twisted in agony, blinking furiously as the spittle oozed down her face, disappearing amongst her own sweat and saliva. By the time the door opened again, her breasts had stopped throbbing, leaving no evidence at all for the returning driver to see.

"The guard," Madelaine tried to say. "The guard...!" But it emerged only as pig-like grunts.

"That's all right, my child," the ugly servant said hoarsely. "Don't worry. No more masturbation for you..." And that's when he whipped the crop on the tip of her nipple for the first of many times...

**K**arl Van Ness rebuttoned his pants and started to affix his belt as he stood in the attic, giving his orders with crisp efficiency. "Despite our genetic perfection, you must maintain her beauty as much as possible. She must be washed, her hair brushed, and her skin lotioned twice daily."

"Ya, Herr Van Ness," said the butcher's wife.

"Please, auntie," he retorted. "Though I no longer use the family name, do not be formal with me. Please call me Karl."

"Yes, Karl."

"Good. Now she must be fed; baby food, four times a day, small portions. Feel free to use a ring gag or funnel if you suspect she will try to call out." He stopped dressing for a moment to take a bottle of creamy liquid from his bag. "She must drink this at every meal. It has been formulated and tested in our lab. It is most remarkable for the muscles, skin, hair, and ... libido..."

The butcher couldn't help but smirk, imagining the captive Jewish girls, with their dark hair, big breasts, and long legs, chained to chairs, tables and walls, being forced to swallow the stuff ... only to have their improvements tested through molestations, machinery, and Polish P.O.W.s...

"She is not to be released under any circumstances or allowed to speak. During daily exercise in the basement, she is to be thoroughly gagged at all times. If her legs are being trained, her arms must be cinched. If her arms are worked, her legs are to be cinched. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Herr Van..." Greta started. "I mean, Karl."

"And you!" Van Ness snapped, his eyes on Otto.

"Y-yes, nephew?" the butcher replied, the smile wiped from his face.

"I know you, uncle," the blonde man said with a smile, straightening his uniform. "I could see you imagining the girl being forced to do push-ups, the tips of her tits just touching the cellar floor..."

"Yes, nephew," the butcher said sheepishly.

"But you are not to maul her, do you understand, uncle?" he said, stepping closer to the butcher. "You are not to diddle her, and you are certainly not to lose control and mix your biologically inferior seed with mine. Understand?"

"Yes, nephew," Otto said cautiously. He cringed when Van Ness' arm rose.

But instead of a slap, the officer merely put his arm around Huber's shoulders and spoke conspiratorially in his ear. "But we are of the same bloodline, ya?" Karl said knowingly. "How can one such as you resist, eh? So I will make you a promise." He looked directly into the old man's eyes. "I will make you a present, yes? Something ... I mean, someone upon whom you can take out your frustrations, all right?"

The butcher looked at his nephew, smiling widely. "Yes, sir, mein herr!" he said happily.

"But she is not to be touched," Karl concluded. "Agreed?"

"Agreed!" said the Hubers.

And all three looked up to where Rachel Abrams hung by her wrists, unconscious, from the rafter outside the attic bedroom door. She was naked, her skin gleaming — eyes closed, mouth open, her hair hanging down like a cape, her pointed feet a full eighteen inches off the padded floor. Even with her arms up, her prodigious breasts remained round and full.

"She is the one," Karl Van Ness breathed, his eyes glittering. "I can feel it. Her chromosomes and mine shall mingle as surely as the sun will rise. There will be no complications, no surprises. And the result will be a genetic perfection that even the fuhrer could not imagine. And then...?" He turned to the others. "And then my life's work will truly

begin..."

Karl Van Ness turned away and started down the stairs. "Now get her down, shut her up, and hide her away," he snapped.

**M**adelaine Geild knew her punishment would be horrible when Van Ness simply entered cell four, dropped a four foot long mini-steamer trunk on the floor, and started stuffing her mouth with canvas. He had walked briskly in, nodded to Carl – who stepped back without a word – and unbuckled the bar gag, ignoring the tiny criss-crossed red marks on and around her nipples.

The mucous-slimed bar gag hadn't hit the floor before he had gripped the back of her head and started plunging the ball of canvas in her slack mouth. "The guar...!" she began breathlessly before the accusation ended in a surprised "urk!" Then the only sounds she could make were ones of surprise and pleading as her eyes got bigger and her mouth got fuller.

Then came the strips of tarp wound round and round her head as if he were trying to mummify her ... which wasn't far from the truth. It sealed and muffled her mouth while plastering down her hair. Then it wrapped her eyes so tightly, she was almost delirious with relief that she had managed to close her lids before it was too late. Soon all that could be seen of her pretty face was her tiny nose peeking out and tufts of blonde hair on the top of her head.

"Come, Carl," Van Ness said quietly as he began to cut the ropes keeping the girl kneeling in front of the impaling pole. Working quickly, he handed sheer, shining stockings to his servant, who slid them on the exhausted girl's legs with surprising skill and ease. Meanwhile the officer wrenched Madelaine's lower arms to the curve of her lower back and started strapping them parallel to each other, cinching her wrists to the crooks of her elbows with special vehemence. With her mouth stuffed and sealed, all the girl could do was grunt quietly.

"Under," Van Ness snapped to his driver. Carl didn't have to be told twice. He lifted the confused girl just enough so he could slide beneath her, resting her lovely little back on his front, her tight rump

cradling his erection. Even as she started and tried to jerk upwards, Van Ness was lowering himself atop her, pushing her legs wide.

Madelaine started trying to scream and writhe even before they had completely sandwiched her. Carl reached around to grab her right tit as Karl mauled her left, and, with a signaling nod, they used their free hands to guide their cocks. They entered her simultaneously, the servant in her sphincter, the officer in her cunt.

She kicked and shook as hard as her abuse allowed her, but it was no use. She was truly sealed inside herself, unable to feel anything but the violent sexual sensations. Soon even her heels stopped striking the stone floor or her assaulters' muscular legs. Inside the tarp explosions blinded her eyes and assailed her brain as her spasming fingers became tight, white fists.

They jerked her onto them repeatedly, grinding her sweet tits as if trying to open her chest, until, with another nod, they came simultaneously as well. Madelaine stiffened in place, then shuddered in revulsion.

For his part, Van Ness merely laughed quietly. "Yes, yes, dear," he told her, uncaring whether she heard him or not. "Something to look forward to..."

They let her body thunk to the floor like a sleek, hooked marlin, then began affixing her arms to her torso with more straps around the upper chest, just below her breasts, and her waist. To the latter strap, Karl wrapped another, which went between her legs and sank between her vaginal lips and deep into her ass crack. Then another strap affixed her ankles to her thighs and a final one strapped her knees together.

Van Ness looked down at her little wrapped body, her breasts sticking up, with satisfaction. He nodded approvingly, then stepped over to open the four by two steamer trunk. Inside was a young, short, brunette girl who's main characteristic was her conical breasts inside a plain dress, and a long, slightly bumped nose.

That was pretty much all Carl could see since she was bound hand and foot, and her face was encased in bandages — much the same way the blonde waitress now was. "It was worth the risk," Van Ness told his driver quietly. "The barber's daughter. From the ghetto. Off on her

errands.”

The barber’s daughter. Carl remembered seeing her on one of their reconnaissance drives. A cute, wide-eyed little Jew, with short legs but a decent body. He remembered thinking that she would soon change into one of those squat, ugly old women, but it might be nice to interrogate her before it was too late.

“No more errands,” grunted Carl.

“No,” Van Ness laughed. “Help me switch them...”

