

Gestapo Girl
by Lindsey Brooks

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Chapter 1

Friday, October 6th 1944, 1700 hours.

It had stopped raining. The cold wind that was sending the grey clouds flying westwards blew straight into Lisl's face as she turned the corner. She shivered and pulled her threadbare overcoat more tightly around her slender body.

A faint drone of engines reached her ears. Like the handful of other people on the street, Lisl looked nervously up into the darkening blue of the sky. High in the east was a mass of small, black dots, slowly growing larger. Americans going home, she guessed. It was early evening and the light was fading fast. They had already dropped their bombs. They were no threat to her, but she had heard that the fighters escorting them sometimes flew low and machine-gunned anything that moved.

Lisl looked away from the aircraft and discovered she was alone. Everyone else had gone to seek the safety of the shelters or their cellars. The place she was seeking lay just ahead. She walked quickly towards the gaunt, shattered ruins that were all that remained of the houses on one side of the street and entered through one of the broken doorways.

The town was small and unimportant, of no strategic significance, and too close to the border for the Americans to be confident they were not bombing Switzerland by mistake. They had already done that several times elsewhere and suffered international embarrassment as a result. The man at the bakery had told Lisl the town had only suffered one air raid in the whole war, and that had been by a single, crippled aircraft dumping its bombs as it struggled to return to its base. She was standing now amid the destruction it had wrought.

Carefully picking her way through the wrecked building's gloomy interior, Lisl crossed the splinter-riddled room she had deliberately sought out and stared down through the gap torn in the floorboards. She knew she should not be there. She had not wanted to come. But she had *needed* to.

The body was still there. The skin on its dead face had shrunk and tightened, drawing the lips back so that it seemed to be grinning up at her.

Stomach heaving, Lisl turned, hurried out into the gathering darkness and went home to wait.

* * * * *

Thursday, May 4th 1944, 0815hours.

“Bloody outrageous! Tuppence a packet more than last week.” Major Audley-Towne glared at the cigarettes beside him on the car’s front seat as if it was their fault and not that of the spiv who had sold them to him. Revving the Humber’s engine hard, he turned left without looking into the high street of the town ‘somewhere on the south coast’, shook his fist at the car with the blaring horn that nearly hit him and yanked the gear lever into second.

“Bloody thing,” the Major cursed as a loud grating came from the Humber’s gearbox. Suddenly remembering the clutch, he wrestled the car into gear and accelerated hard along the road that followed the irregular curve of the town’s harbour. As he rounded a bend a military truck with a white star painted on its long bonnet came straight towards him on the wrong side of the road. Audley-Towne swerved at the same moment as the truck, swerved back and somehow managed to miss the lumbering vehicle by inches.

“Bloody Yanks! Can’t they learn to drive properly?” he yelled, though he was alone in the car. He reached sideways to gather up the packets of cigarettes scattered by his near miss, and a black plume of smoke shot into the sky from behind the buildings on his left. A split second later he heard a loud bang.

Tyres squealing as the Major yanked on the steering wheel, the Humber lurched sideways, fish-tailed, then shot down the side road he aimed it at towards the source of the explosion. An air raid warden in overalls and steel helmet was already there when he slewed to a halt, leapt from the car and ran the twenty yards to the bombed building.

“Anyone inside?” he asked, eyeing the still-smoking ruin. It had been a tall, detached house in the middle of a large garden until moments ago, when half of it had become a jagged jumble of debris beneath a cloud of dust.

“No idea,” the ARP man told him. “Hit and run raid. Focke-Wulf one-ninety. He came in low from inland, dropped his bomb, and flew

straight out over the harbour. The Spits are after him.” He hefted the crowbar in his hand and pulled a torch from his overalls. “At least there’s no fire. I’d better have a look.”

Audley-Towne went with him. The smoke was dissipating, leaving just the dust settling onto the tangle of brick and tile and broken rafters that had been the left side of the house. A sudden shower of roof tiles made both men halt their approach for a moment. The warden peered through the ground floor windows of the intact part of the building, shook his head at the Major’s enquiring look and walked to the edge of the debris.

“Anybody there?” he called, cocked his ear towards the wreckage and listened. Audley-Towne did the same. The ARP man repeated his call.

“There!” Sure he had heard something, the Major pointed to a gap in the rubble and knelt beside it. The warden called again. A faint, brief hum rose from the opening.

“Hear it?” Audley-Towne asked.

“Mebbe. Didn’t sound like a voice, though.”

“Give me your torch,” the Major said.

“There’s three collapsed floors one on top of the other over that hole, and only god knows what’s holding them up,” the warden argued. “We’d best wait for the fire brigade.”

“Balls! Whoever’s in there could be dead by then.” The Major heard the distant bell of a fire engine as he spoke, but the man did not protest when he took the torch from his hand and squeezed into the mouth of the dark opening.

It was a tight fit. Audley-Towne’s six-foot-five-inch frame was not well adapted for fitting into small spaces, but he wriggled on his elbows and scabbled with his feet to worm his way down the slope of rubble stretching into the darkness before him. Someone down there needed help. Besides, he might get his name in the local paper if he rescued them. A bit of fame might silence Glover’s complaints about his lack of success, for a while at least.

He could not see a bloody thing. Remembering the torch he held, Audley-Towne turned it on. A mass of intact brickwork was above his head, part of a collapsed outer-wall that was forming the roof of a roughly triangular tunnel through the debris. It sloped steadily downwards to

where the beam of the torch was illuminating a larger opening at its further end.

“Hello!” Audley-Towne called.

“Mmm!”

His heart leapt. There was someone alive down there. “Are you all right? Can you move?”

“Mmm! Mmm!”

Strange response, he thought. Was the survivor too badly hurt to speak? He wriggled forwards, discovered he could get to his knees, and crawled down until he reached a level floor. He was in a cellar, the Major realised, ran the light over the ceiling, and found it was high enough for him to stand upright. He got to his feet and shone the torch around the remains of the room.

“Hello?”

“Mmm! Mmmpf!”

“Bloody hell!” Audley-Towne stopped the wavering torch-beam abruptly and stared in total disbelief.

It was a girl. A girl inside a steel-barred cage. And she was stark, bollock naked.

The Major blinked and strained his eyes to see through the myriad motes of plaster dust floating in the torch’s beam. It was not a trick of his imagination, he eventually decided, and the idea of getting closer finally came to him. His footfalls started a small avalanche of brick fragments onto the cellar floor and the shattered masonry overhead gave a long ominous creak.

“Mmm!” the girl said through the big ball that was somehow jammed into her mouth and stretching wide her jaw. Her large, bright-blue eyes snapped shut as Audley-Towne turned the light full into her face. He dropped the beam to the rest of her, wondering what the hell it all meant. Nice tits, though, he noticed, and a good figure and - bloody hell! - she did not have even a scrap of hair on her snatch. Damned Americans, he thought irrelevantly. He was even picking up their slang words now. He stood unmoving, fascinated by the sight of the girl.

“Mmm-mmmpf!”

The Major raised his torch, dazzling her again. She was shaking her head, her long, blonde hair flying around her face. She seemed very

agitated about something. Another loud creak from above and a small cascade of broken brickwork gave him a clue as to what it was.

“I need to get you out of here,” he said.

The girl turned to face one corner of the cage and nodded her head towards the darkness beyond. Startled by the sight of her wrists handcuffed behind her back and distracted by a view of her beautifully rounded buttocks, Audley-Towne took several seconds to grasp that she was trying to point to something. It was several seconds more before he understood it was not her hands she was pointing with but her head, and then he shone his torch in the direction she was indicating.

The man’s head and shoulders were hidden beneath the slab of wall that had crushed them into the cellar floor and a big pool of blood had seeped out from beneath it. Nevertheless, the Major went to the body, stooped beneath the cracked wooden beam that seemed to be all that was holding up the collapsed masonry and felt for a pulse.

“I’m afraid he’s dead.” As he turned the torch in the girl’s direction it lit up the back of the cage and he saw the bars were bent outwards. The thick wooden beam had landed on its roof, partially crushing it but preventing the rest of the wall that had killed the man from falling further and killing the girl also.

“Mm! Mm! Mmm!” The girl danced from foot to foot, firm breasts jiggling as she nodded her head repeatedly at the body. Audley-Towne looked back at it and the torch flashed over something metal on the dead man’s belt.

“A key ring.” Realisation dawned, and he pulled the bunch of keys free and hurried back to the caged girl. He tried the biggest one first and swung the cage door triumphantly open.

The girl stumbled out and hurried to the patch of daylight showing where the tunnel through the wreckage began. With a sudden burst of rapid thought Audley-Towne followed, found the buckle on the strap he had noticed held the ball-gag in the girl’s mouth and unfastened it.

“Thank you, Master,” she said hoarsely. “Oh, thank you! But this place will cave-in at any moment. We have to get out.”

Surprised by the way the girl had addressed him, the Major was even more astonished when she bent over and stretched her cuffed hands backwards to give him a torch-lit view of her prettily curved bottom and a peek at the pink and pouting sex below it.

“It’s the littlest key, Master.”

Grasping what she wanted, he found the key to the handcuffs and released the girl’s wrists. He was about to discard the cuffs and key ring when instinct made him put them in a trouser pocket instead.

“You need something to wear,” he said. He did not want those lovely tits torn to ribbons on the rubble as she crawled on her belly through the tunnel. Good job he had worn his tunic, he thought, as he helped the girl put it on. His battledress jacket would only have covered her as far as her hips.

The Major made her go first, then squeezed his bulk into the opening and followed her up towards the daylight. Audley-Towne would have been the first to admit he was not a deep thinker. He relied on instinct to guide his actions and he believed that it had served him well during his thirty-one years. Now, he had a familiar gut-feeling about this girl, an intuition that was telling him exactly what to do next. Confident the germ of the idea that was tickling the back of his mind would emerge in due time as a plan fully formed, he decided to follow his hunch.

Two firemen helped pull him from the narrow tunnel and away from the wrecked house. A little way ahead the ARP man was helping the girl towards a small crowd of onlookers. A rumble, a crash and a loud thud came from behind and every head turned towards the bombed building. The Major glanced back in time to see a cloud of dust erupting from the hole he had just exited and seized his chance. He caught up with the warden, swept the girl into his arms and began carrying her towards his car.

“This girl needs a hospital,” he said.

“Hang on,” the warden called. “The ambulance will be here in a minute.”

“No time,” the Major flung over his shoulder, slid his burden onto the Humber’s front passenger seat, got behind the wheel and drove off.

No one tried to stop him. He chuckled and looked sideways. The girl’s head was drooping. Shock and reaction he supposed. With a stab of annoyance, the Major realised he had sat her pretty rear-end right where his cigarettes had been lying. He gave a mental shrug. He could feel the seed of his plan beginning to germinate and grow deep within his brain. He had a feeling she would be worth losing a few cigarettes over. With the Humber’s gearbox complaining loudly when he again forgot to

use the clutch, Audley-Towne finally found fourth gear, floored the accelerator and sped back to camp with his prize.

* * * * *

Thursday, May 4th 1944, 0915 hours.

“Oh, shit and corruption!” Pam Hollis spoke the words aloud, confident she would not be overheard. No one but a fool would come anywhere near the office unless they were ordered to, and there were very few fools on the strength of S-Force. In theory at least, most of them should have been weeded out during training. Any that slipped through were caught by the Germans within days of being dropped into Occupied Europe.

Pam shuffled her bottom on the hard wood of her seat and momentarily worried the fullness of her lower lip with her teeth. How many times would she have to tell that idiot clerk at HQ before he got it right? It was all very well for him. She was the one who would end up taking the flak. She looked at the wall clock, checked the time it showed against her wristwatch and sighed.

He was late. He prided himself on his punctuality. He would already be in a bad mood when he arrived. If he had not made her get that crowded, smelly bus she would have been the one driving the Humber and he would have arrived on time. It was not as if she was completely ignorant about where he had gone. Anyone who could get enough cigarettes to smoke forty every day had to be buying them on the black market. But, of course, Major Trenchard William Audley-Towne could not be seen to be doing something illegal by his lowly secretary.

He had probably stripped the gears again, Pam decided. Small wonder with his wayward driving style. That it was his own fault would make no difference. She would get the blame.

She stared at the little pile of communiqués on her desk and giggled. It was hard not to. The unfortunate coincidence of capital letters in the Major’s full name was so much more obvious when seen on paper. That was why Pam had repeatedly telephoned the clerk to tell him not to include the ‘Trenchard’ when he typed the Major’s name, as per the instruction widely circulated by the Major himself. Today, and Pam was sure it had been deliberate, the clerk had ignored the hyphen in the

surname and typed 'T. W. A. Towne' instead, making the obvious even more so.

The Major must have had a miserable childhood at that public school he never tired of boasting he had attended, Pam thought. She remembered the previous night and her sympathy vanished immediately. Again she shifted uncomfortably on her chair. Pam had not liked the two hard smacks the Major had given her as he had chased her up the stairs to his bed. And someone should tell him sodomy was against the law. Not that it would make any difference.

She remembered the roughness with which he had forced his rigid cock into her tight and tender rear entrance, and with only her own saliva for lubrication. The memory heightened the ache and sting she had felt there ever since waking up that morning. Pam wished she had the courage to tell him to go to hell, but she knew she did not dare. The bastard had her and there was nothing she could do about it.

The office door opened just enough to let a wary head appear around it. Pam recognised one of the armourers.

"Is Mad Bill in?" he asked and grinned his relief when she shook her head. "Thank Christ for that!" He dashed across to her desk, dropped a chit into her in-tray and turned on his heel. "Next time a Bren Gun jams on him, tell him to follow the procedure in the manual, not hit the cocking handle with a bloody hammer."

"Tell him yourself," Pam said but he had already disappeared. No one hung about unless they had to. Mad Bill, she thought. That was what they called him around her, but of course, when they thought she could not overhear, they called him 'The Twat'. Pam giggled again, maybe more to fight off the despair than because it was funny. The Major's ambition was to be known as 'Wild Bill', like the cowboy. He did not seem to realise that 'Wild Bill Audley-Towne' did not have the same ring to it, especially when his surname sounded like a Sunday League football team. Anyway, the chances of it ever happening were even less than those of her escaping his clutches, which were somewhere between nothing and bugger-all.

She flinched at the twinge of pain in her anus as her unfortunate choice of word brought her discomfort back to mind, and heard the door to the office block slam. It was a Nissen hut really, but Audley-Towne insisted it be called the office block or, when he was at his most officious,

‘Headquarters’. Just as on every other morning, Pam heard the brisk tap of his footsteps, the clanging as he raked his swagger stick along the radiator in the corridor, and stood to attention as he walked through the door.

“At ease.” Audley-Towne waved the short stick in his brown-gloved hand vaguely towards the peak of his cap without looking at her and went into his office.

Not sitting down again, Pam waited for him to get settled behind his desk and light his cigarette, then sucked in a deep breath. No sense in putting it off. She gathered up the correspondence, felt her sphincter give another distressing little pinch, and made for his door. It opened before she reached it. The Major stood in the doorway, the thick baton of his penis rising from his khaki flies.

“Get in here, Corporal. I want you. I’ve just had the most bloody marvellous idea.”

Pam gulped. She had been fearing this for a while. It was bad enough that she was at his mercy in her off-duty hours. Now he had finally caught on that there was nothing to stop him from abusing her when they were on duty too. Her heart sank and her anus nipped her again as she stepped into the Major’s office. She raised an eyebrow at the condition of his uniform. He was usually impeccably turned out. This morning, his tunic and trousers were grubby and covered in dust. ‘Why’ was not her first question, however.

“Is the Humber all right, sir?” She had to ask, even though she knew how he would respond. It was up to Pam to get the car repaired every time he damaged it.

“Of course it’s bloody all right. Think you’re the only one who knows how to drive it?” His hands shot out and grabbed her breasts through her tunic, squeezing hard.

“Ow! Don’t do that. It hurts.”

He squeezed harder and pulled her closer, lowering his face until it was an inch from hers. At five-feet seven, Pam did not consider herself short for one of her sex, but beside the Major’s immense bulk she was tiny. And she felt it.

“Who’s in command here?” he demanded and the stale tobacco smell of his breath filled her nostrils.

Pam blinked under his unwavering stare. “You are, sir.”

“Right. *I* am. So *you* will do as you’re told, Pammy, won’t you?”

“Yes, sir.” She hated being called ‘Pammy’ and he knew it. That was why he had picked it as his pet name for her. Usually though, he did not use it when they were at the base.

Audley-Towne pulled her around the desk by her painfully crushed breasts, pushed his chair aside and finally released her to switch on his desk lamp and draw the blackout curtains across the window. Pam reached her hands up to soothe her sore breasts.

“Stand to attention, Corporal,” he barked.

At once she drew herself up, shoulders back, chest out and stomach in, hands rigidly at her sides. The Major kept her like that while he unbuttoned her tunic and blouse and pushed her peach-coloured, satin brassiere up from the big swells of her teats. She let the garments fall to the floor, stripped off her bra as he would expect, and dropped it on top of them.

“Skirt,” he ordered, and Pam loosened it and let it pool around her feet.

Audley-Towne sat in his chair and reached for her. Pam felt his big, clumsy fingers on the skin of the outsides of her thighs as he gripped the lower edges of her panties and pulled them down past her knees. She heard the sound of stitches parting and silently cursed him. The panties were one of her few remaining pre-war pairs, specially hand-made for her, and she had been doing her best to preserve them for as long as possible. Now the inept fool had torn their lace edging, and all she could do was fume helplessly and continue standing to attention.

The Major leaned back and turned the cone of light from the desk lamp on the swollen length of the cock rearing up from his trousers. He did not need to give any further orders. Stepping out of her ruined panties, Pam sank to her knees before him and closed her fingers around his pulsing shaft. It had to be all of nine inches and its taut, purple plum-head was as thick as her wrist. Small wonder it had hurt so much when he had rammed it up her arse the night before.

He seemed to have begun treating her more roughly lately, uncaring if he caused her pain. Sometimes it was as if he took pleasure in hearing her cry out and seeing the tears he brought to her eyes. Pam knew he was under pressure from the higher-ups about S-Force’s poor showing. That was no reason for him to take out his frustrations on her.

Yet she could tell he was in a good mood this morning. She had learned to read all of his moods during the two miserable years she had spent in thrall to him.

Pam glanced up and saw impatience in his glittering brown eyes. Quickly, she applied herself to her task. She did not want to spoil his good humour further. She still had the correspondence to show him. Pam did it the way she knew he liked best. Taking her time, she ran her tongue up his huge shaft and over the top of its broad head, lapping and licking, pressing her lips to the warm, inflexible flesh and drawing on it gently until he was sighing and grunting softly. He was watching every move she made, using the beam of the desk-lamp to highlight every flicker of her tongue and pout of her lips.

With perfect timing, just as Audley-Towne gave a shiver of pleasure, she stretched her jaws wide and filled her mouth with as much of his cock as it could comfortably accommodate. At once, he thrust it to the back of her throat and Pam had to fight the need to gag. She had to force herself to keep her eyes open too, as he always demanded when she sucked him.

Please don't come in my mouth, she thought. She hated the sour flavour of his spunk and the slimy feel of it sliding down her gullet as she swallowed. Did every man's taste as gross as the Major's? she wondered. In the past she had always been careful to avoid any risk of getting the horrible stuff in her mouth. Only with Audley-Towne had she never had any choice.

Oh, let him fuck her instead! Pam hated the Major. She despised his stupidity, his arrogance, his utterly misplaced confidence in his own cleverness and abilities. Why then, on her knees in front of him with her head bobbing rhythmically to move her mouth on his cock, did she feel a prickle in her sheath and quivering thrills of arousal running through the moistly swelling petals of her inner pussy-lips? God, his enormous cock felt so good when it was filling her! And she wanted it to fill her now.

"Getting wet, Pammy?"

He was stupid, Pam knew, but he had a sort of animal cunning, almost an instinct, which always seemed to somehow steer him out of trouble at the very last minute. Or sometimes into it. He was not by any stretch of the imagination infallible, but when it came to Pam's sexual desires she was convinced he could read her like a book. It was not a

comforting thought, but already her breath was coming in short, rapid gasps around the thick meat filling her mouth, and her nipples had stiffened to two hard, conical points.

Audley-Towne stood up, and there was a soft plop as he pulled his cock from between Pam's compressed lips. "Bend over, elbows on the desk."

Relieved and more than a little excited, she pushed the lamp to one side and obeyed. Her pussy contracted and once again she felt a stab of discomfort in her rear opening, instantly forgotten when the Major stroked a fingertip over the soft, springy curls of hair framing her sex, then slid it between the plump swells of her outer labia. Pam sighed and wriggled backwards to deepen the penetration. The finger withdrew.

"Spread those legs more," Audley-Towne barked.

A split second later, fierce stinging pain blazed across both delicate cheeks of Pam's jutting bottom. She shot upright and rubbed both hands over the flaring heat searing the skin of her buttocks and the firm muscles beneath.

"Ooh! Ow!"

She turned and saw the Major's swagger stick in his hand. He had hit her!

Chapter 2

“You bastard! That bloody stings,” Pam said, alarmed as well as hurting. “What the hell are you doing?”

Audley-Towne let the stick fall and grabbed the back of her neck with his big paw, forcing her cheek to the desktop. He leaned close and his breath hissed in her ear.

“You’re forgetting your place, Pammy. I’ve already had to remind you once today who’s boss here. Am I going to have to do it again?”

“No, sir,” Pam gasped. The pressure of the desk against her cheek did not ease.

“How do you think ‘Daddy’ would take to losing his job, Pammy? Do you think Lord Hollis would be happy at having to give up his plush office at the ministry and all that power and prestige? Not to mention what the scandal would do to him when he found out the Honourable Pamela Hollis isn’t half as honourable as she’s supposed to be.”

“Please...” Pam pleaded, and felt his hand tighten on her neck.

“It only takes one of your pretty pictures. The papers would never publish them, of course, but the story would still leak out. Or what if one of them ended up on the Prime Minister’s desk?”

Her belly flipped. None of her family would weather the storm if that happened. And they would all blame her when they were ostracised by society. They would cut her off completely.

“What would happen to that tidy little monthly allowance ‘Daddy’ sends you?” Audley-Towne continued, ignoring the fact that he made her turn most of it over to him the moment it arrived. “And there’s prison to consider too. What you did is against the law, you know. Do you think you’d do well in a jail cell, Pammy?”

Pam did not, but she knew nothing about the law or if he was telling the truth. It did not matter. The threat of scandal was enough.

“I... I’m sorry, sir. I didn’t think.”

“Not a good idea for someone in your position.” He sniggered and let go of her. “And speaking of positions, back on your elbows and stick your arse up.”

In spite of what had happened, Pam’s sex responded with a little flow of juices as soon as his finger probed her once more. Damn her

pussy, she thought. It always had been too sensitive for its own good. She remembered how she had giggled about it along with her friends when they had swapped secrets at the Swiss finishing school she had attended for lessons in deportment and etiquette. That had been in the good time before the war, and before she had ever had the misfortune to meet Trenchard William Audley-Towne. Pam almost giggled, but he was not a twat. He was a bastard.

The thought did not stop her moaning when the fat head of his penis pushed aside her fleshy outer-labia and the big shaft stretched the walls of her pussy. She almost orgasmed. All that stopped her was the sudden pain when his belly made contact with the fiery line he had scored into her buttocks.

Soon Pam barely noticed it. She was no longer even aware of her surroundings as the great, hard thickness of the enormous cock the Major had been lucky enough to be blessed with pounded into her wildly quivering sex. There was no room in her mind for anything but the pleasure that had flooded it as rapidly as her juices were flooding her pussy.

The same hard lunges of Audley-Towne's cock that were striking sparks of incredible delight in Pam's tingling sheath were making her breasts swing to and fro beneath her. The tips of her engorged nipples brushed continually over the rough paper on the desk-blotter and sent little, tickling thrills through her whole body. She stopped the avid rearward thrusts of her hips abruptly as she felt the sudden, swift contraction of her belly that always heralded her climax. The Major's cock plunged deep once more.

Pam gave a low grunt, a long, gasping groan and then a full-throated cry of ecstasy as her sheath rippled and writhed. Her hips jerked again, of their own volition, as she surrendered to the violence of her orgasm and the breathtaking delight of her pussy clenching madly around the thrusting cock.

Audley-Towne stopped his energetic lunges and pulled out of her. "That's enough fun for you, Pammy. It's time I had mine now."

What else had he been doing while abusing her for the last half-hour? Pam wanted to ask, and jumped as his hands gripped both of her buttocks and reawakened the pain of the smack he had laid across them.

Awful dread filled her as he stretched the two cheeks apart and the last quivers of pleasure in her sex vanished instantly.

“Oh, no! Please, not again, sir.” Pam tightened her anus and felt it sting. “Whatever is wrong with you lately?” she demanded. “Why are you being so cruel to me?”

He slid a hand beneath her and pinched a finger and thumb on one of her erect nipples. “You’ll learn about cruel, Corporal, if you try to defy me. Don’t come all prim and proper with me, you slut.”

“Oh, please! You’ve no reason to hurt me, sir. There’s no call for you to be so beastly.”

“Beastly am I? I’ll show you beastly.” The Major squeezed her nipple until she cried out and her tears were dripping onto the blotter. “I’m going to fuck your arse, Pammy,” he growled. “I’m going to give you a good bumming. But you’re going to ask for it first. You’re going to ask very politely.”

“Oh, no,” Pam groaned, but she knew it was hopeless. He was so much stronger than she was.

He tweaked her nipple. “Do it.”

“P... please may I have a... a....” She wailed as he rolled the point of her breast between his fingers. “A... a good bumming,” Pam gasped out between sobs.

She continued crying as he pulled her rear cheeks apart again and positioned the great, bulbous head of his cock against her little knot. The awful pressure on her tiny, tight opening increased unbearably. Pam knew he had split the skin there the night before and she tried to relax as much as possible. Nevertheless, it yielded only slowly to the monstrous shaft trying to force its way inside.

This time, the Major’s cock had only the juices from her orgasm to lubricate it. They were not enough. Pam whimpered as she felt her sphincter parting then cried out as it tore under Audley-Towne’s assault and his broad cock-head pushed painfully into her anus. A second later the rest of the huge, horrid baton sank inside her as he gave a hard, wicked thrust of his hips.

“Agh, that hurts!” Pam cried, and kept on crying as Audley-Towne plunged his penis into her rear entrance with all the vigour he had shown when he had used her pussy. This time the effect was very different. Every thrust stabbing deep into her bowels hurt horribly and heightened

the pain in her torn sphincter. When he laid his weight on her back and penetrated even more deeply, her torment increased. He crushed her down onto the desktop, flattening her breasts and forcing the air from her lungs. Half-suffocating and in awful pain, Pam's head spun until she thought she would faint.

Perhaps she would have if he had not come soon afterwards. She felt the splash of his semen in her tortured rear passage almost gratefully as he growled his satisfaction. Even so, it was several minutes before he got his breath back and lifted his bulk from her trembling figure. It was several minutes more before Pam could collect herself sufficiently to stand upright. Audley-Towne was wiping his slackening cock on her expensive, satin panties. She was still too shocked and hurting to feel any anger about it. That would come later.

The Major let her dress in peace while he buttoned his flies and lit a cigarette. The daylight dazzled Pam as he drew back the curtains and looked her up and down. She flinched from his hand when he reached out and straightened her tie. His smile was smug as he held out her soiled panties.

"You're a good fuck, Hollis, and no mistake." He took a battledress jacket from a cupboard and put it on, handing her his dusty tunic. "See that's properly cleaned and returned by this afternoon."

Pam's heart was leaden. "Yes, sir," she said quietly, not meeting his eye, and, very uncomfortable, left the Major's office. She went straight to the toilet and sat for several minutes, crying softly as she let his foul spunk drip from her ravaged rectum. It ached and stung at the same time and when, very cautiously, she wiped herself, Pam saw a tinge of blood on the paper.

The bloody swine, she thought. Major bloody Audley-Towne might have the upper-hand for now, but the day would come when she would pay him back for what he had done to her. Just let it be soon. How the hell could she love his cock so much when she hated all the rest of him?

Pam remembered the communiqués she had left on his desk. At least she would not be there to be yelled at when he read them. In spite of her pain, the corners of her mouth turned up as she imagined his reaction when he saw the clerk's deliberate mistake. That would wipe the self-

satisfied smile off the bastard's face. Pam would have laughed aloud but she knew it would hurt too much.

To her surprise, after she had returned to the office and was wondering if she was ready to bear the discomfort of sitting down, the telephone rang. She answered it, expecting Headquarters. No one else ever rang and HQ itself very seldom. Frowning with puzzlement at the words coming from the other end of the line, Pam pressed the button that put her through to the Major's office.

"It's Private Webster at Interrogation, sir," she told Audley-Towne. "He says the girl is acting funny and he thinks you ought to come."

* * * * *

Monday, October 30th 1944, 1055 hours.

Lisl sat unmoving in the chilly room, suppressing the urge to turn her head in the direction of the slow, regular click of the guard's jackboots as he paced between the rows of benches. She had already done it once and received a painful lash across her shoulders from the short, stiff whip the man carried. He had lashed the girl who had been sitting on the bench in front of her too, though she had not moved at all. Lisl had not been surprised. In her experience a man did not need a reason to beat a woman.

She wiggled her cold toes inside her shoes and tried to shift very slightly so the guard would not notice. Her buttocks were numb from sitting for so long on the hard bench, and her whole body was stiff and aching. How long had she been there, she wondered. How long had it been since the two men in black overcoats and dark, fedora hats had come and taken her away?

Lisl had thought they would come to her apartment in the night. That was the way it always happened in stories when the heroine was spirited away by the villains. She swallowed hard. This was not fiction, and the flutter of fear in her belly and the thumping of her heart were telling her all too clearly that she was no heroine. She realised that in spite of the cold, she was sweating.

The Gestapo men had picked Lisl up at work with all of her colleagues looking on. She was not under arrest, they had told her, merely assisting them with their enquiries. The assurance had not

removed the satisfied smirk from Hanna Kempfer's face as she had watched Lisl being led away. The suspicion had arisen in Lisl's mind that perhaps the girl's involvement was more than that of just an innocent bystander.

The lights in the windowless room flickered, dimmed briefly, and then brightened again. It had been happening frequently since the girl who had been sitting in front of Lisl had been removed. She had seen the girl's face white with terror and her eyes wide and staring as the guards took her from the room. Yet she had not fought or struggled to escape whatever awaited her. Lisl knew that she would not either.

They had taken her wristwatch along with her handbag before putting her in the room. How long had it been since the girl had gone? Half an hour? An hour? Longer? Time dragged interminably, stretching Lisl's nerves to breaking point as she listened to the slow, steady tap of the guard's heels on the bare concrete floor. The lights above her flickered again several times. What was it that made that happen?

Lisl jumped when the door opened. She dared not look round. Were they bringing in another prisoner or coming for her? A streak of pain across her back answered the question. She rose when she was told and walked on numb, unsteady legs between two men in grey-green uniforms, one ahead and one behind, along a corridor and down a flight of stairs.

A wider corridor stood at the bottom of the staircase, arching, whitewashed brick that ended at a stout, iron bound door. As they approached it, Lisl looked through a doorway at her left and saw a uniformed man leaning over a desk and talking to a laughing girl secretary who glanced indifferently in her direction before returning to her flirting. One of the guards unlocked the door and pushed Lisl through. The corridor continued on the other side, the lights harsher, the whitewash duller and flaking from the bricks. At regular intervals along its length were doors with small shutters at eye level. Lisl gulped and felt the fluttering in her belly increase as her escorts opened one of the doors and pushed her ungently inside.

Her attention was drawn at once to a man stripped to the waist and bent over a long, wooden table, his heavily perspiring torso gleaming in the glare from the lights overhead. Then she saw the girl. She was

naked, bathed in sweat and held by leather straps around her outstretched wrists and ankles to the table's corners.

Lisl's stomach shrank. It was the girl from the waiting room. Movement caught her eye and she saw a second man, also bare-chested, turn from placing a black box in a cupboard that stood beside a small table, and stride to a wall-rack filled with whips and canes. He took a whip made up of several long leather thongs, thickly knotted at every few inches along their length. Slipping his hand through the cord loop on its short handle, he went to stand at the foot of the long table, looking down at the naked girl.

The man who had been leaning over and talking to her stepped back with a grin and glanced up to watch his colleague give the whip an experimental swing.

"Ilsa," he said quietly and the girl turned her anguished face towards him.

The other guard lashed the heavily knotted scourge down. It landed with a loud, solid smack between the girls parted legs. Both men laughed as she screamed and her body jerked, limbs tugging against their tight restraints. The one standing by her head went to the rack and took a whip for himself, an ugly, frightening thing, Lisl thought, thicker by far than her middle finger, stiff and inflexible for two thirds of its length and then broadening into a flat leather tongue that gradually tapered to a point. She shuddered as he raised his arm.

"Hang on. Let's get this one sorted out first," the older of Lisl's two guards said.

The man who had been about to strike looked up. "Our next customer, eh? Go ahead. Ilsa isn't in a hurry, are you sweetheart?" He grinned wickedly at the girl who was squirming on the hard table, head rocking from side to side as she hissed through clenched teeth at the pain of the fiery streaks that had appeared on her lower belly and the insides of her thighs.

Holding on to their whips, the two interrogators lit cigarettes and watched while the older guard reached for the buttons on Lisl's coat. She shied from his touch and the guard behind her gripped her upper arms. The first man's thick, short whip pressed under her chin, forcing her head up until she was staring into his face.

“Don’t move! You’d better not fight me, bitch. I guarantee it won’t be me who comes off worst.”

“But I haven’t -.” His big fist hitting hard in Lisl’s belly silenced her. She doubled up, winded.

Her tormentors yanked her upright and the older man undressed her with a speed that told her he had stripped others in her position many times before.

“Nice tits,” the man with the broad-tailed whip said when she stood naked in front of them.

“Nice everything,” the one who had undressed her said, and Lisl cringed inwardly as his eyes raked the length of her nudity, taking in every curve and crevice. Her knees were shaking and making her breasts shake too.

“Think we might get a crack at fucking her later, Scharfuehrer?” the guard behind her asked hopefully.

He had seemed very young to Lisl; younger than she was.

The older man gave a scoffing laugh. “Huebner, my boy, you should try thinking with your brain occasionally. No, we won’t get a chance. Those Gestapo boys who brought her in are hand in glove with Schroeder. I’ll give you two to one he’s here inside the next half-hour.”

“Then we’ll just have to make do with Ilsa.” The man at her head reached out and gave one of the girl’s up-thrust breasts a hard squeeze. She squirmed.

“Come on, you.” The Scharfuehrer took Lisl’s elbow and dragged her to a rectangular wooden box about two feet high, the same in width and three feet long. It stood a few steps from where Ilsa lay strapped to the table. Fixed to each side were two upright tubular steel bars in the shape of an inverted ‘U’, and a few inches back from its front edge Lisl saw a metal strip, ‘L’-shaped in section, had been screwed to the wood. The Scharfuehrer slapped his whip across her bare bottom, just hard enough to sting.

“Get on. Knees on the metal and grip the bars with your hands. And Jesus better help you if you let go, ’cause I won’t.”

The blunt edge of the metal strip dug uncomfortably into the flesh just below Lisl’s kneecaps. She turned her head left and right as she reached up to the bars at head height on each side of her, and her bottom stung painfully from a harder smack with the whip.

“Keep your eyes on the table, you little cock-sucker. Why do you think we’ve given you a grandstand view? If I see you looking anywhere but there, you’re for it.”

Horribly sure she was ‘for it’ anyway, Lisl looked at the tense, sweat-sheened girl who lay breathing fast on the wooden table. How long before it was her turn?

Huebner sniggered. “Cock-sucker.”

“You can forget that as well,” the Scharfuehrer told him. “If Schroeder found out we’d touched one the Gestapo brought in before he’s had a chance to look her over, you can bet your balls we’d all find ourselves shipped off to the Eastern Front.”

“He... he could do that?” Huebner asked nervously.