**K**arl carried the trunk to the car. The guard hardly looked up from his desk. Van Ness came in with it, Van Ness and his servant went out with it. That was all he needed to know. He waited for a full fifteen minutes before the memory of the fresh face and bright blonde hair overwhelmed him. Then he quickly went to the silent suite. Checking both ways down the hall, he pulled the door open just enough to slip inside.

The barber’s daughter was naked, hog-tied on the floor. Only her high-topped granny boots remained on her body. Her elbows were cinched with a black strap, as were her knees. Rope was wrapped tightly around her waist, then dug deep into her ass crack and her bushy cunt. The bridle-bargag was deep in her drooling, moaning mouth and brutally tightened behind her neck and under her kinky, bunned hair.

She kept moaning while trying to lift her squishy, wide, conical breasts off the floor. Looking closer, the guard saw a glint at her aureoles. Kneeling, he could see the tiny pins the officer had sunk into the center of her erect nipples – pins that would push deeper into her breasts each time she lowered her torso.

The guard listened to her gasp, grunt, and moan for a few moments, angrily recalling the blonde waitress’ superior beauty. He could just imagine her imprisoned in the small steamer trunk, bent over into a sexy fetal ball. But then he could just imagine this young Jewish girl imprisoned the same way coming in.

When he felt the pressure at his pant front, he wasn’t sure whether it was from the memory of the duplicitous blonde or the sight of this



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Blow me, and I might go easy on you...

agonized helplessness. But it didn't matter. He kneeled down in front of the girl's head, cupped her dripping chin and started undoing the gag strap. "Blow me," he demanded, "and I might go easy on you..."

Carl put the steamer trunk down in the garage of Van Ness' townhouse on the Kurfurstendamm, just down the bustling boulevard from the Kaiser Wilhelm Memorial Church. He then pulled the wide garage doors shut, taking a last look at the wide, busy sidewalk lined with trees, before sealing the respected war officer inside.

"Keep the auto prepared," Van Ness instructed. "There is one more delivery we must make before we are finished."

Carl was about to ask "And our guest?" but he stopped himself in time. It was not his place to instigate sardonic humor with his superior. It was Van Ness option to share sarcasm with his servant, not the other way round. If the officer had any other orders, he would have given them. His meaning was clear: Madelaine Geild was to remain where she was until further notice.

Carl had been surprised when Van Ness had instructed him to put the steamer trunk in the boot rather than on the floor of the back seat. The driver was certain that his master would want to "play" with the captive girl on the trip, but, apparently, he had other things on his mind.

"Come," Karl said to his servant curtly. "And bring the trunk." They both walked through the silent, palatial rooms, the driver carrying the steamer as easily as he would a lunch bucket. The two other servants – an old, married couple – also had their orders: there were set times to clean and cook ... otherwise they were to stay in their distant quarters until summoned. They disobeyed at the cost of their lives.

Van Ness moved up the stairs and along the corridor to his room. He unlocked the door and swung the ornate portal wide. It always impressed Carl when the light from the floor-to-ceiling balcony doors poured out into the otherwise dimly illuminated hallway. Given the secrecy with which Van Ness ran his life, you would expect he'd keep his room likewise closed off.

But instead, the shudders to the far window were always open, and the noise and light from the street always filled the space. It also never failed to elicit a big smile on the officer's face. Not the light and noise, per se, but the way it frustrated the beautiful bound and gagged girl affixed to the end of his canopied, four-poster bed.

It was cunningly placed in the room so no matter where one stood in Berlin, she could not quite be seen from the street or any other building. If any one glanced into the second story window, and dozens absent-mindedly did every day, all they would see was a closet or a bureau or a painting or even a part of the headboard — just not the right baseboard pole where the five-nine, raven haired, milk-coffee-skinned beauty writhed, shook her head, and screeched nearly every time he left the house.

She was tied so cunningly and brutally that Carl never failed to envy his master's skill and ingenuity with the thin, expertly twisted rope he favored. Her wrists and thumbs were cinched behind her and the bedpole, then attached to the pole as well.

He rarely cinched her elbows together, for, while that would thrust out her impressive chest, it would also bring her fingers close to her rear, which was always plugged whenever he left the house. She had learned quickly how bad it could get if she urinated or defecated while he was absent. It was literally weeks before she had healed.

So, instead, he always tied her body and arms in such a way that she just ... couldn't ... quite ... get her wing-like elbows free, no matter how hard she jerked or thrashed.

Besides, he wanted her hips unblocked in case he felt the need to fill her just before he left or just after he returned. She couldn't dodge him with her incredibly small waist bound to the pole, nor with her thighs, knees, and ankles also tied to the heavy, solid shaft. Nor could she gain much purchase in the wicked boots he invariably favored — the ones that laced up the front and placed her on her toes with the wicked five and a half inch stiletto heels.

Her big, oval breasts were thrust forward by the severe, deep crimson, merry widow corset that was lashed to her shape, and whose hem hummed with the carefully molded intrusions held in place by a

matching panty. She had learned, too, what would happen if she let the invasions slide out.

“No escape today?” Van Ness joked for, literally, the 547th time. The first time he had unugged her, she had spit in his face and sworn to escape. Now, a year and a half since he had smuggled her out of Brazil, against her will, it was “their” little joke.

The Reich had arranged a secret meeting in South America to seek a base upon which to watch the United States. And, while, the politicians had promised to make Brazil a sanctuary for the Reich, they did not allow the Nazi Armies to prepare an attack from their shores. Van Ness’ disappointment was tempered somewhat when he spotted Jonelle, the independent daughter of a local businessman, who had no ties to the negotiations.

That way, when she disappeared, the Germans would not be immediately blamed. He had exulted as he felt her lips working under his clamping glove and how her sinuous body writhed in his iron grip before he dragged her into his car. Her fiery beauty was enough to keep the local police busy with the many passionate Latinos vying for her attentions. No one thought to look in Van Ness’ luggage, where she lay, having been slowly choked into unconsciousness in her lowest cut, highest-slit dress.

“Ah, Jonelle,” he said now, surveying her. He had to admit it; while he had toyed with the idea that she might be the one, he now had to finally admit that she was just a temporary distraction. Her eyes; too brown and just a shade slanted. If he wanted exotica he could’ve abducted one of their Jap allies’ daughters. Her nose; just a hair too thin and too long. Her lower lip; excellent, but her upper lip; again, just a bit too thin. Her chin; too sharp. Her face; just a centimeter too oval.

Her torso; too long, and her waist; too small if that were possible. Her tits: nice, but as oval as her face and just a touch on the floppy, saggy side. Her rear; tight, but also too small. Her arms; too thin and muscular. Her hands; good, but not in comparison to the girl in the butcher shop. Her legs: too long and just a hair too slim. Her feet; a bit too big with uneven toes. Her cunt; too bushy and hot. Her ass; too easy. Besides, after all the rapes over the days, weeks, and months, she

still hadn't given him what he most wanted...

She cursed him, as she always did, and she choked, as she almost always did, on the only gag that could effectively shut her up — a prod deep into her mouth, nearly into her throat, that was held in with a half-mask which tied under her wild mane of black hair, adhering to her face like glue. "Let's see what we have today."

He leaned close to the side of her face, far enough away that she couldn't head-butt him, and, with only one hand, reached into the front of her panty. With a considered jerk of his arm, he slowly twisted out a long, thick, knobby summer squash.

Jonelle seemed to slump and jerk forward defiantly at the same time, her eyes dimming in relief, then flashing in recrimination.

"Good choice," Van Ness commented to Carl before turning back to the girl. "Ah, Jonelle, Jonelle," he repeated. "How long has it been? How old are you now? Let's see, I took you when you were, what? Twenty-five, twenty-six? So what are you now? Twenty-seven, twenty-eight?"

The girl jerked angrily in her bonds, gasping for breath as the gag slid down her throat another millimeter.

"Well, it's been fun, dear girl, but with our triumphant conquest of France and our victories in The Netherlands, Africa, and even Russia, I can get anyone I want now. Sultry little French girls! Nordic blondes! But you know what? I think I want both, at the same time."

He signaled Carl. The driver unclipped the trunk, and Madelaine tumbled out, bleating in smothered agony.

Jonelle's eyes widened in disbelief at the encased blonde, then blazed with anger. She jerked and coughed, her head up. "But don't worry, my darling," Van Ness hissed into her ear as he grabbed a fistful of her long hair. "We will keep you occupied..." He kept whispering, his lips slobbering her ear as he reached into the corset and started mauling her right breast.

He told her about the fat, old, balding man and how she must take his cock in her cunt, ass, tits, and mouth, and what would happen if she didn't clamp it there or if she tried to escape or scream for help...

As Madelaine lay, weakly struggling on the floor, Van Ness kept

telling Jonelle what would happen to her while slowly pulling down her panties, then pushing the squash back up into her – twisting, twisting, and twisting it each time he wanted to punctuate a threat.

Outside, pedestrians passed by, none the wiser...

## CHAPTER 7

“She has missed her period,” said Greta Huber.

Karl Van Ness smiled widely as he pushed off Rachel’s body on the bed. She lay under him, motionless, her ankles tied wide to the bedposts, her arms bent, her hands two feet on either side of her head, her wrists shackled to a bar that ran under her neck — her throat collared and also chained to the bar. Her head was inside a stocking which was so tight it forced her eyes shut, and her mouth was pried open by a huge ball her teeth clamped on for dear life.

“I thought her breasts were bigger,” he said, looking down at them. Thread was wrapping their bases, making them bulge and darken with trapped blood.

“Fuller and tenderer too,” the butcher’s wife informed him. “If that is possible.”

Van Ness touched them. Rachel twitched, her nostrils quivered, and a small cry of anguish emerged from behind the gag.

“Ahhhh,” he sighed, sliding his cock back into her tight warmth. “As I predicted. It has come to pass. And just in time, too...”

The war had been going well, but it was getting increasingly busy. With plans to crush Britain and invade Greece and Russia, Van Ness was in demand at many buildings throughout the Reich, leaving Rachel to Greta, Jonelle to Otto, and Madelaine to Carl. They were well up to

the challenge, and Van Ness himself was never at a loss for a bed filled with an unwilling victim, but he was impatient to implement his master plan.

But now he had a nine month respite with which to plan new conquests. "Excellent," he said. "Excellent." He thrust twice more simply to stimulate himself. "All will go perfectly," he predicted, "but you must be ever vigilant and her care must be increased."

"Of course," said Greta confidently. "She will be groggy much of the time, of course, and ever in need of the facilities..."

Van Ness held up his hand for silence, then gave her a signal to wait a few moments. As she watched, he finished raping her, ejaculated as she moaned, then motioned Greta closer as he laid his hand on Rachel's dewy thatch.

"As the time draws near, she may become more concerned about her ... discharge's fate," he whispered. "I have something more to put in her food to ... calm her."

"Yes, yes," Greta whispered briskly, "and her aureoles will darken, her nipples will become bumpy, stretch marks will appear..."

"No," he said sharply, his reaction causing him to press down on her cunt suddenly. He watched her as she moaned in her stupor, then spoke again quietly. "No. Much of that will not happen. You will see, auntie. She is the one — our combined genetic strength so great that the usual will be rare. She will gain 25 pounds only, her stomach a hard, round, housing. It will be perfect..." He smiled at the blinded, silenced, imprisoned, oblivious beauty.

Meanwhile, down the hall, Jonelle squealed in pain as the butcher mashed her left breast in one hairy paw and chewed at her ear and throat — his thick, knobby cock slamming up her cunt.

Her ankles were lashed to two separate sections of the radiator while her wrists were lashed to one iron leg of the bed. Her lovely brown lace dress were torn down her tits and all the way up to her waist. Her panties were stuffed in her mouth and held in by wickedly tightened rope. Her face was splashed with cum from an earlier tit-fuck and her black hair fanned out on the floorboards.

Outside, in the car, Madelaine kneeled on the floor of the front

seat, bent across the passenger seat, her wrists twisting behind her in thin straps, as she struggled to keep from choking on Carl's cock. She wore only a tight, red sweater which buttoned up the front. Only the middle four buttons were clipped, however, exposing most of her chest and cunt and all of her legs — her feet wedged into high heel boots.

He had forced her to give him head within hours of her being imprisoned in Van Ness mansion, but even now, after many assaults, he still kept his wicked knife resting on the smooth flesh of her throat. And she had no doubt that he would use it if he felt even a touch of teeth.

The long hours Van Ness spent at headquarters had shown her how adept his servant was at inflicting wounds which belied their mild markings, and how cuts could be hidden beneath arms, under hair, in mouths, and in other ... crevices ... All inflicted on a girl who's gags — and fear — prevented her from accusing anyone of anything.

"How is our little resistance fighter?" Karl would ask between meetings or at the few rushed meals without sexual services.

"Fine," Carl would reply, knowing that the little blonde lay in a closet or under a bed, nose bloodied, lip split, skin striped, mouth filled, nipples clipped, cunt corked, thighs bruised, ass plugged, neck cinched, arms twisted, and legs crossed.

And whenever Van Ness could tear himself away from the butcher shop beauty and cared to tend to her, the wound and welts would have just healed mere hours before, leaving the officer plenty of smooth new skin to wound with his own brutal assaults ... all while Madelaine was forced to stare over his heaving shoulders at the deferentially watching Carl — who's own eyes promised untold new experiences as soon as his master left for work...

"That's it," the driver urged quietly, poking her throat with the knife as she desperately sucked and slurped and licked. "Easy ... quiet ... quiet...!"

Fritz Forman and Auric Guttman watched from the alley across the empty street, sharing one pair of binoculars in the darkness. "I don't understand," whispered Fritz, who was without the glasses at the moment. "Why is he in the building in this god-forsaken part of town?"

"But is she in the car?" Guttman wondered, lowering the

binoculars.

“Well, she certainly isn’t in the silent suite,” Forman retorted. “I don’t care how good he is, he can’t change a pretty blonde into a Jew cunt overnight!”

“So what is he doing in this butcher’s shop so near the brown shirt h.q.?” Auric murmured.

“Well,” said Fritz. “There’s only one real way to find out...” He stepped out of hiding and started across the street.

Carl saw them in the rear view mirror before they reached the opposite curb. Madelaine gasped as his hands clamped around her throat. She tried to bite off his cock at the last second but he had already jerked her head back. Within milliseconds she was panting for air, her hands twisting, her legs trying to hurl herself out of his iron grip.

Carl judged the timing. He could never have her out by the time they reached him. He looked down at her desperate, terrified, choking face for a second, suddenly getting excited by what he was going to do. Then, with an expert push, he slammed the back of her head against the dashboard, knocking her unconscious.

Madelaine crumbled into the shadow under the glove compartment – her eyes closed, her mouth lolling open, her legs bent against the base of the passenger seat, and her blonde tuft revealed by the fallen open sweater hem.

“Carl,” said Fritz Forman, looking unknowingly directly over her as he leaned by the passenger window. “We’re trying to find Van Ness. Is he in there?”

The chauffeur just looked at them blankly.