The older man snorted. “What a fucking innocent you are. He can do whatever he likes. Ever wondered why the commandant always goes out of his way to be so obliging to him? He’s a Standartenfuehrer. He outranks Schroeder, but he gives him the run of this place whenever he shows up. Because Schroeder’s got more than just rank. He’s got influence. He knows all the right people, the big-shots in Berlin. If anybody gets on his wrong side he just has to make a ’phone call to make sure they regret it.”

“When the fucking ’phones are working,” the man with the knotted scourge said. “And if we do wind up on the Eastern Front we won’t have so far to travel. It’s getting fucking closer every day.”

“For fuck’s sake, shut your mouth,” the Scharfuehrer said, glancing nervously at the door. “If anybody heard that you could end up against a wall facing a firing squad. And us too!”

The man looked resentful. “It’s fucking true, and you know it. It could all be over by Christmas.”

The older man sighed. “Well, if it is I want to be here to see it.” He tugged at the badge with the SS runes sewn to the right side of his tunic collar. “We’re not immune just because we wear this. The Gestapo are always prowling the corridors in this place. So keep it quiet in future.”

The discomfort in Lisl’s knees had turned to pain and her arms were aching from holding them up to grip the bars. The guard who had complained stared at her as if everything was her fault, dropped his cigarette on the floor and stood on it.

“Let’s get back to work.”

His companion took a last draw on his cigarette, blew the smoke at the lit end until it brightened and leaned over Ilsa’s supine body. Lisl caught her breath as he held the glowing tip to the soft skin of the girl’s mound just above her sweat-soaked pubic hair. Ilsa made half-strangled whimpering noises, head rolling as she fought to suppress her cries.

The man laughed softly. “Thinks she’s a tough one. Let’s see.” He stepped back and brought the long, broad tongue of the whip down savagely onto the girl’s firm breasts. Before her cry had faded his companion stood at Ilsa’s opposite side and slashed his knotted whip across the fronts of her thighs. She screamed.

Horrified, Lisl watched the two men flog the helpless girl, one gradually working his way down and the other up her body. They passed one another at her waist, all the time lashing her hard and quickly, her screams at each meaty smack of stiff leather on soft flesh coming so fast they merged into one long, agonised shriek of torment.

From shoulders to knees her skin flamed scarlet. Her breasts and belly and thighs were peppered with purpling blotches where the knots of the scourge had bitten deep into her flesh. The crimson welts left by the tongue of the lash seemed to swell visibly before Lisl’s eyes. Dark ridges crisscrossed Ilsa’s ravaged skin, with beads of blood, bright and terrifyingly red, oozing from beneath it where the leather had scored most deeply. Soon the up-welling blood had become a trickle in a score of different places.

The girl’s screams echoed from the brick walls and set Lisl’s head spinning until she almost lost her grip on the metal bars. A fiery sting on her buttocks reminded her the Scharfuehrer was watching her. She took a deep breath and steeled herself against the terror and nausea that were churning her belly, forcing herself to keep watching the tortured, writhing girl. There was blood on Ilsa’s wrists and ankles too, where her frenzied thrashing was making them cut into her flesh. Surely she could not take much more. It suddenly struck Lisl that not once had either of the girl’s interrogators asked her a question.

The door banged closed. With Ilsa screaming no one had heard it open. The men stopped flogging her and came to attention, sweat streaming down their naked, heaving chests. The Scharfuehrer and Huebner clicked their heels and stood rigid.

“Gentlemen, a busy day at the office, I see.”

The voice was deep, the tone, Lisl thought, one of mild amusement. Boot heels tapped on the floor. She lowered her eyes from Ilsa’s bloodied breasts and breathed shallowly, staring at the floor in front of her. A pair of shiny, tailored boots appeared, perfectly-cut breeches tucked into their high tops, and two hands with manicured fingernails. They held a pair of black leather gloves, a thin riding crop with a short, leather thong at its tip, and a grey-green peaked cap. On the cap’s high front were the eagle badge of the Reich and the grinning death’s head of the SS. Lisl shivered.

“Pretty,” the voice said. “Very pretty.” The riding crop pressed under her chin to lift her head. “Very pretty indeed.”

Lisl saw the small, round black badge on the right tunic cuff with the white letters ‘SD’ upon it and her heart missed a beat. He was not just an SS officer but also a member of its dreaded security service. Hesitantly, she lifted her gaze to his face. Blue eyes under level, black eyebrows looked back at her. She saw a firm, chiselled jaw, a straight nose, a narrow-lipped mouth smiling thinly and confirming she had detected a note of amusement in the man’s words. There was no humour in his eyes though. They were bright and hard as steel. They turned on the Scharfuehrer.

“One for me to deal with, I think.”

“*Jawohl, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer.*”

The officer went to the girl on the table and brushed away the hair plastered to her sweating face. “Got anything yet?”

The man with the long-tongued whip shook his head. “She thinks she’s a fighter, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer, but we’ll teach her she’s wrong.”

The ghost-smile appeared again as he eyed Ilsa’s whip-ravaged body. “I think not. I’ll take her too. Get her to the infirmary. I’ll expect her to be delivered in a month. She should be well recovered by then.” His head snapped around as the youngest guard sucked in a noisy breath. “Something?” he demanded.

The man eyed him nervously. “No, Sturmbannfuehrer Schroeder.”

Schroeder’s smile widened just enough to reveal the edges of his white teeth. “Never mind. There are plenty of traitors out there. In fact, the Gestapo have just dropped off another two. You can have them both if you like.” He went to the small table in the corner and picked up the

brown file that lay there, adding it to the one already tucked beneath his left arm. He nodded towards the girl on the table. "One month," he reminded the SS men and beckoned Lisl. "Put your coat on."

Wincing from the pain in her knees, Lisl pushed her numb hands into her coat sleeves and fumbled with fastening its buttons.

"Here," Schroeder snapped as if he was calling a dog to heel. With a forlorn glance at the rest of her clothing, she abandoned it and followed him.

Chapter 3

Lisl's bare feet were very cold by the time they passed under the red, white and black swastika flag flapping above the building's entrance in the chill, easterly breeze. The wind seemed to bite to the bone as Lisl hurried to keep pace with the man's long strides.

He stopped at a big Horch touring car whose driver had already leaped out and opened one of its rear doors. Schroeder made Lisl go first and got in beside her. He opened one of the brown folders as they drove away. Lisl's sideways glance from beneath her lowered eyelids revealed the photograph inside was a larger version of the slightly out-of-focus one on her identity papers.

"Liselotte Hartmann," Schroeder said. "Aged twenty three, single, not a party member. You came here from Stuttgart a month ago. Why?"

Lisl's heart thumped. She licked her dry lips and saw him looking at her impatiently. "The... the bombing. My home. I lost everything. It's very bad there now. The bombing, I mean."

He looked up from the two sheets of paper which, apart from the photograph, were all the file contained. "Unbutton your coat."

"What?"

"Do it." His tone and his hard stare compelled her to obey. He grabbed her right breast. Lisl clutched her hands over his but he was far stronger than she was. He twisted her nipple until it was burning. "All prisoners call me 'Herr Sturmbannfuehrer' when they answer me," he snapped.

"But I haven't done anything. They said-."

He twisted her nipple in the opposite direction until the pain brought tears to Lisl's eyes.

"Ow! Yes, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer. Yes!" She felt a sudden quiver low down in her belly.

Schroeder laughed softly. "You clearly don't understand. Anyone who falls into the hands of the Gestapo is automatically assumed to be guilty of something. If we don't already know what it is, we very quickly find out." He flicked the papers in the file. "But in your case we know precisely the crime you have committed – spreading defeatism. Treason against the Reich."

“No,” Lisl said. “No Herr Sturmbannfuehrer. I am a loyal German.” She glanced down when he did and saw the second page in the folder was a handwritten letter.

“ ‘I wish this awful war could be over, even if it means we have to lose it,’ ” he read. “ ‘What is the Fuehrer thinking to let so many innocent people be killed? If victory is so close, why do the enemy bombers keep coming?’ ” Ice-blue eyes stared unblinkingly at Lisl’s face. “You deny you said those things?”

“I... I...” She gulped. “That’s not the way I said them, not straight out like that. It... it isn’t what I meant.”

“No? Well, we’ll have to find out what you did mean then.” Schroeder closed the folder and laid it on the car’s seat. His gaze moved from Lisl’s face to watch her bared breasts sway and jiggle with the motion of the car. She looked down and saw the big outline of an erection straining his tight breeches. Quickly turning her face away, she spent the rest of the journey staring directly in front of her at the back of the driver’s head.

They left the town, and for what could have been a quarter-hour but was another interminable, nerve-racking wait for Lisl, drove into the country. At last, the car turned off the road onto a long, tree-lined avenue. Half relieved and half terrified, Lisl looked beyond the driver towards the grand, baroque façade of an enormous country house.

The moment the car drew up at the tall doors of its entrance, Schroeder took his files and his riding crop in one hand and Lisl’s arm in the other and led her past the two sentries who had come smartly to attention as he approached. She had not even time to wrap her flapping coat around her nakedness before she was inside and stumbling down a wide passage with solid doors of dark oak at regular intervals along each of its walls. The SS man entered one of them, dragging her after him. The room had obviously been a library and just as obviously was now his office.

Still gripping Lisl by the arm, he walked to a large desk near a big window, dropped his cap and gloves and the folders onto it but kept the crop, and turned to face the smaller desk standing at the other side of the immense stone fireplace that dominated the room. A girl had been sitting there behind a big typewriter but had leapt to her feet and come to rigid attention the second he had entered. For no obvious reason, the action

had brought a yelp to the girl's lips and a pained expression to her face. She still wore it as she stared fearfully at Schroeder.

"Situation, Volner," he barked.

The girl drew herself even more erect and winced. "Beg to report, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer, all in order. Fifty-three girls resting, thirty-five on duty, fourteen in the upper cells and seven in the lower ones."

No coal shortages here, Lisl thought irrelevantly, shivering and wishing she could stand closer to the big fire roaring in the grate. Instead, Schroeder dragged her across to the girl. Volner was wearing a little field-grey fore-and-aft side-cap on her head, a white blouse thin enough to reveal the darkly pink points of her nipples, and a black tie. As Lisl got closer, the tall typewriter in front of the girl no longer hid the lower part of her body and, to her utter consternation Lisl discovered the reason for all of her gasping and grimacing.

Volner was naked from the waist down, and closed tightly through holes piercing both the outer lips of the girl's hairless sex were two shiny, stainless steel rings, each a good two inches across. A small padlock was linked through both of them with a thin steel chain attached, which disappeared under the desk. It was suddenly clear to Lisl that the chain was fixed so as to remain slack when the girl was sitting, but as soon as she stood up it pulled hard at her ringed outer labia and stretched them painfully downwards just as they were stretching now. Lisl's belly fluttered faster as she realised she could see a gap between the rings and the upper edges of the holes they filled in the girl's pussy-lips.

Volner continued to stand stiffly upright, anxiously gnawing her lower lip. Schroeder took a key ring from his pocket, unfastened the padlock and chain and removed them from the rings. The girl sighed, trembling. Lisl shuddered.

"Get your notepad, Volner," the SS man ordered. "Find Heidi and Heike and bring them down to Interrogation One." As he turned on his heel Volner ran her tongue nervously over her lips.

"Beg to report, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer, Obersturmfuehrer Sprenger is there already." She seemed to shrink as her faced her. "Someone complained about Gretl last night. He has her there now."

"Does he, indeed? Very well, Interrogation Two then."

“Beg to report, *jawohl*, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer.” The girl hurried away, bare bottom wiggling and accompanied by a metallic clinking as the big rings in her pussy clashed together with every step she took.

Still stunned, Lisl stared after her until Schroeder tapped his slim riding crop against her right breast.

“Get stripped. Follow me.”

Gut suddenly twisting, she dropped her coat to the floor and walked naked behind him along the carpeted passage and then along one with only cold flagstones underfoot. Once again there was a staircase, and at its foot a whitewashed corridor, then another staircase and a narrower corridor of bare, rough stone that took her past a leering sentry to a room that looked frighteningly familiar.

The light bulbs seemed bright, illuminating even the farthest corners of ‘Interrogation Two’ to reveal the small table and two chairs standing beside the cupboard on the same side of the room as the door that suddenly thudded ominously closed behind her. There were whip-racks on the walls containing wicked-looking instruments whose sole purpose could only be to inflict pain. And there was the long wooden table in the centre of the room with the leather straps at its corners that Lisl knew with a cold and awful dread would soon be tightening around her wrists and ankles.

She felt suddenly weak; vulnerable, helpless. She longed to turn and flee, to fight and kill if need be to return once more to the daylight above. Lisl did not move. She could not run, even if she saw a chance to escape. She eyed the table, her heart in her mouth. This was why she was here. This was how it was meant to be. A little, involuntary tremor teased her sex.

The door opened. Volner appeared, dashed to one of the seats at the small table, opened her notepad and poised her pencil over a blank page. Despite the vestiges of uniform she wore, Lisl had guessed the girl was as much a prisoner as she was herself.

That did not strike her as being true of the two girls who had followed Volner into the room. They were both tall and as blonde as Lisl was, and they were fully dressed. Their grey, narrow-waisted tunics emphasised the width of their shoulders, the round heaviness of their breasts and the flare of their broad hips. As soon as they entered they removed their uniform jackets and hung them from one of the whip-racks,

revealing the tightness of the skirts that hugged the firm swells of their buttocks. Both girls were very pretty, and Lisl could see that despite their full figures neither was fat, or even a little plump. All of their hourglass shapes were made from solid bone and hard muscle.

Two pairs of blue eyes almost as icy as Schroeder's met Lisl's frightened gaze. Her stomach went tight and a shiver of fear ran through her as she watched the girls begin rolling up their sleeves. Their heads turned to the SS man who leaned against the big table in the centre of the room.

He waved a careless hand. "Carry on."

There was one feature of the room Lisl had not noticed in her state of acute nervousness. That changed as the two girls seized her and dragged her to one corner where a metal grating surrounded by a raised ridge of tiles covered a hole in the floor. A framework of steel bars stood upon it, beneath a showerhead fitted into the ceiling. A tap on the wall beside it had a long rubber hose attached, coiled around two hooks fixed to the stonework. From the nozzle hanging vertically from the hose a steady drip of water fell into a white enamel bucket below it. Next to the bucket was a stirrup-pump with a much narrower hose, on the end of which was a tapering brass tube with a broader section near the end where it joined the rubber.

"No. Oh, please!"

Two hands simultaneously slapped hard on each of Lisl's out-thrust teats. As she cried out at the shock and sting, she found herself bent double over one of the metal bars of the frame with one of the girls holding her in place while the other fitted steel shackles between her wrists and ankles, preventing her from standing upright.

"Nooo!" Lisl wailed.

"Shut your mouth," the big blonde holding her snapped. There was a sound of running water. Looking sideways, Lisl got an upside-down view of the other girl filling the bucket to the brim from the hose. She moved it behind Lisl's bent figure and the helpless girl heard the splash and clang of the stirrup-pump going into the bucket. Water overflowed and ran through the gaps in the grating.

Awestruck and afraid, Lisl watched her pass the shiny brass nozzle at the end of the pump to her companion.

“Try to relax, pretty,” the second blonde said, pressing a hand hard into the small of Lisl’s back. “It will hurt a lot less if you do.”

She tried to follow the advice but the cold brass pushing deep past her shivering sphincter was still horribly uncomfortable.

“Ready, Heidi?” the girl forcing the tube into her rectum asked.

Lisl groaned then cried out as an extra hard push thrust the swollen section of the tube past her anal knot. She felt a tug test it was firmly seated and tried to force the horrid metal out. Her left buttock stung at the same moment she heard the loud crack of the girl’s hand striking it.

“Bad girl! You have to nip your little bummy-hole tight until I tell you different. Understand?” She gripped the tube and pushed again, wagging it from side to side in Lisl’s anus.

“Yes,” Lisl gasped, hips squirming in discomfort.

“Yes, Miss Heike,” the girl corrected. “You bad girls have to be respectful to us good ones.” She reached between Lisl’s parted thighs, found the crinkled flesh of her clitoral hood and gave it a fierce pinch.

“Yes, Miss Heike,” the tormented girl hissed.

“Good. Go ahead, Heidi.”

The stirrup-pump gave a squeak as Heidi drew up its handle and plunged it down. The water was so cold it felt like fire to the tender membranes of Lisl’s bowels. The griping and cramps started with the first awful surge of it into her fear-twisting gut and grew worse with every one that followed. She wept as her belly began to swell and press harder onto the metal bar over which they had chained her. Soon, she was groaning and shaking her head and her legs were trembling. Only a little later, she was crying out at the stabbing pains that felt as if a knife was plunging again and again into her intestines.

“Bucket’s empty,” she faintly hear Heidi announce through her cries. “Shall we give her another one?”

Lisl’s heart leapt. Another one! She felt Heike slide a hand over her sex and up to her horribly distended and rigid belly.

“No, little pretty’s full up, aren’t you, dear? Any more and she’d burst.” Heike giggled and leaned close to Lisl’s ear. “Now, I’m going to pull and you’re going to push, pretty, and between us we’re going to get that nasty old enema tube out of your sweet little bummy-hole and you’ll be all nice and clean inside.” She spoke as if Lisl was a child who had to be humoured and encouraged to take some nasty medicine.

The helplessly shackled prisoner did not care. All she wanted was for the terrible pain to stop. She felt Heike tug on the brass filling her rectum and pushed hard. The plug came free and Heidi and Heike leaped aside as the contents of Lisl's bowels spewed out and splattered onto the steel grating below. She heard their laughter, but all she felt was relief as, with much gushing and gurgling, her gut expelled the water and the awful cramps began to subside.

Lisl was almost glad when they ran the shower above her and its ice-cold water cleaned her and washed away the evidence of her cringing humiliation. She had feared they would turn the hose on her.

Schroeder still leaned against the table, watching expressionlessly as, released from her shackles, Lisl drew herself painfully upright. Dripping wet, shivering and teeth chattering, and with her nipples as hard as pebbles, she looked an entreaty at the SS man.

"Please, Herr Sturmbannfuhrer, I'll admit everything. Anything you want. I... I've had enough. I can't take any more interrogation."

"Interrogation?" Schroeder laughed aloud. It was not what Lisl expected from the cold, unemotional man she had seen.

Heike and Heidi laughed too.

"Silly girl," Heike said. "We were just getting you prepared. We haven't begun the interrogation yet."

Already worn out, Lisl struggled feebly as Heidi and Heike swept her up between them, carried her easily to the big table and laid her on her back on its cold, hard surface. Before she could even find enough breath to plead, they had fastened her wrists to the short, square posts that rose from its upper corners. She groaned as she felt the leather straps tighten, and she anxiously watched Schroeder take a black box from the cupboard and place it on the small table. Volner avoided looking at it, shuddered and moved her chair further away.

Lisl's aching belly contracted. The SS man had taken a piece of copper tubing from the cupboard and was coming towards her. It was about two inches wide and rounded to a blunt point at one end. Near the other it swelled out then in again, as the enema nozzle did. Lisl gave a despairing wail as she realised where he meant to put it.

"Hold her tight," he told his blonde assistants, and they grabbed her calves, bent her knees and lifted her thighs until their fronts were flattening her breasts.

“Please, you don’t need to hurt me any more. I’ll answer all your questions,” Lisl whined.

“I know you will,” Schroeder said and his ghost-smile played over his lips. “But not for a while yet. First, we’re going to have some fun.” He held the copper tube up before her eyes then pressed it against her anal pucker. She cried out as he forced its unlubricated length painfully into her, pushing hard until her sphincter yielded to the thicker section that would hold it firmly inside.

Convinced it was useless, Lisl was too terrified not to continue begging as Schroeder unravelled an electric flex from the black box and plugged it into a wall socket. Heike and Heidi placed her ankles on the wooden posts at the bottom corners of the table. They had holes drilled through them large enough to take the straps the girls used to secure her feet in a way that left the backs of her legs raised off the tabletop. They joined Schroeder beside the box, and he handed Heike a long red wire with a toothed copper clip at its end and a similar black wire to Heidi.

The girls returned to Lisl’s supine figure. Their blouses had got wet during the process of giving her the enema and she saw the material clinging to the outlines of their big breasts and the pointed cones of their erect nipples. The twin pairs of heavy, jutting teats were rising and falling rapidly and the girls’ eyes were bright. They were aroused. Lisl’s belly did an enormous flip.

Heidi ran her fingers up the inside of the helpless girl’s thigh and held up the black wire for her to see before clipping it to the two inches of copper tube sticking out of Lisl’s anus. Heike laid her palm on Lisl’s belly and rubbed it firmly, and then ran her fingers through her pubic curls and traced a fingertip along her defenceless slit to the fleshy bump of her hood. Smiling into Lisl’s face, she teased its little folds with her thumb and forefinger, pulling them gently upwards, stretching them until they tingled.

“Is that nice, pretty?”

“No,” Lisl said and then louder, “Oh, no!” She saw the jaws of the copper clip on the red wire Heike held separate, and jerked frantically against her restraints. Heike pressed hard on her mound, flattening Lisl’s buttocks against the table, and let the sprung clip close on her delicate clitoral hood. The sharp teeth stung but Lisl knew the pain was nothing compared to what was to come.

“Do you know how a magneto works?” Schroeder asked.

Lisl did not even know what it was. Very frightened, she gave a little shake of her head.

He smiled wryly. “Neither do I, but I do know the effect it can have.” He flicked the switch on the black box and it gave off a low hum. Lisl saw Volner cower from the sound. Her breathing fast and shallow, she eyed her tormentor and felt her panic grow with every beat of her racing heart. Beside Schroeder, Heike and Heidi swapped an excited look then watched her with avid anticipation. The SS man turned a dial and let his finger hover over a switch on the box.

Lisl turned her head away and stared up at the ceiling lights glaring down on her naked, quaking body.

“No! Please, no!”

“Yes,” Schroeder said.

The lights above her flickered and suddenly dimmed for a second. Lisl had wondered why they did that. Now, as her body leapt uncontrollably in its bonds and raw, savage agony seared every nerve ending with unbearable crackling fire, she understood.

* * * * *

Saturday, May 6th 1944, 0845 hours.

“Oh, no!” Pam Hollis stepped on the brake and brought the Humber to an abrupt halt ten yards from the American with the tommy-gun and the letters MP emblazoned across the front of his helmet.

Audley-Towne leaned forward from the back seat. “What is it?”

“A checkpoint. It wasn’t here yesterday.” Pam’s heart raced.

“Quick, pass my skirt. He’s coming.”

The Major chuckled. All he handed her was his identity card. Pam snatched her cap from her head and laid it over her exposed sex, shuffling her sore bottom on the tacky leather seat in a vain effort to make her tunic cover more of her bare thighs. Her buzzing backside and her semi-nudity were her own fault, she was forced to admit. The previous evening she had made the mistake of stitching the lace back on her panties with Audley-Towne present. He had irked her with his comment about her inexpert sewing. Before the war she had had people to do that sort of thing for her.

One hasty and incautious reply later, Pam had found herself over the Major's knee with her bottom turned up for a hard and vigorous spanking. Her punishment had not been brief and had left her outraged and crying and with her blazing rear-cheeks a fiery and alarming shade of scarlet. Why then, Pam asked herself, when the Major's cock had filled her pussy shortly afterwards and his unrelenting thrusts had driven those same burning buttocks hard into the mattress, had she come three times in rapid succession and cried out ecstatically when she had felt the hot splash of his spunk inside her?

This morning, to remind her of her place, the Major had decreed she would drive to the base without skirt, stockings or panties. Pam gulped. The soldier was leaning down to peer through the car's side window. She saw his eyes widen as he glimpsed her bare legs and the little cap that was all she had to hide her pussy, and she felt her cheeks flame with embarrassment. Quickly, she wound the window down just enough to push the identity cards through.

The American was far more interested in looking at her naked thighs than the cards. He stood for a good minute, grinning broadly, before handing them back and waving the car on. Pam crashed the Humber into gear and shot off in the direction of the base. From behind her came the sound of Audley-Towne laughing.

Thanking heaven when the sentries at the gate recognised the Major's car and let them through without stopping, Pam dropped him off at Interrogation, as he had also had her do the previous day. Who was the girl Webster had mentioned in the 'phone call? Why was the Major keeping her in the mock-up of a Gestapo prison he had had built next to the armoury? And why, Pam wondered, had he told her nothing about any of it when she knew everything else that went on in S-Force. She had to. She virtually ran it single-handedly.

As Audley-Towne stepped from the car, Pam saw he still had her folded skirt in his hand. He might have just forgotten it was there. Frantically, she wound the window down.

"Sir, my skirt!"

He grinned at her. "Remember this next time you decide to answer me back, Corporal."

"Yes, sir." Bastard, Pam thought as he walked away. She parked the car as close to the office as she could and made a bare-bottomed dash

for the door. The place was deserted, as usual. Sighing with relief, she looked around. There was nothing she could use to cover herself. Thank heaven her desk faced the door and had a panelled front. In the unlikely event anyone did show up, her lower half would be hidden from them, so long as she remained sitting down. Pam's belly fluttered. Unless it was an officer and she had to stand to attention, she realised. Her pussy gave a disconcerting little tickle.

She risked putting the kettle on to make tea and scuttled back behind the desk, easing her bruised bottom carefully onto her seat. It was cool on her bare flesh. Suddenly very aware of her naked thighs and uncovered sex, Pam felt a jolt of surprise as the tickle there became a tremor that ran the full length of her sheath. Instead of reaching for the handful of envelopes in her in-tray, she let her hand stray to the soft skin of her inner thighs and smoothed her fingers upwards to the slit between them. It was warm and moist. Gently, she parted the swells of her outer pussy-lips and slid her fingertip between them. A thrill of excitement teased her sex. The irritating, dull ache that had been nagging her bottom since she had awoken seemed to melt away, and the warm buzzing of the skin there no longer felt so unpleasant. Pam slid her finger deeper and wriggled it.

The clanging of Audley-Towne's swagger stick along the radiator brought her to her senses. The kettle was boiling but she did not want to leave the concealment of the desk with the Major about to enter the room. He came in, passed her without a glance and went into his office. Pam got up and made the tea. She had been longing for the drink ever since the Major had pulled his cock from her mouth just before they left home.

"Where the hell's that file I told you I wanted?"

Pam jumped, managed to avoid spilling the tea she was holding and automatically covered her sex with a hand as she turned. Pointless since he could look at it whenever he chose, she thought ruefully, and do a lot more if it suited him.

"I put it on your desk yesterday afternoon, sir."

"Well it's not there now. Get in here and find it."

He had put his cap and gloves on top of the file. Pam handed it to him.

"You do remember that 'Buffalo Bill' stopped transmitting nearly a month ago, sir? We assume he was captured," she said. The Major

named his agents after characters from the Wild West, though Pam was not sure why when he was always complaining about the Americans.

“Of course I bloody do,” he snapped, just as she had expected. “But there’s something in one of his reports I want to check.” If he cared that the agent had probably been tortured and shot by the enemy it did not show as he sat down and opened the file.

Longingly, Pam eyed her folded skirt lying on the end of his desk. His gaze flickered towards it.

“No you can’t have it back. In fact, let’s have your tits out as well. Get the rest of that uniform off.”

“No, Major, please,” Pam pleaded. “What if someone comes in?”

“They’ll see your tits.” Audley-Towne grinned coldly. “No one’s going to come in, Pammy. We both know everybody avoids this place like the plague. Anyway, I’ve given them all a weekend’s leave. There’s no one here to disturb us. Private Webster’s down at Interrogation. Volunteered to stay on duty for obvious reasons.” His expression turned furtive for a moment. “Obvious to me, that is. But he won’t come up here.”

Hiding her surprise that the Major had actually realised people were avoiding the office, but fairly sure from his casual mention of it that he had not worked out why, Pam resigned herself to the inevitable. She stripped off her tunic and blouse to stand naked and blushing before him. It still embarrassed her to have to expose herself whenever he commanded it, especially on the base when they were supposed to be contributing to the war effort.

“Get down here and give me a suck.” Audley-Towne turned his chair and pointed at the floor between his feet. Struggling to hide her resentment, Pam knelt and began loosening his trousers while he turned his attention to his file. He had already come in her mouth once that morning, just before they set off, and the sour taste of his spunk still lingered on her tongue. She had wanted the tea to wash it away. The prospect of having to swallow more of his salty come was a very unwelcome one. Nevertheless, Pam felt her pussy quiver as she curled her fingers around the Major’s huge cock and stretched her jaws to close her lips with difficulty over its great, swollen head.

Audley-Towne leaned back with a sigh and thumbed through the pages of the file while Pam bobbed her head slowly over his straining

shaft. Her emotions were a hopeless tangle – hatred, anger, despair at her entrapment, humiliation at the coarse, debasing abuse to which he subjected her. But there was exhilaration too, almost like that she had felt when she had raced her Lagonda at Brooklands and stunted her Gypsy Moth in the skies over Berkshire before the war. Her father had told her many times that she enjoyed taking risks too much for her own good. There had always been a thrill of fear that was also excitement when she had ignored his warnings. And was there not also something stimulating about the flutter of fear the Major could cause in her belly, however much she wished she could deny it? There was no denying she was aroused. Pam inhaled the ripe, slightly pungent scent of the girl-musk rising up from between her thighs and wished she dared slip a finger into her pussy.

“That’s it! I knew it was there somewhere.” Audley-Towne stood up so suddenly he almost dislocated Pam’s jaw as his cock pulled free of her mouth. He slapped the papers in his hand triumphantly and grinned at her. “Get your arse over the desk.”

Relief that she would not have to taste more of his come mingled with the pulsing arousal in her sex as Pam bent herself over and rested her elbows on the desk-blotter. She realised she was panting, and delicious, tickling tremors were coursing through her pussy. The great, swollen bludgeon of the Major’s penis plunging deep into it forced a long breathy moan from her lips. Then he began to thrust. Pam felt wonderful, rippling excitement shiver through the stretching walls of her sheath.

“Ooh, yes!”

He leaned on her, pushing her body hard into the unyielding desk, sinking deeper into her tingling pussy. She pushed her hips back to meet the thick, thrilling meat filling her. Audley-Towne took the telephone off its cradle and held it under her nose.

“Get me Colonel Glover.”

Chapter 4

“S... sir?” Eyes misted with desire, Pam stared vaguely at the telephone receiver.

“Get Glover on the phone, now.” He gave an extra-hard thrust with his massive cock to emphasise the order.

With sparkling delight still filling her sex along with the rigid penis, Pam had difficulty dialling the number and much more trying to keep her voice level and her words steady as she spoke to the operator at Headquarters. She could hear her pussy making wet, sucking sounds around Audley-Towne’s marvellous baton as he continued to plunge it into her while the call was connected. Pam was lucky that she orgasmed while she was waiting to be put through, but she was breathless and biting back her impassioned moans as she stammered her request to the Colonel’s secretary.

“Major Audley-Towne for you, sir,” she said quickly when he came on the line, and passed the receiver to the Major, cursing the gasp at the end of her sentence that she had been unable to stifle.

Audley-Towne continued to slowly thrust his wonderful shaft into her as he spoke to Colonel Glover. Building towards another climax, Pam had difficulty following the side of the conversation she could hear with the distraction of her trembling arousal filling her mind and her main priority being moving her hips in time with the Major’s.

“Hang on a moment, sir,” she heard him say. “Something’s just come up.” Clamping his hand over the ’phone’s mouthpiece, he gave an energetic thrust that momentarily lifted Pam’s feet from the floor and spewed his spunk deep into her spasming pussy. Growling his satisfaction, he waited until Pam’s noisy response to the wild, ecstatic twitching in her sex had subsided, and then resumed his conversation, cock still buried to the hilt.

“No, just a stray dog barking, Colonel. The sentry has chased it away.” There was a pause. “All right? Of course, sir, everything’s fine here. So I will expect you on the tenth, then.” Again he paused, listening. “I guarantee it won’t be. But you really need to see for yourself, sir. It’ll have to be top secret. You’ll understand when I

explain fully, but it's not the sort of thing we can talk about on the 'phone."

As her breathing steadied and the pulses of delight in her sex grew shorter and less frequent, Pam pricked up her ears, wishing she had paid attention from the beginning of the call.

"It won't fail, Colonel. You have my word on that. I'll see you Wednesday." Audley-Towne hung up, looking annoyed as he usually did after talking to Glover. "Failure indeed," he snorted. "S-Force fail? That'll be the day."

He had a short and very selective memory, Pam thought, and wondered if she dared ask what was going on. Then she realised it was not necessary to take the risk. If he had some sort of plan, she was bound to find out what it was shortly. It would fall to her to organise everything to make it work.

The Major pulled his shrinking cock from her pussy, grabbed a handful of Pam's fair hair and dragged her with him as he sat down. Once more on her knees before him, she eyed the shine of her own juices and the sticky residue of his come that coated his flaccid penis.

"Lick," he ordered.

With her arousal not yet fully waned, Pam did not find the task too unpleasant. It seemed much less so when the cock began swelling in her mouth and a persistent prickle of excitement had again begun teasing her pussy. Audley-Towne reached down to stroke her full breasts and toy with her erect nipples until the stiff cones were flushed dark red. He leaned back in his chair and gestured to the great, curving erection rising from his groin.

"Climb on, Corporal. Show me what you can do."

"Yes, sir." More eager than she could have imagined, Pam planted her feet on the seat at either side of his hips and squatted over him. She took his huge, rigid shaft in both hands and guided it between her thighs. With a long shudder and a moan, she sank her trembling pussy slowly down onto Audley-Towne's fat, pulsating cock.

As her wet and swollen labia settled onto his hairy groin, she noticed he had dropped the file, scattering its pages all over the floor. Pussy clenching around the Major's marvellous meat, for once Pam did not care that he was a clumsy bastard.

* * * * *

Monday, October 30th, 1944, 1510 hours.

Lisl lay panting on the table in a puddle of her own sweat. Even when Schroeder shut off the cruel current, her limbs continued to jerk like a puppet's as muscles all over her body spasmed and contracted convulsively. It was an unnerving sensation to see and feel her arms and legs trying to move of their own volition and know she had no control over them.

The pain was like nothing she had ever known – a vicious hammer blow to her sex and belly when Schroeder turned the switch, then searing torment as the raw current flowed lightning-swift through every fibre of her madly writhing body. He had laughed when she had cried he was killing her.

“You haven't even had five thousand yet,” he had told her. “You can take ten easily without any lasting harm.” Then he had flicked the switch again and the electricity had surged through Lisl in a long, scorching thunderbolt of agony.

She was near exhaustion, breasts heaving, throat sore from screaming, and waiting in black dread for the magneto's hum to change once more to the high-pitched whine it made every time the pain was about to begin. Instead, an upside-down blond head appeared above her, blurred by her tears.

“Does it hurt dreadfully, dear?”

“Yes, Miss Heike,” Lisl rasped hoarsely.

The girl laughed. “I'm Heidi, silly.”

Lisl blinked and saw that it was so. The girl reached down, draping her big breasts over her captive's face as she pinched both of Lisl's nipples until she cried out.

“You won't make that mistake again, will you?”

“No, Miss Heidi,” Lisl gasped.

“But you might be in luck,” Heidi said and lifted Lisl's lolling head from the tabletop. “See? The Sturmbannfuehrer's getting his fuck. He's usually a lot more easy-going afterwards.”

Lisl did not think 'easy-going' was a term that could ever be used to describe Schroeder. He had Volner kneeling on a chair, bent over its back with Heike gripping her shoulders. The girl had both hands behind

her, their forefingers through the rings in her outer-labia and pulling them wide apart.

“Come on,” Schroeder urged as he unbuttoned his trousers and freed his cock, “further than that.”

Though the girl’s pussy-lips were already horribly misshapen and elongated, Lisl saw her stretch them even more at the snarled command and heard her whimpering with pain. The SS man pressed the swollen, red head of his cock to the pink, exposed entrance of Volner’s sex.

“Grab her tits, Heike, and give them a good hard squeeze,” he said, and as the big blonde obeyed and the girl cried in anguish, he sank himself deep into her pussy. Stunned, Lisl watched as he took her with rough, hard thrusts, one hand on the back of her neck pushing her face into Heike’s generous cleavage while the blonde grinned and crushed the girl’s small breasts in her hands.

Heidi let Lisl’s head fall back to the table. Her big breasts, the equals in every way of Heike’s, rose and fell inside her damp blouse, red nipples straining the thin material as she stared, bright-eyed and cheeks flushed, at Schroeder abusing the girl. Her hands slid down her belly and pressed hard into her skirt at the place where her thighs met. To Lisl’s complete surprise, through all her pain and distress she felt her sex give a little twitch and a tickle. At the same time she heard the SS man give a long, animal growl and knew that he had come.

Weakly, Lisl raised her head enough to see him pull his cock from between Volner’s grossly stretched labia. He made her turn and sit on the chair and suck and lick the fluids from his flagging penis. By the time she had finished, it was almost fully erect again and she had difficulty obeying his order to put it back in his pants and button him up. Finally done, she was told to stand and Schroeder pointed to the mingled spunk and juices that had leaked from the girl’s pussy onto the chair’s seat.

“Lick that up, then fetch your notebook.” He strode to Lisl’s helpless figure. She tried to cringe from him, straining weakly against the leather straps on wrists and ankles. The snarling grin he had worn as he had tortured her was gone from his face and the lustful glint from his eyes replaced by the thin shadow of a smile and his ice-cold stare. He tapped his riding crop on his palm.

“Now, Liselotte Hartmann, I’m ready to hear what you’ve got to tell me.”

“I... I admit everything, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer,” she rasped.
“Please don’t hurt me again.”

“I don’t want any admissions of guilt. The fact you’re here is enough proof you’re guilty of something. Give me the names of the others in your group.”

“Group?” She stared blankly.

“The other traitors. What are their names?”

“I... I don’t know any traitors. I don’t know anyone here. I only arrived a month ago.”

“The people you worked with at the wireless station, then. They’re the ones you talked your treason to. What did they have to say about it?”

“N... nothing. Really, nothing. I hardly know them.”

“You know them well enough to spread defeatism amongst them. Give me the names. Or do you want to know how ten thousand volts feels?”

“No! No, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer.”

“Volner.”

The girl appeared at his elbow, very obviously avoiding looking at Lisl. Her blouse was unbuttoned, her tie was askew, and a fat gob of greyish fluid clung to her chin.

Schroeder leaned an elbow on the table close to Lisl’s left ear. “Do they call you Lisl?”

She nodded.

“Well, Lisl, I’ll be honest with you. I don’t give a fuck what you’ve done, or any of the people you worked with. I’m looking for pretty, healthy young women and I want you to help me find some. Otherwise it’s the magneto again. Are you going to help me?”

She saw the uncompromising cruelty in the eyes that looked down at her, and she fought the fear rising up from her belly to swallow.

“There’s... there’s Hanna Kempfer,” Lisl said, thinking of the most committed supporter of the regime from the commercial wireless station where she had worked.

Schroeder laughed. “The one who denounced *you*. There’s irony. Is she pretty?”

“Oh, yes, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer, very pretty!” Lisl did not know why it mattered. At that moment she did not care. All that was important was that she did not feel the electricity again. She could hear the

magneto's menacing hum in the background and feel the bite of the toothed metal clip on her hood and the copper tube jammed uncomfortably deep into her anus.

"Who else?"

Lisl ran the faces of the nine other clerks she had worked with through her memory. "Irma Krenser and Nadja Roden, and Berthe Zahler. And the supervisor, Fraulein Maute. She's quite old, but still very pretty."

"How old?"

"Thirty-two, I think."

The ghost-smile crossed Schroeder's face. "So am I. And we have room for older women too, so long as they come up to standard. Any more?"

Lisl shook her head, glad that the other girls were plain and would not interest him. She knew that if any of them had been attractive she would have told the SS man about them. She knew that he knew too.

"Got that, Volner?" he asked as the girl stopped scribbling in her notebook.

"Beg to report, yes, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer."

"Back to your desk then, and I'll be checking the chain and padlock are back on your cunt the minute I return." He reached for the clip that joined the terrible wire to Lisl's clitoral hood and removed it.

Tears ran from the corners of her eyes to her temples. She had betrayed five innocent women and condemned them to the same fate as herself. But it had been necessary. She had really had no choice.

* * * * *

Wednesday, May 10th 1944, 1110 hours.

Pam was having difficulty keeping the tea tray level as she walked towards the Major's office. With every step she took, the tickling thrum the dildo was creating in her pussy seemed to intensify. It had been inside her for nearly four hours now. It had come from one of the boxes Audley-Towne had found in the bombed building. He had made Pam drive there on the way to work early the previous day, sneaked into the intact half of the house and reappeared a little later with two large, rectangular wooden cases.

Back at his cottage outside the town, which her allowance from her father paid for, he had spent most of the evening looking through the contents of the boxes, alternately snickering and exclaiming at whatever it was he had found. Pam had not been allowed to see, but she had guessed that the boxes and the ruin they had come from were somehow linked to the mysterious girl in the interrogation block. At least he had let her listen to the wireless, even if it had been while she knelt naked in a corner, facing the wall.

As soon as she had pissed next morning, the Major had made her insert the black rubber dildo and fastened a wide leather belt around Pam's waist, joined to a crotch-strap that he pulled very tightly up between her legs and buckled in front. Like the dildo, the strap chafed Pam every time she moved. At first, despite her embarrassment, it had felt quite stimulating but now she was almost screaming with the need to come. She reached the door on legs that were trembling and was about to open it when she heard a raised voice from within.

"Are you serious man? Do you realise it would be almost certain death?"

Colonel Glover sounded less than pleased, something not uncommon when he was around the Major. Pam knocked and entered, horribly aware that her face was flushed and her breathing laboured. Glover gulped the last of his whisky from his glass and gave her a puzzled glance as she put the tray on Audley-Towne's desk.

"Damn it, your unit's job is sabotage, not spying," he told the Major.

"But it's a wonderful opportunity," Audley-Towne argued. "We'll never have another one like it, and I'm certain it will work."

Glover's face darkened. "You were certain the enemy soldiers were changing barrels on their machine gun when you ordered your men to charge it," he said accusingly. "And five of them died. That's why you were kicked out of your previous unit, as I recall."

The Major looked uncomfortable. "An innocent mistake. But I could have sworn -."

"Never mind that," Glover snapped. "Do you know how much flak I get about S-Force from the top-brass? 'Shite-Force', one of them called it. Blowing up a few power lines and railway tracks isn't good enough, Audley-Towne. The Resistance have more success at it than you do."

And the intelligence your people send, which they aren't even supposed to be collecting, we get more quickly and accurately from other sources." He raised his eyes to the ceiling. "And now you come up with this hare-brained idea."

"At least hear me out," the Major said. "Take a look at this." He handed over the pages he had taken from the file Pam had provided a few days earlier. Her hand shook as she placed a cup of tea in front of him. He looked up and smirked at the beads of sweat on her forehead and upper lip.

"Get out, Corporal. I can manage without you."

No he bloody well could not, crossed Pam's mind as she left. Fighting off her throbbing arousal, she crouched outside the door and listened. If the Major would not tell her his plan, there were other ways of finding out. Her curiosity had been growing steadily ever since she had first heard of the girl's presence in Interrogation. Why keep her in a mock-up of a Gestapo prison with no one allowed near her but Private Webster and Audley-Towne himself? He had seldom been to the place since he had had it built. It was supposed to be to familiarise agents with what to expect if they were captured, but to Pam's certain knowledge it had hardly been used. Now the Major visited it morning and afternoon every day. Was that too connected with his plan?

Pam's sex rippled suddenly as she shifted position to get her ear closer to the door and she bit her lip to smother a groan.

"Is this genuine?" she heard the Colonel ask. "You're sure it's accurate?"

"I'd stake my life on it," Audley-Towne replied.

"Your career, at any rate," Glover said dryly. "If this *is* true, you're right. It is a tremendous opportunity. But the risk would be enormous."

"But we wouldn't be the ones taking it," the Major pointed out.

"True. Nevertheless, the chances of success must be incredibly small."

"What if we do succeed, though?" Audley-Towne said enthusiastically. "That'll shut the brass up, and there'll be medals all round, and maybe promotions too."

"It would have to be a volunteer," Glover said, "and a very exceptional one."

Oh, hell! He sounded half-convinced, Pam thought. Glover had known the Major since they were children together at that bloody public school Audley-Towne was always going on about. He must know the man was stupid and half bloody mad. Any idea he came up with would end the same way as all the others – by getting someone killed.

“I’ve already got a volunteer,” the Major said. “One more exceptional than you could ever imagine. If you will come with me I’ll introduce you.”

Pam heard his chair scrape on the floor, scuttled back to her desk and began shuffling some papers, trying hard not to gasp at the frantic wriggling going on in her pussy. She stood to attention as the two men came out of the Major’s office.

“At ease, Hollis. The Colonel and I are going out for a bit.”

“Yes, Major.” Pam reached for her cap, wondering how far she would be able to walk before her climax overpowered her.

“Not you, Corporal,” Audley-Towne barked. “You stay here and get some work done.”

Relieved she had been spared the humiliation but irked that her curiosity remained unsatisfied, Pam could take no more. The constant pulse of her arousal was maddening. The moment she was alone, she pulled her skirt up to her hips and tugged the tight leather strap bisecting her outer-labia as far to one side as it would comfortably go. Urgently, she rubbed on the hard, swollen bud of her clitoris. Seconds later she collapsed onto her seat, her sex rippling and writhing with the ecstatic tremors of her orgasm.

A hot flood of juices spilled from around the thick dildo in her sheath and she cried helplessly as her head spun at the sudden release of all her pent-up frustration. With her pussy contracting wildly around the hard rubber, Pam slumped forward onto the desktop. As her tremors slowly subsided, her nostrils filled with the ripe scent of her femininity hanging in the air around her. She laid her head on her arms and let her breathing steady.

Why the hell had she ever got herself involved with Audley-Towne? Pam asked herself. But, of course, she already knew the answer. Her father had regularly told her that she took too many risks with her fast cars and her flying. He had not known about the wild parties with

absinthe and cocaine, or the love affairs, always with married men. It had seemed so much more exciting that way.

There had, however, been something Pam had always considered one risk too many - until the drunken night she had met Anthea Brisley. She had been tempted as an eighteen-year-old at her Swiss finishing school. Several of the other girls had made no secret of the fact they shared each other's beds at night, but Pam had never quite worked up the courage to try sex with another girl. Anthea had changed that. Thirty years old, she had been cool and sophisticated; the svelte, experienced older woman, and stunningly attractive.

She had also been, as Pam discovered one alcohol-fuelled lesbian experience later, a blackmailer. The first photographs that had arrived in the post had been quite mild and unrevealing, just enough to put her on edge. The later ones, where her face was clearly visible in close-up as she licked a pussy or lay on her back above someone unseen who was sinking a thick, strap-on dildo deep between her thighs, were graphic and horrifying. Pam had no recollection of those things happening. She suspected the champagne cocktails she had drunk in Anthea's fashionable apartment had been drugged. Not that it made any difference. Terrified of the scandal, Pam had paid up when she was told to.

Anthea had been quite reasonable really, only ever demanding half of Pam's monthly allowance and occasional sex. One day in February nineteen-forty-two, Pam had gone to Anthea's flat to pay her and discovered it was no longer there. Soon afterwards, she had learned that the bomb that had destroyed the building had also destroyed Anthea. She was free.

Her relief had been short-lived. Within a month, she had been contacted by Audley-Towne who had revealed his cousin Anthea had left him all of her possessions, including her safe-deposit box containing some interesting photographs and a detailed account of all that had passed between her and the Honourable Pamela Hollis.

Pam's first encounter with the Major's enormous cock had swiftly followed, and soon afterwards she had found herself reluctantly volunteering for the Motor Transport Corps and being assigned as Audley-Towne's driver. His obvious lack of organisational ability and Pam's obvious talent for it had quickly led to her duties widening to include the jobs of secretary, administrator and general factotum. Her

father had been delighted that Pam was 'doing her bit'. Of course, he did not know that she was also the Major's whore.

Pam lifted her head from the desk and groaned. It was barely five minutes since her orgasm and her pussy was already prickling with renewed excitement. It was simmering by the time she had mopped the little pool of her juices from her seat. Pam had to give herself another climax, and was approaching boiling point once more when Glover and Audley-Towne returned an hour later.

"I don't want any reports about this business appearing at HQ," the Colonel told the Major as they entered the outer office. "It has to be completely hush-hush."

"Of course. We don't want any word leaking out until we're ready to announce our success," Audley-Towne agreed.

"Quite," Glover said.

And when it went tits-up, Pam thought, as it probably would, the Colonel could deny any knowledge and avoid any blame. Even the Major was not too stupid to realise that, but he was probably so certain of success he did not care. Pam stood to attention, and the sudden clenching of her pussy around the dildo made her moan and turned both men's heads in her direction.

"Now, Roger, about that other matter," Audley-Towne said, grinning.

"You're sure about this, Bill?" the Colonel asked, looking Pam up and down in a way that made her feel distinctly unsettled.

Oh, damn, they were back on first name terms, she realised. That did not bode well. With a sudden hollow feeling in her belly, she saw the bulges straining their trousers.

"Absolutely, Roger. Hollis is always ready for it. She's a proper little tart, for all her breeding. It wouldn't surprise me if she's got something up her snatch right now, just to keep her entertained between cocks." The Major gave her a gloating smile.

Glover shot him a glance, and then looked at Pam again with a lascivious glint in his eye. Audley-Towne could not mean it, she thought in embarrassment and disbelief. She was not an object, a toy, or a plaything. Yet she knew with horrified certainty that he had offered her to the Colonel as casually as he might offer him a cigarette.

"You're certain she won't mind?"

Pam noticed Glover's question was directed at the Major, not at her. He did not regard her as important enough to address directly. Her heart sank.

"Not at all. I fuck her all the time. There's nothing she likes better. Isn't that right, Corporal?"

Pam swallowed hard and fought back her tears. "Yes, sir."

"You see? She loves it." Audley-Towne's grin was wicked. "The Colonel's going back to HQ shortly, but first he's going to fuck you. Make sure you do a good job. Get in my office and strip off."

Aching with shame and humiliation, Pam wanted to curse him, to scream at him, to hammer her fists into his smug face. She turned meekly towards the door to his office. Her pussy quivered as the dildo moved inside her. The leather strap rubbed her upright clitoris.

"I'll see you again before I go, Bill," Glover said from close behind her.

"Righto, Roger. I'll leave you to it. Oh, by the way, I'd give her a good buggering as well, if I were you. She can't get enough of that."

* * * * *

Tuesday October 31st 1944, 1005 hours.

"Do you know what this is?" Sturmbannfuehrer Schroeder demanded.

As his hand was covering the document he was in the act of signing, Lisl did not.

"It's my authorisation for 'Rigorous Examination'," he told her, pushing it aside and signing another paper that had lain beneath it. "And this is an authorisation for 'Especially Rigorous Examination'. He leaned back in his chair and she looked away from his hard eyes. "They both have your name on them."

Lisl's belly turned over. "Please, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer, I don't know anything more. I... I gave you the names. Really, I have nothing else to tell you."

His ghost-smile played over his lips. "I'm sure you believe that. But we have to be sure, Hartmann. That is the function of the Gestapo and the SD, and I hold ranks in both organisations. I would be remiss in my duty if I did not question you further."

She must have moved, though she tried to control her trembling. Heike's short, stiff whip appeared from behind Lisl and pressed into the muscles where her neck met her shoulder, the eight inches of flexible leather hanging from its tip dangling threateningly down to caress her bare breast.

"Keep still, pretty, when the Sturmbannfuhrer is speaking to you."

It was Heike who had awoken Lisl from her restless, fitful sleep that morning, stood and watched while she ate her meagre breakfast then made her squat over the bucket in her cell and piss. When Lisl had turned her head from Heike's cruel smile in cringing embarrassment, the pressure of the whip on her cheek had made her meet the girl-guard's gaze until the very last dribbles of her urine had splashed into the bucket.

Schroeder laid the two sheets of paper on top of the photograph in Lisl's file and stood up. "Take her down. I'll be along shortly. Situation, Volner."

With her chain rattling and her face twisting in pain, the girl he used as his secretary jumped to her feet as Lisl obeyed the tap of Heike's whip on the upper curve of her buttocks and preceded her towards the door.

"Beg to report, everything in order, Herr Sturmbannfuhrer," the girl began.

The door closing behind them cut off the rest of her words. The poor creature must have to give the same ridiculous response to everything that was said to her. The irrelevant thought was banished immediately by Lisl's concern for her own predicament as she retraced her steps towards the lower cellblock. Her trepidation had turned to shaking fear long before she reached the rough stone corridor with its blank, iron-bound doors. Her racing heart slowed just a little when Heike pushed her past the room where she had suffered the previous day. Perhaps not all of them contained one of the awful magnetos.

Lisl's hope appeared to be justified when she was steered into a room further along the corridor. She barely had time to register the two objects she could never have imagined being in such a place, and hear the cries of the girl tied to one of them, when Schroeder entered.

Heidi stopped flogging the girl's buttocks and came to attention. Her big, bare, jutting breasts bounced impressively as she clicked her heels.

“What’s this?” Schroeder snapped, ignoring the fact Heidi was stripped to the waist to frown at the girl bound face down over the vaulting buck.

Lisl had not seen one since the last time she was in her school gymnasium; a short, squat, round-cornered box covered with padded leather and standing on four splayed legs. The sight of the fiercely crimson lines scored into the upraised bottom of the naked girl stretched taut over one of them made her belly contract.

But it was the one that stood vacant that truly terrified her.

Chapter 5

“How many times do I have to warn you about unauthorised punishments?” Schroeder demanded, taking four rapid strides that brought his broad chest to within an inch of the big red cones tipping the peaks of Heidi’s out-thrust breasts. “If you’ve ruined her for work upstairs you’ll damned well take her place.”

Heidi stood rigid before his anger. “Excuse me, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer, she’s not assigned to Entertainment. She’s on a transport east tomorrow. I was just giving her a farewell flogging.”

The crop bent nearly double between Schroeder’s hands straightened as they relaxed. He went to the sobbing girl’s head and lifted it by the hair to look at her face.

“Astrid. You never did enter into the spirit of things here, did you? Perhaps you’ll do better as a *feldhure*.” He let her head drop without waiting for an answer. “Are you finished?” he asked Heidi.

“Only three to go, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer.”

He nodded. “Carry on.”

Heidi put all of the weight of her arm and shoulder behind the thick cane in her hand as she lashed it across the girl’s savaged buttocks.

“Agh! Ooh! Thirty eight, Miss Heidi,” Astrid cried.

With ever-increasing anxiety, Lisl watched the cane score deep into Astrid’s rear-cheeks twice more, saw them yield to the impacts and rebound, heard her plaintive cries and her strangled voice count the strokes. Her belly shrank and icy chills ran up her spine.

“No!” Schroeder barked when Heidi raised her arm to lay on a forty-first stroke. She turned to him, bare breasts rising and falling rapidly, face flushed and eyes bright, and with a moue of disappointment on her full, red lips.

“I suppose you want her now,” the SS man said.

“Yes please, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer,” Heidi replied enthusiastically.

He nodded to the table and chairs in one corner of the room. “All right, but no more beatings. She’s got a long trip ahead of her tomorrow. I want her to get there in one piece.”

Smiling happily, the girl-guard untied the cords at Astrid's wrists and ankles. The girl slid to the floor, knees almost buckling before Heidi grabbed her and dragged her over to the table. Pulling up her skirt and revealing she wore no panties, she rested her bottom on the table-edge, spread her thighs to expose a shining, pink and hairless pussy, and forced Astrid to her knees in front of it. Without any hesitation, the girl pushed her tongue out and leaned forward. Heidi grabbed Astrid's head in both hands and crushed the girl's face hard against her sex, hips moving rhythmically.

Schroeder watched them for half a minute, and then made Lisl's heart leap by turning his cold, blue eyes upon her. "Up on the buck."

When she balked, she felt the fiery sting of Heike's whip across the backs of her thighs.

"Herr Sturmbannfuehrer..." She had nothing to say that could save her. With tears stinging the corners of her eyes, she clambered onto the piece of gymnastic apparatus and laid her breasts and belly to its cool leather surface. Heike's strong hands closing on the fronts of her parted thighs made her cry out in alarm. The girl-guard pulled Lisl backwards until her mound rested at the very edge of the buck and began tying the cords threaded through steel rings on its legs around her dangling ankles.

Schroeder fastened her wrists in the same way, and then pushed Lisl's shoulder-length blonde hair back from her face and tied it with a black ribbon at the nape of her neck. Her weight pressed her breasts hard into the leather beneath. That and her fear made her breath come in short, rapid gasps. Strong fingers under her chin lifted her face until she was staring into the man's eyes. They were hard, dispassionate, pitiless.

"Rigorous Examination," he said, smiling thinly. "The rules authorise me to apply twenty-five strokes to the loins of any prisoner whenever I judge it appropriate, Hartmann. And in your case I most definitely do judge it appropriate." He went to one of the whip-racks on the wall, and the wild fluttering of Lisl's belly changed to gut-wrenching fear as she watched him select a cane as thick as her forefinger, return and hand it to Heike.

"Ooh, please!" Lisl cried, flinching at the whoosh of the cane's passage through the air as the girl-guard gave it a couple of experimental swings. She turned her head to follow Heike as she took up position behind and to one side of her, and once again flicked the whippy cane

through the air. Schroeder stood directly in front of Lisl. She lifted her head.

“Please,” she begged again.

“Lay it on,” he said softly.

The next swish of the cane ended in a loud, meaty crack, and instantly a fierce streak of pain seared across Lisl’s helplessly upturned bottom.

“Ooh! Ow! Ooh!” Her cries had scarcely left her lips before a second blaze of pain scorched her and almost immediately another as Heike struck hard and fast. Lisl tugged and strained at the cords on her wrists and ankles, wriggling and rocking her hips from side to side in a futile effort to avoid the lines of fire the girl was scoring across her bouncing, burning buttocks. Eyes tightly closed, she shook her head wildly and cried out under the impact of every vicious blow to her tender-skinned bottom.

A hand gripped her jaw, stilling the movements of her head and lifting it.

“Look at me.”

As the cane bit hard again, Lisl forced her eyes open. Schroeder’s face was inches from hers, searching her pain-twisted features with his blue, icy gaze. She jerked in his grasp under another stinging strike, and saw his thinly amused smile broaden until his teeth were bared in a cruel grin that seemed more animal than human. At the same moment his hard, unfeeling eyes looked into hers.

It had to be a trick of the glaring lights, Lisl knew, or of her overwrought mind, but she was certain she saw a glitter of red fire sparkle suddenly, far down in their depths. Awed and horrified, she felt her heart leap and her belly knot, and she tore her gaze away. It fixed instead on Heidi, still grinding her sex against Astrid’s mouth while the blood from the wounds on the girl’s purpling buttocks trickled in thin streams down the backs of her thighs. A split second later, Heike’s cane lashed more flaring, fiery torment across her own tortured bottom and Lisl felt a tremor tease her pussy.

Schroeder jerked her head until she looked at him again.

“Anything to tell me, Hartmann?”

“Oh god, I wish I had, Herr Sturbannfuehrer,” Lisl sobbed and squirmed her belly on the buck as another strike slashed down. Her sex

tightened under the blow, rippled, and grew suddenly warm. She gave a despairing cry and let her gaze drop from Schroeder's. At once his hand tightened on her chin.

"How many, Heike?" he asked as he made Lisl look again into the satanic glow in his eyes.

"Eighteen, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer," the girl replied, not pausing in her delivery of another ferocious strike.

"Then it's just as I thought. 'Especially Rigorous Examination' will be necessary." His wicked, wolfish grin widened as he released Lisl, took off his tunic, slipped his braces from his shoulders and began rolling up his shirtsleeves. Lisl lowered her eyes and they fixed on the big bulge in the front of his trousers. Quivers ran through her sheath as her excitement rose up through the pain of a savage slash from the cane, and another warm flow of juices lubricated her tingling pussy.

Panting, she watched the SS man hang his tunic on a whip rack and take down a thick-handled implement a good three feet long. Lisl did not know what lay beneath the heavily-stitched leather sleeve covering its tapering length, but the way it barely moved when he flexed it between his strong hands made her heart beat even faster. It was going to hurt, and hurt a lot.

Her pussy twitched, the cane lashed her hard, and as pain flamed across her wriggling buttocks the heat of full-blown arousal flared in her rippling sex. Her head came up, eyes widening and even her pain-and-pleasure-clouded brain detected the change in the tone of her cry. Directly in front of her, she saw Schroeder's eyes narrow suspiciously.

Heike's harsh blows ceased and the sharp, ferocious crack of the cane on flesh along with them. There was no sound but her heavy breathing, Heidi's moans and Lisl's gasps and whimpers.

"'Rigorous Examination' completed, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer," Heike announced. "*Ach, du scheisse!* I don't believe... Come quickly. You have to see this."

Lisl's heart sank as Schroeder hurried to join the girl standing behind her.

"She's soaking wet." Heike's voice still held a note of disbelief. "*Blode kerle*, her clit's as hard as a button too! Herr Sturmbannfuehrer, she enjoyed it!"

Two hands stretching her tortured buttocks apart made Lisl jerk frantically and cry out. She knew how wet she had become. She could feel the juices that bathed her inner thighs and must be gleaming like dew on a spider's web amid the soft little curling hairs on her outer pussy-lips. A blunt finger too big to be Heike's slid easily between them, sparking flashes of delight through her rippling sheath. She thrashed against the hard leather under her belly, head reeling as her orgasm spasmed and shivered in her sex.

"*Mein gott!*" Heike said. "Did you see? She came! The little bitch really did enjoy it."

"I could hardly miss it," Schroeder said dryly, "since she's just drenched my hand."

Lisl smelled her own musk on the damp fingers that lifted her head, and she felt her gaze drawn to the SS man's. Heike stood beside him, her surprise plain on her face. As Heidi had with Astrid, she had stripped her blouse to flog Lisl, and the sweat running in rivulets down her naked torso was making a dark stain around the waistband of her grey-green skirt.

"It seems you do have something to tell me after all, Hartmann," Schroeder said, and Lisl flinched under the demonic light that shone redly in his eyes. "But first we'll see if you can still come after three dozen with this."

He tapped the rigid whip on his palm and laughed. "You see, there's no limit to the number of strokes when we carry out an 'Especially Rigorous Examination'. We may even have to employ the magneto again if you don't fully satisfy our curiosity."

"Oh, no, no!" Lisl cried. She had never known torment so fierce as the electricity. Never in her life did she want to feel it again.

The Sturmbannfuehrer flogged her expertly, as she had known he would. He stood well out to the side, swinging his long whip in a wide arc but ensuring only the last foot of its length made contact with Lisl's already blazing bottom. Schroeder lashed her from the tops of her buttocks down to where they met her thighs, and she could feel the air the strokes displaced wafting onto the quivering outer lips of her sex. Then he worked his way back up again. He struck hard and with precision until her rear-cheeks throbbed and burned and she could feel the blood

from the welts he was carving into her flesh running down the backs of her legs.

It did not quench the fires of her arousal, nor had she expected that it would. Lisl had the feeling Schroeder was not putting the full strength of his arm into his blows, perhaps because he wanted to be sure she was conscious to answer his questions after the beating. The cords around her wrists and ankles bit deeper every time her body leapt under the agonising impact of each stroke. Her hard-nippled teats rubbed against the leather of the buck, her belly squirmed and her bottom wriggled and bounced unbelievably under the ferocious bite of the whip. And the pain that was not merely pain and the pleasure that was more than just pleasure whirled around inside her head and melded into something greater than both.

“She still seems to be enjoying it,” Heike said. The girl-guard was watching Lisl’s face twist and listening to her cries and moans while rubbing one hand over the crotch of her skirt and using the other to pinch the hard nipple of one heavy breast. Heidi had abandoned Astrid and was standing next to Heike, also watching intently. Her skirt was still up around her waist. Between one fierce, exciting stroke of the whip and the next, Lisl saw the girl-guard’s clitoris shining wetly and very red.

Schroeder cracked a final, fearsome lash across the apex of Lisl’s buttocks and stepped back, lowering the whip. “She’ll have a limit,” he said confidently between rapid breaths. “They all do. I’ll take her beyond it one day soon. But now I want to fuck her.”

It was Lisl’s own fierce arousal that overcame her pain and kept her on her feet when they pulled her off the buck. With Heike and Heidi dragging her by her arms, she staggered to the table in the corner. Astrid scuttled out of the way as the two girl-guards lifted Lisl onto the tabletop. Its pressure on her tormented bottom tore a cry from her dry lips. The girls holding her immovably down onto the hard wood stilled her anguished writhing. Next moment, their hands behind her knees had bent her legs and pulled her thighs up and apart, taking her weight off her bottom and exposing her pussy at the table’s edge.

Heike and Heidi seemed entirely unembarrassed that they were half-naked before their commanding officer. Schroeder showed the same unconcern as he stood looking down at Lisl’s helpless body, dropped his

trousers and underwear, took the long, upright staff of his cock in one hand and aimed it towards her bared sex.

“Oh yes, yes!” Lisl groaned, her mind as clouded by passion as her vision was. The swollen red cock-head she was staring at with eager longing blurred then disappeared. At the same moment she felt its hardness push aside her outer labia, and her pussy spasmed wildly as the hard flesh slid deep inside.

Schroeder gasped his surprise. “She’s coming already.” He pulled back and thrust deep again. Lisl rocked in the grip of the girl-guards and pushed her hips forwards to meet his invasion, moaning at the torment in her buttocks as they made contact with the man’s belly. Her sex contracted, rippling and wriggling as the rigid flesh rubbing its tender membranes sparked one minor orgasm after another in her sparkling sheath. Forsaking any finesse in the urgency of his lust, Schroeder thrust hard, hammering his thick shaft to the limit time and time again until Lisl was crying out and arching her back from the tabletop in her frenzied struggle to climax once more.

He came with a long, snarling growl, and the hot rush of his semen combined with the fiery friction of his cock on the walls of Lisl’s sheath triggered her orgasm. Ecstatic spasms of sheer delight made her whole lower belly clench and writhe, and set her thrashing so violently she broke the hold the guards had on her and almost flung herself to the floor. Their hands tightening on her body again only added to her rapturous wriggling.

“*Verfluchter kerl!*” Schroeder rasped between panting breaths, keeping his cock buried in her still spasming sex. “I thought she’d be too wet for a good fuck. Her cunt is going crazy around my cock.”

Lost in the aftermath of her orgasm, Lisl barely heard. Schroeder did not withdraw from her until the last tremor in her pussy had ebbed away. By then, her up-thrust breasts were rising and falling more slowly and the fog of passion was slowly clearing from her mind.

The SS man laughed. “You certainly have been keeping secrets from us, Hartmann. In all of my two years here I’ve never come across a prisoner who took pleasure in the pain I gave her. Until now.”

“Look,” Heike said as he refastened his trousers, “her clit is still hard.”

Lisl cringed inwardly as rational thought returned and she understood the extent of her humiliation. They laughed as they watched her straining bud gradually shrink back beneath its protective hood.

Schroeder eyed the girl-guards' sweat-dripping bodies and wrinkled his nose. "We all stink like a bunch of old whores on a Saturday night. You two need a bath. I suppose you'll be taking it together."

Heidi and Heike swapped knowing smiles and linked arms. "Yes, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer."

He nodded at Astrid. "Take her with you and clean her up. And don't drown her, or one of you will be taking her place on tomorrow's transport."

The girl-guards giggled.

"I mean it," Schroeder snapped. "You've both been taking too many liberties with the girls lately. Only last week two of them had to be excused duty while they recovered from your attentions. You seem to forget they're not here purely for your amusement. They have a job to do. And if either of you mess up another one so she can't do it, I'll see you're sorry. Understood?"

The smiles had disappeared from the girls' faces. Looking chastened, they came to attention, breasts bouncing in unison as their heels simultaneously struck the floor.

"Jawohl, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer."

Schroeder gave a thin smile and a shake of his head. "Go on then."

He turned to Lisl, still sprawled on the table, lying on her right side to keep her weight off her buttocks. Their pain was increasing as her arousal waned. Soon, she knew, it would be unbearable. The SS man pulled her to her feet and held her up until she steadied herself. He cupped her left breast and thumbed her softening nipple, and laughed when it began stiffening again.

"You're full of surprises, aren't you, Hartmann? How long have you known about your liking for pain?"

"Since... since I was eighteen, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer."

"Did you really think you could hide it from me?"

Lisl shook her head, wishing he would stop distractingly toying with her nipple. "I... No. I did hope it would take a bit longer before

you found out.” She met his gaze, belly tight. His eyes were cold again, the red fire in their depths vanished along with his lust.

“You’ve been flogged before,” he said, a statement, not a question. “How many men have done that to you?”

“Only one, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer.”

“Did you love him?”

His question surprised her. Had she? Lisl wondered. She had loved the whip, and the long, slow fuckings, and the pain that had so often accompanied them. And she had hated him when the memories of before had come to her, but they had been growing dimmer and coming less frequently. She shook her head.

Schroeder let go of her nipple. “He was a fool to let you get away from him.”

“He was killed by a bomb.”

The SS man shrugged. “The fortunes of war. Come on.”

He took her to her cell, stoking the fires in her buttocks as he forced her to keep pace with his long strides.

“You can have a couple of days to recover,” he told her. “Then we’ll talk again.” Lisl knew it *was* meant to sound like a threat.

The bolt slammed home on the other side of the door and she carefully lay face down on the bare wood of her bed. The fire and throbbing would not be so fierce tomorrow, but the deep, persistent ache in the flesh of her buttocks would have begun by then. Experience had taught her there was only one way to make any of the pain even remotely tolerable. Lisl slid a hand under her belly, found the fleshy folds of her clitoris, and began to rub.

* * * * *

Thursday, June 8th 1944, 1015 hours.

Pam stood bent awkwardly over her desk, typing one-handed. Even the pressure of her tight skirt on her buttocks was enough to heighten their discomfort. The burn and throb she had had to endure through the night had become less intense, but the hurt deep in the firm muscles beneath her still-smarting skin was almost as bad, nagging like a persistent toothache. Driving the Major to work had been more than

enough to make her realise she did not want to put any weight on her bottom for the rest of the day.

Pam longed for evening and the chance to ease her pain in a warm bath. And she would make sure it had a lot more water in it than the five inches the propaganda newsreels said was enough. Not that she had had the option of seeing any newsreels lately, or anything else either. She was never allowed outdoors except to go back and forward between the base. Audley-Towne had become even more controlling during the past few weeks. It seemed to have started when Pam had asked if she could go up to London to see Carroll Gibbons orchestra at the Savoy Hotel with two girls she knew from the searchlight unit on the far side of the camp.

“So you can have a chance to fuck one of the little floosies, no doubt,” had been the Major’s response. “I thought you’d have learned your lesson, Pammy, where lesbianism is concerned.”

Pam had been annoyed, and foolish enough to deny she intended any such thing, and had very soon ended up over Audley-Towne’s knee being thoroughly spanked. Straight afterwards, she had ended up on the living room floor being thoroughly fucked. If anyone had asked her, Pam would have had to confess it had driven all thoughts of Carroll Gibbons dance music from her head. She would have been far less willing to admit that, knowing the Major’s big cock would soon be filling her pussy, she had even felt a little thrill of arousal as his hand had made her bottom burn.

Spanking was one thing, Pam reminded herself, and the twenty-five strokes from the nasty, short-handled wooden paddle Audley-Towne had dealt her the night before was quite another. That was going too far. Yet she had still climaxed three times when he had used her afterwards. She was thinking altogether too much about sex. It did not help that every other day the Major made her insert the rubber dildo into herself and keep it strapped in place from the moment she left home in the morning until she drove him back at night. Then he would remove the straps and make her kneel in cowering embarrassment on the dining table and masturbate with it until she orgasmed. Only then was she permitted to take it from her pussy.