“Of course we know you’re loyal, Carl,” chimed in Guttman. “We’re not asking any secrets. We just want to contact him.”

Carl said nothing, his mind considering the options.

“All right, all right, Carl,” said Forman. “We won’t involve you. After all, this is between us and him, ya?”

The two men straightened and walked to the door of the darkened butcher shop. All the men knew that they wouldn’t be bothered. Brown shirt nightly meetings were well known for their vehemence, and few dared travel the streets after dark in case their anger spilled outside.

Besides, the street lights had been broken so often that the local constabulary didn't even bother replacing them anymore.

When the two junior officers couldn't find an unlocked door or window, they started looking for alleys or paths around the back.

Carl looked down at the insensible blonde. Leave her here? And possibly let the brown shirts find her? No. Bring her out? Too risky. Having intense faith in his master, Carl chose instead to drag the girl up, stuff her mouth with a pair of his dirty underwear (which he kept for just such occasions), wrap it in bandage which he brutally anchored over the bridge of her nose, strap her ankles to her thighs, cinch her elbows, and dump her into the secret compartment under the back seat – making sure the locking lid mashed down her thrusting tits.

Inside Otto froze as he heard someone coming up the back stairs. Jonelle squealed in pain since he was yanking on both her hair and right tit. He had her bent over the iron baseboard, her wrists lashed to her waist behind her, fucking her up the ass. She made a questioning bleat at the noise as he remained motionless, then suddenly hurled herself sideways, charging at the door, screaming for all she was worth.

But as he grabbed for her, the panties in her mouth slipped back, choking off her cry. Stumbling, trying to kick the door, her eyes teared and screwed shut as he hit her in the kidney from behind. Her knees gave, but then he had her in a bear hug, lifting her off the floor. He swung around, dropping them both to the thick mattress of his bed, smothering her.

He held down her writhing body, listening intently, his eyes fixed on his closed door as the footsteps got nearer and nearer and nearer ... then went directly by, further down the hall. Jonelle had no idea, of course – her feet weakly kicking the many pillows. He looked down in satisfaction at her darkening, increasingly petrified face, his forearm doing the work the panties might not. Her body began to jerk and shudder, her tits wobbling as he carefully laid one of his heavy legs over her slim ones.

He sealed her mouth with his other meaty hand just before she began to cough, the sounds buried under his flesh, muscle, and fat. Her cheeks puffed and her eyes teared as her flesh turned ever darker. She

began to thrust her body up against his, banging her hips against him pleadingly. The promise was obvious: fuck me, fuck me, go ahead and fuck me, but let me breathe!

Sneering, he did, dropping her upper half off the side of the bed, her hair cascading on the floorboards, the panties falling to the front of her mouth. Sitting on her ass, he started quickly strapping her ankles to the bed frame, anxious to see who the interlopers were.

By then it was too late. They had moved unerringly to the master bedroom. They stood in the doorway, staring in wonder at the vision within. There lay an extraordinarily beautiful young girl, leaning up toward them. Her lustrous mane of chestnut hair hung down her back, crossing incredibly creamy shoulders. Her bright eyes were wide and gleaming blue. Her face was so inordinately lovely even the way her lips were twisting and her neck was straining could not detract from her amazing visage.

From there their eyes could not avoid her stupendous chest, heaving, threatening to burst from the seemingly skintight white lace nightgown which only managed to contain a fourth of her bulging, milky orbs. The transparent gown adhered to her remarkable shape but opened to reveal the softest thatch of silky brown hair between her long, impossibly shapely legs.

Only the way her arms were twisting painfully behind her and the ways her otherwise dainty feet curled at the baseboard slats detracted from her breathtaking loveliness. Only at the last moment did they see that her big toes were threaded to the bar at the bottom of the bed frame. They were stunned into motionlessness, then managed to take one step inside, straining to hear something, anything...

What was she trying to say? Her head kept moving forward, and back, forward, then back — as if she were trying to eject something from her throat. She was making an agonizingly deep sound. Was it “help me”? Or was it “look out”?

“Congratulate me, boys,” is what they finally heard, wheeling around to see Karl Van Ness in the corner. “I’m going to be a father.” Then he shot them both with a silenced automatic.

**A**fterwards he carefully removed the small sack of pills he had stuffed in Rachel's mouth, warning her that they were deadly poison, and if she cried out or swallowed them, her parents would be killed. Of course they weren't poisonous, and, in the sack, impossible to swallow, even though she had tried after witnessing the duo's murder.

Hysterical, Greta had to force some soothing liquid down her throat as Carl and Karl began to clean up the killings. They all took a moment to watch the woman pry the sobbing girl's jaw open, pour the liquid in, then maniacally massage the beauty's throat until she couldn't help but swallow. Thin, milky liquid sputter out of Rachel's lips, down her neck, and across the elegant, sexy gown as her wrists twisted in their bonds and her leg muscles spasmed.

Van Ness, especially, was inspired by her struggles. Signalling the butcher, the two bookended the girl, the burly old man muffling her cries with a thick paw, while Karl kneeled before her, his knees on either sides of her legs. He stared intently, hypnotically, into her eyes as the anesthetic started to take hold, then neatly, with two fingers, popped her breasts from their lace enclosures.

Her eyes snapped wider for just a moment, but she was no match for the mixture which had been forced down her throat. As he started to rhythmically massage her glorious orbs in a circular pattern, her cries quieted and her lids began to droop. Finally, she dropped off the edge of consciousness. Van Ness held her chest for seconds longer, then motioned for Otto to remove his hand. The officer softly kissed her on the lips, then went back to work.

Across the hall, the prod gag was back in Jonelle's mouth, and her arms were crossed high up her back – her wrists lashed to her shoulders and her tits crushed with more cord. Her long legs were bent double, her ankles bound to her thighs, and her knees were cinched. Finally a rope dug deep into her hips, coursing down as far into her cunt as it was possible without cutting her open. She writhed and burred and clawed in pain, her neck noosed to the radiator.

"Should we..." Greta started with concern as Van Ness watched his servant hide the corpses in sacks. "Should we move her?"

Karl frowned. "I think not," he answered carefully. "She must never be found on my premises. And I feel certain, as long as she is here, she will never be found."

"But these men," the old woman pressed. "Your fellow officers...?"

"Incompetent fools," Van Ness scoffed. "Famous for it. Why do you think I took their bet so readily? I knew, no matter what happened, I could blame them and it would stick. Their superiors were looking for ways to get rid of them. Now, I doubt they will do anything more than report them missing and look forward to meeting their replacements."

He turned to look upon the fitfully sleeping beauty with a strange, consummate, expression. "Besides, I told you, nothing can go wrong. It is all meant to be. No matter what happens now, the Legacy has begun..."

## CHAPTER 8

**F**or Otto Huber, the next nine months were like a dream. When he wasn't fucking Jonelle, he was frustrating her eternal attempts to escape, and when he wasn't binding and gagging her so viciously she could hardly move, he was enjoying Rachel Abram's delicious helplessness.

His delightful wife kept her in one of only a few boob-thrusting bustiers — either the white lace number or a black velvet ensemble. But each had a flowing, slit-down-the-middle curtain attached — the white sporting a transparent beige drape while the velvet item had a black silk sheath attached. Both exposed and protected her growing belly from being hemmed in.

On her feet were always dainty shoes with high heels. On her knees was a thin golden hobbling chain. And her arms were always bound behind her. For the first few months, her mouth was merely plugged with a cloth or ring so there was plenty of time for Greta to prepare the girl for her morning sickness. And she always went pantyless, because of her frequent bathroom trips.