Pam’s sex quivered and clenched, as though the walls of her sheath were seeking contact with the hard rubber they were becoming so accustomed to feeling rub against them with every movement she made.

Oh Lord, her clit was swelling too! She pressed her thighs together, but there was no pressure from the leather strap that so often these days held her outer labia apart. An awful realisation came over Pam and sent a tingling chill up and down her spine. That part of her mind where her darkest, wildest thoughts dwelt was telling her she would have felt far more contented if she had her dildo between her thighs and was wearing the leather belts.

The increased aching in her buttocks as Pam's belly flipped and made them tighten distracted her from her astonishing discovery, and brought her reverie to an end. She swore softly as she spotted an error in her typing, yanked the requisition form from the machine, screwed it into a ball and threw it in the waste-paper bin. To hell with it, she thought. It would keep until next week. Signing Audley-Towne's name to the forms she had already completed, she stuffed them in an envelope and tossed it into her out-tray. The lazy bastard could not even be bothered to authorise his written orders himself and had her doing it. Except, of course, when they concerned the girl in Interrogation. Everything about her he was keeping strictly to himself.

Even though she had had to draw up the schedule for the girl's training, Pam had still not even managed to learn her name, let alone anything significant about her. Knowing the Major would be angry if he caught her snooping, she had had to be very careful and it had limited the enquiries she had been able to make. All Pam had found out was that Private Webster, who was voluntarily doing twelve hour shifts at the interrogation block, and leaving it double padlocked in the evenings, had not made any mention of what went on there to even his closest drinking cronies.

Neither had she heard anything of value from any of the various instructors whose job it was to train agents for service in Occupied Europe. All of them had told her very plainly that they had been told to keep their mouths shut and expect a court martial if they did not.

Pam had never known Audley-Towne approach any task with the intensity he had shown handling this one. She had been surprised he had not turned to her for help. It just showed how far his animal cunning could take him on his own, even if it was not backed by any intellect. But she had known he would make a mistake eventually.

The previous day, the first reports had begun coming in about the girl's progress. The Major had obviously forgotten to order the instructors to send them directly to him instead of via Pam as they usually did. They had not told her much. The name on each report had been 'Agent X', but they had finally confirmed that the girl had a part to play in Audley-Towne's plan, and that she might even have some aptitude for helping carry it out.

That morning, Pam had also learned, when the documents relating to it had arrived on her desk, that a Lieutenant Jennifer Daniels of the Army Education Corps had been transferred to S-Force. What her speciality was, she had no idea, but since 'Agent X' was the only person currently undergoing training, Pam guessed there was a connection between the two.

The door to Audley-Towne's office opened. He had obviously finally got around to looking in his in-tray. Pam waited for the explosion.

"In here, Hollis! Now!"

As her gut went tight, Pam's pussy gave a disconcerting little tremor that threw her somewhat off balance as she came to attention in front of the Major's desk.

"What the hell's this?" he demanded, waving the reports.

"Updates on the training of Agent X, sir."

"I can see that," he snapped. "You weren't supposed to get these, Corporal."

"Progress reports have always been sent via your secretary, sir, unless you order differently."

He looked sharply at her. "Don't get clever with me, you cow. And get your clothes off. I like you better stripped."

Pam swallowed, felt another surprising tremor tease her sex, and quickly removed her clothing. She had stripped in front of him many times, yet it always left her feeling shamed and humiliated. Pam knew it was the fact she had no choice but to do it that made her feel that way. She watched him staring at the reports and saw on his face the moment when he admitted defeat.

"All right, what the hell does all this mean?" he asked testily.

Very conscious of her big, bare breasts swaying heavily before his face as she leaned forward, Pam took an upside-down look at the document he was holding.

“Weapons handling, sir. She scored very highly, even with the Bren Gun. Sergeant Grey had her for five days. He says she doesn’t need any more instruction.”

“I *can* read, Hollis,” the Major said, clearly irked that the girl was a far better shot than he was. “Who the hell said she had to learn to handle weapons?”

“It’s a standard part of the training, sir. I assumed -. Ow! Sir, please!” His hand had closed on her left breast and was squeezing hard, his fingertips sinking deep into Pam’s flesh.

“Who told you to assume anything?” he demanded. “I told you to write out an order to begin an agent’s training and nothing more.”

“But it wouldn’t have been any use without the training schedule,” Pam argued, eyes watering with pain. “I just followed procedure.”

“Procedure,” Audley-Towne snorted dismissively. “If I’d done nothing but follow procedure, I’d still be a Lieutenant.” He let her go and rifled through the papers until he found the list showing the completed parts of the training course and those still to be carried out.

Pam raised a hand and rubbed her throbbing teat, eyeing the red finger-marks his tight grip had left behind. Glover had squeezed her breasts too, and called them her ‘big tits’, which she hated. At least he had not bent her over the desk, but had made her lie on her back with her knees raised. Yet he had not once looked into her eyes as he had used her. And because she feared Audley-Towne, she had had to wriggle and moan and pretend she had been enjoying it. Well, maybe towards the end she had enjoyed it a little. Pam’s pussy gave a twitch at the recollection. Again surprised, she saw the nipple on her sore breast had swelled to erection.

“Morse code? She won’t need that.” The Major scored through the words with a thick pencil. “What’s this ‘Introduction to Occupied Europe’ and all his stuff about the enemy security service’s techniques? By the time she’s gone through all this, the war will be over now that the invasion’s started.”

Pam had sat naked at Audley-Towne’s feet for the last two nights listening to the BBC reports on the wireless about the landings in Normandy. It had raised her hopes that the war really would end soon. Then, maybe, she could find some way to escape him and his increasingly violent behaviour towards her.

“The first one is background information, sir,” she said. “The others are essential if the agent is to have any chance of evading capture for more than a few days.”

“Evading capture?” He looked as thoughtful as he ever managed to, and then gave a grudging nod. “I suppose she’ll have to do that for a little while. But I want her ready as quickly as possible. By the end of next month, preferably.”

“That’s unrealistic, sir,” Pam said, heartbeat suddenly increasing at the look she gave her. But it was somebody’s life he was playing with. “As you know, all operatives are supposed to have a minimum of six months training.”

“Six bloody months?” He snorted, gathered up the papers and tossed them into his out-tray. “Shorten it, Hollis. Trim it down. She seems to be a fast learner. She’ll manage.”

“Maybe if I knew the mission I could do that better, sir,” Pam suggested.

The Major laughed and walked slowly around to her side of the desk. “Trying to be clever again? The mission is top bloody secret, Corporal. No one’s to be told anything about it unless they need to know.”

“But surely I do, sir, considering the job you’ve given me.”

He grabbed her by both breasts and jerked her towards him until their noses almost touched. Trembling, Pam stared into his eyes.

“Who’s in command here?” he spat.

“You are, sir.”

“Right, so I make the decisions.” He released her teats and pushed her away. “Do you think I don’t know you’ve been snooping around?”

Pam gulped. She had thought precisely that. Audley-Towne opened a cupboard and reached a hand into its top shelf. It was too high for her to see what was there. She caught her breath as he turned to her with a slender wand of white wood in his hand. Pam shivered. His smile was cold and suddenly sinister.

“It seems you’ve forgotten who is boss again, Pammy. I think I’d better give you a reminder.”

“Ooh, no! Sir, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to question your authority. Really I didn’t.”

He pressed the willow wand, less than eighteen inches long, onto her right breast, indenting the firm-fleshed, tapering mound and making its red point tilt upwards.

“Please, no,” Pam pleaded.

“Stand to attention,” the Major barked. The position pushed Pam’s jutting teats out even more. She eyed the slim, stiff willow pressing into her breast and sucked in a shuddering breath.

“Ever shaved your snatch, Pammy?” Audley-Towne asked. He seemed to like the American slang word.

“No, sir,” Pam lied. She had done it once from curiosity, but it was quicker and easier to just trim her pubic hair to a short, neat triangle.

“Well, you’re going to this evening, with me watching to make sure you do it properly.”

“Oh!” she said, wanting to protest but too afraid.

“You need a lesson,” Audley-Towne said and began unfastening his trousers. “Several lessons, in fact. Not to stick your nose in where it’s not wanted, for a start. Nor to argue with your commanding officer.” He pulled out the immense baton of his cock. Despite her anxiety, Pam felt a warm tingling begin in her pussy.

“And not least,” the Major continued, “You need to be taught your place once and for all, Pammy.” As the words left his lips, he lifted the wand from Pam’s right breast and brought it down again smartly on the outthrust flesh.

Chapter 6

Pam cried out and doubled over, clasping her hands to the sting the hard willow-wood caused as it landed on her firm teat.

“You’re at attention, soldier.”

Another sting on the outside of her left buttock forced her upright, and she stiffened her back and held her arms by her sides, gasping and blinking away her tears.

The Major tapped the wand menacingly on his palm. “You’ll stay at attention until I say otherwise, and I’ll double the number of strokes if your hands go anywhere near your tits, my girl. Understand?”

“Yes, sir,” Pam said at once, unable to stop the quivering of her lower lip. He raised the wand again, and she winced and fought her need to evade the blow.

“Ooh! Aah!” The second stroke was harder, sharper and more fiery. Pam’s fists clenched, her nails, digging into her palms as she battled to keep still and suppress the reflexes that wanted to wrap her arms around her unprotected breasts. Her naked body was beaded with sweat by the time Audley-Towne had dealt five blows to the full curve of her right teat.

Tears were running freely down her powdered cheeks by the time he had done the same to the left one. One of the strokes had scorched her nipple, and the ferocious, throbbing pain almost made Pam break her rigid posture to rub the tormented point. Jaw clenched tight and shuddering with tension, she let her eyes stray from staring fixedly ahead to the thin, throbbing lines of fire that were visibly turning from scarlet to crimson on the upper swells of her breasts. She looked from them to the taut-skinned, club-like head of the Major’s cock. It was gleaming purple in the light from the window and Pam would have sworn it had grown even bigger since he had given her the breast-whipping. Her pussy prickled with warmth. Her relief when he laid the little wand aside was palpable but short-lived. Audley-Towne cupped her breasts in his hands and jiggled them, heightening their pain.

“Oh, it hurts so much! Won’t you please stop now?”

“When I’m ready,” he snapped, “and not before. When I’m satisfied I won’t have to put up with any more of your impertinence.”

“Oh, you won’t, sir!” Pam said earnestly. “I’ll never do it again, I swear.”

He grinned and shook his head. “Oh no! It’s not that easy, Pammy. You’re very convincing, but you forget how well I know you. I’ve put up with your sneering and superior airs for too long. You thought I never noticed, didn’t you? But I’m not half as stupid as you like to think.”

Pam’s belly gave an almighty flip. He knew her much better than she had ever suspected. She watched him warily as he picked up the pin-tray from his desk and up-ended it above the blotter. Dozens of drawing pins poured onto the desk’s surface.

“No!” Pam cried and turned to run. He caught her arm and wrestled her towards the desk. She kicked, struggled and panted but could not defeat his superior strength. His hand on the back of her neck bent her forwards and she felt a prick in one of her breasts as they brushed the desk-blotter. She pushed back against the pressure.

“No, please,” Pam begged.

“Yes, you supercilious little snob,” Audley-Towne rasped close to her ear. The hard shaft of his penis pressed against the crease in her scorched bottom. Stunned, Pam felt a quiver run through her sex. He pushed her closer to the desk’s surface and more drawing pins pricked the dangling globes of her throbbing breasts.

“Getting wet, Pammy? Is your snatch missing the dildo?”

How could he possibly know that when she had barely recognised it herself? He rubbed his huge cock up and down the cleft between her buttocks and tremors tickled her pussy. A sound, half a sob, half a moan escaped her, and she squirmed against his hot, hard cock and felt more pinpricks in her smarting teats. A little flow of moisture increased the heat in her sheath.

“Oh, no, no,” she groaned, breath coming faster. The broad, bulging head of the Major’s shaft nuzzled the fleshy crescents of Pam’s outer sex-lips. She gasped and pushed backwards, felt her labia part and the entrance to her sheath stretching deliciously to accommodate the swollen cock-head. He held it there, just within her, gripping her firmly so she could not thrust herself onto it as she longed to do. Her juices flowed. Pam could picture them oozing down her pussy walls and over the massive club of the cock barely penetrating her to lubricate its entry.

It seemed she could feel the air cool on her clitoris as it swelled and emerged from its fleshy hood. A thrill of incredible excitement shivered through her whole body. Her fear forgotten, Pam waited in eager, trembling anticipation.

Audley-Towne thrust suddenly, ramming his immense baton to the hilt with a single lunge. Rippling ecstasy filled Pam's sheath. Then his weight came down on her back. A thousand points of fire exploded in her breasts as they were flattened against the drawing pins littering the desktop. Pam cried out in pain and immediately afterwards with pleasure as the Major plunged his cock to the limit once more.

He fucked her hard, the painful slamming of his stomach on her aching buttocks lifting her belly from the desk with each powerful forward thrust. It felt marvellous, but at the same time it hurt dreadfully. With every jerk of his hips, the major pressed both forearms down onto Pam's back, forcing her tormented teats harder onto the desk and the wickedly stabbing drawing pins.

Her mind was spinning, one moment overwhelmed with the pleasure coursing through her sex, a split second later by pain, and then by pleasure again. Her cries were just as confused, half-ecstasy, half-agony as the two opposing feelings intermingled in both her body and her brain until she could scarcely tell them apart. Her belly contracted suddenly with the first ripples that told her she was nearing the brink of orgasm.

Abruptly, Audley-Towne pulled out of her quivering pussy. He had sensed it too. Pam groaned her frustration. Her gut twisted suddenly as she felt the fat head of his cock slide upwards between her buzzing buttocks.

"Nooo! Please!" He had not penetrated her rear for nearly a week. Pam had hoped he had lost interest in using her there. She was sorely disappointed.

"No coming for you, Pammy. You're being punished," the Major hissed in her ear. He leaned all of his weight on her, crushing her against the desktop. She gasped and whimpered as the fierce pricking spread further across her flattened teats.

"You're hurting me so much," she mewled. "Please, I promise I'll be good." She cringed at the slavish subservience in her voice.

“”Oh, you’ll be good, my girl! What you want is a good buggering, isn’t it?”

“Oh no! It hurts dreadfully. Please don’t!”

“Tough,” Audley-Towne said hoarsely. He leant on her again and pressed his cock firmly against her puckered anus. “Now, what do you say?”

Pam sobbed. “Please... please may I have a good bumming, sir?”

He sniggered. “Of course you may. But you had better slacken your arse-hole. You know it will only be worse if you don’t.”

Fresh tears brimmed Pam’s eyelids. Her sphincter had been stretched by his previous assaults, but she was a long way from being able to easily take the huge girth and length of the Major’s penis into her anus, especially when, as usual, its only lubrication was a coating of her own pussy juices. Gut twisting in near panic, she forced her tight knot to relax and let out a long, shuddering breath.

The pain was unbearable. Pam’s cry was almost a scream as the first hard, agonising thrust strained her sphincter well beyond its normal limit, stretching it cruelly until it suddenly yielded and the Major’s cock forced its way deep into her bowels. Only rarely did he take her slowly, and even then he found ways to hurt her, pinching her nipples hard, squeezing and slapping her breasts and nipping her clitoris or plump outer labia. Today he used her as he usually did, lunging quickly and uncompromisingly, seeming to revel in her pained cries. Soon, Pam realised it was even worse than usual. Audley-Towne was moving his hips up and down and from side to side, continually changing the angle of his penetration, stabbing his huge cock mercilessly into the tender walls of her rectum.

Jaw clenched tight, teats afire, and crying in pain at every cruel thrust, Pam hung on. The torment in her breasts and buttocks and tearing at her bowels was making her nauseous. Her legs were weak and trembling. Darkness hovered at the edges of her vision and her head was whirling until she thought she would faint. Pam thanked god when she felt the hot spurt of come surge into her bowels. Even so, Audley-Towne did not stop his vigorous thrusts at once and remained buried in her rear until his cock began to slacken.

With a heartfelt sigh, Pam felt the semi-erect penis slide out of her suddenly slippery sphincter and, weak though she was, pushed herself up

from the desk. Drawing pins fell from her breasts and scattered across its surface. She looked down and saw the points of many more were still painfully embedded in her flesh.

Behind her Audley-Towne rubbed the swells of her labia, fingertips brushing her clitoris. In total disbelief Pam realised it had not completely shrunk back beneath its folds and the touch had provoked a tingling response in her sex. How on earth, with all her pain and discomfort, could she still be half-aroused?

Pam forced herself upright and turned to the Major. Wiping away her tears with the back of a hand, she discovered he was not yet satisfied. Hating his smug satisfaction, and with her breasts still peppered with the brass heads of the drawing pins, Pam knelt and sucked and licked the slimy fluids from his flagging cock.

“Right, I’m off to Interrogation,” he said as he buttoned his trousers and gave her a grin. “Behave yourself, Pammy, and I might take you with me one of these days.

Still on her knees, Pam swallowed hard, tasted his foul come and her own juices on her tongue, and gave him the ‘yes, sir’ which was the only reply she dared make.

“Oh, I almost forgot!” He went to the top shelf of the cupboard.

Pam knew he had been taking objects from the cases he had found to the base off and on for several weeks. She did not doubt what he held up before her was one of them. It was not something she had seen before – a pear-shaped object about six inches long with a short, narrow neck below its broader end, and beneath that a wider, oval part about an inch deep, all made from the same black rubber as her dildo.

Only when the Major told her to bend over the desk again did Pam understand what it was for. She did not dare argue after what he had just done to her. She gasped and grunted as he pushed it past her aching sphincter, hating him for adding to her discomfort and humiliation.

“That’s there for the rest of the day,” he told her. “I thought you’d miss your dildo so I brought you an alternative. You know better than to take it out, don’t you?”

“Yes, sir,” Pam answered miserably.

He gave a pat to her backside that made her hiss with pain.

“Up you get then. Maybe tonight, after you’ve shaved yourself, I’ll see how you look with the plug up your arse and the dildo in your

snatch.” Chortling, he opened the door. “And get that list sorted out by the time I come back.”

“Bastard,” Pam spat after him as she heard his swagger stick clang along the radiator and the outer door slam. She stepped back from the desk and swore as she stepped on a drawing pin. Bending to pull it out she felt her anus flex around the plug inside it. To her astonishment, a delightful thrill ran through her pussy. In spite of all her torments, her arousal was increasing.

Ignoring the Major’s order, she laid some sheets of paper on the floor, carefully worked the hard rubber out of her rectum, and squatted to expel as much of his spunk from her innards as she could. While the slime dripped from her, she gingerly began pulling out the drawing pins stuck in her breasts. There were close to two dozen in each and they all left behind a little blood-beaded puncture in her smarting skin after she had removed them.

How could he treat her so callously? He seemed now to be not only amused by the evidence of how he hurt her but also to become more sexually excited by it. It was a worrying development.

The plug sat on the edge of the desk, level with Pam’s eyes. It was liberally coated with the Major’s come, but if she wiped it off it would not be lubricated when she put it back. And she knew she had to put it back. The first thing Audley-Towne would do when he returned would be to check it was there. Pam worried her lower lip with her teeth, came to a decision and picked up the anal plug. Its black rubber and vaguely phallic shape made her think of the dildo. She reached under herself, rested its tip on her anal pucker, and pushed. Her sphincter seemed less sore than it had been and surrendered to the rubber more easily than it had to the Major’s cock. Almost before Pam knew it, her little knot had closed tight around its narrow neck. The feeling of fullness it caused sent a shiver upwards through her bowels and downwards through the tingling membranes of her sex.

This time, Pam was not surprised at all. Slowly, she rose to her feet, crimping her anus tightly on the neck of the anal plug, feeling her pussy contracting and releasing in time with her flexing sphincter. Its tremors increased swiftly. Her nipples ignored the buzzing and throbbing in her breasts and stiffened to erection, and a compact little ball of excitement low in Pam’s belly was suddenly clamouring to be released.

Deliberately, she sank her aching bottom onto the Major's chair and wriggled as she let the plug sink deeper into her anus. Stretching wide her thighs, she reached her left hand to the swollen point of her clitoris and slid two fingers of her right hand into her pulsating pussy. Pam gasped and came almost at once.

* * * * *

Friday, November 3rd 1944, 2055 hours.

"There," Schroeder said, applying a large rubber stamp in the shape of the Reich's eagle symbol to the documents he had just signed. He held them up so Lisl could see. "By my authority, you are now officially a member of the Gestapo, the SS and the SD, Hartmann."

"Thank you, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer," Lisl said, sounding far more sincere than she felt. She had been much more grateful for the straw-filled mattress he had brought to her cell on the second day following her flogging. It had seemed a surprising act of kindness until he had made her lie on it and painfully pinched her nipples and pussy-lips before mounting her and driving her throbbing buttocks hard into the lumpy straw. Even so, her rest that night had been a little more comfortable than that on the one before.

Heike had told her she should feel highly favoured by Schroeder's generosity. To her knowledge, he had never done such a thing for any prisoner before. That had been while she and Heidi had been strapping Lisl down prior to shaving off her pubic hair. They had made a game of it, tweaking her clitoris and fingering her sex, and even once her anus as she lay on her back on the table, wrists secured to its edge and with Heidi holding her legs up and apart so Heike could lather her and ply the razor. It had been far less amusing for Lisl. They had even shaved between her ravaged rear-cheeks, though she was sure there was little there to remove.

Straight afterwards, with her mound and pussy-lips as bald as she knew their own were, they had marched her to Schroeder's office. The girl-guards seemed to find her bruised and thickly wealed bottom an irresistible target. Both had dealt it several painful smacks with their short whips along the way. Uncomfortably self-conscious with the dark slit of her sex and her pink, crinkled clitoral hood fully on display, Lisl had come to attention before the SS man and discovered she had joined

the ranks of the Reich Security Service. It had to be some kind of evil joke.

“Ready, Volner?” Schroeder asked.

His secretary leaped to her feet, gave a yelp as her chained labia stretched, and held up a small piece of card she had cut from the larger one she had just removed from her typewriter.

“Beg to report, ready, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer.” He still had her using the ridiculous, outmoded form of address soldiers in the old Prussian army had had to use to speak to officers.

Lisl’s belly tightened as Schroeder took a two-inch deep, leather collar from a desk drawer and Heidi took the card from Volner and handed it to him. He slipped it into a gap in the stitching around the collar’s top and held it up. There was a word on the card, visible through a cut-out in the outer layer of leather. Lisl read her own first name and felt her heartbeat quicken.

The SS man unfastened the buckle on the collar as he came around the desk towards her. A row of flat-headed, brass rivets circled it, and there was a shining steel D-ring at the back of the stiff, black leather and another beside the buckle at the front. It felt cool and very constricting as Schroeder fastened it around Lisl’s neck.

She still wore the ribbon he had used to tie back her hair before she had been flogged. He pulled it free and her thick, wavy blonde tresses cascaded around her shoulders.

“Make-up,” he snapped as Heidi brushed Lisl’s hair, and she had to submit to another round of the girl’s playfulness as they applied cosmetics to her face and even rouged the tips of her breasts, each taking the opportunity to rub hard enough to make her nipples stand erect.

Heidi giggled. “Her nipples are hard, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer. I’ll bet her pussy’s getting wet too. I’m sure she can’t wait to get started.”

“Not tonight,” Schroeder replied. “We’ll give her a couple of days for her backside to heal. This evening I’m just going to introduce her to the guests and show her around to give her an idea of what’s expected from her.”

He reached into the drawer again and shocked Lisl by taking out what looked like a dog leash, the upper half leather and the lower a thin, steel chain. She was less surprised when he attached the clip at the end of

the chain to the ring on the front of her collar and gave it a tug to make her follow him.

Leaving the girl-guards behind, Schroeder led Lisl along the corridor, past the sentries inside the main doors and down a portrait-lined entrance hall towards two tall double doors. They stood open. From the room beyond came sounds of conversation, laughter and clinking glasses. Lisl stopped dead in the doorway, staring. A hard yank on her leash forced her to stumble after Schroeder into what must once have been the grand castle's main hall. Now it obviously served another purpose, though Lisl was not wholly certain what it was.

The lights were bright in the centre of the enormous, high-ceilinged room and dimmer and mellower around its edges. A long table sat beneath the brightest, its white tablecloth covered in glasses and dishes, and a group of at least fifteen men clustered around it. They all wore the black or grey-green uniforms of the SS, their chests covered with badges and ribbons and medals, their epaulettes shining with silver and gold. The sight was not what made Lisl catch her breath and almost lose her balance as she was dragged through the doorway. In every man's hand was a dog-leash like the one fixed to her collar, and at the end of every leash was a girl.

They were all pretty, Lisl saw, as Schroeder pulled her closer, many of them truly beautiful, and all wore a black leather collar identical to the one around her own neck. Some wore little side-caps like Volner's, with tight white blouses that did not hide the red, rouged points of their nipples, and tiny, grey-green, pleated skirts so short the lower curves of their buttocks were exposed behind and their sexes barely concealed in front.

Others wore nothing at all, revealing their pussies were also hairless. Waitresses flitted in and out from the shadows, clearing away plates or bringing bottles to fill the diners' glasses. They were all naked too, except for a short and narrow white apron tied around each girl's hips that only just managed to cover their sexes.

As Schroeder approached, heads turned and the laughter and conversation died away. Heat filled Lisl's cheeks as all eyes fixed on her and she knew she was blushing fiercely. She was completely nude. Even the blonde curls that should have helped hide the slit of her pouting sex had been taken from her. Lisl longed to put a hand in front of her bare

pussy and an arm across her breasts, but she knew it would infuriate the Sturmbannfuhrer and he would flog her. She gulped – or he would use the savage current on her again.

“Gentlemen, good evening,” he said into the expectant silence. “I trust everything is to your satisfaction.” He nodded at the murmurs of agreement. “Allow me to introduce Lisl, one of our latest acquisitions.” He jerked the lead, pulling her into the bright light. “Head up.” She stood straight, staring over the heads of the men ogling her, but inside she was cringing with a humiliation deeper than she had ever felt before.

“See her beauty, gentlemen, blonde and truly Aryan. Her face, her figure, the firmness of those pointed tits, that narrow waist and the curve of her hips. She’ll be yours for the asking in a few days.”

He had started out sounding like a head waiter, Lisl thought with grim humour. Now he sounded like a salesman. She swallowed. And it was she that he was trying to sell.

“Let’s have her now,” someone said. “I’d like to take a crack at her.”

Schroeder turned her back to his audience. No one voiced any surprise at the sight of her ridged and reddened buttocks.

“Just give her arse a day or two to recover and you can have her.”

“But I’m going back to the Front tomorrow,” the man protested.

“Is Kristin not to your liking?” Schroeder nodded at the nude girl on the other end of the leash the man held. “Or can you really manage two of them at once?”

There was laughter then, and the man who had spoken joined in.

“I’ll leave you to your amusements,” Schroeder said. “Lisl needs a little introductory tour.”

“I’ll say she does,” a voice called and there was more laughter.

The SS man led her away from the diners and their collared girls towards a wide staircase at the far end of the hall. Standing at its foot was another naked girl. No, Lisl corrected as they drew nearer, it was a woman, old and grey haired. Only when they halted in front of her did Lisl realise that impression had been wrong too. The woman was grey-haired but she was not old; perhaps no more than in her early thirties. Big, brown eyes lifted to Schroeder’s hard blue ones, and Lisl saw her face was strikingly beautiful.

“Good evening, Countess.”

“Good evening, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer,” the woman replied quietly, and shivered. The chain on the heavy steel collar around her neck clinked against the carved marble terminal of the staircase’s balustrade where it was attached to a metal ring fixed into the stone. A thick steel belt encircled the woman’s waist, also chained to the marble.

“This is Countess Uhlendorf,” Schroeder told Lisl, his cold, ghost-smile on his lips. “She used to own this fine mansion, until her husband decided to betray his Fuehrer and his Fatherland. Now she is paying the price for aiding him in his treachery.” He tapped the end of the riding crop he never seemed to be without on one of the countess’s bare breasts, and she flinched.

She had large breasts, round and heavy, and sagging somewhat under their own weight. Her nipples were fat and pink, and one of them bore a thin red weal across it and on the white skin at either side. The other teat was similarly marked, and a welt running diagonally across the Countess’s abdomen and two more on the fronts of her thighs were evidence that she had been struck there recently. A cylindrical umbrella stand stood next to her with the ends of two canes, one thin, one thicker, rising above its rim.

“We put her here most evenings from nine until midnight,” Schroeder said casually, “in case any of the guests feel like a warm-up on their way upstairs. Sometimes she is even lucky enough to have one of them take a fancy to her, isn’t that right, Ursula?”

“Yes, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer.”

He laughed softly. “She used to have the loveliest dark brown hair. When we put her on the table to meet the magneto, she still had. When we took her off, it was as you see it now. Even her cunt hair went grey.” He pointed. “I left in on as proof.”

The Countess’s trimmed triangle of pubic hair was indeed grey. Lisl shuddered at the mention of the magneto and saw the woman do the same. Suddenly she felt horribly, frighteningly vulnerable, and was very aware of the stiff leather collar encircling her neck and the weight of the leash pulling on it.

A sudden cheer from the dining table made Schroeder turn. Heike and Heidi had just entered the hall.

“Ah, nine thirty. Perfect timing, Countess.” He took a key from his pocket, unlocked her from the collar and belt, and motioned her

towards the two girl-guards. She had been wrong, Lisl realised as she heard the tap of the Countess's footsteps. None of the other women were quite as naked as she was, for they were all wearing black, high-heeled shoes.

"Line up," Heike called, and the men around the table removed the leashes from their girls' collars to allow them to assemble in front of her. There was a yelp as Heidi slashed her whip on a bottom that was moving too slowly to suit her.

"Come on, get stripped. Biggest tits to the right," Heike urged. Those who wore the little uniforms shed them, and the girls got into three lines of eight in accordance with the sizes of their breasts. From the speed with which it all happened, Lisl guessed they had done it often before.

As the girls shuffled their feet to get their spacing right, the Countess took up position at one end of the lines. A tug on Lisl's collar drew her a little way up the staircase after Schroeder. She turned when he did and saw Heidi marching smartly towards them.

The girl halted and gave a crisp salute. "Permission to begin, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer?"

The ghost-smile appeared on his lips. "Carry on."

Heidi disappeared into the shadows at one side of the hall. Lisl heard the hiss of a needle on a record, and the strains of the Radetsky March blared out from loudspeakers.

"Left turn," Heike called above the sound of the music, and the girls turned as one and each clashed her right foot down onto the stone-flagged floor. What had been three lines of eight naked young women became a column with the Countess standing at its head.

"Sluts!" Heike yelled. "By the right, parade march!"

Chapter 7

To cheers from the onlookers the girls stepped out, kicking their legs high to goose-step down the length of the hall towards where Lisl stood beside Schroeder on the stairs.

“Swing those arms,” Heike called, marching beside them with a broad grin on her face.

The arms swung in perfect time, high-heels crashed down simultaneously with each stiff-legged step the girls took, and firm, resilient buttocks quivered in unison as each foot landed at exactly the same instant on the hard floor. Breasts bounced high, the extent of their movements dictated by their size and weight. The Countess, out in front, had the biggest breasts of all and they jounced wildly in all directions as she led the column in its strutting march towards the foot of the staircase.

“Sluts, halt! Mark time!” Heike called just before the Countess reached the bottom stair.

The girls’ forward movement stopped, but they continued to kick their legs stiffly out and crack their heels down onto the flagstones. Lisl saw they were bathed in sweat and, to her astonishment, giving wide smiles, even the Countess, who raised her head to look at Schroeder. Her frenetically oscillating teats were nearly reaching her chin as she lifted each leg high in turn and brought it down again with the muscles rippling over her naked, perspiring body. There were tears in her brown, doe-eyes. The smiles on all the girls’ faces were fixed and false, as grotesque as the death-grin on the skull badge on Schroeder’s cap, or - Lisl’s belly flipped - the one on the dead body in the bombed building.

“Sluts, about turn! Parade march!” Heike called, and instead of bouncing breasts, Lisl saw bouncing buttocks as the girls began retracing their steps with the same gusto they had shown marching in the other direction. Heike paused before following, and looked enquiringly at the Sturmbannfuhrer as the music came to an end. The girls continued goose-stepping.

He consulted his watch. “Ten more minutes.”

Heidi saluted and hurried to catch up her charges. “Come on,” she shouted, “kick those legs. Let’s see your tits really swinging.”

The music started again as Lisl followed Schroeder onto the landing at the top of the stairs. A girl in SS uniform stood there, talking to a male officer. They came to attention.

“*Alles in ordnung, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer,*” the man said.

“Good, Sprenger. A quiet night, it seems.”

“I understand two of the leave trains were halted and the men returned to the Front. A crisis of some sort, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer.” Lisl saw the man’s gaze flicker over her nudity.

Schroeder’s eyes narrowed. “Unfortunate for them.” He pulled Lisl down one of four long corridors that led off the landing. “Obersturmfuehrer Sprenger is my second-in-command,” he said. “No doubt you will be making his acquaintance shortly.”

Lisl’s belly flipped again. She could imagine how. He gestured at the doors they passed as her bare feet padded over the thick carpet.

“Red for occupied, blue for vacant,” he said, indicating the little coloured discs hung on hooks on the doors. “One of your duties will be to ensure they are changed when necessary.”

“Yes, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer,” Lisl answered warily.

A door opened ahead of them and an officer came out of one of the rooms holding a leash in his hand. He smiled cheerfully at Schroeder and gave the leash a pull. A girl stepped into the corridor. Lisl gulped. The girl wore a collar at her neck but that was not where the leash was attached. The clip on its chain was fastened to a stainless steel ring that pierced the hood of her clitoris. The skin on her breasts was bright red and the big mounds were heavily striped with thin lines of a darker, angry crimson. She unhooked the red disc on the door, turned it to its blue side and replaced it. Lisl saw how she shied from Schroeder as she answered another tug on the leash attached to her hood and followed the officer past him. The Sturmbannfuehrer gave Lisl a thin smile.

“We cater for a wide variety of tastes here, Hartmann. You’ll discover how wide when your duties begin.” He took her into the recently vacated room. It smelled of sex. Lisl breathed in and felt a tremor run through her pussy. She saw a rack on the wall holding canes of varying thicknesses and two plaited leather whips. The ceiling was crisscrossed with wooden beams, some with steel hooks set into them, one with a pulley attached from which hung a thin rope. A six-foot

wooden beam on trestle legs stood next to the double bed, with leather straps of assorted lengths scattered beside it. Lisl's pussy twitched.

"Most of the rooms are similar to this one," the SS man said conversationally. "The equipment varies but its purpose is the same." He turned his ghost-smile on her. "Most of our guests like to have a girl well-secured while she entertains them." He picked a big, rubber ball-gag off the bed and laid it on a side table. "Some obviously like them quiet too. I've always preferred to hear them scream - so much more stimulating, I find."

"Yes, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer," Lisl said with warmth flooding her sex.

"Our guests are the cream of the SS and our colleagues of the Gestapo. They work hard, Hartmann, ensuring the safety of the Reich at the front or here at home." He bared his teeth. "Or so they would tell you. They deserve the best when they have time for a little recreation, and here the best is always what they receive."

"Yes, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer."

"Are you wet, Hartmann?" he demanded.

"Yes, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer," Lisl answered truthfully.

"Show me." He pushed her onto the bed and made her spread her thighs to reveal the gleaming moisture coating her outer pussy-lips and the stiffening nub of her clitoris. "So you are," he said, and she gave a little, convulsive wriggle as his finger probed the slick oiliness within her sheath.

"I've a feeling you'll do well here," Schroeder said, and slid a second finger inside her, rubbing firmly on her sensitive membranes. They quivered in response. "You had better. You get two chances. If any guest complains a third time, you're out on the next transport. Do you know what a *feldhure* is?"

Lisl purred as her pussy tingled under his touch. "No, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer."

"The Army and SS have field-brothels near the front lines for the relief of the rank and file. That's where you'll end up if you don't always give of your best. Field-whores deal with fifty or more apiece every day. Do you think you would like that, Hartmann?"

"Oh, no, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer!" Panting, Lisl opened her half-closed eyes.

He looked deep into them, continuing to work his fingers in her rippling sex. “Then make sure your service is never anything less than perfect.”

“Oooh, yes, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer!” Lisl moaned as a stronger tremor ran the length of her sheath.

He gave a soft laugh. “I expect you’d like to come now?”

Lisl’s belly gave a wriggle of delight. “Ooh, yes please, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer!”

He pulled his fingers from her and pinched hard on her upright clit. “You’re not here for your pleasure, Hartmann. You’re here to please the guests. Don’t forget it.”

Hiding the spark of resentment that rose up along with her sudden frustration, she answered meekly with the usual response.

“You’ve been playing with yourself in your cell, haven’t you?” he asked, and began unbuttoning his tunic. “I could smell it the other morning.”

Lisl could not deny it.

“Well, no more of that. I’m moving you to the upper cellblock tomorrow. We need the space for some new arrivals. You’ll sleep upstairs eventually, if you prove satisfactory. Until then, I think I’ll have you handcuffed to your bunk.” He smiled thinly. “Save your energy for when you’re on duty. You’ll need it.”

Lisl tried, but could not completely hide the pout of disappointment that appeared on her lips. Schroeder finished unfastening his trousers and stroked her left breast.

“You’re an intelligent girl, Hartmann. You know what your life is worth here, don’t you?”

She nodded, very sure. Unless she did everything required of her perfectly, it was worth nothing.

“And you understand everything you have seen this evening? It is clear to you what your duties are to be now that you are a Gestapo girl?”

Lisl’s belly contracted. “Yes, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer,” she said, voice quavering. “I am to be a whore.”

Schroeder took his hard cock from his trousers. “Then go and turn the disc on the door around.”

Lisl’s pussy rippled madly as she scampered to obey.

* * * * *

Tuesday, June 27th 1944, 1400 hours.

Colonel Glover cupped a hand beneath Pam's chin, caught the spunk she was letting run from the corner of her mouth in his palm and chuckled.

"Oh no, Corporal! I'm wise to that one now. You'll swallow this down along with the rest like a good girl. The Major said I was to let him know if you weren't satisfying. Should I tell him?"

With her mouth clamped firmly around Glover's cock, Pam looked up at him and gave a small shake of her head. He looked back in amusement, waited until she had swallowed down his foul-tasting slime and licked him clean, then held his palm to her lips. Obediently, she lapped up the greasy little white puddle until it was all in her mouth, forced herself to swallow once more and fought her nausea at the feel of the thick goo sliding down her throat.

She tried to console herself with the thought that he did not hurt her the way Audley-Towne did, and his appearance every Thursday to check on the progress of the Major's plan did spare her some pain. From Thursday evening until Sunday, she was lucky if a day went by without her being punished for some slight or transgression, usually invented as an excuse by Audley-Towne. He had added strokes with the willow wand to the spankings and paddlings he gave her bottom, and had used it regularly on her breasts and the fronts and backs of her thighs too. But from Monday morning until the next Thursday evening she was spared, she assumed to give her stripes and bruises time to fade so the Colonel would not guess how cruelly the Major treated her.

He did not make her wear the dildo or anal plug on Thursdays either, though Pam was less sure she was pleased about that. She had grown used to their presence in her pussy and anus most days of the week and to the pleasant background pulsing they caused as she went about her duties. She missed it when it was absent. Pam almost smiled at the memory of Glover's face that first time she had been given to him, as he had watched her loosen the straps and pull the dildo from her sex. She knew he was convinced that it had been she who had put it there in the first place. The knowledge she was still kneeling at the Colonel's feet, with him watching her as he buttoned his trousers, made her keep a

straight face. Anyway, the thought ought to embarrass her, not make her want to laugh at his credulousness.

His cock did not compare for size to the Major's, but he really was good looking whereas Audley-Towne's usual arrogance just made him think he was. The Colonel's gentler technique was also a welcome change from the batterings her pussy took from the Major, and he still usually managed to make her come. Today though, he had only made her suck him and was now obviously about to leave. He opened the door to the outer office. Audley-Towne lounged at Pam's desk.

"Meeting at HQ, Bill," Glover excused himself as he left. "Same time next week. Have things sorted out by then."

Pam's pussy tickled and twitched. More often than not, the Major used her straight after the Colonel had on a Thursday. Once more she was disappointed.

"Get dressed, Hollis," he snapped testily as he entered his office with his brow dark and furrowed. The expression did not bode well. He looked at her and his face filled with anger and resentment. "I need your help."

Pam struggled hard but could not entirely quash the fleeting smile of triumph that crossed her face.

"Think it's funny, you dirty little cow?" He grabbed the back of Pam's neck, jerked her to her feet, and his forearm was suddenly pinning her to the wall with its hand closed tight around her left teat. He twisted its point upwards, and while she was still gasping in shock and pain, laid the red, glowing end of his cigarette to the underside of Pam's nipple.

"Ow, sir! Ooh! Please stop! It hurts! It hurts!"

He let her go, and she cowered and cupped her hand over the throbbing burn on her delicate flesh. It had only lasted a second or two but it hurt horribly.

"You didn't have to do that," Pam sobbed.

"I'll do the other one too if you start your superior ways with me again, Pammy," he said. "Now get dressed."

It took only a minute to put on the skirt, blouse, tunic and shoes, which was all he permitted her to wear, and arrange her tie at her neck. The Major picked up his swagger stick and cap and gave her a poisonous look.

"Come on, then. You're finally going to get your wish."

Pam followed him outside, very careful to hide her satisfaction as they turned in the direction of the armoury. She had known he would balls things up eventually and have to ask her to step in and sort them out. The Major had been ringing up every specialist unit that would need to be involved in training 'Agent X' and trying to get them to move her up the queue. His tactless, bombastic approaches had, of course, had the opposite effect. It was probably the parachute school, she thought. Audley-Towne and its commander had been feuding for several months, thanks to the Major criticising him openly to his commanding officer.

"I want you to deal with Huxley. He's being difficult," Audley-Towne said, confirming her suspicions as they walked the three hundred yards to the armoury. It was well away from any other buildings because of the risk of explosion, though only small-arms ammunition was stored there. Audley-Towne had had Interrogation built near it mainly because he could not get permission to build it anywhere else.

Private Webster was on sentry duty outside the fake Gestapo prison, as usual. With surprising familiarity, he did not present arms at the Major's approach but gave him a casual nod and slid back the heavy bolt on the door. Suddenly conscious of nothing but her burning curiosity, Pam followed Audley-Towne inside.

To her disappointment, he took her to a small room, bare but for a table and two chairs, sat down in one of them and kept Pam standing. He lit a cigarette, and she shivered at the painful buzz she could still feel in her nipple.

"Glover suggested I give you some background about 'X' and let you take a look at her," he said casually.

Pam was not taken in. Glover had ordered him to involve her in the plan and to tell her about the agent. She regarded him soberly. His expression was suspicious and annoyed.

"In nineteen thirty-nine she was an eighteen-year-old college student living in London," he said, blowing tobacco smoke into Pam's face. "Her name is Kay Parker. She disappeared in June the same year. A month later, one of her college professors resigned from his job and moved to the south coast. Nobody made any connection between the two events."

Pam's mock air of attentiveness suddenly became real.

“At the beginning of May, I found her in the cellar of a bombed building with the professor crushed under the wreckage beside her. She was locked in a steel cage.” He laughed at Pam’s look of incredulity. “Yes, that’s right. She’d been there since thirty-nine. Wasn’t even sure there was a war on, let alone who we’re fighting. I made enquiries about her, of course. Her parents were killed in a bombing raid on Portsmouth in forty-one. She’s got no other relatives.”

But... but...” Pam was having trouble grasping the sense of what he was saying. “Did you tell the police? Surely she belongs with the proper authorities.”

The Major waved a hand dismissively. “She’s happier here. The surroundings are more what she’s used to, and she has a habit of going around undressed that wouldn’t go down well elsewhere.” He grinned. “She’s so used to being naked, she doesn’t like the feel of clothes on her skin.”

“But you kidnapped her,” Pam accused before she had considered how he might react.

“Balls! She’s a grown woman now, capable of making decisions for herself. When I told her what the Germans had done to her parents, she jumped at the chance to volunteer for the mission.”

“You told her her parents were dead? After all the poor creature must have been through?”

She took it well,” Audley-Towne said with complete indifference. “Anyway, you’re not here to question my decisions. You wouldn’t be here at all if Glover...” He stopped and drew on his cigarette, not meeting her eye.

“Can I ask what the mission is?”

“No you damned well can’t. That’s between the girl, Glover and I. Any more could jeopardise its success.”

Pam took a deep breath, sure her backside would suffer if she spoke her thoughts aloud. But the girl’s life might depend on it.

“Sir, is she really the right material for an S-Force agent? She obviously has no military background, or precious little background of any kind after being locked away for so long.” She shuddered, in no doubt about what indignities the girl must have suffered at the hands of her kidnapper. To her surprise, Audley-Towne did not lose his temper.

“You’ve seen her training scores,” he said. “The best we’ve ever had.” He sniggered. “And she has certain other advantages for the task she’ll be undertaking that make her ideally suited.”

“What advantages?”

“Never you mind, Pammy,” the Major snapped, suddenly his usual prickly self. “Now, do you want to meet her or not?”

Pam most definitely did. She was taken aback by the grim surroundings as Audley-Towne led the way into the prison mock-up. Pam had only visited it once before, just after its completion. Knowing it was just another of the Major’s mistakes, she had not thought about it again until the girl’s arrival. Two people rose to their feet as they entered. One was Lieutenant Jennifer Daniels, whom Pam had met only once on the day the girl reported for duty.

And she was just a girl, Pam thought, very young and studious-looking with her reading glasses perched half-way down her nose and her hair pulled severely back from her face and pinned in a tight bun at the back of her head. She seemed very slender and quite tall as she stood to greet Audley-Towne. Pam would have liked to know what her speciality in the Education Corps was, but the Major had hidden away her personnel file as soon as it arrived.

The other girl was dressed in a pair of overalls with the legs and cuffs rolled up, and Pam had a feeling that she was wearing nothing else beneath them. She did not speak or even look at anyone, but kept her head bowed and eyes lowered.

“That’s enough for today, Lieutenant,” Audley-Towne told Daniels, and she left immediately with the Major watching the wiggle of her slim hips all the way to the door. He turned as it closed.

“Kay, this is Corporal Hollis; Pammy.” He smirked in Pam’s direction. “You remember Colonel Glover mentioned her?”

“Yes, Master,” Kay said.

Pam stared at her, stunned by the word. She looked at Audley-Towne who gave her a self-satisfied smirk.

“Pammy’s here to get to know you, Kay” he told the girl. “She’s going to help make the mission a success.”

“Yes, Master,” the girl said again, and smiled at Pam.

She returned it with as much warmth as she could manage. What the hell did she have to smile about, she wondered.

“You volunteered for the mission, didn’t you?” the Major asked.

“Yes, Master.”

“You’re eager to get started, aren’t you?”

“Yes, Master.”

“Fuck me!” Pam said in loud exasperation.

Kay looked questioningly at Audley-Towne. “Master?”

“It’s just an expression. She didn’t mean it.” He laughed. “She tends to take those sort of words literally,” he told Pam.

She was horrified. The girl was obviously utterly naïve and completely submissive, and eager only to please. She had not volunteered at all. She would follow any suggestion that was made to her as if it was an order, and Audley-Towne and Glover must realise it. And yet they were willing to send her to almost certain death. She would not last a day in occupied territory, even if there was help waiting for her when she landed. Pam swallowed and felt an icy chill around her heart. But if she spoke up again, the Major would beat her for sure. She had to risk it.

“Sir, I don’t really think -.”

“Shut your mouth, Corporal,” Audley-Towne barked. “You’re not here to give opinions.”

Pam held her tongue, eyed the girl, and felt desperately sorry for her.

The Major rubbed his hands together. “Now, Kay, time for your ‘daily dozen’.”

“Yes, Master.” The girl stripped off her overalls quicker than Pam would have believed possible. As she suspected, she wore nothing else.

“Which one, Master?” Kay was looking at the improvised pieces of equipment Audley-Towne had had made to represent Gestapo interrogation apparatus. One was three wooden crates nailed together into a rectangle and with rusty iron rings at each corner. The second was a scarred table with an old green curtain over it and tacked around its edges. The third was a length of eight-inch-wide metal pipe on two wooden uprights set into the concrete floor, and with a lower, narrower pipe fixed in front of it.

Audley-Towne pointed to it. “There.”

Kay did not immediately obey him, but went instead to a wall-rack of canes and whips. She looked enquiringly at the Major.

“You choose,” he told her.

With growing horror, Pam saw the girl take hold of the thickest cane and return to Audley-Towne.

“Why did you pick that one?” he asked with a quick glance at Pam.

“It’s the thickest, Master. I thought it was the one you would have chosen.”

He laughed and shook his head. “No, fetch me the thinnest.”

Kay did as she was told then went to the pipe, laid her belly down on the old piece of carpet tied around it as padding, gripped the lower bar with both hands and lifted her tight bottom high.

“You can’t,” Pam finally managed to say. “You can’t beat her, for heavens sake.”

Audley-Towne grinned and swished the cane through the air. “She bloody loves it, Pammy. She’s so used to it she gets restless and unhappy if she doesn’t get her ‘daily dozen’.”

And ‘The Twat’ was more than ready to give them to her, Pam thought bitterly. God, what a bastard he was, to be ready to send her straight from one horror into another. Was he bloody mad, as she had begun to fear?

“Come closer, Pammy, where you’ll get a good view,” he told her.

Reluctant, but lured by her curiosity, she took a few steps towards the girl’s bent figure. She could see that several pink lines already marked her pale-skinned buttocks, presumably the result of the previous day’s dozen. Pam’s belly flipped at the thought of what it must be like to know, even as the cane was scoring into her bottom, that tomorrow exactly the same thing would happen all over again.

Kay had not moved a muscle since she had draped her body over the pipe. No, Pam corrected. She could see a slight quiver in the girls parted thighs as she awaited the first stroke. Suddenly, her lightly furred slit contracted before Pam’s eyes, then separated to reveal the pink little petals of Kay’s inner pussy-lips glistening in the light from the overhead bulbs. The girl was getting excited! To Pam’s amazement, her own sex gave a tickling contraction. At the same moment, Audley-Towne lashed his cane onto Kay’s buttocks.

Pam saw the girls taut rear-cheeks yield to the blow, how the flesh rebounded as the cane lifted, and a fresh, bright-red streak blossomed across Kay’s soft skin. Despite the moisture she had seen shining on the

girl's sex, her cries seemed much more pained than pleased. They continued almost without pause while the Major dealt her the twelve strokes with an enthusiasm that did not escape Pam's notice.

He stepped back, breathing hard and grinning. Kay remained bent over the pipe, also breathing hard, and then gave a little wriggle of her striped bottom. Awestruck, Pam saw her pussy relax and a little dribble of fluid flow down to the point of her pinkly erect clitoris and drip to the floor beneath the girl's splayed legs.

"My god, she does like it!" Pam looked at Audley-Towne in astonishment.

"Every time," he laughed, "no matter how hard I hit her. Go and stick your fingers in her snatch."

"No!" Pam said, shocked firstly by the suggestion and then by the tremor that teased her sex.

The Major's face clouded. "Do it, Pammy. It wouldn't be the first one you've played with, now would it? And I have the pictures to prove it."

She gave in and gingerly approached the girl. Kay must have heard but she did not react. Pam caught the ripe, heady pungency of the girl's flowing juices in her nostrils as she leaned forward and hesitantly reached two fingers towards the fleshy crescents pouting wetly between the girl's thighs. Her heartbeat quickened and warmth filled her lower belly. Oh, hell! She was getting excited too. Pam pushed her fingers into the damp heat of Kay's sex.

The girl bucked, hips writhing, but not for a moment did she let go of the pipe she was gripping as she gave an ecstatic cry and soaked Pam's hand with her pussy-juices. Pam heard Audley-Towne laughing.

"Incredible, isn't it? She comes every time. There was some French duke who wrote about it years ago."

"The Marquis de Sade," Pam said, not that he would be any the wiser for hearing the name. Her father had a collection of de Sade's works in his library, which he had never suspected she knew about. "It's called sado-masochism."

"Bit of a rum notion," the Major said, eyeing Kay's wriggling backside, "but I'm not complaining. Each to their own, I always say."

And that was about as philosophical as he was ever likely to be, Pam thought, watching a little rivulet of pussy-juice run down the inside

of Kay's right thigh. The girl had really come hard. Her own sex contracted, and Pam wished she could feel the pressure of her dildo against its shivering walls.

"All right, Kay, up you get," Audley-Towne ordered.

The girl stood and turned to Pam with a smile. "Thank you, Mistress."

Pam looked at the Major in confusion.

"It appears the professor was part of a small group that shared their slaves. She's been with women before."

"Slaves?"

He shrugged. "What else would you call it, locked in a cage in someone's cellar for years?"

"Hell," Pam said with feeling.

"No, Kay," he told the girl, "Pammy isn't a mistress. In fact, she's not so very different from you." He grinned broadly at Pam. "And it's her turn now."

Chapter 8

Pam nearly emptied her bowels. “No. Please, sir, no! You can’t do that to me. It’s too much. I won’t let you cane me.”

“You will, Pammy. As long as I’ve got those photos, you’ll do as I tell you.”

Pam’s stomach shrank. Her heart thudded. Tears welled up in her eyes.

“Won’t you?” Audley-Towne demanded.

“Yes, sir.” Pam gave a sob of utter helplessness. God, how she hated him! Self-conscious in front of Kay, she stripped when she was told.

“What do you think of Pammy, Kay?” the Major asked. “Isn’t she a beauty?” It was the first time he had ever said anything about Pam that sounded like a compliment beyond telling her she was a good fuck.

“Yes, Master. She is very lovely.” The girl smiled at her again.

Lower lip trembling and never so reluctant, Pam bent over the padded pipe and rested her belly on it at Audley-Towne’s command.

“Don’t look so nervous,” he told her. “It’s not so different to the paddle, and you should be used to that by now. And I’ll only give you ten since it’s your first time. Kay, you kneel down and hold her hands firmly on the bar. I don’t want her jumping up after the first stroke.”

Pam’s gut churned. She was not at all used to the paddle, and the Major’s mention of her ‘first time’ showed all too clearly that he intended others would follow. She shuddered as Kay’s hands closed over hers, and she looked into the girl’s face aware her despair and anxiety were plain on her own.

The blue eyes that looked back were clear, intelligent and understanding. For a moment the girl seemed to shed her air of submissiveness as easily as she had her borrowed overalls.

“It won’t last long,” she whispered. “Be strong.”

Pam was not strong. The cane’s fiery bite was nothing like the blunt strikes of the paddle. It carved narrow, blazing furrows of blistering pain into her bouncing bottom that had her writhing and howling from the first stroke. She did try to jump up and felt Kay’s hands tighten.

“Bear it. Not long now,” she encouraged quietly.

An age seemed to pass before her promise was fulfilled. The moment the tenth sharp, vicious crack sounded on her tormented flesh, Pam pulled free, jerked upright and rubbed both hands over the stinging fire in her tender rear-cheeks. Horrified, she felt the narrow ridges the cane had raised on them and the heat radiating from the searing skin. She had only to look at Kay's buttocks to see how angrily red the weals on her own must be. How did the girl stand it day after day? She turned with tears in her eyes to Audley-Towne's grinning face, struggling to hold back the torrent of invective running through her mind.

He had stripped his battledress and was swiftly removing his trousers, revealing the great, purple-headed length of his penis rearing up from his khaki underpants. Pam's pussy clenched and rippled, and a sudden surge of moisture bathed her sheath and set it aglow. Lord, how she loved that cock! Half in despair and half in delight, she saw him come towards her and Kay with the swollen club-head of his enormous penis slapping his stomach at every step.

Not wanting to believe how easily she had surrendered to the desire that had abruptly overwhelmed her, Pam knelt alongside Kay when the Major ordered it and took turns with the other girl to suck his cock. When he led Kay to the fake cell adjoining the interrogation room, Pam followed at his terse command and stood in the doorway, watching with avid anticipation as he laid the girl down on her narrow cot and took her hard. She leaned against the cell's plywood front wall and, though it made her feel thoroughly ashamed, allowed her fingers to seek her wet, simmering sex and thrust greedily inside.

Pam's shame tormented her again, and her caned bottom even more so, when she laid herself eagerly down on the other cot and let Audley-Towne force it into the mattress as he used her. But neither burned as fiercely as her wildly seething excitement while his cock lunged back and forth within her madly pulsing pussy. She came three times during the next hour, alternately overcome by the intensity of her arousal or the aching knowledge of her cowardly weakness.

They left Kay lying on her side on her cot, naked, as the Major claimed she preferred to be, her knees drawn up and revealing the spunk leaking from her bruised and swollen pussy. She seemed to be sleeping, a small smile on her full lips.

Pam's sex felt bruised and swollen too as she walked stiffly to the office. Her buttocks buzzed painfully under the tight seat of her skirt.

"What do you think of Lieutenant Daniels, Pammy?" Audley-Towne asked. "I think she's a pretty girl behind those glasses and that prim exterior."

Sunk in her shame as her arousal died, Pam would not look at him. "I suppose so, sir," she replied without interest.

"She's a bishop's daughter, I'm told. A bit willowy for my usual taste, but at least I don't have to look so far down to see her face as I do with most women. Of course, she hasn't got much in the way of tits under her tunic. They could never compare with yours, Pammy."

Pam looked at him sharply. His teeth were bared in one of those grins he gave her when one of his madcap ideas had begun rattling around in his head. With a sudden hollow feeling, Pam watched him clap his hands and rub them gleefully together.

"I'm going to fuck her, Pammy. And you're going to help me do it."

* * * * *

Wednesday, November 8th 1944, 1100 hours.

Lisl had underestimated the little SS Standartenfuehrer who had chosen her the previous night. His short stature and slim-hipped, almost effeminate appearance had deceived her. Only when she had been hanging by her wrists from the ceiling beam with her toes straining to touch the floor had she realised her mistake.

He had plied the vicious leather with consummate skill. Every lash had landed with wicked accuracy on her defenceless buttocks, with the whip's thin tail curling cruelly around one or other of her thighs and its tip biting into the delicate skin of her abdomen. The worst pain had been when it had bitten lower, stinging fiercely on her plump, hairless mound, and twice when it had hit lower still. Lisl's cries had become screams at the torment of the hard leather tip scoring her fleshy outer pussy-lips. She was sure it was only a miracle and the man's sudden need to fling her onto the bed and violate her that had spared her clitoral hood. That would have been horrendous.

Afterwards, he had handcuffed her to the brass bed-head and lain next to her, smoking and looking at her nudity. He had made her move this way and that, exposing her sex and showing him the crimson stripes with which he had decorated her body.

Making her arch her back to push her pointed breasts higher, he had threatened more lashes if she dared to move, and he touched the end of his cigarette to her up-thrust teats. Lisl had not experienced that kind of pain before. Brief though the cigarette's touch had been, it had raised little, red buzzing blisters on her soft skin.

Though she had been up until after two, Lisl gave up trying to sleep and swore silently in frustration. Whatever she did, she could not escape the discomfort. Her weight on the rough cover of her straw mattress made her buttocks throb. If she lay on her belly, it and her breasts hurt, and if on either side, she felt the pain of the welts on her thighs.

She had the luxury of a blanket in her new cell on the upper block. Lisl threw it back and got to her feet. It did not help much. Her legs ached from her first training in parade marching. Heike and Heidi had conducted it the day before with Lisl and three other recent arrivals. They had used the grey-haired Countess Uhlendorf to demonstrate and made the girls copy her. The novices' unsatisfactory performance had been made clear to them by blows to their shoulders and buttocks from the girl-guards' whips, and dire threats of the floggings they would suffer if they failed to do better next time.

The floor was cold. Lisl climbed back onto her narrow bunk, kneeling awkwardly to keep her wealed bottom away from her heels. She had been on duty, the euphemism for being available to prostitute herself, at some time during each of the past four days. As well as being tired after her late night, Lisl still felt dazed by the speed with which her circumstances had so drastically changed and the unfamiliarity of her new situation. However, she had still managed to learn a little about what went on at Schloss Uhlendorf.

On her first day she had been assigned to an afternoon shift as a waitress, wearing nothing but black high-heels, her collar and one of the horribly revealing little aprons. The working day was divided into morning, afternoon and evening shifts, though there was no limit to their duration for any girl selected by one of the patrons. Schroeder's brothel was exclusively for the SS and Gestapo and no money ever changed

hands between the guests and its proprietor. Its operation was sanctioned at the highest level in Berlin, its function to provide recreation and reward for the security service officers and those of the Waffen SS on leave from fighting units. The prostitutes were the prettiest female prisoners rounded up by the Gestapo and SD – the *Sicherheitsdienst*, the SS's own security service, as notoriously cruel and ruthless as the Gestapo itself.

As Schroeder had told Lisl, a girl's guilt or innocence was irrelevant. Those who proved unsatisfactory were weeded out and sent to the field brothels as *feldhuren*. He needed upwards of a hundred girls to operate successfully. Any complaint about one of them by a guest was taken at face value, and as three were enough to put a girl on a transport he was always on the lookout for replacements. Only when she realised the fact did Lisl understand the point of the questions he had asked her during her interrogation.

Much to her relief, a girl who had been there a few months had told her that there were rules about their treatment. Killing or maiming was forbidden, along with anything that was likely to incapacitate a girl for more than about a week. Unfortunately that did not preclude lengthy beatings, as Lisl had discovered when her first duty shift had begun and she had seen their effects on some of the naked girls who had been standing around the table in the hall. The leashes on their collars had mostly been hanging loose or looped over chair-backs while the guests had eaten lunch. Lisl had been one of those serving it.

Schroeder had appeared halfway through and chatted convivially with the dozen or so officers present, but she had been aware of his icy gaze following her as she carried dishes to and from the table. It was he who had informed the diners that she was a new girl, with its inevitable consequences.

In covering humiliation, Lisl had found herself seized and arched backwards over the table by the laughing men, her thighs forced wide and her pussy pinched and prodded and probed by a dozen different hands. Others had tested the firmness of her jutting teats and made comments about the hardness of her nipples. To her utter embarrassment, the rough teasing of her sex had made her clitoris swell from beneath its hood, greatly amusing the men. Only the other girls had not laughed.

Finally released, Lisl had struggled to her feet with her cheeks aflame and been unable to stop herself looking her resentment at the

Sturmbannfuehrer. His amused ghost-smile had been on his lips, and his cold, blue eyes had met hers for the briefest of moments before he had walked away. To her great surprise and concern, when her shift had ended without further interference, Lisl had not been returned to her cell but taken to Schroeder's office. There she had been made to kneel close to the big, roaring fire, facing his desk with her thighs well parted and her hands clasped at the back of her neck.

Schroeder had continued with his paperwork, occasionally addressing Volner but not speaking a word to Lisl and only rarely even glancing at her. Too afraid to move a muscle, let alone speak, she had kept her position for over an hour according to the mantelpiece clock, until the heat from the fire had had her running with sweat and her shoulders had begun to sag.

"Keep your back arched," Schroeder had barked and, with the memory of the magneto filling her mind, Lisl had obeyed. Another hour had passed before the SS man had risen from his desk, spent a minute looking at her kneeling, naked body, then had a guard take her back to her cell. It had made no sense, but Lisl had been only too glad to have escaped without having been flogged or molested.

Her second day had seen her assigned to the evening shift. She had been made to dress in a tight, white blouse, a side-cap and a ridiculously short, pleated skirt and stand tethered by her leash to one of the metal hooks that lined the walls at shoulder height on either side of the hall's main doors. She had been one of forty or more girls who waited in absolute silence and under the watchful eyes of female guards, to be chosen by the guests who had arrived as the evening wore on.

Dinner had ended and a drinking session had begun around the table before someone chose Lisl. It had been an ugly man in a grey, pinstriped suit who could only be Gestapo. He had taken Lisl to one of the rooms upstairs, pausing first to deal a lash of the cane across the breasts of Countess Uhlendorf, chained as usual at the foot of the staircase.

Once in the room, he had tied Lisl belly-down over a high stool, dealt a dozen scorching strokes with a thick leather strap to her upturned bottom, and twice made her suck his cock and swallow without removing it from her mouth. Afterwards, he had added another dozen with a thick cane to Lisl's burning backside and left.

A few minutes later, Volner, wearing a very revealing caricature of a French maid's uniform, had come in and untied her. Lisl had learned the girl's first name was Elke, but she had clearly been too afraid to answer any other questions. Remembering to change the disk on the door from red to blue, Lisl had returned to the wall by the hall's entrance and put the loop on the end of her leash on one of the hooks as she had been instructed. With several others, she had stood there until midnight and then been returned to her cell.

The experience had seemed very clinical and entirely devoid of any connection between her and her tormentor. He had barely even spoken to her. Nevertheless, the fiery smarting of her buttocks had not been the only heat Lisl had felt while she waited by the wall. The SS guard who had taken her back to her cell either could not be bothered or, considering the fear with which all Schroeder's staff regarded him, more likely was unaware of the order to handcuff her. The moment she was alone she had dived her fingers into her wetly tingling pussy and brought herself to a wriggling climax.

By her third day, Lisl had been fully aware that waiting table was a slightly less arduous duty than waiting by the wall to be selected. The guests had usually already chosen a girl by the time they gathered to eat or drink, so there was less chance of receiving a flogging. All she had had to put up with that afternoon had been the groping and an occasional smack to her bottom or squeeze of her breasts as she delivered or cleared away the glasses and plates.

She had seen nothing of Schroeder that day or the one before. A chance meeting with Elke Volner by the tables where the food from the kitchens was left for collection by the waitresses had informed her that the Sturmbannfuhrer had been away for a couple of days. Why the girl had been so nervous and reluctant about revealing the fact, she had not been able to work out.

Schroeder had been present the next evening when Lisl had been relieved to put on her silly little waitresses apron again instead of being leashed at the wall. She had thought nothing of it when she had seen him talking to the diminutive Standartenfuhrer until the man had ordered her to come with him and she had noticed Schroeder's cold eyes following her and his thinly amused smile. She knew very well now that her thighs and buttocks and pussy-lips were throbbing because of him.

The moment Lisl got off her bunk and squatted over the bucket in the corner of her cell she heard footsteps in the corridor. They stopped outside her door. It always seemed to happen whenever she had just started to piss. Lisl suspected she knew who was there. He had come the previous morning and she had foolishly continued squatting over her bucket when he had entered. His fierce yelling and a blow to her shoulder from the thin riding crop he carried had brought her to her feet at once, regardless of the fact she was still pissing. Two further painful strokes to her breasts had underscored his order that she must always stand to attention at once when an officer of the SD honoured her pigsty with his presence.

Lisl did not make the same mistake again. The moment Obersturmfuehrer Sprenger opened the door she stood and snapped to attention. As on the previous day, she could not stop the flow of her urine. It squirted from between her closed thighs and splashed onto the stone floor in front of her.

Sprenger stood in the doorway, smiling thinly, his riding crop raised in one hand. His gaze made Lisl's skin crawl as it travelled downwards from her face to her out-thrust breasts, to her narrow waist and the piss gushing from between the swells of her pussy-lips. It was obvious that he tried to model himself on Schroeder. The crop he carried instead of the whips everyone else had, his stance and the way he tried to walk with the same gait, the thin smile and the hard stare were all copied from the Sturmbannfuehrer. But Sprenger had plump, ruddy cheeks and little, piggy eyes, and a square face and heavy jaw that made what was menacing on Schroeder's features look bovine and stupid on his own. He waited until Lisl's jetting piss slowed to a gentle patter onto her bare feet and then a trickle down her legs.

"Good morning, cunt." He addressed all the girls with the crude epithet.

"Good Morning, Herr Obersturmfuehrer," Lisl replied, expressionless.

He eyed the thin, purpling lines the whip had left low on her belly and high on the outsides of her thighs and smirked. It was not what Schroeder would have done.

"You were whipped last night. I hear you enjoy it."

"Yes, Herr Obersturmfuehrer," Lisl answered honestly.

Sprenger sniggered, bent, and looked at the two, dark, parallel marks across her outer labia just below her hood. “And on the cunt too, cunt.” From his braying laugh, he found his double use of the word very funny. “Show me.”

Lisl lay on her bunk, ignored the heightened pain in her bottom and spread her thighs. Nothing but instant obedience would avoid her feeling the bite of his riding crop, and perhaps not even that. He held the crop mid-way along its length in the way he might a pencil and rubbed the leather thong at its tip up and down over the dark slit between the plump crescents of her labia.

“You like pain, cunt.” He slapped the end of the crop onto her hairless mound. The blow was light but directly on the weals the whip had left there the night before. Lisl hissed through clenched teeth.

“S... some of it, Herr Obersturmfuehrer.” The knot in her belly had ceased to be purely fear. She eyed the crop with mounting anticipation. Her pussy prickled and gave a twitch.

“You should be getting wet,” Sprenger said after giving her love-mound several more taps.

“Yes, Herr Obersturmfuehrer.”

“Show me.”

Lisl pressed her fingers to her sore pussy-lips and drew them apart, hissing again as he pushed a finger into her sex and withdrew it. He laughed. It was shiny with her dew. A quiver ran through her sheath.

“Is it true your clit gets hard from a caning?”

“Yes, Herr Obersturmfuehrer.”

“Get it hard now.”

With his little, piggy eyes gleaming, he watched Lisl rub her hood until the pink, white-tipped point of her bud emerged, then smacked it with the crop. His braying laughter sounded again.

“It looks like you’ve found your true calling, you dirty bitch.” He pointed to the puddle of her piss on the floor beside the bunk. “Get down there and suck my cock.”

His penis was short and squat, as Lisl knew from the previous morning when she had first sucked it. She took it out of his trousers and closed her mouth over the shaft. It stretched her jaw, but even when he pulled her head close and crushed her lips into his hairy groin, the cock did not reach to the back of her throat. His hand moved from her blonde

head and she drew in a breath that filled her nostrils with the scent of his earthy maleness and began moving her mouth on his hard flesh.

“That will do, Sprenger.”

Head still bobbing, Lisl swivelled her eyes. Schroeder stood in the doorway, his flint-hard stare fixed on her kneeling figure. Sprenger whipped his stumpy shaft from her mouth, stuffed it back in his trousers and turned to his superior officer.

“Go and find another girl,” Schroeder told him. “In future this one is for the guests and myself only.”

“*Jawohl, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer.*” Sprenger excused himself, forgetting to button his flies in his hurry. Lisl lowered her head to hide her surprise.

“Out,” the Sturmbannfuehrer ordered, and she followed him into the corridor and down the steps to the lower cellblock. Her belly fluttered anxiously. He seemed annoyed with her, even though she had only been obeying orders. Lisl’s stomach did a somersault as she remembered the horror of the current. He stopped her in the corridor near the sentry and made her stand with her back to the wall, feet apart and hands held clasped at the back of her neck.

“Wait here,” he said and went back up the stairs.

It was several minutes before he returned.

“I’m glad you accepted my invitation, Fraulein,” Lisl heard Schroeder say above the sound of footsteps on the stairs.

“It was kind of you to send a car to collect me,” a familiar female voice replied.

God, the silly little fool had actually come there voluntarily! She was such a fanatical supporter of the Fuehrer she obviously did not believe there was any danger to herself in walking into a Gestapo prison.

Any sympathy Lisl felt for Hanna Kempfer vanished as soon as she saw the spiteful grin that split the girl’s beautiful face the moment she caught sight of the naked, collared prisoner standing in her humiliating position against the wall.

“Ooh! Is this what you asked me here to see, Sturmbannfuehrer Schroeder? The little traitor getting her just deserts?” Hanna asked gleefully. She hurried down the last steps, the skirts of her expensive, soft-wool dress flouncing around her silk-stockinged legs and halted in front of Lisl, staring malevolently. The girl-prisoner saw Schroeder

looking at Hanna's shapely calves and ankles as he approached with Heike and Heidi following behind.

"No, Fraulein Kempfer. What I want to show you is in the third room on the right." He pointed down the corridor. "These young ladies will show you the way."