But what Otto enjoyed most of all was Rachel's face. Whatever the elixir Van Ness had emancipated from the Reich's labs did its job supremely well. Rachel Abrams moved about the house as if sleep-walking, her eyes open, smoky, and confused, her expression innocent, open, and willing. It was as if only her mind's life-support systems

were still attached to her body and any will power was completely gone. She was like a docile pet, and the mere sight of her was enough to make the butcher hard. Only then he would smile down at Jonelle, who's eyes would flash in anger and dread.

So, while Greta led the pregnant girl from the attic to the bathroom to the exercise mats in the cellar, Otto would sit Jonelle on his erection, or bend her over to fuck her up the ass, or sit on her stomach to spurt in her face — all while the Brazilian bombshell would writhe in the brutal bonds and try not to strangle on the mouth-cramming gags.

And every few days Karl Van Ness would show up to check on Rachel's progress. This visit soon became a ritual as the old woman would bind the girl's arms, seal her mouth and make her bend forward toward the seated Nazi. And the officer, whether on a chair or the edge of the bed, would free the girl's breasts and slowly, agonizingly, luxuriously, check them for milk production.

The only person who truly hated those visits the most was Madelaine, who knew that, as soon as Van Ness would leave, Carl would come to her in the officer's bedroom with a new experiment in rape. Sometimes he would see how big and long and knobby a dildo he could force into her, or how long he would stimulate her clit, or how many times he could come in her before Van Ness returned.

And, each time, of course, the Nazi would never remove her jaw-prying gags so she could tell him what happened. No, the only person who fed her was Carl, and he delighted in forcing the sustenance down her throat.

Meanwhile, back in the silent suite, the guard had come to know Alana, the barber's daughter, extremely well. He would check on her daily, unwilling to complete her "processing." Sometimes she would be hung by her wrists, sometimes by her ankles, and sometimes by both. True to his word, he went "easy" on her — giving her two stools to stand on while he fucked her cunt, giving her a bench to lie on as he made her suck him off, or slowly jerking her upon his erection as she hung in mid-air.

And then, finally, it happened. At 2:14 in the morning, deeply sedated, strapped to the bed, teeth clamped down on a towel, Rachel



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Abrams gave birth to a beautiful baby girl. Karl Van Ness never looked happier. Cradling the child in his arms, he noted that the few wisps of hair on the child's head were blonde.

He nodded to the girl strapped to the bed, then motioned to Carl with his head. The old woman immediately began to soak a heavy cloth with chloroform and the driver quickly went across the hall. Looking from his aunt to his uncle with a big smile on his face, Van Ness nodded, mouthed the words "thank you," and left the room.

Greta looked at Otto with concern. They both had their orders. The old woman was to clamp the cloth to the girl's face until her eyelids stopped fluttering and her chest stopped moving. Then the old man was to butcher her and dispose of her ground remains in his shop.

Greta could only shrug and slowly bring the cloth toward Rachel's sleeping face. She stopped when Otto held his hand out, his eyes gleaming. Greta followed his gaze in astonishment.

"No," she said quietly. "She has just given birth, for pity's sake!"

"But look, mamma," Otto breathed. "Look how her boobs swell. It would be a shame to waste all that...!"

Before she could do anything, Otto had gently straddled the comatose girl and started tenderly suckling at her teats. "Our nephew won't care," he gasped between slobbers. "She is nothing to him now. And look, look, she has never been lovelier!"

Great stared in wonder at Rachel's face. By all rights, it should have been puffy and ashen, but Van Ness had been correct; never was a pregnancy or birth so perfect. While her stomach had become round and hard, the rest of her only seemed to grow more firm and shapely, while her face grew more glowing and serene.

Now, even without the bustiers, her breasts hardly showed a sign of sagging or stretching. Otto held them reverently, carefully wedging his cock between them as he leaned over to suck some more. "Why," he marveled, "with just a corset and some minor exercise, she'd be as beautiful as ever!"

"No!" Greta gasped in fear. "We couldn't ... we mustn't...!"

"I know, I know," Otto quickly retorted as he slowly slid his erection back and forth in Rachel's cleavage. "It just seems such a

waste..."

"Isn't that South American slut enough for you?" Greta said sharply, wanting to get this over with.

"Jonelle?" Otto said absently, as if hearing her name for the first time. "Yes," he breathed, his expression suddenly going distant and sadistic. "Yesssss..."

And with a minor look of regret at the tortured, spent, drugged girl beneath him, Otto pulled himself off and started for the door, his hard-on wagging. "Do what you must, woman. I will be back soon."

Then Greta was alone in the attic room with Rachel. Looking into her still face, she started to bring the cloth down. "I'm sorry, my child," she whispered, then pressed the sodden fabric over the girl's mouth and nose.

For a few moments nothing happened. Then Rachel's brow began to furrow. Then her fingers began to reach, her wrists twisting in the straps holding them to the bedframe. Then her knees began to bend — her strapped, spread-eagled ankles twisting at the bedposts. Then, incredibly her blue eyes opened, her expression one of nightmarish desperation.

"No, no," Greta whispered as the girl began to shake and plead. She watched, sorrowful and relieved, as the girl's limbs began to quiet and her eyes started to roll back in her head. Finally her eyelids began to flutter...

"Just sleep, my child," the old woman said sadly. "Sleep forever..."

"Wait!"

Greta whirled around to see her husband standing in the doorway, face mixing astonishment and rage.

"No, Otto, he ordered us to..."

"No!" he bellowed, leaping forward and tearing the chloroform cloth from Rachel's face. "He took her!"

"W-what...?" Greta stammered. "T-took...?"

"Jonelle!" the butcher barked. "While he was here, his servant went across to my room and simply took the bitch back!"

She couldn't believe it. "N-now ... now that he was through with the Abrams girl, he...?"

"Untied her from my bed, carried her downstairs, and threw her

in their car!" Otto thundered.

"But ... but...!" Greta stuttered, trying to understand.

"But nothing!" Otto stormed. "What is he going to do? Set the authorities on us? Have us killed? No, I don't think so."

"But ... we dare not accuse him, either...!"

"Of course not!" Otto bellowed. "But that doesn't mean I must spend all my time longing for the past ... not when we still have her here ... and the remaining elixir ... and all the straps and ropes and gags..."

Greta turned back to the still, silent figure on the bed – seeing, as if for the first time, the swell of her breasts, the length of her legs, the sheen of her long hair, and the extraordinary beauty of her face. "Yes," she whispered, nodding. "It could be done, couldn't it? Why not?"

**W**hen Rachel Abrams awoke, she stared at herself in the bathroom mirror. She was standing, tied to the cold water pipe in the corner of the white tiled room while the standing glass reflection was positioned so that her image filled the oval frame. She had never seen anyone so attractive.

Her hair was long, and thick and full and shining, hanging down to the middle of her back. Her eyes were deep and blue. And even with the thick cloth tied between her teeth and under her mane, her lips were red and ripe.

Her shapely body, her waist now a still stunning 25 inches, was incredible – her chest now a 36 double D. And it was all tamed by a handsome black velvet corset with thick ribbon shoulder straps and hard cups that seemed to present her breasts like overflowing cups of vanilla ice cream.

Her cunt was covered by matching panties and garters hanging from the corset held black stockings on her long, shapely legs, which ended in high heeled shoes. She tried to bring her hands forward, but her wrists and elbows, encased in matching black gloved which reached to her upper arms, were tied to the pipe behind her.

She seemed to remember a long, disturbing dream, but she couldn't quite recall the details. All she dimly remembered was being attacked in

the room inside the butcher shop and the impression of many massaging hands all over her body...

Rachel moaned in agitation, her legs rubbing against each other, her heels clacking on the tile floor. Then Otto Huber was there beside her, his hand resting on her hip, his lips by her ear.

“Good morning, my dear,” he murmured. “Remember the wonderful night we had last night? Remember how wonderful it felt when I pumped you with my member and filled you with my seed? Remember how you loved sucking my cock with your delectable mouth and swallowing my cream until you could find no more? Remember how you loved the feel of my hands on your breasts? How you couldn’t get enough? How you begged me to crush them? How you helped me?”

Rachel started to cry, rubbing up against the pipe in anguish. The next thing she knew, Greta Huber was there, whispering in her other ear. “Good evening, my dear. It is so good to see you, as always. I cannot begin to tell you how happy I am that you’ve come to stay with us, and do the things I am no longer able to do. You are like the daughter we never had. I love feeding you and combing your hair and applying your lotion and making you beautiful and preparing you for our bed...”

Rachel started to groan, and the next thing she became aware of were sensations. There were sensations in her mind. There was discomfort yet there was still more pleasure. She couldn’t see. She couldn’t hear herself talk. She couldn’t move her arms. Something was sliding over the inside of her thighs. Something was inside her...

“Feel that?” Otto whispered huskily, his hands rhythmically milking Rachel’s tits, his log sliding up into her cunt as Greta kneeled, expertly stimulating the girl’s clit. “Feel how good that is?” The butcher and his wife smiled at each other as the girl didn’t cry and groan. They smiled as the bound, gagged, blindfolded, and drug girl moaned ... in sensual abandon.

The butcher nodded in satisfaction and silent confirmation. Keep her drugged, keep her lotioned, keep her in sexual stimulation, keep her dressed in sexy clothing. And keep her bound, gagged, and available. Although it had seemed like hours to the girl, it had taken them weeks. But now, her service in the butcher shop had only just begun...

## CHAPTER 9

Carl held the knife to the side of Madelaine's tit as the blonde ate out Jonelle's cunt while the Brazilian sucked the driver off. They were in a nice little rectangle on the bed; Madelaine lying on her back, Jonelle sitting on her face, and Carl kneeling by the blonde's tuft, which he had only just vacated. Now he was forcing the raven-haired woman's ring-gagged mouth on his shaft as she moaned in reaction to both.

Both girls had their arms wrenched behind them and bound, while their ankles were strapped to their own thighs. But, instead of having an expression mingling satisfaction with exultation, the servant was merely bored. As one month moved into the next, his master's attentions had been consumed with both the war and his own plans.

Things were not going well on any Nazi front. As the new year had begun, Van Ness was certain it was only a matter of time before the Reich fell. The Russians had broken the siege of Leningrad. The Germans had surrendered at Stalingrad. The Allies had landed in Africa and France. Now, it was just a delaying game for Hitler and Van Ness.

Now, more often than not, the two girls were left, bound and gagged, all over the mansion – in the wine cellar, in the bedroom, and in the closet – listening to the air raid sirens from the street and the cries of a baby elsewhere in the house. Then the bombs had started falling and the cries had stopped.

All Madelaine ever wanted to do was escape, struggling as hard as her exhaustion and starvation would let her against the steel shackles and leather straps. But all Jonelle wanted to do was molest her, forcing her body against hers like an animal in heat. Madelaine tried to untie her, but the cuffs and buckles were too well tightened and locked. Even the gags were locked or so tightly knotted that her deadened fingers were useless against them.

Days turned into weeks, and weeks turned into months, as if they were in a concentration camp or prison dungeon. Only the uniforms were tight dresses, nightgowns, stockings, boots or high heels. On that day Madelaine had been wearing the gauzy, white, floor-length gown which tied across her stomach. Jonelle was in the blue lace bra. And just as Carl was coming in the Brazilian's mouth, the street wall exploded inward.

When the smoke finally cleared and the dust settled, Madelaine blinked up in wonder. The driver and Brazilian's body had protected her. Jonelle lay across her now, her cunt still in her face, but Carl had disappeared off the end of the bed. And the explosion had done something all her hours of struggling had not. It had loosened her leg bonds and shifted the ring gag. It now lay vertically in her mouth, rather than ramming open her jaw.

Even so, it was still enough, buckled behind her head, to quiet her cries. As she heard the wail of sirens and cries of terror from the street, the blonde rubbed her legs furiously across the gravel-strewn bedclothes, feeling the straps being pulled toward her knees. Finally, as water from outside fire hoses started splashing inside the room, the straps fell off and her knees agonizingly straightened.

The sound of police and firemen from the street drove her on. Yes, they might rescue her, but, yes, they might also keep her in a hospital until they contacted Van Ness, and then, no matter what she said, his orders would be followed. Yanking herself up, she pushed out from beneath the unmoving Brazilian.

She sat on the edge of the bed, staring down at Carl's motionless body in the light coming from the street. The mansion's lights had winked out as soon as the bomb had hit. But in the moonlight she saw

a glint by his out-stretched hand. It was the knife that had so often split her skin at the neck, breast and thigh.

It was as if all her captive fantasies had taken shape. How long had she mentally pictured herself grabbing that knife with her bound hands and cutting herself free? And now, as if she had actually been practicing all this time, the tight ropes split and slid off as if the blade were acid.

She reached up to unbuckle the gag, her deadened fingers tingling. Just as she managed to pull the strap free, Carl reared up to tackle her.

With a gagged cry she fell back, plunging the knife into his back.

Carl surged away from her, his face twisted in shock, his arms trying to reach behind him. Madelaine fell atop Jonelle's body, coughing and crying. Carl flailed, twisting this way and that, until he tripped over a broken chair. Arms windmilling, he fell like a chopped tree, landing on the blade's hilt, nailing it into his body up to the hilt.

Madelaine raced out of the room, down the hall, and to the stairs, pulling the gown around her. Stepping out into the street, she stood amid the rubble of what was once a beautiful city. The Kaiser Wilhelm Church lay in ruins. Spotlights swept the sky. The sounds and lights of bombs dropping and exploding split the night.

Madelaine Geild just stood there, trying to decide what to do. The police would have no time for her story now. She had no idea where Van Ness was or the fate of the baby he had brought into the house. She had no choice but to try returning to her own home to see if any of her family or friends had survived.

Of course she was in shock, exhausted and depleted, but her determination and youthful strength pushed her on. At almost any other time in recent history, the sight of a beautiful blonde in a low cut, plunging v-necked, slit-skirted gown which laced under the breasts would have stopped traffic, but now she was hardly noticeable in the darkened, empty, street.

She wanted to get help — to tell as many people as possible the truth — but there was no one there to tell. All she could do was keep moving, keep searching, and keep hoping she could find her family home. And then she stopped, staring in disbelief. It wasn't possible. Of all the

streets in all the city to walk down, she found herself standing in front of the building where Carl had made her suck him off for the first time.

It was the butcher shop where he had strangled her and slammed her head against the dashboard. And inside, she knew, was someone the Nazi had thought was more important than her. And just as certainly she knew it was a girl, and with even more certainty, she knew it was a girl who was being held against her will. It had to be. That was all that Karl Van Ness was about.

Madelaine was about to run by to get help when she saw the butcher shop's door broken open, and its one window shattered. She strained to see anyone anywhere on the street, but she was alone on the sidewalk. She wanted and needed to find her house but she was also dreading the discovery that it was destroyed and all her family was killed.

The image of Jonelle's still body filled her mind's eye. Then, before she knew it, she was inside the shop, moving quietly through the inner room, the kitchen, and up the stairs. She stepped out into the darkened hallway. She looked down one way but only saw an open door and a darkened bathroom beyond. Inside she could just make out a shattered standing oval mirror.