With a venomous look at Lisl and a big smile at the Sturmbannfuhrer, Hanna allowed herself to be conducted towards the interrogation room Schroeder had indicated. He regarded Lisl with his ghost-smile on his face.

"Oh, what's this?" she heard Hanna say in mild surprise, then her startled cry as Heike gave her a shove through the open door. "Wait-!" The slam of the door cut off the rest of her protest.

Knees trembling, Lisl obeyed the motion of Schroeder's head and entered the room where she had suffered through her first interrogation. She almost pissed again, with relief, when he only stood her under the icy shower and told her to clean herself up. He threw her a ragged towel when she was finished, and watched her dry herself. Very aware of his hard cock straining at his trousers, she took the black ribbon he held out and tied her damp hair at the nape of her neck as he had done himself once before.

He smiled thinly at the wary look she gave him as he opened the door. "Let's see how Fraulein Kempfer is coming along."

Chapter 9

Hanna was not doing well. It was plain from the red stripes on her back and upturned buttocks that she had not been cooperative when Heidi and Heike had given her her enema.

“You mad fucking bitches,” she yelled as, already stripped to their waists, the girl-guards dragged her from beneath the near-freezing water of the shower. “Can’t you understand what I’m telling you? You’ve got it wrong. I am loyal to the Fuehrer.”

Heike planted a fist in the girl’s belly, and Hanna doubled up and sank to her knees.

“What a foul mouth you have, pretty. You need to learn some respect for your betters.” She flipped Hanna onto her back, pulled her into a half-sitting position by her hair, and twisted one of her arms behind her. The girl gave an alarmed and frightened cry.

“She needs her mouth washing out,” Heidi said, hiking her skirt up as she straddled Hanna and forced her heels hard into either side of the girl’s waist.

“She certainly does,” Heike agreed and yanked on Hanna’s hair. “Open your mouth, pretty.”

“No! For god’s sake, what the hell are you doing?”

A hard lash of Heidi’s whip across her full breasts made her shriek with pain. Heike forced the girl’s head back further, and Heidi let loose a sparkling stream of golden piss straight into Hanna’s face. She struggled and spluttered, but Heike’s grip was strong and Heidi made sure even the last few dribbles of urine landed squarely on her rouged lips.

They showered her again, and then buckled thick leather cuffs around her upper arms and joined the left one to the similar cuff they placed on her right wrist so that her forearm was held across her back. As they finished doing the same to her other wrist, she looked up and saw Schroeder and Lisl standing at the small table in the corner.

Wrenching free of her guards, Hanna dashed between the two vaulting bucks in the middle of the room, wet hair flying and scattering water drops across the floor. She skidded to a halt before the SS man.

“Herr Sturmbannfuehrer, there’s been a dreadful mistake,” she said breathlessly. “I’m not a defeatist. I am not a traitor. I am a party

member and loyal to the Fuehrer and the Reich. Please, you have been misinformed. You know it was I who told you about that one.” She shot Lisl a glare of hatred and looked nervously over her shoulder as Heike and Heidi came up behind her, bare-breasted and dangling their whips menacingly in their hands.

Her face turned to Schroeder’s, filled with an earnest entreaty. “Please, my Papa is an important official at the Town Hall. He will tell you I am a good German.”

“A good German,” Schroeder repeated. “Then I’m sure you want our brave soldiers fighting for the Fatherland to be happy.”

“Of course I do.” Hanna nodded vigorously.

He smiled his thin smile. “Good. Because you’re going to help make them that way.”

She was clearly still trying to puzzle out his meaning when he abruptly lashed his riding crop up between her legs. Hanna gave a cry and clutched both hands to her blonde-haired sex.

“Get her mounted,” Schroeder told the grinning girl-guards.

She shrieked and squealed and bawled and babbled as she was fastened to the buck. They fixed her ankles to its legs, as they had Lisl’s, but left her arms cuffed behind her, ran a long, broad leather belt under the buck and fastened it tightly in the small of Hanna’s back. Eventually, Schroeder must have tired of her pleas and protests. He took a handful of her wet hair in his hand, raised her head and slapped her across the cheek. Lisl knew that it was not the blow or the terse authority in his voice when he told her to shut up that silenced the girl. It was the ice-laden stare of his blue eyes looking deep into hers. Her cries subsided to muffled sobs.

“I have two authorisations for your thorough examination in my pocket, Kempfer,” he said, and Lisl knew Hanna would notice, just as she had, that he had dropped the ‘Fraulein’ when speaking to her. She was no longer worthy of the respectful title. Schroeder went to one of the whip racks and took down a cane.

“Hartmann, here!”

Lisl ran the few steps to face him and stood to attention. Was that a flicker of red deep in his eyes?

“She’s the one who denounced you. Let’s see you take some revenge for it.”

“Herr... Herr Sturmbannfuehrer?” Lisl was not sure he meant what he had said.

He held the cane out. “Twenty-five, hard on the backside.”

“Nooo! Please!” Hanna wailed.

“Me?” Lisl was so stunned she forgot to use his title. “But I’ve never...”

“You, Hartmann.” Schroeder thrust the cane at her. “And put some effort behind them or you’ll get the same.”

Lisl swallowed hard. Her bottom was very sore from the flogging she had had the night before. “Yes, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer.” What else could she say? She closed her fingers around the cane, suddenly trembling. She had held one often, but only to pass it to someone else’s hand so they could use it on her. Lisl had never flogged anyone before. The thing felt alien and awkward in her grasp. Numbly, she allowed Schroeder to position her beside Hanna’s upraised bottom. She saw Heike and Heidi looking at him in surprise.

“Herr Sturmban...” Heike began, but fell silent at his forbidding look.

Lisl sucked in a ragged breath. Schroeder stood opposite, watching her face. Again she thought she saw the demonic flash of red deep in his icy gaze. Her gut was jumping with tension.

“Well?” He raised an eyebrow.

Lisl dragged another breath into her lungs, saw his eyes flicker to the rise of her breasts, and raised the cane above her head. Hanna sobbed piteously.

Lisl’s first stroke was light, clumsy and inaccurate. The tip of the cane sank into the flesh of Hanna’s right buttock, very low down, and the rest of it slapped diagonally across the back of one thigh. She gave a short, high-pitched yelp and a long ‘Ooh’ and squirmed her belly on the buck.

Self-conscious, Lisl looked at Schroeder and saw him shake his head. She tried again, unenthusiastically and putting little strength into the blow. It landed again on the back of the girl’s thighs with the same effect as before.

“Don’t lift your arm so high,” the SS man told her. “Make the strikes more horizontal so you’re hitting into the flesh, not down at it. And do it harder.”

Wanting to do almost anything rather than hit the helpless girl, Lisl followed his advice. The cane landed squarely on Hanna's rump just below its centre and left a faint red line almost horizontally across both of her pale-skinned buttocks.

"Better," Schroeder said as the girl yelped again. "But I said harder. Have you forgotten the magneto so soon?"

The threat was enough. Lisl swung more forcefully, and saw Hanna's bottom rebound under the impact. She howled and seemed to forget where she was.

"Ooh, you wicked bitch! That really hurts, you cow!"

Did she think it was not meant to? Did she think it was a game? Did she have any idea what Lisl had gone through because of her, little more than a week ago? Lisl remembered how Hanna had behaved towards her since she had started working at the wireless station; the sneering condescension she always adopted when speaking to her, her tolerant amusement about Lisl's threadbare clothes, the giggling asides she had made to colleagues while looking in her direction. Her anger rose up. She swung her arm again, more careful in her aim, more willing to put some strength into the blow.

The cane cracked loudly on Hanna's tender bottom, leaving a thicker stripe of a deeper red across its firm cheeks. The girl's howl was higher-pitched and longer in response. She had no time to again abuse her tormentor before Lisl laid another hard stroke onto her suddenly wriggling rear-end and felt a little glow of satisfaction as the girl cried out. Hanna cried louder after the next stroke, and louder still with every one that followed until she was shrieking at each streak that added to the crimson latticework of pain being scored into her bouncing buttocks.

Lisl's satisfaction increased with every jarring vibration that ran up her arm as she lashed the cane onto Hanna's writhing bottom. She knew just what the girl was feeling, and the memory of the fiery sting started another glow inside her. Lisl's pussy tickled, then pulsed, then began to quiver as she continued the flogging, and Hanna began pleading breathlessly and desperately between her cries.

Lisl swung the cane up again, and Schroeder plucked it from her hand. She lowered her arm, breathing hard and feeling the sweat trickling down her nude body. She had not realised how much she had been exerting herself.

“That’s yours finished,” the SS man told her. “Now it’s my turn.”

He gave Hanna another twenty with the same cane and raised her shrieks to new heights with the ferocity of his blows. Lisl watched the weals on the girls taut buttocks multiply, Schroeder’s fresh strikes flaming scarlet on the sorely ravaged skin while those she had inflicted were already deepening to almost purple.

Her satisfaction lasted as long as her anger. Her belly felt suddenly hollow as she realised she had been enjoying Hanna’s torment, had actually been pleased to see her suffer in the same way she had. Horrified, Lisl looked away from the vivid, angry redness of the girl’s tortured flesh, feeling a wave of nausea that made her dizzy. Hanna’s suffering was awful, far worse than it had been for her, for there was no moisture visible on the lips of her blonde-fleeced pussy, no straining little bud rising at its apex. All she was feeling was pain.

Why then, Lisl asked herself in consternation, was her own sex still thrilling with tremors of excitement and warm and damp with her juices? Why did she still feel some of the elation that had filled her when she had felt the jarring impact of the cane in her hand vibrate through her whole body and revelled in the meaty crack it had made each time it landed? She swallowed as another tickle of arousal shivered through her sheath.

Schroeder stopped flogging Hanna, wiped the back of a hand over his sweating brow and removed his tunic. He hung it on a whip-rack, replaced the cane and selected the stiff leather whip he had used on Lisl.

“Ten each,” he told both girl-guards as he handed it to Heidi. “No more.”

Hanna’s racking sobs became a plaintive wail of terror and despair as she realised her ordeal had not ended. As Heidi began flogging her and the girls screams echoed around the room, Schroeder took Lisl to the other vaulting buck and positioned her with her back to one end. He made her stretch her wrists out behind her and tied them to the tops of the legs at the opposite end.

“Are you wet?” he asked above the increasingly hoarse cries coming from Hanna’s raw throat.

“Yes, Master.”

“What?” His eyes narrowed as he looked into hers but she could still see their red fire glittering.

“*Jawohl, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer,*” she corrected.

His hand roughly penetrated her, forcing her to spread her legs wider. When he removed it, a sticky thread of her fluids stretched for a second between Lisl's sex and the ends of his fingers. Schroeder bared his teeth wolfishly and she saw the thick jut of his hard cock in his trousers.

Heidi and Heike had to hold Hanna up when the girl's torture finally stopped. By then, the savage whiplashes had split the skin on her buttocks and the ridges they had raised were streaked with blood.

"There, pretty," Heike said, "you'll know to behave yourself in future." She cupped Hanna's chin to lift her face to Schroeder. The arrogant confidence Lisl had always seen there before was gone. The girl's cheeks were slobbered with her tears and flushed red. Her lowered eyelids fluttered open and her eyes immediately went wide with terror as she met the SS man's devilish gaze.

"Ooh, please!" she begged.

"You're a beautiful young woman," Schroeder told her. The haughty, condescending smile Hanna usually gave when she received the compliment she always treated as no more than her due did not appear.

"I expect you know a lot of girls almost as pretty as yourself," he continued. The girl stared at him, confused as well as fearful. She opened her mouth but did not speak.

He laughed softly. "Never mind. You can tell us all about it shortly. Do you know what a magneto is?"

It seemed to take a great deal of effort for her to shake her head.

"Take her next door," he ordered.

Lisl shuddered after the others had gone. Bound as she was, her breasts, belly and the whole front of her body were horribly, frighteningly vulnerable. Schroeder faced her and unfastened his trousers. With relief came a tingling heat and an eager twitching in Lisl's pussy. It was not his whip he meant to use on her

She almost came from his first thrust. He held his shaft inside her, buried deep with his groin hard against her own while her pussy rippled and tantalised her with the promise of orgasm. The feeling subsided to the tickling tremors of need she seemed to have been feeling for hours. Schroeder did not move. Lisl opened her eyes and looked straight into his.

“You liked it, didn’t you? And don’t pretend you don’t know what I mean,” he said.

“I felt sorry for her,” Lisl replied. It had been true in the beginning and at the end. Schroeder pulled away until his cock-head was just separating her outer-labia, and then gave a sudden jerk of his hips. Lisl gasped as his shaft filled her sheath.

“You sensed weakness beneath her pride and arrogance, just as I did. And it attracted you. You *wanted* to flog her.”

“She... she betrayed me,” Lisl argued with another gasp as his hips jerked again.

“I don’t sense weakness in you, Lisl,” he said, startling her by using her first name. “I sense strength beneath your submission.”

She gulped, then groaned as he thrust hard and deep.

“Why do you think so many beautiful women are disdainful of others of their sex?” he asked. “They care nothing for anyone’s feelings but their own. And they never have any real women friends. Perhaps it’s because they are always assured of the attention of men.” He lunged violently and Lisl felt the ripples returning. “You are beautiful,” he continued. “But you’re not... like... that... are... you?” He punctuated his words with several vigorous thrusts of his cock that made her moan and her pussy squirm excitedly. Lisl leaned her weight against the buck and lifted her feet. She clamped her thighs around his hips and crossed her ankles behind his back, thrusting back to meet his lunging shaft.

She came twice, the second time as the hot surge of his spunk flooded her spasming sheath. The last thing she saw before her eyes closed and she surrendered to the ecstatic shivers was Schroeder’s eyes ablaze with the red fires of his passion.

With their mingled fluids dripping from her sex and running down her legs, Lisl was returned to her cell where Schroeder made her lay her smarting buttocks on her bunk and handcuffed her wrists to its edge. She lay with her breasts still heaving and her nipples still hard, too exhausted by her orgasm to think about what had happened.

A few minutes later the light bulb dimmed, flickered and brightened again. Faintly through the thick walls, Lisl heard Hanna begin screaming.

* * * * *

Thursday July 13th 1944, 1450 hours.

Pam had begun having very mixed feelings about Thursdays. Kneeling on the floor in Audley-Towne's office, she sank back on her heels after finishing licking the sticky fluids of the Colonel's climax and her own from his flagging penis. Glover was not so bad, she thought, as she watched him dress, even if he had started mauling her breasts while he took her on the office carpet. He had even finally followed the Major's suggestion and buggered her a few times, but that had been almost comfortable after having felt Audley-Towne's shaft in her rectum.

No, it was not Colonel Glover who provoked the flutters of fear in her belly and made her heart beat faster. Thursday had become the start of Pam's own 'daily dozen' days, when she either joined Kay in Interrogation for a caning, or suffered it at home. Audley-Towne had accumulated a wider selection of implements to make her backside sore and, just as before with the spanking and paddling, she could now look forward to undergoing at least one punishment session every day until Monday arrived. She ought to thank god for Glover, Pam thought, otherwise it would happen all week.

She felt a sudden twinge of embarrassment. 'Look forward' had not been the best choice of words. It was an uncomfortable reminder that the fluttering in her stomach was not just the result of fear. Nor was it entirely confined to her digestive tract, though perhaps she could blame Glover for that since he had only given her one orgasm today. Pam shuddered at the tremors already running through her sheath before the Colonel's spunk had even finished dripping from her unruly pussy. More often now, however hard she tried, all of her logic and common sense just could not make it behave itself.

As usual, Glover left without a backward glance, and Pam rose to her feet with the rueful realisation that it was the last time for several days that she would be able to kneel comfortably with her bottom resting on her heels. A minute later, the Major came in and gave her a terse order to get dressed. Pam felt a pang of disappointment. She had half-hoped he would use her too.

"Should I wear the belt, sir?" It always seemed to feel more comforting to have the wide, soft leather belt snug around her waist with the one between her legs holding her dildo and anal plug firmly in place.

“No, leave it in the cupboard. And hurry up.”

Pam felt a little twinge of jealousy. He was always so eager when the time came to visit Kay Parker.

They passed Lieutenant Daniels on the way, returning from giving Kay her language coaching. Standing nude before the Major one day, Pam had seen the Lieutenant’s file open on his desk and, reading it upside-down, had learned she was a specialist in European languages. Unfortunately, Audley-Towne had caught her and Pam had had to suffer the indignity of being told her eyes were as sharp as a shit-house rat’s and an immediate hard spanking for her pains. And she still did not know which foreign language Kay could speak.

“Everything going well?” the Major asked.

Lieutenant Daniels smiled. She had a pink-cheeked, English rose kind of beauty and large brown eyes. “Very well, Major. Her accent is perfect. She got that from her mother. It’s just some of her idioms are a little outdated. We’re putting that right during our conversations.”

Audley-Towne looked at her suspiciously. “She hasn’t told you anything about herself, has she? Or the mission?”

“Heavens, no! I wouldn’t dream of asking,” Jennifer Daniels assured him. “I know it’s all top secret, sir.”

“How long ’til she’s ready?”

“Several weeks, I should think, sir. We only have the short periods between her other training to practise.”

Audley-Towne did not start frowning until she had saluted and he was watching the sway of her backside as she continued on her way.

“We’ll have to do something about her before much longer, Pammy,” he said as they approached the prison mock-up.

Pam did not reply. She had hoped he had forgotten his lust for the girl. She was shocked when, after Private Webster had admitted them to the building, the Major told him to come inside and wait in the small room by the entrance. She wanted to argue but knew what the outcome would be. Pam knew she was going to get a dozen on her bare behind as it was. She did not want it to be more. But with only the door to the corridor between her and the soldier, she would really have to fight to stifle her cries or he would hear every one of them. More than once, though she had never worried that Webster could see into the interrogation block because its windows were high in the walls, she had

wondered how much sound escaped through the concrete panels of which it was made.

Kay emerged from her cell as soon as she saw them, and presented herself to the man she called 'Master'. The fidgeting of her fingers on the legs of her overalls told Pam she was dying to take them off. Pam had learned that Webster's nervous 'phone call on the day Kay had arrived had been because she had made no attempt to put on the clothing Audley-Towne had provided for her and had drunk the porridge she had been given from the bowl because Webster had not given her permission to use the spoon.

Sure enough, the girl was naked almost the instant the order left the Major's lips and waiting eagerly for his next instruction, bright-eyed and breathing fast.

"Now you, Pammy."

Pam shed her clothes with a mixture of guilt and anticipation. Why on earth had she begun to feel excited as well as afraid when he did all these degrading things to her? She no longer even felt self-conscious when Kay saw her naked. In fact, she realised with a start and a prickle in her pussy, it was quite stimulating to see the girl admiring her full-breasted beauty.

She watched, wincing a little, as the Major lashed the cane twelve times across Kay's jiggling rear cheeks, knowing that she was next. He always used the thinnest and lightest cane on the girl, wary of inflicting any damage that might delay the mission. Pam was not so fortunate. He had begun using the thickest one to beat her. As ever, Kay's cries seemed to be of genuine pain, but the moisture coating her pussy-lips and dampening the dark-blond pubic hair surrounding them betrayed her arousal. She stood and turned to Audley-Towne with her eyes shining when her caning was over. She never rubbed her hurts the way Pam always had to.

"Put this back and fetch me Pammy's cane," the Major told Kay. She almost skipped to the wall rack in her excitement. Audley-Towne had added to the number of punishment implements it held. There was a little wand like the one he used sometimes on Pam's breasts, and a short-handled, flexible whip of plaited leather about two feet long, which, thank heaven, he had never used on her. Kay returned and handed the thick

cane to him. Pam gulped. Fear contracted her belly. Excitement contracted her sex, and damp warmth flowed in her sheath.

The Major made her bend over the narrow table where he had caned Kay. The girl had simply curled her fingers over its edge, pressed her breasts to the old green curtain on its surface, and stuck out her rear. Pam had her wrists bound to the table legs. She was inclined to leap up and clutch at her burning buttocks if left unrestrained. The impact of the thick cane with Audley-Towne's strength behind it was more than she could bear for long.

She was inclined to cry out too, Pam thought with a nervous glance at the door, behind which she knew Webster could well be listening. She could usually hold back her cries during the first six, but by the end of the second half-dozen she always ended up howling her pain to the rafters. And Audley-Towne knew it, so why had he allowed the man inside?

The Major's hand slid between her parted thighs. Pam moaned and pushed back onto the finger that penetrated her.

"You're getting wet before the flogging now, Pammy, instead of afterwards," he chuckled. "I think you're really starting to enjoy this."

Just get on with it, you bastard, and then give me a good fucking, she thought. Oh, hell! How much lower could she sink? She could not wait to feel his great baton filling her. His fingers rasped over the stubble on her love-mound.

"You'd better shave tonight," he said.

Pam hated that. She did not mind being all bare and vulnerable down there. The feeling was quite sensuous, but he made the act into a humiliating performance that left her cringing in shame and embarrassment.

"Kay isn't shaved, sir," she argued.

He tapped the cane on her left buttock. "She was, but she needs hair on her snatch for the mission. You don't."

How could such a thing possibly affect the mission? Pam wondered, but there was no answer to his argument and he gave her no chance to make one. The cane cracked fiercely across her upturned bottom and scored a fiery line into its tender flesh. Taken by surprise, Pam gave a loud yelp, and then she remembered Webster and clenched her jaw tight.

She almost held out. Only as the last two searing cane strokes landed wickedly hard on her blazing bottom did she howl her pain. The Major left her bound when it was over. She panted, feeling her hard nipples pressing against the tabletop and her pussy hot and quivering in eager anticipation of what was bound to follow.

“Has Webster been treating you properly, Kay?” she heard Audley-Towne ask.

“Yes, Master.”

“He hasn’t tried to touch you in any way or do any of the things I told you he mustn’t?”

“No, Master. He looks at me and I let him, as you instructed. Then he takes his cock out and-.”

“Quite,” Audley-Towne cut her off. “Webster,” he called.

Pam’s gut twisted. She stared in horror as the door opened and Webster’s gaze focused immediately on her bound, naked body.

Audley-Towne took Kay’s elbow and led her towards her cell. “You’ve been admirably patient, Webster. You’ve earned your reward.” He cocked his head towards Pam. “She’s all yours.”

Chapter 10

“Oh, no! For pity’s sake, sir!”

The cell door closed behind him. Pam tugged frantically at the tight cords around her wrists, straining every muscle. It was useless. She sank to the tabletop, breathing hard, sobbing, hardly believing even Audley-Towne could be so callous as to give her to a common, uncouth private soldier.

Webster put a hand on her shaking head. “Look at me.”

She lifted her eyes to his. “Please.”

He grinned. “Where’s that snooty expression you always have on your face when I’m around?” he asked. “You usually look at me like I’m something you scraped off the bottom of your shoe.” He walked around behind her and ran his hand over the throbbing ridges the Major had carved into her buttocks. Pam flinched, then jerked suddenly as he penetrated her pussy with a finger.

Webster laughed. “Well, would you believe it? The Major’s right. He said you get wet from having your arse caned.” He returned to her head and leaned close. “You’ll be more than wet when I’ve done with you, you snobby bitch. I’ll have your cunt dripping like a tap before I’m finished with it.”

“No,” Pam groaned despairingly as he stripped off his uniform. She stared. He had a cock almost the equal of the Major’s. Not wanting to believe that her pussy could be so treacherous, Pam shuddered at the wild tremors thrilling through it.

He took her as she was, bent over and helpless, slamming his stomach onto her cane-ravaged buttocks with every thrust of his big cock. The pain was frightful, the pleasure overwhelming when her sex roiled and wriggled in a frenzied orgasm around Webster’s lunging shaft.

Sobbing in shame, Pam panted and prayed her humiliation at the hands of the coarse, vulgar clod was over. Blinking away her tears, she watched in horror when he went to the rack and took down the plaited leather whip.

“Please don’t,” she wailed.

Webster laughed. “You stuck-up tart. The Major says to give you a dozen with this. Then I get to do anything I want.”

“Oh, heaven help me!” Pam groaned.

The whip’s bite was sharper and even more fiery than that of the cane. Webster did not hurry, nor did he spare his arm. Each lash was like a thousand needles simultaneously piercing the soft skin of Pam’s bottom, already aflame from its caning. She shrieked and thrashed and writhed.

Webster laughed. “That’s a pretty dance you’re doing, Pamela. I like the way your arse is wiggling.”

His next stroke lashed lower. Pam screamed, and lights flashed behind her closed eyelids as the narrow, flexible length of leather seared the swollen pout of the pussy-lips peeping from between her tightly closed thighs. She bucked in pain and a panic so great she was only half-aware of the last two lashes scoring into her madly jerking buttocks.

Webster let her regain control and get her breath back before he finally freed her wrists. Her cheeks wet with tears, Pam sank to her knees and reached to her hurt. The torment in her bottom increased the moment she touched it and she pulled her hands away and stared at the red smears on her palms.

“I’m bleeding,” she cried.

“Don’t piss yourself.” Webster’s broad-headed shaft loomed before her face. “It’s only a few spots. You’ll live. Now suck my cock.”

Dazed, hurting and completely cowed by the experience, Pam opened her mouth and let him push his penis inside it. Somehow, in spite of everything, when he laid her on her back on the table with her cruelly smarting bottom hanging over its edge, the thrusting of his cock rekindled her arousal. His hands on her breasts and his mouth sucking her stiff nipples as he plunged deep into her pussy drove Pam to the limit and then beyond. She climaxed. Moments later, she felt his spunk gushing in her quivering sheath and climaxed again.

Only when the delicious spasms of release faded did she once more become aware of the intense pain in her buttocks and feel the awful scorching throb where the whiplash had bitten her pussy-lips. Feeling utterly degraded, not only by the ordeal but by her body’s sexual response to the crude man’s assault, Pam turned her face from his grin and hung her head in shame.

He was still grinning when Audley-Towne appeared from Kay’s cell.

“Everything all right, Private?”

Pam gave him a stricken look.

“Grand, Major. Well worth the wait.” Webster winked at Pam’s fiercely blushing face and made for the door.

“Next time, you should try buggering her,” Audley-Towne called.

“I will, Major,” Pam heard as the door closed. Her belly felt suddenly empty and her heart like lead. Oh, god! Next time!

She had to walk in cringing embarrassment right past the soldier to return with the Major to the office block. Her bottom blazed with every step. It was a relief when Audley-Towne took her into his office and made her strip. Pam took off her skirt first. Unbelievably, when he took the belt from the cupboard and fastened it around her waist, her pussy quivered. A little rush of excitement thrilled through her. It waned when he bent her over the desk and heightened her pain by separating her tormented buttocks to insert her anal-plug, but surged up again as he forced the hard rubber into her anus. He laughed when she turned.

“Why, Pammy, your clit is sticking out as hard as a button. I believe you really are starting to enjoy our little games.” He thrust the dildo into her sex, heedless of the throbbing sting in her outer-labia. Pam’s yelp of pain changed to a low moan as her sheath contracted around the dildo. Lord, after all she had been through it was already starting again! She shook her head to try to clear the fog of her unexpected arousal from her brain as Audley-Towne pulled the crotch strap tight between her legs.

“Why do you treat me like this?” she mewled as the tremors in her sex increased. “You never used to be so cruel. You used to want me for yourself. Now you give me away to Colonel Glover and that horrid Private. I won’t be able to take much more of that.” She winced. The protest had come out sounding a lot more half-hearted than she had intended.

“You’ll take as much as I say, Pammy, or you know what will happen.” Audley-Towne laughed. “Besides, I might give you away, but I always make sure I get you back again.”

“But it can’t go on,” Pam argued, wishing she could keep the whining tone from her voice. “I can’t keep just taking it. All the spanking and paddling and caning, and now the whip. That was horrible.

I can't go on indefinitely. It's too much. And there's all the... the... f... fucking too. It's all too much."

The Major laughed again. "You haven't worked it out yet, have you? For all your pretensions about how clever you are, you haven't understood." He gave her a superior smile. "I'm teaching you to enjoy it, Pammy. The same way Kay Parker was taught to enjoy it by her master."

"No, you can't," Pam protested. "It won't work. I'm nothing like her."

He gave her a grin. "In fact, from now on, when there are only the two of us around, I think you had better call me 'Master' too." He pulled his massive, truncheon-like penis from his trousers and his hand on Pam's shoulder made her sink to her knees before it. She was very careful to keep her buttocks from touching her heels. Her pussy wriggled on the dildo and tightened her sphincter around the neck of her anal-plug.

Audley-Towne took his enormous baton in his hand and aimed its taut, purple head at her lips. "I think it's high time you gave me a sucking, Pammy. Don't you?"

Pam lifted her sad, brown eyes to his face and an intense shiver ran through her pulsating pussy.

"Yes, Master," she said.

* * * * *

Sunday, November 12th 1944, 2120 hours.

"Get your arse higher." The whip tapped the upper curve of Lisl's buttocks and she arched her back more and lifted her bottom. The stiff leather cracked loudly on the taut globes of her up-thrust rear-cheeks and she hissed through her clenched teeth and rocked her hips from side to side as the pain blazed across her skin. The man had warned her she would immediately receive another stroke every time she cried out. Lisl opened her eyes and saw Elke Volner looking tearfully at her face with a quiver on her lower lip.

The girl was kneeling on the edge of the bed beside her, also lifting her bottom high, her cheek laid to the mattress as Lisl's was. She had been surprised when the man in the black panzer uniform had entered the hall with Elke collared and naked at the end of a leash. Lisl had thought

the girl's duties in the brothel were only to tidy the rooms after the guests had finished with them, and freeing any girl who had been left in bondage. She had been more surprised when the man had unhooked her own leash from the wall and taken her along with Elke to one of the upstairs rooms.

Lisl had felt very self-conscious as she had followed him and seen the glances she attracted from the many other men in the hall. Her leash had not been attached to her collar that night. It had been clipped to the new, shiny, stainless steel ring piercing the hood of her clitoris. Only about one in every six girls was pierced and ringed that way, or through one or both nipples. Lisl had joined their ranks.

Two days earlier, while Heike and Heidi held her down, Schroeder had personally and painfully forced a thick surgical needle through the soft, sensitive flesh concealing Lisl's bud and slipped the inch wide ring through the holes he had made. All three of them had laughed when he had given it an experimental tug and her clitoris had emerged at once from beneath its stinging hood.

The whip cracked again but Lisl felt no pain. Elke's face twisted and she made strangling noises as she fought to suppress her cry. It was about time, Lisl thought. For the best part of the hour they must have been kneeling there she had been taking at least three strokes for every one that Elke received. Thank heaven the man was taking his time. It was several minutes before his slowly pacing figure stopped behind her and he whipped her again.

He had made both girls undress him and lick and suck his cock until it shone with their saliva, before making them kneel on the bed with their rumps raised. The whip in his hand had only struck Elke once and Lisl three times before he had sunk his warm, pulsing penis into her. He had taken Lisl slowly and surprisingly gently but withdrawn before either he or she had climaxed. It had been Elke he had fucked hard and rapidly until he came noisily and with every appearance of satisfaction. The moment he had pulled his cock free of the girl he had had Lisl lick and suck up the come leaking from Elke's hairless slit and swallow it. Then he had made her kneel back on the bed and had once more picked up his whip.

It lashed hard across Lisl's buttocks again, leaving a trail of blazing fire, and she clamped her jaw tight to stifle her cry. Her sex, frustrated

after its brief and unsatisfying penetration, quivered with the need to be filled. Instead, much to Lisl's disappointment the man laid two fierce strokes on Elke's narrow bottom and chose to thrust his cock into the girl's sex once more.

Her own pussy trembling with an increasing urgency, Lisl was forced to listen to the slippery sounds of sex right next to her, and watch the pleased expressions on the girl's face without even being able to touch herself to relieve her own arousal. It was maddening, especially since the man took his time and, from the impassioned sighs and whimpers Elke gave, was demonstrating a very proficient technique. When he came with the same enthusiastic cry as previously, Elke did the same.

It was Lisl who got the unstimulating job of licking his cock clean, and then found herself back kneeling on the bed. At least she had not had to lick Elke's pussy again. That would only have made her arousal and her frustration worse. She heard the man dressing, then the clink of a bottle on a glass and the scrape and flare of a match. Very dissatisfied, Lisl realised there was little chance of her pussy receiving any of the attention it craved from him for a while.

A tap at the door was followed immediately by the sound of it opening. Her position on the bed prevented her from seeing who entered.

"Am I interrupting, Erich?" she heard Schroeder ask.

"No, I'm done for now, Paul. I don't seem all that interested tonight."

"What? Erich von Gronau not interested in fucking beautiful women? I don't believe it, old friend." His cheerful tone sounded forced. Lisl heard his footfalls end close behind her and sneaked a look through her parted legs. A palm smacked the fresh, fiery welts on her bottom.

"Don't move unless you're told to," Schroeder snapped.

She had seen the man he had called Erich sitting in his shirtsleeves in an armchair, facing the two girls' upraised rear-cheeks, a drink in one hand and a cigarette in the other. She sensed the Sturmbannfuhrer sink down into another chair near him.

"Are things really so bad then?" he asked.

Von Gronau's laugh had an edge to it. "You should know what's going on better than I do with those monthly reports you get from Berlin."

“Weekly now,” Schroeder replied. “The situation changes so frequently.”

Lisl gave a little gasp.

“Come here, Lisl,” Schroeder ordered. She leapt to her feet and stood to attention in front of him. He took the leash von Gronau had left on the arm of the chair, clipped it to her clitoral ring and tugged. Lisl sank to her knees beside his right leg, looking warily at his hard, angular face. He smiled his ghost-smile at the sight of her erect bud straining outwards below the shiny ring piercing her hood.

“Here, Elke, kneel by me,” von Gronau said. When she had obeyed, Lisl saw Schroeder look at the spunk leaking from the girl’s sex.

He reached down and slid a finger briefly into Lisl’s pussy, and saw only the gleam of her juices when he withdrew it.

“Didn’t you enjoy Lisl, Erich? I hope she hasn’t displeased you.” He called her by her first name frequently now.

“No, she was fine,” the man replied. “Exceptional, in fact. I just prefer Elke.” He gave a short laugh. “I’ve wanted to fuck my ex-wife’s little sister since the first time I met her. Thanks to you, I can flog her too now, whenever the fancy takes me.”

“She’s always here for you, whenever you have the time,” Schroeder said. “I never let anyone else have her, except for myself, of course.”

“And I appreciate it, Paul.” Von Gronau laid the hand holding his cigarette on Elke’s short, tawny-brown hair and tilted her head back. “Open.”

Her mouth gaped at once and he flicked the ash on his cigarette onto her tongue. She sniffled. He took a long pull from the brandy glass he held and sighed.

“You know we’re fucked, don’t you, Paul?”

Schroeder raised an eyebrow. “We?”

“You, me, the Reich. We’re not going to win, and when we lose they’ll crucify us.”

Lisl wondered if the man was being wise to talk defeatism to the man responsible for eliminating it throughout a substantial part of southern Germany, even if he did appear to be a friend. Schroeder’s reply was a surprise.

“I’ve known for a long time, Erich, and prepared for it. I hope you have done the same.”

Von Gronau nodded. “I have made arrangements with friends in Spain.” He grinned without humour. “If I live long enough to need them. You’ve heard this latest madness, I suppose? This attack in the west? I’m part of it.”

“*Unternehmen Wacht am Rein?*” Schroeder said. “The operation seems somewhat ambitious in its objectives.” He seemed uncaring about talking secrets in front of the girls, as if they did not matter. Then again, they were both his prisoners.

“Ambitious?” The other man snorted and flicked more ash into Elke’s mouth. “It’s fucking insane. You’re a soldier, Paul. You were in Russia. You know a bad plan when you see one.”

“I haven’t seen it yet. Just the outline.”

“Take my word for it,” Von Gronau said. “If I end up with bullets through both legs the way you did, I’ll consider myself fortunate. You don’t know how lucky you were to get away from the Front and end up with this sweet little whorehouse of yours.”