She turned the other way and gasped. At the end of this hall, standing in the doorway of a bedroom closest the street, was the most beautiful girl Madelaine had ever seen. She stood, her eyes big and calm, wearing a virginal, transparent, white nightgown which laced up from her navel to her amazing breasts. Beneath it Madelaine could see she was wearing nothing, and she could see how long and shapely her legs were, how satiny and smooth her cunt hair was, and how magnificent her figure was.

They stood opposite each other, in different doorways, like reflected images.

"Quickly," Madelaine said. "It's dangerous here. Come with me!"

The girl at the end of the hall just stood, her face becoming quizzical. "Dangerous?" she breathed, her voice a silken, child-like whisper.

"Yes, quickly! Before anyone comes!" Madelaine urged, motioning

for her.

The last word seemed to penetrate the ethereal fog around the girl's head. "Come?" she echoed in her little voice. Then she began to shake.

To her amazement, Madelaine recognized that suppressed memories were flooding the girl's mind. She watched as the girl's body began to react, feeling every invasion and violation she had suffered again and again and again, from the very first to the very last.

Madelaine took a step toward her, her hand out, opening her mouth to shout. Then, as if in a mirror, she saw a hand appear behind the girl at the same moment she saw the shadow of a hand coming around her own head from just behind her. She saw another arm wrapping around the girl's waist, just as she sensed another arm moving around her own waist.

And then it was too late, again.

As Madelaine's lips were crushed beneath a clamping hand and a muscular body pulled her back into the stairwell, she saw the same thing happening to the other girl; a hand clamping her mouth shut, cutting off any screams, and an arm dragging her around the corner, out of sight.

But then Madelaine was grabbing the gagging hand with all her might and kicking frenetically. Certain she would look up to see Van Ness, she was shocked to see the guard from the silent suite, leering down at her.

"Just as I thought," he sneered. "All that bombing got you away from our friend, Karl, eh? Well, guess what, bitch? I've been following you ever since Kurfurstendamm! Thanks for stopping in here so I could grab you without anyone being the wiser..."

No, no, no, no! she screamed beneath his palm, fighting as frenetically as she could. Not you! Not now! Not when we were so close...! But the captivity and attacks had taken their toll. He was rested, he was fed, he had been free all this time. She was no match for him.

"Looking for our little friend, Karl, eh? Wanted to take revenge, did you? Well there's something I can understand!" Still holding her struggling body, he looked around the corner and down the hall. The

doorway was empty. "Well, I guess we're both out of luck on that score, eh? But at least I'm one up on you both. Because while the barber's daughter was freed, I got away and now I've got you!

He began to drag her down the stairs, his hand tight over her mouth and his other arm pinning her ... as Otto Huber held Rachel Abrams to him just behind the bedroom door, his fat fingers pushing deep into her cheek, his palm mashing her succulent lips. His other arm was around her slim waist, gripping her elbows, which made her chest bulge forward all the more.

And, of course, Greta Huber was also there, holding the girl's slim wrists, just as she had that very first day. Only now the butcher was raping Rachel every day, and all night, whether the bombs dropped or not, and whether there was any elixir left or not. Both the old people had known it was only a matter of time before the brainwashing would lose its effect, but, they agreed, it was fine while it lasted...

"Come, Otto, come," Greta whispered, the word making the girl cry even more hysterically. "We must leave the city, now, before it is too late!"

"Mama," he complained, reveling in the sensation of Rachel struggling against him. "Are you sure we cannot take her along? She is even more exciting now!"

"And risk her family seeing her?" the old woman whined.

"Ach. They left town long ago," he maintained.

"That's what I'm worried about!" Greta exclaimed. "If they had been killed, that is one thing. But they are probably still out there, still looking..." Rachel writhed and wailed with even greater intensity. "Well, even if we might have before, we can't now ... not with her like this!"

"All right, all right," Otto said with a big smile, starting to drag Rachel back to the bed. "Then one last fuck, eh? One we'll never forget...!"

Rachel screamed and screamed and screamed as they threw her onto her back, their hands at her arms and face. Her head reared back and she started choking as the butcher began stuffing a washcloth into her mouth. Her hands shot up to fight him, but the old woman had already strapped her left wrist to the side of the bed frame and was grabbing for the other.

Rachel stiffened in terror, finally realizing what they meant to do. If she did not strangle on the gag he was going to fuck her to death, either crushing her rib cage or keeping her from getting any air. She fought like she never had before, but it was too late. The couple had strapped her right wrist down and now he was climbing atop her, quietly laughing as he dodged her kicks and pushed away her scissoring legs.

He straddled her and took a final second to look down at her with infinite lust, infinite power, and infinite pity.

That's when the tank shell came through the wall and blew him into a hundred pieces.

As incredible as it was, that was what happened. The bed collapsed and the concussion hurled Greta Huber into the far wall, breaking her neck and skull.

Rachel did not know how long she lay there, slipping in and out of consciousness. When she finally awoke, she ached all over. She did not know how long it took her to extricate her from the broken bed frame, but she finally did. She did not know how long it took her to finally stand, but she did. She did not know how long it took her to make her way out of the room, across the hall, down the stairs and through the shop, but she did.

When she stepped out onto the street in her torn nightgown, she did not know what wounds she may have suffered and what injuries she was unaware of. All she knew was that it was sunrise and Allied Army tanks were gathering at the end of the block.

She clearly saw the colors of the American flag stenciled on the steel, even from that distance. She almost collapsed then, but, instead, took her first step forward. Then another, then another. With every step the tanks and the colors of the flag became bigger and more distinct. Finally she was only a hundred feet away. She raised her hand, and opened her mouth to scream...

A hand clamped across her lips and pulled back. She fell against a muscular body. She stared up at Karl van Ness.

"Hello, darling," he said. "I knew they couldn't kill you."

And just as she was about to scream in horror over and over again, he stunned her into silence by taking his hand off her mouth, grabbing

her arm, and dragging her even closer to the tank unit.

“Hey!” he called. “Hey! Look what I found!”

All the young army men turned and stared in disbelief at the sight. But Van Ness just kept pulling her forward until they stood amid the soldiers. They all but encircled her, looking at her incredible shape in the torn, but still savagely sexy nightgown, and her bruised, but still gorgeous, face.

She stared back at them, blinking, in shock, but still daring to hope.

“Help me,” she said in her little voice. They continued to stare with appreciation, but it was very quiet. “Help me, please,” she said with a bit more strength. “I was kidnapped and held captive. I was raped.” She dared to look at Van Ness. “By him. He raped me!” That was when she noticed that he was not wearing a German uniform.

And then she finally realized that these boys would not know German.

“Yeah,” said Van Ness in perfect English. “I know this girl. A right little cock-tease. I mean, look at her. Still begging some old bastard down the street for protection even as we passed by. A totally brainwashed little Nazi, this one...”

She saw the expression on his face. She heard the tone of his voice. She looked at the soldiers’ faces turning hard, and disdainful, and spiteful, and carnal...

She managed one small cry before Van Ness had her left arm wrenched up her back and his hand tight over her mouth.

“Get her in the alley over there,” said the tank commander, already looking around for any other officer while undoing his belt. “And clean her face off, for god’s sake!”

When they had finished – each taking a turn when they weren’t holding her down – the commander turned to Van Ness, who was still expertly preventing her from screaming with hands at her mouth and throat. “You’re as remarkable as central command said you were,” the tank officer said in amazement. “Don’t think your ... services ... won’t go unrewarded.”