Schroeder’s smile bared his teeth. “Oh, I do, Erich! Indeed I do. I’m a brothel-keeper. A pimp. And I’ve never enjoyed anything half so much in my entire life.”

“Why did you join the SS, Paul?” von Gronau asked. “You’ve never given a fuck for the Party, any more than I have.”

“Same reason as you, to begin with. I needed, a job and history students weren’t exactly in short supply. I’d have hated being a teacher.” The Sturmbannfuhrer reached out and smoothed two fingers over the upper curve of Lisl’s right breast, then gave her hard nipple a pinch. “Then it became obvious the Party was the best means to achieving my own ends, so I stuck with it.” He gave a throaty laugh. “We both know I’m an unfeeling, sadistic bastard, Erich, who’s never happier than when he’s hurting some helpless female. Where but in the Gestapo could I get paid to indulge in any twisted fantasy I can come up with?” He paused and eyed his comrade thoughtfully. “You know, I could arrange a transfer here for you, if you like?”

Lisl, and she was sure Elke too, had been dreading the moment when von Gronau reached the end of his cigarette. She saw him take a final draw then, to her immense relief, stub it out in an ashtray and point

to the Obersturmbannfuehrer's rank patch on the black, panzer tunic draped over the back of his chair.

"You're forgetting I outrank you."

"Not important," Schroeder told him. "I can fix it with Berlin."

Von Gronau shook his head. "I've stuck with my lads the whole war. If they're going up in flames, I want to be there to accompany them to hell." He stroked a hand over Elke's hair then abruptly stood up. "Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm going back downstairs to get drunk, sit one of those cheeky-arsed little waitresses of yours on my knee, and bore her with my life story."

Lisl realised the man was half-drunk already. Schroeder helped him put on his tunic and belt.

"If you've no further interest in these two, Erich, I'll take them off your hands."

Von Gronau waved a hand dismissively as he left the room. Pussy suddenly fluttering with excitement and belly with fear, Lisl looked up with wide-eyed anticipation at the SS man. He clipped the leash to Elke Volner's collar and led both girls into the corridor. Lisl had estimated the castle had a hundred rooms on its upper floors. She revised the number to twice that as Schroeder took them higher until they emerged into another shorter corridor with doors on only one side. A sentry at a particularly grand-looking double entrance came to attention. Schroeder opened the doors and motioned the girls inside.

Elke looked around the large room, clearly overawed. "Your... your own quarters, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer." It was the first time Lisl had heard her speak to him without beginning 'beg to report.'

"Who gave you permission to speak, Volner?" he demanded.

"N... no one." Elke looked suddenly terrified. She snapped to attention. "Beg to report, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer, please forgive me." Tears welled up in her eyes. "Oh, please! I was just... just surprised. No girl has ever been allowed in your quarters before."

"What did I promise you you'd meet again if you ever failed to address me properly?"

Elke started crying. "Beg to report, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer," she said in a tiny voice, "the... the magneto."

Schroeder nodded towards a rack on the wall. "Fetch me a crop."

There were three riding crops, all identical, two thick canes and an evil-looking, double-tailed whip studded with flat-headed rivets like the ones on Lisl's collar. Elke almost fell over in her haste to obey.

"How many strokes did Erich give you tonight?"

"Beg to report, ten, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer," Elke whimpered, trembling.

Was that all, Lisl thought? She must have taken more than thirty.

"Then you'll get the same again for your impertinence and I'll forget the magneto."

The girl almost collapsed at his feet, so powerful was her relief. "Oh, thank you." She came to attention. "Beg to report, I am very grateful, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer."

He smiled his ghost-smile directly at Lisl before bending Elke over the arm of a deep-buttoned leather chair and ordering her not to move. He thrashed ten, thin fiery-red ridges into her slim buttocks. Though it must have hurt horribly, the look on her face when she stood up and he removed her leash from her collar was still one of gratitude.

Schroeder turned to Lisl and began removing his tunic. "Now, what am I to do with you?" She saw the thick outline in his trousers and her deprived pussy gave a long tremor.

"You could fuck me," she suggested, knowing the risk she was taking.

He laughed and stripped off his shirt. "In good time, you impudent minx." He unclipped her leash from her ringed hood and gave her erect clitoris a hard pinch. She could see from his amused smile that she did not manage to keep the note of pleasure from the cry she gave.

"You liked that, didn't you?" he asked. "Apart from the current, I think you've enjoyed everything I've done to you so far." His smile widened. "It won't do, girl. Where's the fun for me if you take pleasure in every caning and whipping?"

Lisl gulped. It would be an hour or so before the flames in her bottom had mellowed to the pleasantly buzzing level of discomfort she enjoyed most. She had a stomach-churning feeling they were not going to be given the chance.

"No, Lisl. I have to take you beyond the pleasure. You need to really suffer if you're going to please me. The way you did from the electricity. Come on. You too, Volner."

The room was divided into two by a moveable wooden partition. The SS man folded back one of its panels, pushed both girls through, and turned on the lights. Lisl's gut was already twisting madly and her sphincter clenching tight after his mention of the current. She did not want to feel pain like that again.

At one side of the room was a high stool with wide-splayed legs and its seat topped by a thick leather pad. At the other was an odd table she had no time to see properly before Schroeder made her climb onto the stool and lay her belly on the pad with her head hanging down on one side lower than her feet did on the other. He and Elke held her to stop her slipping off while he fastened leather straps around both of her ankles.

"Do her wrists, Volner," he ordered, "and make sure the straps are really tight."

With her head upside-down, Lisl followed his movements as he walked past the unusual table to a rack on the wall and took down several of the canes and whips it held, testing the flexibility of each and making them swish through the air as he tried a few practice swings. In the end he chose none of them, but picked up his riding crop from the table and stood behind her. Lisl shivered. She had felt its wicked bite often in recent days.

The stool's seat was on a level with Schroeder's chest, and Lisl's uncomfortable perch on top of it lifted her smarting buttocks higher than the rest of her and made her feel frighteningly vulnerable. From her awkward position she could look through the stool's legs and see his lower half and the crop he held between his hands. For the first time that evening it was much more Lisl's fear than her excitement that made her heart thud so fast in her breast.

Schroeder disappeared into the other room and came back carrying a footstool which he placed at the right side of the high one.

"Stand on that, Volner," he ordered and tapped the tip of the crop on her flat belly when she had obeyed. "Listen, girl. You get a good grip on Lisl's arse-cheeks and when I tell you, you pull them apart and keep them that way. And you had better not let go."

Elke gave a little, alarmed yelp and must have nodded, because Lisl did not hear her usual response to the Sturmbannfuhrer's order. Her belly knotted and she breathed hard and rapidly, and could not stop herself from squirming on the leather pad. Reflexively, she pulled on the

straps at her wrists and ankles and wished she was far away from this gloomy German castle and its sinister master. Lisl knew what was to come. She had experienced it once before. Then her tormentor had used a thin, lightweight leather strap. That had been torture enough, but Schroeder meant to use the full, stiff length of his riding crop. She trembled, gripped by sudden terror.

“Now, Volner.”

Lisl cried out. The touch of Elke’s hands pulling apart her ravaged buttocks was pain enough. Her sphincter tightened as the whole of the crease bisecting her bottom was exposed for the riding crop. She heard the whoosh of its passage through the air but was completely unprepared for the unbelievable streak of agony that tore vertically down the tender crevice dividing her rear cheeks. She screamed long and loud.

Schroeder waited a long, terrifying, endless minute after Lisl’s cry had faded to a gasping groan and her frantic jerking in her bonds had stilled. Never before had a flogging inflicted pain so intense or so intimate - first the violent shock of the blow, followed at once by a thousand stabbing needles of pure fire through the delicate skin of those parts usually concealed and protected by Lisl’s firm-fleshed buttocks. An instant later came the vicious, searing bite into the flesh beneath, tearing into the soft tissues, and then the deeper excruciating throb that swelled and spread outwards from the scorching streak left by the crop’s cruel impact.

Lisl finally managed to still her squirming belly and hung head-down, hearing her ragged breathing in the long silence. Elke’s body was warm where it pressed against her own. She was sobbing softly as she continued to hold Lisl’s buttocks wide apart. Somewhere a clock was ticking regularly.

The crop whistled through the air. Lisl shrieked. The blow struck squarely down the centre of her crease, right into the stretched little pucker of her anus. Her howls went on and on as she bucked and thrashed, the straps securing her so tightly atop the stool biting into her flesh.

Again, Schroeder waited until she had quietened, before lashing the crop down with the same horrifically painful results. His strokes were wickedly hard, with long pauses between each one to let her recover from the initial force of the blows, to let her feel the incredible agony sinking

deep into her flesh while she writhed in utter torment and also, Lisl was certain, to savour her screams.

At the ninth blow, Elke howled almost as loudly as Lisl, suddenly let go of her and danced around the room flapping a hand in the air.

“Volner!” Schroeder barked.

“Beg to report, I’m sorry, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer,” she said in a pained and terrified voice. “You hit my fingers.”

“I’ll hit more than that if you don’t get back in position,” he threatened.

Once more she gripped the scorching weals von Gronau had carved into Lisl’s buttocks and pulled the cheeks apart. Despairing, Lisl realised the torture was not over. Schroeder lashed the crop down once more. The whole of her narrow cleft was one, immense, throbbing pain and it felt as if her poor, pulsing anal knot had swollen to ten times its normal size. She waited in desperation and anguish for the vicious stroke, heard the swish of the crop, thrashed and screamed and struggled uselessly, and prayed that it would be the last.

“Grip her lower, Volner,” she heard Schroeder say.

Lisl’s gut twisted with renewed terror as the girl’s hands slid down to where her buttocks joined her thighs and she felt the twin, pouting crescents of her outer-pussy lips separate under their pressure. She sensed the SS man take a step back.

“Oh, no!” she gasped, her voice so hoarse no one but herself heard her words. They and her rasping breaths must have covered the sound of the crop cutting through the air. A savage explosion of agony burst across the plump swells of Lisl’s labia. Her head spun. Bright stabs of light flashed behind her tightly closed eyelids. Tearing dementedly at her bonds, she flung her head up and screamed in an extremity of utter torment.

Chapter 11

The shrill cry had hardly died on Lisl's lips before the tip of the crop cracked again onto the terrifyingly tender flesh of her pussy-lips and set her hips madly jerking over the stool as another scream tore from her raw throat. She fought to breathe, battling the shock and pain to suck air into her burning lungs. Immediately, a third vicious lash of the crop drove it out again in a strangled shriek of agony and despair. She could take no more. Blackness hovered at the edges of her vision and she longed for it to engulf her.

Torturous minutes passed. Lisl lay draped over the stool, her racked breathing slowing gradually and, when no more blows landed on her pain-ravaged body, the idea eventually penetrating her fogged mind that perhaps it was over. Elke let go of her and went to obey Schroeder's order to fetch a glass and a bottle of brandy. Lisl felt the SS man free her ankles and then her wrists, and he had to support her as she slid to the floor and her legs gave way. He held a glass of brandy to her lips. It burned her raw throat but warmed her belly, and gave her enough strength to stand with him still holding her.

"Are you excited now?" he demanded.

She looked up and saw the glitter of red fire, bright and frightening in his eyes.

"No, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer," she rasped.

He reached to her pussy, and before she could react his finger forced its way between her swollen, savaged sex-lips. She almost fell, crying in pain.

"You're still a little damp, Lisl." Schroeder regarded the smear of moisture on his fingertip then reached down again. "Still!" he snapped as she tried to pull away. Her pain made her slow. Thankfully, he only rubbed her clitoris, which had escaped the crop's cruel bite. To Lisl's complete astonishment, she felt the resilience of her bud increase against his finger.

"It seems I haven't broken you yet." His grin was the wolfish, predatory; the one he wore when he was fully aroused. He took her nipples between his fingers and thumbs and made her hobble to the unusual table. "Stay," he told her, like a man to his well-trained dog.

Calling the sentry outside the door, he told him to take Elke down to the hall and deliver her to Obersturmbannfuehrer von Gronau. When the girl looked doubtfully at him he gave her bottom a slash from his riding crop. "Go on. He'll be ready for you again now." She ran to the door, the rings in her pussy-lips clinking together.

The brief spark of pleasure Lisl had felt in her clitoris had vanished at once. She felt only her awful pain and a deep, shuddering dread of what Schroeder might do to her next. He was merciless in his single-minded pursuit of his own pleasure. Despite the consequences for herself, for some unfathomable reason Lisl admired him for it.

She looked at the table with fear twisting her belly. It was at least nine feet long but barely even half that wide. At the centre of its bare, wooden surface was a thick cork pad a foot deep at one end and rising at an angle to twice that at the other. About a foot from the table's edge, the higher end of the pad sloped sharply down and was covered with a layer of thick leather. A smaller, similar leather pad was fixed to the cork at the opposite table edge. Lisl could not guess at its purpose. All she knew was that it terrified her.

Schroeder had to lift her onto the tabletop. It hurt too much for her to climb on herself. He pushed and pulled her painfully into position, belly down on the cork pad with the undersides of her breasts resting on the sharply sloping part. Lisl's wrists, bruised and reddened by her earlier struggles, he buckled into straps fixed to the table edge so that her arms were stretched out to the sides and slightly forwards.

"Herr... Herr Sturmbannfuehrer-." Her sob cut off her plea.

He bent to her ear. "Are you afraid, Lisl?"

"Yes, I am very afraid," she croaked hoarsely.

"Good."

She cried in pain when he lifted her left leg, stretched it out straight along the table's edge and strapped it immovably in place. She wanted to tell Schroeder how much it hurt when he did the same with her right leg but she knew it would only add to his pleasure. Not only did the position strain her hip joints to the point of cracking, it also pressed the two rounds of her buttocks against each other and heightened the throbbing torment in the crease between.

The SS man crossed to the wall and took down from the whip-rack a 'J'-shaped, steel hook with a leather strap attached.

“Oh, god,” Lisl breathed as he disappeared behind her. A moment later she gave a cry that became a scream as he forced the hook’s blunt, rounded end through the swollen agony that was her sphincter and into her anus. He lifted her head with a hand under her chin and clipped the free end of the strap on the hook to the ring on the back of her collar, leaving her no choice but to strain her head back between her shoulder blades or let the collar choke her.

Schroeder stripped off the rest of his clothes, teeth still bared in his predator’s smile as his gaze roved over her naked helplessness.

“It’s uncomfortable, isn’t it, Lisl?”

“Yes,” was all she could croak in reply with the collar tight across her throat. His laughter sent a shiver of fear through her, but the big, curving cock rising from his groin still drew her eye.

His eyes narrowed. “Even now, you want it,” he said in surprise. “I wonder. Is it possible?” He went behind her again and she felt him pull gently on the ring piercing her clitoris and his finger rub beneath its folds. Stunned by her body’s reaction but welcoming it if it even slightly eased her agony, Lisl felt a little tickle set her bud quivering.

“You really are amazing,” Schroeder said with a note of admiration in his voice. “I know you’re afraid, and you must be in awful pain, yet you still get excited by nothing more than a finger’s touch. Maybe you’re even one of those who can come from the kiss of the whip alone.” He laughed. “I’ll have to find out one of these days. But not tonight.”

Much to Lisl’s dismay, he stopped his stroking, took a flat, rectangular wooden box from a shelf and placed it on the table beside one of her extended arms.

“I had these specially made,” he said almost casually with his cock rearing up to his belly and the red, demonic glow in his eyes. “I haven’t used them much lately but I still keep them clean and sharp.” He opened the box.

Lisl thought her heart would burst. Her breath caught in her throat until she thought she would strangle as she stared in horror at the row of shiny, metal objects lying in the black-velvet-lined box. They were all identical – thick, steel needles, each at least eight inches long and topped by a short, mother-of-pearl handle. Schroeder took one out and held it up, its long shaft glinting menacingly. His satanic gaze stared into her

wide, frightened eyes. The tiniest glimmer of arousal was still tingling through her half-erect clitoris.

“You know where they are going, don’t you?”

“Yes, Master.” The word came so much more easily than his cumbersome SS rank.

His wicked smile grew wider. “That’s the second time you’ve made that slip. But you need a master, don’t you? You need to be controlled; to know there is a dominating hand to mete out your pain and pleasure as it sees fit.” He pricked the upper curve of her right breast with the needle’s point. “That hand is mine now. Here in my quarters you will call me ‘Master’. Everywhere else you will address me by my rank.” He pricked her again, more painfully. “But you and I will know what you really mean, won’t we?”

“Yes, Master,” Lisl whispered and a little shiver ran through her sex. How when the man and his devilish stare terrified her so much, could his presence excite her, even after the cruel tortures he had inflicted? With her head held back to avoid strangling she could not look down to watch as he poised the steel point above her breast, but she felt it touch her soft-skinned teat just behind her right nipple. She took a deep breath that made her breasts rise and felt the prick of the needle once more. Then she cried out in pain.

Schroeder forced the shaft slowly through the firm, resistant flesh, alternating between watching the steel sink deeper and the torment twisting Lisl’s face. As the needle penetrated, the tiny spark of her arousal flickered like a dying candle and went out. Every excruciating fraction of an inch the point advanced into her breast was agony. Lisl could feel the tender tissues yielding and parting before its slow advance until it pierced through the skin on the underside of her teat and sank into the leather pad and the cork beneath. The SS man did not stop pushing on the needle until she felt its handle indenting the flesh at the place where it had entered. It was a line of throbbing fire impaling her shaking body to the table.

Gasping and whimpering, she saw Schroeder pick up another needle. Eighteen more were still in the box. This time he stabbed it in hard and rammed it quickly through the meat of her breast in a blaze of terrible pain. The next he inserted slowly into her left teat a little behind

the nipple with the same agonising result as previously and then swiftly thrust another through the same breast close beside the first.

As Schroeder continued forcing the sharp-pointed steel shafts into the firm, supple and horribly sensitive meat of Lisl's breasts the lusting, manic grin on his face became wider and the red fire in his eyes burned ever brighter. She cried and shrieked and whimpered, and tried hard not to writhe. It only made the pain in her cruelly impaled teats worse.

He left her nipples until last, laughing evilly as he toyed and tugged on them until they somehow swelled to semi-erection. While Lisl screamed, he worked the needles into the resilient flesh of her twin points, slowly and harrowingly overcoming their resistance and pinning them to the leather pad beneath.

He stepped back, admiring his work. Blinking away her tears, Lisl saw the fat plum-head of his cock swelling shiny and taut at the end of his straining shaft. She felt no tremor of excitement, no thrill of desire. Her breasts ached and throbbed and stung. Even breathing heightened their pain.

"Oh, Master, No!" she rasped through the rawness of her throat and gut wrenching horror made her head spin. There were still four needles left in the box. Schroeder took them in his hand and walked around the table to stand behind Lisl's outstretched legs.

"Please," she whimpered but his finger and thumb had already closed on one of her swollen and painfully pulsing outer-labia, stretching it out and back. The dreadful, piercing stab of a needle through its bruised flesh tore a scream from her parched lips. Though she knew the consequences for her tormented breasts, she could not stop her wrists jerking against their confining straps or resist trying to close her thighs onto her defenceless pussy. She fought to hold still when the next needle forced its way into her searing sex-lips, and again when Schroeder stretched the other agonisingly taut and pierced it through in the same wickedly painful way.

"Pain and pleasure, Lisl," she heard him say with relish. "By my hand." His finger sought her clitoris, rubbing gently.

Lisl willed it to respond, to give her just the smallest tingle of arousal that might ease her suffering even a fraction. But she was nearly exhausted and hurting far too much to feel anything but the agony. She

lay panting and utterly spent with her mind cowering in fear and foreboding. For she knew it was not over.

He had to oil his fingers to sink them into her woefully abused sex, starting fresh tears brimming her eyelids. Schroeder released the strap on the hook filling her anus from her collar and Lisl's head sagged forward. For the first time she saw the way the needles had deformed the fullness of her teats and the blood oozing from the puncture wounds they had made. She knew the shafts would hurt just as much when they were pulled out as when they had been forced in.

She lay helpless, waiting for the inevitable. Schroeder was not going to be satisfied until he had fucked her.

He entered Lisl as she was, pinned to the table like a specimen butterfly, or a frog awaiting dissection, and pushed his thick penis slowly between her gaping pussy-lips. Every contact of her body with his was incredible torment. Every slow advance and retreat of his cock gave her nothing but more pain. It increased to unbelievable heights as he began to thrust. For the briefest instant his broad cock coursing over the walls of her sheath provoked the merest spark of pleasure. Then the hurt overwhelmed Lisl as Schroeder gripped her hips and plunged hard into her. She thought the meat of her breasts would tear and her pussy-lips were being ripped apart when he began jerking her back to meet his rapid lunges.

Lisl screamed and begged as every movement sent waves of pain through her, tugged and tore at the needles in breasts and labia and intensified the throbbing of her flogged buttocks and sex and anus. Never before had she failed to come when she felt the hot splash of spunk flood her sex. This time the torture was too great. Instead of thrashing in orgasm, she collapsed in a dead faint.

* * * * *

Monday August 7th 1944, 2030 hours.

“Hurry up, Pammy. She's starting to come round. Get your nipple in her mouth before she's fully awake.”

Pam saw the glazed look in Jennifer's eyes seemed less obvious than it had. The effects of whatever drug Audley-Towne had added to the sherry he had given Lieutenant Daniels when she arrived at his cottage

were beginning to wear off. Pam was sure it was the same as Anthea Brisley had given to her all those years ago.

She took one of her breasts in hand and pushed its stiff nipple between the girl's parted lips. Automatically, Jennifer sucked on the hard point.

"Look at me," the Major ordered and as Pam obeyed his camera flashed. He had made her keep her face visible in every shot except the close-ups of Jennifer's head between her thighs. Now he had more damning pictures of her to send to her father if she ever dared to defy him. Not that she ever would, Pam admitted to herself. She knew she was getting weaker, quicker to obey and less willing to argue, even when she knew he was wrong or, like now, betraying an innocent girl. Despite the ever more frequent punishments and his increasingly high-handed treatment, she continually gave herself to the Major, and what was worse, enjoyed every minute of his abuse. She was his slave girl. He had even sometimes called her by the name when they were at home alone. And invariably, except when they were at the base, she called him 'Master'.

Audley-Towne chuckled as he removed the film from his camera and stowed it away in a drawer of the chest in the bedroom.

"We've got her, Pammy. Ah, she's coming out of it."

Jennifer sat up on the bed. Pam had removed the girl's glasses and freed her dark brown hair from its tight bun, and it flowed in rich waves across her shoulders. Her mouth went suddenly wide as she saw Pam's nudity. It widened still further when Jennifer realised that she too was wearing nothing. Abruptly, her arms crossed over her small breasts and she drew her knees up to her belly.

"Oh, what has happened? Whatever's going on?" Seeing the Major, she gave a panicked cry and dragged the coverlet on the bed as far across her nakedness as Pam's weight on its other corner allowed. "M... Major, w... what...?"

The grin that split Audley-Towne's mouth made Pam want to smash her fists into his smug, self-satisfied face. How could he be so cruel to the poor creature?

He held up the camera. "We've been taking some pictures Jennifer. Twenty-four rather interesting shots of you and Pammy indulging in some very lewd sexual acts of questionable legality. And all in colour too." He shook his head and tutted. "It seems you young ladies

today just don't care who you do it with. Man or woman, it's all the same to you, isn't it?"

Jennifer looked dumbly from him to Pam, her face showing utter confusion.

"Fucking, Jenny," Audley-Towne said, heartlessly callous. "You've been fucking with Pammy." He tapped the empty camera. "And I've got the photographs to prove it."

Lieutenant Daniels stared at him, uncomprehending.

"You explain it, Pammy," the Major said, lighting a cigarette.

Pam gave Jennifer a glass of water from the carafe on the bedside table. She sipped from it at first, but as Pam informed the girl what had happened and what the consequences for her would be, it was quickly forgotten. Jenny stared, barely blinking, the horror on her lovely face increasing with every word Pam spoke. She spilled half the water before Pam could take it from her and pulled the coverlet more tightly to her breasts.

"I'll... I'll go to the Colonel," she said at last with a spark of anger flashing in her eyes as she turned them on Audley-Towne. "It's blackmail. He won't let you get away with it, you monster."

His grin did not waver. "Are you sure? Perhaps he already knows. Besides, would he take your word or mine and Corporal Hollis's?"

Pam swore silently. Once more he was involving her in one of his crazy schemes, and once more she had no choice but to go along with it.

Jennifer looked at her, her face drained of colour, her wide, brown eyes filled with tears. "Y... you would lie for him?"

"I'm sorry," Pam said with a pang of guilt and regret. "I'm trapped the same as you are. He has pictures of me too."

"Oh, Lord!" Jenny shuddered and closed her eyes. Two large tears squeezed from beneath their lids and ran down her pale cheeks. "What can I do?" she asked in a husky whisper.

Pam shrugged helplessly. "Whatever you're told, the same as I have to." She watched the words sink in, saw on Jenny's face the moment of realisation that it was not a bad dream that she was going to wake up from. Sudden helplessness showed in the girl's eyes a second before she lowered them from her own.

She was young and innocent, far from the safe cocoon of her privileged upbringing, and very far from her comfortable home. She was

lost. It was the war, Pam thought, the bloody awful, never-ending war, and the people like Audley-Towne and Glover it put in positions of power and authority. How she longed for it to be over.

The girl raised her head and looked earnestly at Pam. “Oh, Lord! What will daddy say? He can’t know about this. He’ll disown me.”

The Major snorted a laugh. “You miss the point. Daddy doesn’t need to know, Jenny. Not so long as you’re a good girl. An obedient girl. Are you going to be an obedient girl?”

She looked at him, and then at Pam, who gave a short, warning nod. Jenny gulped. Her lower lip quivered. Her small, pointed breasts lifted as she took a deep breath and opened her mouth to protest again. She met Audley-Towne’s uncompromising stare, glanced back to Pam’s forlorn one, and her shoulders sagged. With a soft sob, she nodded.

“Stand up. Let’s have a look at you,” the Major ordered.

Cheeks blushing scarlet, Jennifer released her death-grip on the bedcover and rose with heart-rending reluctance to her feet. Pam had already sucked on the firm, little points of her small breasts, like two halves of an apple, and pushed her tongue through the thick, wiry curls concealing Jenny’s sex to probe her pussy-lips while the Major took his pictures. She knew the girl would remember none of it. It was just as well.

Jenny trembled as Audley-Towne looked her up and down. Her eyes darted to the camera he had laid on the chest by the door then to the closed bedroom door itself. Pam knew she would not try to run. She was completely out of her depth, cowed by the shock and suddenness of what had befallen her. She would not run and she would not resist. What she would do was follow Pam’s lead. If she defied Audley-Towne now, Jennifer Daniels would do the same, but Pam was painfully aware that she did not dare do anything but obey him.

“Your daddy’s a Bishop, I understand,” he said, “and something of a disciplinarian. Did he discipline you when you were younger?”

Still shaking, Jenny nodded dumbly.

“Stand to attention,” the Major barked. “And answer me properly.”

With her ingrained training overcoming the trepidation, Jenny stood straight. “Yes, sir.”

“How did he discipline you? Spanking?”

“Yes, sir,” she said hoarsely.

“I expect he would have spanked you if you had called *him* a monster?” Audley-Towne plucked a dining chair from a corner and set it down near the foot of the bed. The girl gave a nervous little mew.

“Well?”

“Yes, sir,” she answered in the merest whisper.

“And so will I. Come here and stretch out over my lap.” He sat down and slapped a shovel-sized paw on his knee.

“S... sir?” she questioned, but Pam knew Jenny understood exactly. How she must be regretting accepting the Major’s invitation to dine at his home to discuss Kay Parker’s progress.

“Don’t play dumb, Jenny,” he warned. “You’ll only annoy me. Pammy can tell you that isn’t a good idea.”

Weeping softly, the girl approached him very slowly. He sat back, not seizing her or forcing her down, but waiting for her to take up the position herself. Pam had the feeling it was far from the first time Jenny had draped her upturned bottom across a man’s knee to feel the weight of a palm on her bottom. She was a tall girl, as slender as a willow, lithe and firmly muscled, with a lean, flat stomach and taut, almost boyish buttocks that looked very small when Audley-Towne rested his big hand upon them. Jenny gave a sudden, alarmed jerk of her narrow hips.

“You’re not a virgin, Jenny.”

“How do...?” Her question tailed off into embarrassment.

“I checked while you were....” He paused to chuckle. “... sleeping. Have you been fucking, girl, and you a clergyman’s daughter?”

“Fucking, sir?” From the way she spoke the word, Pam knew she had heard it before but had no idea what it meant.

So did the Major. “We’ll come back to that later tonight. Have you been playing with yourself between your legs? Is that how you lost your virginity?”

“No, sir, no! I... I used to do a lot of horse-riding.”

“Ah, you like riding, do you?” He sniggered. “Well, I can promise you a good deal of that from now on. Pammy, come closer so you can see.”

Jennifer’s furiously blushing face turned up to her as she crawled to the bottom of the bed. Her eyes went wide as she noticed for the first time the belt at Pam’s waist and the strap buckled tightly between her

parted pussy-lips. Every movement Pam made increased the friction of the dildo and anal-plug that were filling her at front and rear, and raised the warm buzz of pleasure she always felt from the contact of the hard rubber. Kneeling with her thighs well spread and shoulders back, she thrust her big, tapering breasts out as Audley-Towne always required of her. Pam nipped her sphincter around the neck of her plug to tighten her sheath around the lovely dildo nestling in her pussy and sighed.

Jenny cried with pain and surprise. The Major's big hand had come down without warning and smacked the apex of her upturned little bottom. She wriggled and tried to push herself upright, but his other meaty paw pressing onto the small of her back easily overcame her struggles. Pam watched the girl's taut rear-cheeks yield and rebound under his hard smacks, and she continued flexing her anus around her plug to move her dildo inside her sex. She had discovered that if she did it quickly it was sometimes enough on its own to bring her to climax.

Unfortunately, Jenny's two-dozen from the Major's palm were over before Pam was even halfway to orgasm. Breathing fast, she subsided and watched the skin of the girl's bottom changing rapidly from scarlet to crimson. When he let her up, Jenny wept quietly in pain and humiliation but made no attempt to rub her smarting rear as Pam would have done. She knew from experience that if she held her hand close to Jenny's reddened flesh she would feel the glow of heat radiating from it.

Audley-Towne stood up. "I hope it is clear to you who is in charge here, Jenny."

"Yes, sir," the girl said, crying softly.

"Stop snivelling and wipe your eyes," he told her. "I want you to see this, and you had better learn something from it or I'll give you more than a light spanking."

It had not been light, Pam thought, but not as hard as any he had given her. That would come in time. Jenny sniffed and wiped the back of a hand over her eyes. Audley-Towne stripped off his shirt, slid his braces back on his shoulders to hold his trousers up and unbuttoned them. As he pulled out his near-ten-inch, thick cock Jenny leaped back with a cry of alarm. Pam guessed she had never seen a man's erect penis before, and certainly not one of the length and girth that the Major's boasted.

"Calm down. It's not for you. Not yet awhile, at least. You need educating first. Pammy's going to help do it. She'll show you how to

suck a cock and that you don't need to be afraid of it when it starts to fill your pussy."

He always called hers a 'snatch', Pam thought resentfully but briefly as she felt the heat of her juices flood her sex. God, she loved to fuck. Even Private Webster, common and uncouth though he was, had made her come each time he had used her during the last few weeks. He was not always rough with her either, the way Audley-Towne seemed to be these days. Even when Webster had buggered her, he had let her rub her clitoris so that she was assured of an orgasm. It was a pity he seemed to enjoy beating her as much as the Major, and even when he used her more gently, he called her names like 'slut' and 'whore', and worse.

Jenny did not look at all reassured by the Major's words. She kept her eyes averted from his great, purple-headed baton until he ordered her to look at Pam. Suddenly the centre of attention, she looked self-consciously back, very aware of her crotch strap with the bald lips of her pussy swelling out on either side of it. The girl was eyeing it with a glimmer of curiosity showing through the blush on her face.

The Major's attention was focused on it too. He unfastened it from the waist belt and made Pam stay on her knees on the bed and lean back. The dildo shifted inside her, sliding down until its lower end protruded from her sex. Above it, her clitoris rose, proud and pointed, from its hood. Jenny caught her breath.

"I've got one of these for you too," Audley-Towne promised. "You'll get used to it, just as Pammy has. In fact, she doesn't like being without it." He gestured to the big, conical nipples that tipped Pam's firmly jutting teats. "It keeps her nipples hard most of the time and she's always damp between her legs. I noticed your nipples are hard too, Jenny."

"They... They're always like that, sir." The girl's hands shifted to cover them.

"No," Audley-Towne warned, "don't hide them. Yours may not compare to Pammy's for size but they're the hardest little tits I've ever come across. I'll bet you've never needed a brassiere in your life." He laughed. "Just as well. From now on you won't be allowed any underwear at all."

"Oh, sir!" It was clear she wanted to protest. Once more his forbidding stare forced her acquiescence. Her expression turned to

disbelief when he pulled the plug from Pam's anus then pushed a finger into her relaxed knot. He withdrew it and held it to her lips. Cringing in embarrassment, Pam licked it.

He laughed. "Don't look so surprised, Jenny. I did the same to you while you were asleep, and squeezed those hard little titties too. It's going to happen often, girl. You'd better start getting used to the idea, and a lot more besides. I'm going to show you how Pammy gets punished for being a bad girl now."

Pam's belly gave a flip as he took the thin willow wand from the whip-rack he had recently fixed to the bedroom wall.

"Master, I..." she began, and then fell silent as he shook his head.

"No argument," he said sternly. "I told you to cut everything unnecessary from Kay's training and you deliberately disobeyed me." He smacked the stiff wand onto her left teat. Jenny gave an alarmed cry.

"Ow! I did what you ordered," Pam said and hurriedly added, "Master."

"Is wasting two weeks having her taught to drive everything from motorcycles to armoured cars obeying my orders?" he demanded.

"But..." Pam gave in. He would beat her whatever she said. She eyed his rearing cock and her pussy tickled her. Jenny was staring in shock at the narrow red line the wand had scored into her breast, awed once more by Audley-Towne's casual cruelty. Awed too, no doubt, by the sudden, appalling and dire change in fortune that had so abruptly overtaken her. Pam could see it on her face. The girl did not want to believe that any of it was happening, and most of all she did not want to believe it was happening to her. But Jenny would adjust, Pam thought. She had. Her sphincter tightened at her sudden realisation of how much her life had changed, but there was no plug there for her puckered knot to grip. She gave little mew of disappointment.

The Major turned to Jenny. "Your tits might be a smaller target but I'll make them sting just as much as Pammy's if you don't pay attention. By tomorrow I'll have your photos developed. I can have them in the post and on 'Bishop Daddy's' desk inside twenty-four hours, so don't imagine you've any chance of escaping me, Jenny. Pammy can tell you it isn't going to happen." He slapped the wand on Pam's right teat. "Isn't that right?"

“Yes, Master,” she replied, teat stinging and her pussy wet and quivering.

“That’s another thing,” he told Jenny. “In my home I’m the master and that’s what you call me. Now, Pam’s going to take a tit-whipping and show you how to suck my cock. Then she’ll show you how nice it is to have it pushed up her snatch.” He grinned. “You’ll be taking it in your own pussy before much longer, won’t you Jenny?”

The girl’s dark, doe-eyes lifted despairingly to the Major’s cunning, cruel ones.

“Yes, Master,” she whispered and began quietly weeping again.

Chapter 12

Sunday, November 19th 1944, 0840 hours.

Heike deliberately laid a hand on the vivid, red welts Schroeder's whip had just carved into Fraulein Steffi Maute's buttocks. The former supervisor at the wireless station and, Lisl knew, soon-to-be whore for the Gestapo, howled and jerked frenziedly on the vaulting buck as the girl-guard pushed a finger into her sex.

"She's not dripping like this slut does," Heike said with a nod towards Lisl, "but she's definitely damp." She patted the older woman's heavily striped bottom, making her cry and jerk again. "Do you like the feel of the whip on your plump round bummy? Or is it just the little toy we found in your pussy that gets you all hot and bothered?"