Van Ness smiled and nodded back. “To help the Allies win the

war is my reward," he said modestly as two soldiers tied Rachel's hands behind her with leather strips.

"Are you kidding?" said one of them. "With your information over these last few years, taking the krauts was child's play!"

The commander looked at the "double agent" meaningfully. "And with your scientific knowledge against Tojo..." He looked down at the abused, dazed girl. "What about her?"

"Don't worry about her," said Van Ness. "Have I ever failed you before?"

The commander smiled and clapped him on the shoulder. "Good man. I knew I could count on you." Then he called his men and they went back to the job of securing the city.

Karl Van Ness looked down at the girl at his feet, and had to admit his aunt and uncle, Satan torment their souls, were right not to have followed his orders. "Come along then, dear," he said quietly, quickly gagging her with a pair of panties and a wet cloth. "Since you can't stay away, I have something to show you."

In his new staff car, driven by a knowing supply sergeant from Allied headquarters, they went down to the railway station where the captured Nazis were being loaded into box cars for their trip to internment camps. Finding the one he had so carefully arranged prior to his return to his uncle's home, he had his new man park parallel to the slat-lined cattle car.

He had the driver honk two times, pause, then honk two times again. Then he dragged the bound and gagged brunette up to the window. She stared into the blue eyes of Madelaine Geild, her mouth sealed shut with plaster, her head covered in a soldier's cap, her body enclosed in a baggy uniform, and her arms held behind her by the dozens of other soldiers inside the box car.

The silent suite guard sneered at Rachel from his position beside the captive blonde, stroking his exposed penis in anticipation.

"I couldn't keep them from being captured," said Van Ness softly. "But the least I could do is help them enjoy the trip." Despite her despair, Rachel couldn't help but imagine how they had secreted the blonde girl in the crowd ... how her "fellow" prisoners had encircled and held onto

her ... how all her struggles simply looked as if she were trying to escape the P.O.W. camp ... how they had rushed her on board as part of a captured unit ... and how they had blocked her from view as the door was closed and locked...

“Now, even if she survives the trip,” Van Ness murmured, “and manages to alert her keepers as to her identity, all that will happen is that she’ll be moved to a woman’s prison. She is, after all, only a Nazi cunt...”

He grabbed Rachel’s hair, pulled her back, and threw her to the seat. As she lay there, crying and cringing in disbelief, he thought about his master plan. Well, the next phase would not begin for at least another decade and a half. And, he had to admit, that, despite all the planning and work yet to do, there was still much time for relaxation and recreation.

And for all his fantasies about American women, he had to admit that, although now barely twenty-one and in a post-natal condition, Rachel Abrams was still a spectacular looking young woman. And with the right rest, clothes, and environment, there was at least ten more years that she could be “The One.”

Besides, it would be fun to smuggle her out of Germany. It would be fun to have her pultritude just out of sight as she strained to free her hands and call for help inside the cases, crates, and compartments he was already planning to squeeze her in. And, after all, who else was there to rape on those long sea and air voyages?

Karl Van Ness pulled a small cloth pad from his Allied Forces uniform pocket and started dousing it as Rachel Abrams wept beside him.

**End of Part One**

Coming soon

# LEGACY PART TWO

**N**ew York, 1969: Rachel's stunningly beautiful blonde daughter protests the war in her microminiskirts and go-go boots. Only before the now «respected» scientist Dr. Van Ness can continue his evil plan, an angry army man makes the girl disappear from a Times Square peace rally ... along with a buxom brunette girlfriend.

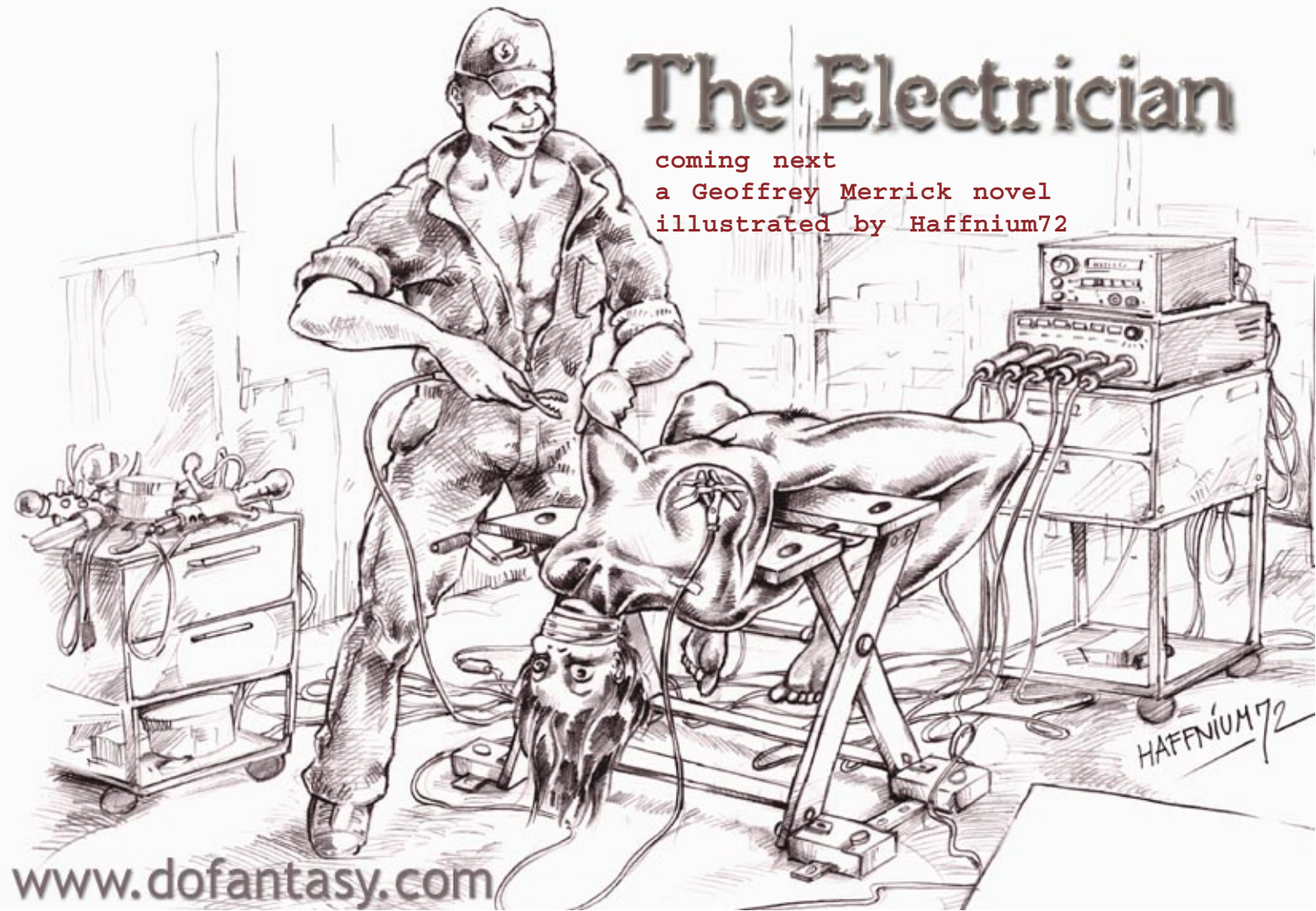
Will they escape from being military sex slaves and war statistics, only to be kept prisoners of «free love» on an blissfully perverse hippie commune?

And what becomes of the beautiful Rachel and sexy Madelaine? Who else will be made captive of the Legacy's curse?

Stay tuned ...

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