"No," Steffi Maute cried. "Oh, no! Please stop. I haven't done anything wrong."

Heike probed her finger deeper. "You know, I think she *is* starting to juice. Maybe if you gave her another dozen, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer, her pussy will show us what it can really do."

"No! Please!" Steffi whined desperately.

Fraulein Maute was not thirty-two years old but thirty-four, Lisl had learned when Schroeder had questioned her on her arrival. Unlike the other girls Lisl had betrayed, who had all been arrested at work, the Gestapo men had come for Steffi in the early morning and brought her in in nothing but her nightdress. Much to everyone's surprise and Steffi's acute embarrassment, when Heike and Heidi had stripped her and prepared her for her enema, they had found a slim, torpedo-shaped dildo inside her sex. The girl-guards had been highly amused and had mocked her mercilessly about it while they had strapped her over the buck and shared dealing her thirty strokes with the cane. As usual, during the caning and the whipping Schroeder had given her immediately afterwards, no one had asked her a single question.

It had been the same with the other girls that Lisl had delivered into the SS man's hands. He had ensured that she had been present when Irma, Nadia and Berthe had arrived at the Schloss Uhlendorf within a day of one another. They had each been brought to stand before his desk, frightened and bewildered, and then doubly so when they had seen Lisl

kneeling naked but for her collar beside his chair, with her leash clipped to the ring in her clitoris and the other end looped around Schroeder's wrist.

He had gone through the fiction of their supposed crimes and of 'Rigorous Examination' and 'Especially Rigorous Examination' with them, and made them strip themselves while he watched with his cold, ghost-smile on his face. Only after Heidi and Heike had taken each girl down to an interrogation room and had her belly swelling under the surging, cold-water enema had Schroeder followed with Lisl and made her watch their humiliation and suffering.

She had sensed his gaze upon her as the girl-guards had flogged their victims. Lisl had stood helplessly by and wished the crack of the cane on the girls' flesh, the boisterous bouncing of their buttocks and the red, angry weals that so swiftly appeared there, did not provoke excited shivers in her pussy. She had felt every blow almost as much as they had. The floggings had aroused her nearly as much as if she had been taking the strokes herself, or maybe, as with Hanna, she had been delivering them. The thought had frightened Lisl.

They dragged Steffi off the buck and hauled her back to her feet when her knees gave way. Heidi gave one of the woman's heavy, somewhat sagging breasts a slap with the flat of her hand. Not to be outdone, Heike smacked the other one.

"Stand up, pretty and no fainting. We'll only bring you round with a cigarette end on your nipples."

"Noo!" Steffi whimpered and looked pleadingly at Schroeder. "Please, this is all wrong. I'm innocent. I haven't committed any crime. I have nothing to tell you."

The Sturmbannfuhrer grinned wolfishly, and Lisl knew that if she were closer she would see the red, evil glow in his eyes. "Of course you have. You just don't realise it yet. I'm looking forward to hearing all about your friends, especially your girl friends. And Heike and Heidi want to know all about the little pussy-thriller they found in your cunt, and how often you put it there."

Blushing furiously, the woman looked away and her gaze met Lisl's then dropped to her ringed clitoris stretching slightly under the weight of the leash attached to it. Swallowing hard, she turned tearfully back to Schroeder. Heike cut off her renewed begging by slashing her

short whip across the older woman's ravaged buttocks. She screamed and almost fell again, and earned a hard pinch to both of her dark, conical nipples from Heidi.

"Ooh, they're getting hard," the girl laughed. "Do you by any chance prefer girls to men, Steffi? Heike and I do, you know. I'm sure we could have lots of fun with you."

Steffi Maute was almost as tall as the girl-guards, though not quite so broad in shoulder or hip, or so well muscled. Her brown hair was cut short but did not give any hint of masculinity to her pretty face. Nevertheless, Lisl had a feeling that Heidi might well be right about the woman's preferences. If so, since the brothel catered only for men, she was in for an even worse ordeal than the other girls faced.

As Heidi and Heike led her away to more suffering, Schroeder untied Lisl's leash from the leg of the vaulting buck. With each of the girls she had betrayed, he had done the opposite of what he did to her, flogging them before they faced the awful electricity instead of afterwards. Each time, he had dismissed Lisl to her duties without making her witness the torment of the table and the electrodes that waited in the room next door. He seemed to understand perfectly her fear and hatred of the current, but he must have seen the same thing hundreds of times before.

A tug at her clitoral ring drew her gaze away from Steffi's stumbling figure as the girl-guards dragged her from the room. Schroeder pulled her close, and she hissed as his finger probed her pussy-lips. Lisl knew she was wet and her sheath was still giving little, tickling tremors of desire. The red glitter was in his eyes as he looked into hers and laughed softly.

"Feeling guilty, Lisl? Blaming yourself? You shouldn't. You did what you had to. Self-preservation always comes first. Never forget that." He adjusted the cock that was making the front of his trousers bulge. "You were right about her: she is a handsome woman. Not as well toned as she could be, but a bit of parade marching will soon take care of that. I like her big, rubbery nipples. I think I'll have them both ringed." He laughed softly when she grimaced at how casually he could make a decision that meant more pain and humiliation for Steffi Maute. "Don't look so disapproving. I know you got excited watching every one

of those girls being flogged. What I'm not sure of yet is the reason why." He called the sentry and had her taken back to his office.

No doubt on Schroeder's orders, the man made her kneel in the middle of the floor with her knees apart and facing the door. Lisl was surprised and worried that the SS man had treated her differently after the awful evening of agony he had subjected her to in his quarters. It had begun the same night when, rather than returning her to her cell after he had taken her off his torture table, he had carried her to his own bed. Terrified he intended to use her again, she had been just as afraid when he had given her an injection with a syringe and needle. It could only have been morphine from its effect. Her pain had diminished at once and Lisl had begun to feel drowsy. Illogically, knowing it was all his doing, she had still felt gratitude to him for sparing her further hours of torment.

It had been three days before she was returned to duty and that had been much too soon to have fully recovered. Three shifts in two days waiting at table had followed before she had been hooked to the wall by her ringed clitoris. Lisl had seen Hanna Kempfer standing by the table with one of the guest's hands moving under her little waitress's apron, and she noticed the many red stripes of a recent caning on the girl's bottom when Hanna had turned and carried away her empty tray. Then Lisl had been chosen and taken upstairs to be beaten and violated. After so long without sexual release, she had orgasmed long and hard the moment a stiff cock had filled her pussy.

Lisl shivered, partly at the memory of how she had come, but more with her nagging concern about Schroeder's increasingly frequent attentions to her. The day she had returned to duty, when her shift had ended and she had expected to be taken to her cell, she had been taken to his office instead. He had made her kneel facing him between his desk and Elke Volner's, then carried on with his paperwork for the best part of an hour with barely a glance in her direction. As on the previous occasion, Lisl had been in a tumult of tension as she awaited his pleasure. He had suddenly looked at her and ordered her to masturbate. To hesitate was to be flogged. With Elke looking on, she had dived her fingers into her pussy. Of course, being who he was, Schroeder had made Lisl stop just as she was on the verge of coming.

Almost every day since, during Lisl's off-duty periods, he had had her brought naked to his office to kneel or sit or squat in some revealing

position while people came and went. She had felt horribly humiliated but she could not deny that it had felt stimulating too. The previous day, Schroeder had made her stand directly in front of the door with her back to it and bend over every time someone entered so that her pussy was the first thing they saw. After most of the morning had passed, he had forbidden entry to everyone and made Lisl suck him to his climax, all the while tugging gently on the leash attached to her clitoris.

It was not the time spent in the office that worried Lisl most, however. She had heard that Schroeder had sometimes done that with other girls in the past. What really concerned her was that on two occasions since her first night in his quarters he had taken her there again. No one, except perhaps the guards Lisl would never have dared ask, had ever heard of him allowing one of the 'Gestapo girls' to enter there before. Lisl was sure it must have happened, otherwise there would be no point to him having the torture implements there, but it must have been a long time ago. She gulped. And what had ultimately happened to those girls who had experienced the same agony that she had gone through?

When the SS man had led her into his sitting room once more, she had been terrified she was going to be tortured again, but he had only sat in an armchair by the fire, listening to a propaganda speech about defending the Reich on the wireless. While it had continued, Schroeder had ordered Lisl to lie on the hearthrug and masturbate slowly. Belly twisting with fear of what might follow, she had obeyed, and very soon been trembling with arousal instead of anxiety.

To her astonishment, Schroeder had not even caned her when she orgasmed enthusiastically, but had scooped her up in his arms and carried her to his bed. Even more surprisingly, when he had taken her it had been slowly and with kisses and gentle caresses. Only in the small hours had he reverted to his usual self. As she had lain warm and comfortable in the bed, Lisl had been awoken by a fiery streak of pain on her upturned bottom and had been made to keep still for ten biting strokes of the cane. Then Schroeder had forced his hard cock into her unlubricated rear entrance and buggered her with the same harsh, uncompromising forcefulness he usually showed. The swelling around her sphincter had only just gone down, and his thrusting had been hard enough to bring tears to her eyes.

Nevertheless, Lisl had found the gentle, considerate lover he had demonstrated he could be far more unnerving, and had felt the same two nights later when he treated her in identical fashion. The only difference had been that the wireless had been playing dance music. Beyond giving her orders, he had barely spoken to her on either occasion.

Why had he begun keeping her close to him for so much of the time, Lisl wondered. He had even sometimes taken her with him when he made his appearances to play host with the guests dining at the long table in the hall, pulling her after him by her leash like a reluctant puppy. One night, when the little Standartenfuehrer who had found applying the end of his lighted cigarette to Lisl's breasts so entertaining had asked for her, Schroeder had surprised her again by refusing, saying she was not on duty. Soon afterwards he had taken her to his quarters and used her himself.

Was Schroeder suspicious of her for some reason and keen to keep an eye on her, or was it her liking for pain that interested him? He did not seem to have come across that in any of his victims before. He had certainly been interested in taking her agonisingly beyond her limits and into a realm of total torment she had never explored before. Thank god he had not tried to take her there again - at least, not yet. And what had he meant about not being sure of the reason she had become excited when she had watched the girls being flogged?

The door opening put an end to Lisl's speculations. Schroeder walked to her and dropped a dark grey civilian jacket and skirt onto her thighs. She was surprised to see he was dressed in a blue, pinstriped suit.

"Put that on," he said, and turned to Elke who had accompanied him and was in the process of fixing her chain and padlock back onto the rings in her pussy-lips. "Don't do that, Volner. You can go without your chain until I get back."

"Beg to report, thank you very much, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer," the girl said.

"I'll cane you when I return to make up for it," he said, and laughed. "Do you really think I didn't notice you hiding behind your typewriter and playing with yourself at the same time Lisl was? You know very well you masturbate when I tell you to and only then." He looked at Lisl in her skirt and jacket, the first proper clothing she had

been allowed since her own had been taken from her. It was a pity there was no underwear to go with it.

“At least you guessed Lisl’s size correctly. If the coat fits as well, you have permission to play with yourself as much as you like while I’m away.”

Lisl had been eyeing the long, black overcoat with the fur collar Schroeder had draped over one arm. He had her put it on, and Elke sighed with relief when it fitted her perfectly. The coat was thick and warm. Lisl felt nervous. He meant to take her somewhere. What would happen when they arrived? She saw him bend to the safe that stood against the wall behind his desk, blocking what he was doing with his body. When he stood up, he held a black briefcase and the safe was locked again.

“Come on.” He did not remove the leather collar from Lisl’s neck but gave her a blue silk scarf to cover it.

They journeyed in silence in the big, black Horch that had brought Lisl to the castle. She was anxiously aware of the Sturmbannfuehrer’s presence beside her. Clearly he had no intention of telling her where they were going, and she knew the likely consequences if she dared to ask, even if for once he was not carrying his riding crop.

Wondering about the bulging briefcase that lay between them on the car’s back seat, Lisl leaned back. The Horch’s interior was warm, the seat was comfortable and there was nothing she could do to change anything that was going to happen. The motion of the car started a little vibration in the ring piercing her clitoris, which was really quite a pleasant sensation.

They stopped at what she took for a checkpoint. As Schroeder wound the window down, a chilly breeze blew a few spots of rain into Lisl’s face. She saw him pass two identity cards to the guard leaning down to the window. One of them was hers. Never could she have believed her photo would one day appear on a document that identified her as a member not only of the feared SD but also of the Gestapo.

As the guard returned the cards, Schroeder handed him a thick envelope and the man waved them through. Fifty yards further on they stopped at another checkpoint. The guard there wore a different uniform and the identity cards Schroeder handed him were civilian ones. The envelope he also gave the guard was identical to the first, however, and

produced the same result. As they left the second checkpoint behind, sudden realisation made Lisl catch her breath. They had crossed the border. They were no longer in Germany.

After a couple of miles, the driver pulled the car off the road and stopped at a large barn. Schroeder left the car, unlocked the building's big gates and went inside. Lisl again eyed the briefcase thoughtfully. The driver turned in his seat and offered her a cigarette. Surprised, she thanked him politely and refused. He too wore a civilian suit.

"It's our insurance policy, the Sturmbannfuehrer says," he told her with a nod towards the barn. "He has promised I can come with him when he goes. I'd be mad to stay. They'll have our balls off when they find out what we've done. Excuse my language, Fraulein." He gave her a slightly embarrassed smile. It was the only one with any genuine warmth she had received since before she was arrested.

"I haven't hurt anyone," the man said. "I'm not like the Sturmbannfuehrer or Sprenger with their whips and electricity, but I wear the same uniform. I'll be blamed just as much when the revenge starts. I'm no innocent, I'll admit, but I'm not..." He glanced warily towards the barn. "I'm not a cold-hearted bastard like he is. I swear he's pure evil. You should get away from him if you can."

"Easy to say," Lisl said. "Are you offering to help me?"

"Hell, no! It would be Schroeder taking my balls if I did. But any chance you get, especially while we're here in Switzerland, you take it. I won't be able to catch you." He gave her a wink, turned back to the steering wheel and threw his cigarette out of the window as the barn door banged.

"Carry on, Dieter," Schroeder told the driver when he was back in the car.

Lisl did not take the man's advice, though she saw two opportunities to escape when they drove into the city. Once they stopped at a junction where two policemen stood on a corner. She could have stepped out of the car, told them she was a prisoner and that the SS man was in the country illegally, and she could have been free. Schroeder had known it too, of course, and she had sensed him ready to pounce if she made the slightest move.

The second time he appeared not to notice. The car stopped in a line of traffic alongside a brightly lit department store. Lisl could have

been out of the car and disappearing among the crowd inside the shop in seconds. She remembered the feel of the crackling fire as the raw current had flared through her body, and remained in her seat.

They left the bright shop fronts of the city behind. Lisl had not seen anywhere so ablaze with illumination since before the war. Shortly afterwards the Horch turned off the highway and down several side roads, and eventually stopped at a large art-deco style building surrounded by woodland and a large garden.

As Lisl climbed out of the car to follow Schroeder, her haste made her lose one of her shoes, which promptly disappeared under the front seat. She stood anxiously on one foot as the SS man left her behind. The driver had been holding the door open. He ducked his head into the car's rear, felt around a moment and handed the shoe to Lisl with another warm smile. Schroeder turned, his brow furrowing with impatience.

"Thank you, Dieter," Lisl said, smiling back, and hurried past a big van in the driveway to catch up the Sturmbannfuehrer. He walked straight into the building as if he owned it. A woman of around forty, well groomed, expensively dressed and elegant stood in the lobby. She had obviously had warning of his arrival. Lisl saw her eyebrows raise a little as her gaze flickered in her direction before she greeted him.

"Herr Schroeder, your arrival is timely. The builders are just finishing for the day and were enquiring about payment for some of the work done so far."

The Sturmbannfuehrer gave her his icy ghost-smile. "As you see, Frau Leiling, I am here as I promised." He reached into his inside pocket and produced a thick wad of banknotes with the bank's paper slip still wrapped around them. The woman took it from his outstretched hand. She did not count it.

"Enough for the builders and your own expenses to date, I think." He looked around at what were obviously newly decorated walls. "The work goes well, I see. How soon until it is completed?"

"They have finished everything but a few of the upstairs rooms," Frau Leiling said. "I am told they will be ready by this time next week. Then we will have a fully functioning sanatorium. I trust we will have greater success with our enterprise than the previous owners had with theirs."

Schroeder laughed softly. "I'm sure the special services my sanatorium can offer its guests will make us a tidy profit. Provided, of course, that your local expertise and contacts prove to be everything you claim they are."

The woman's teeth bared in a mirthless smile. "You may depend on that, and on the absolute discretion of the clientele I introduce to you." She looked Lisl up and down. "So long as those providing the 'special services' live up to the promises *you* have made."

The SS man glanced at Lisl. "Oh, they will, Frau Leiling. As you have already noticed, I've brought one of them with me this time."

Four men in overalls came down the stairs. The woman split the wad of money and handed some of it to one of the men, who counted it, nodded his satisfaction and leered at Lisl before leading the rest outside. Frau Leiling locked the door behind them.

"I assume, since you have not raised the matter, that there was no difficulty about the apparatus I had delivered or the modifications to the cellars," Schroeder said.

"None at all. I told you I had everything in hand. I know the owner of the building company well. He will be a client when we open for business. Isn't it time I started recruiting some of the... ah... auxiliary staff that we'll require?"

"Not yet. I intend to bring some of them with me too. We can get any more we need after I move in."

"And when will that be?" Frau Leiling asked with undisguised interest.

"I haven't decided yet," Schroeder said. "There's no hurry for the present. I still have some funds on their way to me." He laughed at the look she gave him. "Don't worry. I won't starve in the meantime, and I'll see that you don't either." He handed her another bundle of banknotes.

"US dollars this time, as well as Swiss francs," she said.

"Both good, dependable currencies."

"Better than Reichsmarks," she replied.

Schroeder's smile faded. "The Reich's bad fortune has been your good, Frau Leiling," he said stiffly. "If not for that, we would not be in business together and you would still be heavily in debt to some very ruthless characters."

“They were my husband’s debts,” she said defensively.

“Nevertheless, the widow of a certain failed and dishonest banker wouldn’t be faring so well in a place like Zurich without my intervention,” Schroeder told her. “Now go and tuck your money safely away while I show Lisl around.”

So the city was Zurich, Lisl thought, though the information meant little since she had never been to Switzerland before. She followed Schroeder as he wandered the corridors of the three upper floors of the building, looking randomly into some of the rooms. Lisl had already worked out from his conversation with Frau Leiling that the occupation he intended to take up when he escaped to Switzerland was exactly the same one he would be leaving behind in Germany. This brothel might not be as large as the castle but it was still a sizeable building and it was not hard to guess he had bought it cheaply. With movement across Europe so restricted by the war, Swiss sanatoriums must have closed by the dozen for lack of visitors.

Satisfied by what he had seen, the SS man led the way back to the ground floor. From there he took Lisl down another flight of stairs and into a corridor that looked frighteningly familiar. A shiver ran through her as they passed solid, metal-bound doors very like those of the interrogation rooms at Schloss Uhendorf. She was not surprised when she followed Schroeder into one of them and saw two vaulting bucks standing in the middle of the room. There were racks on the walls too, already holding the usual assortment of canes and whips she had expected. Unbidden, a tremor teased Lisl’s sex.

Schroeder gave his soft laugh. “Now you know my secret, Lisl. And I see the prospect of being punished excites you just as much here as at home.” He took a thin metal rod about six inches long from his inside pocket and slid it into a tiny hole in one end of one of the vaulting bucks, just below the leather padding. Giving a tug to the leather, Schroeder separated the end of the buck from the rest at a place where it appeared to be stitched together, and laid the piece he had removed on the floor.

“Go and listen at the door,” he ordered. “Frau Leiling should be along shortly to see what I’m up to. Tell me when you hear her.”

He seemed entirely indifferent that Lisl could see exactly what he was up to, as though she was so unimportant that it made no difference. From the door, she could look over his stooped shoulders as he took

bundles of banknotes from his bulging briefcase and added them to more that were already in the interior of the buck. Whether Swiss francs or dollars, Lisl knew there must be thousands in cash, maybe even millions. Stolen from his victims, Lisl wondered, or extorted from wealthy men to ensure their pretty daughters did not share her fate? However he had come by it, Schroeder was a wealthy man and clearly had no intention of spending his exile in poverty. It struck her that he had no need to go into any kind of business if he was so rich. The brothel would be nothing but a hobby for him, and a way of always having young women at his mercy. No doubt he would begin adding Swiss girls to his captives before long.

He put everything back as it had been and stood leaning one elbow on the buck and looking at her. "Pull your skirt up."

Lisl pulled the garment to her waist and obeyed his beckoning finger. He took her coat and laid it over the buck, gave the ring in her clitoris a flick and pointed to the floor at his feet. She knelt, unbuttoned his trousers and took out the hard length of his penis. Closing her lips around the rigid flesh she lifted her eyes to his handsome, unfeeling face. He was harsh, overbearing, tyrannical and cruel. Her pussy quivered and moisture flowed.

They both heard the soft, scuffing footsteps that stopped outside the half-open door before Lisl could begin making the wet, slurping noises that always accompanied her service to her Master's cock.

"You should take your shoes off next time, Claudia," Schroeder called. "Why don't you come in instead of lurking in that draughty corridor?" He laughed softly as Frau Leiling appeared around the door, pink-cheeked and plainly annoyed that he had caught her out. Her expression turned momentarily to surprise and then cautiously neutral as she saw Lisl nude from the waist down and with Schroeder's cock in her mouth.

"Carry on," he ordered, unabashed, and she tightened her lips around his swollen shaft and flickered her tongue over its tip.

"If you require privacy..." Claudia Leiling said uncertainly.

"Not at all," the SS man said. "Stay and see what you might have ended up doing yourself if I hadn't paid your debts. As I understand it, those rich men your husband swindled planned something very similar for you. You would probably have ended up the way Lisl has. True?"

His hard eyes met Claudia's, and she looked away and gave a short nod. Her gaze rested on the empty briefcase at his elbow.

He smiled coldly. "Some things are my business alone, Claudia. Don't jeopardise our arrangement by being too curious. Or you may yet end up sucking cocks for a living." He waited until she gave another nod before continuing. "You realise you will have to discipline the girls from time to time. I assume with your inclinations and previous experience that will not present any difficulty."

She brightened. "None whatsoever. I see from the girl's backside that she is chastised regularly."

"By myself and my guests, though she is rather special. She enjoys much of it, you see?"

Claudia looked back at Lisl with greater interest. "Does she, indeed?"

Schroeder smiled wickedly down at the girl sucking him. "Perhaps you would like to demonstrate on Lisl your technique for punishing misdemeanours, Claudia."

Chapter 13

Lisl's belly flipped. She and Frau Leiling knew that, for all the way he had phrased it, it was not a suggestion. Claudia showed no reluctance or hesitation.

"With pleasure, Herr Schroeder."

He pulled his cock from Lisl's mouth, chose a medium cane from the rack, and passed it to Claudia without troubling to tuck away his erection. Lisl stripped at the woman's order and bent to grip her ankles with a nervous shiver. A first flogging from a stranger was always a little more frightening. It had not happened so often that she could face it without feeling the wild flutters that were filling her belly as she waited for the first stroke.

"A dozen will do," Schroeder said as if the number was insignificant.

Claudia Leiling was not only pretty, elegant and sophisticated, Lisl discovered. She also had a strong right arm, which she demonstrated by lashing twelve blistering blows with the cane onto her defenceless buttocks. Fighting back tears as she obeyed the order to stand up, she saw the brightness of the woman's eyes and the fixed, predatory grin on her face, and knew her rapid breathing was not the result of her exertions alone. She was another like Schroeder. She enjoyed inflicting pain.

"Well done, Claudia. I see I need have no doubts about you maintaining discipline," Schroeder said. He took a leash from his pocket, clipped it to Lisl's clitoral ring and drew her to her knees again. "Let's pick up where we left off, Lisl. I will dine at seven, Frau Leiling. Please see to it, and find some suitable accommodation for my driver, would you?"

Summarily dismissed, Claudia could not resist pausing in the doorway to watch as Lisl, feeling the fire in her bottom acutely, took the SS man's cock in her mouth again and began bobbing her head back and forth. He turned his gaze from Claudia and looked down at Lisl. She saw a faint red glimmer in his eyes.

Schroeder kept her naked and kneeling by his chair while he ate dinner with Frau Leiling. When they had finished, he put a few mouthfuls of food on a plate and placed it on the floor for Lisl while he

drank brandy and smoked one of his rare cigarettes. She had only just finished eating when there was a knock at the door and Dieter entered. Lisl saw his eyes drawn to her nude figure, but it seemed to her there was more sympathy than desire in the look he gave her.

“If you don’t need me again tonight, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer, have I your permission to retire?” he said.

“Yes, carry on, Bauer,” Schroeder told him and it was not long afterwards that he decided to go to bed himself. He stood and tugged the leash to get Lisl to her feet.

“An interesting idea,” Claudia said, looking at the ring in her hood. “I’d like to see it done some time. I know some potential clients who would too, and who would pay for the chance to do it themselves.”

Schroeder smiled thinly. “I’m glad you’re thinking about our mutual business interests, Claudia. I’m sure we will have a long and lucrative partnership.”

Lisl was not surprised when he added a dozen fresh strokes to the smarting weals on her bottom before ordering her into bed in his large apartment on the sanatorium’s top floor. Naked, he lay next to her, turned her onto her side facing away from him and pressed the length of his thick shaft against the crease in her burning bottom. She hissed and heard his soft laugh.

“Does it hurt, Lisl?”

“Yes, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer.”

“But it isn’t just pain, is it? Not like the real pain I gave you when I bound you over the stool and to my table.” His hand slid over her belly and found her half-erect bud peeping through the centre of the ring piercing her hood.

“No, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer,” she answered honestly, and her sex prickled with her stirring excitement. Even her first master, who had seldom been gentle, had never taken her to such an extremity of agony. She still had the fading marks of the wounds on her breasts and labia.

Schroeder gave her clitoris a nip. “Here you can call me ‘Master’.

“Yes, Master,” Lisl said with a thrill running through the moist warmth of her sheath. She gasped softly as his fingers left her bud and he slid two of them into her sex from behind. Lying on her left side, she bent her right leg up and forwards to give him easier access. For several minutes he toyed with her pussy in silence, rubbing his iron-hard cock

along the groove between her buttocks and heightening their pain. With her sex tingling and wet, it felt very nice.

“Do you like sodomy, Lisl?” he asked.

She stopped her breathy moans long enough to answer. “Yes, if it pleases you, Master.”

He gave a short laugh. “A very diplomatic reply. It seems you paid attention to my advice about self-preservation.” His fingers left her shivering pussy and pressed against her anus. Lisl relaxed her sphincter and allowed the digits, warm and slick with her juices, to thrust inside. A minute later, with the raw stripes on her buttocks smarting wickedly under the pressure of his hand, Schroeder pulled them apart and sank his broad-headed shaft into her rear. He pushed deep and held himself there, one arm around her waist, pulling her hard against him and crushing her scorching bottom against his belly. Lisl wriggled.

“Be still, my helpless little slave girl,” Schroeder whispered and stroked his fingers over the top of her right breast. “Rub yourself.”

Eagerly, Lisl reached a hand to her pussy and obeyed. The wonderful tickling in her bud increased under the movements of her palm as she worked her middle finger over the swollen slivers of her inner-labia.

“Ever been in love, Lisl?” the SS man asked over the sound of her rapid breathing.

“No, Master,” she said huskily. She knew why he was not thrusting into her.

“Do you think love really exists? The romantic, storybook sort, I mean.” He seemed genuinely interested in what her answer to his odd question would be.

“No, Master.”

“Neither do I. Do you think there are other kinds? Between men and women, that is. What did you feel for the man who was your master? The one who was killed?”

“I...” Lisl stopped moving the finger in her sex. “He kept me prisoner. He used me and beat me.”

“As I do. Did you hate him for it?”

“Yes,” Lisl admitted, though she feared how Schroeder would react.

“Yet, did you not also, in some perverse way, feel affection for him too? You could never like him. But did you not, in spite of yourself, grow to love him?”

Lisl’s belly shrank. That was exactly how she had felt, torn between the two extremes of emotion, knowing what he had taken from her but also what he had given her in return. She had never been able to resolve the inner conflict it had caused her. She had resented her Master for robbing her of her free will and imposing his on her, but still she had felt a devotion to him, and sometimes even an intense gratitude.

“Yes, Master,” she admitted reluctantly.

Schroeder squeezed her breast. “Don’t stop rubbing yourself.” His cock twitched in her rectum as she started moving her finger again and the tremors teasing her sex increased. “Do you...? Do you think...?” His hesitancy seemed incongruous coming from a man who always seemed so supremely self-confident. “Do you think you could feel that love for me?”

Lisl almost stopped masturbating again with the shock. He wanted her to love him? It was incredible and inconceivable. Yet, was he really so different from her first master? She rubbed her palm harder on her clit, purring at its shivering response.

“Well?” he asked. “You would be more than just one of my whores. You could be mine alone. We may be opposites when it comes to how we take pleasure from pain, but we are both trapped by our needs. In our different ways we are both slaves. We cannot help but give in to our desires when they come upon us. I can make sure you have no choice but to give in every day.”

The ripples of delight in Lisl’s pussy suddenly became a single, crashing wave of indescribable pleasure. What Schroeder had been waiting for had happened. As the wild, irresistible spasms of her orgasm surged through her pussy, her anus contracted uncontrollably around the big shaft sunk deep into Lisl’s bowels.

The SS man rolled her onto her belly, trapping her hand against her frantically quivering pussy, and thrust hard into her tender rear opening. She climaxed twice more before his frenzied lunges ceased and an animal growl of intense pleasure escaped his lips as he came. Breathing hard, he collapsed onto Lisl’s sweat-sheened body, his cock still sunk to the hilt inside her anus.

“You didn’t answer my question,” he said when his heaving chest allowed him to get the words out. “Is anything holding you back?”

Still trembling in the aftershocks of her climax, Lisl spoke softly. “The magneto, Master.”

He laughed, and the jiggling of his half-hard cock in her anus reawakened the fading tremors in her sheath.

“Is that all, little slave girl? I promise you will never feel the current again. Now will you give me an answer?”

“Yes, Master,” Lisl said, drowsy and dreamy in the aftermath of orgasm. “Oh yes, please!”

Lisl worried about how eagerly she had given her reply through the whole of the journey back to the castle the next morning. When they arrived, Dieter Bauer was bold enough to give her his hand to help her from the car. She smiled her thanks but he did not smile back. Lisl looked over her shoulder as she hurried after Schroeder and saw the man watching her. He was slowly shaking his head.

* * * * *

Friday 6th September 1944, 1515 hours

“Ooh, Jenny, yes!” Pam cooed as the girl’s tongue parted the plump crescents of her pussy-lips, licked the length of her hot, wet slit and thrust itself beneath the folds of her hood to flicker over her swelling clitoris. Knees bent, Pam sat astride the Major, who was leaning against the headboard of the bed holding her back against his barrel-chest while he pinched and teased her aching-hard nipples. The wonderful thick, rigid length of his cock was sunk to the hilt in her shivering anus. Jenny lay before them both, head between Pam’s parted thighs, lapping deliciously at her wriggling pussy.

Pam had begun to wonder about the ease with which the young lieutenant had taken to performing with her, in contrast to the reluctance she continued to show when Audley-Towne used her. From the knowledge Jenny clearly had about how to pleasure one of her own sex, and more so the skill she demonstrated when doing it, Pam suspected she had experienced it before. She remembered her own temptations at her Swiss finishing school. Jenny, she had learned, had attended a private academy for girls.

Pam had been less surprised by Kay Parker's reaction when, at one of the Thursday punishment sessions a couple of weeks earlier, the Major had asked her if she would lick Pam's pussy if he told her to.

"Of course, Master," the girl had replied, and had seemed astonished that he had even thought it possible she might refuse.

Kay had also been too skilful not to have done it before, Pam had quickly realised when she had lain with her bottom at the edge of the improvised interrogation table, gripping the backs of her knees to hold her legs up and apart. The girl's lips and tongue had tickled and tantalised her pussy to a furious arousal that the Major's order for the girls to swap positions had prevented from being fulfilled.

Pam's increased excitement when he had handcuffed her wrists behind her back before making her bury her face between Kay's thighs had turned to burning embarrassment when Audley-Towne had called Webster into the room. Grinning broadly, they had both watched while she licked the girl's blonde-furred sex and sucked her little bud until Kay's juices had flooded Pam's mouth.

Then, with the fluids from the girl's orgasm still dribbling down her chin, Audley-Towne had given Pam a brisk dozen strokes with the cane, dealt the same to Kay's pert backside and taken the girl off to her cell. Webster had not bound Pam to the table, but she had known better than to move when he had taken the whip he almost always used on her and begun lashing her already blazing buttocks.

For some unknown reason, he had flogged her wickedly hard and dealt her more strokes than he usually did, then used her mercilessly in front and rear. To her amazement, not only had she climaxed from the feeling of his big cock in her pussy but also when Webster had sodomised her, even though her cuffed hands had prevented her from rubbing her bud.

The memory made Pam squirm down hard onto the massive meat in her anus and tighten her sphincter around it. She could feel the tender, aching membranes of her rectum stretching and yielding to its enormous girth. Her sex rippled with tremors of delight. The fresh ridges overlying the welts that the Major's cane had scored across Pam's buttocks the previous day intensified her pain. Oh, hell! The fiery smarting intensified her pleasure too.

It was getting harder to tell the sensations apart. The dividing line that had once separated them so clearly had blurred in Pam's mind. The two feelings overlapped now, coalescing so that sometimes her pain became pleasure and her pleasure pain. Sometimes they seemed to mingle so much that one was totally indistinguishable from the other.

After such moments, Pam despised herself. She was weak, spineless, pathetic. She surrendered every time without even a token effort to resist. She had been astounded when Audley-Towne had described Kay as a sex slave. Now, Pam knew, she was a slave herself. And not only was she accepting her slavery more easily with every passing day, she was enjoying it. Her belly gave a horrified flip at the awful realisation, but it made her anus clench around the Major's cock and her pussy wriggled madly and squirmed faster against Jenny's lapping tongue.

Pam might have come then if the ringing of the telephone downstairs had not penetrated the tangled emotions whirling through her brain. Audley-Towne swore, lifted Pam as if she weighed nothing, pulled her off his gigantic penis and dumped her on the bed.

"Keep it up, Jenny," he ordered. "It will soon be Pammy who's licking your snatch. She'll get you nice and wet and ready for a good fuck."

The girl lowered her mouth once more to Pam's pouting sex but she did not spread her thighs to welcome Jenny's probing tongue.

"Are you all right?" she asked as soon as she was sure the Major was beyond earshot.

Jenny looked up at her. Pam saw her eyes were bright from more than just the tears brimming her eyelids. The always-erect nipples on her small, hard breasts had swelled beyond their usual size and one of her hands kept sliding across her belly towards her shaven pussy. She really *was* enjoying it, Pam realised.

"I... I'm trying, Pam. It's hard sometimes. I... I get confused about what I feel. Especially at the weekend."

During the week, thanks to her job, Jenny remained on the base and sometimes managed to spend a whole day without being molested or abused by the Major. From Friday evenings until Monday mornings, however, she had to stay at his cottage, always available for his use, and naked unless she was wearing the leather straps that held her dildo and

anal-plug in place. Audley-Towne had introduced her to the hard rubber on the day of her entrapment, even before he had taken her for the first time.

Jenny's fingers fluttered to her pussy again, and Pam's eyes followed their movements. The pink, little nub of the girl's clit had emerged. She blushed as Pam looked back at her face.

"It feels so different now... now that it's b... bare," she stammeringly explained.

The Major had started making the girl's shave one another's sexes while he sat naked in an armchair watching, with his huge cock rearing up in front of him. Then he would make them lie side by side on the carpet, spread themselves, and masturbate for him. Pam could never take her eyes off his shaft while she did it. It always seemed as if it was beckoning her as she lay panting and pushing her fingers deep into her pussy. And Jenny seemed to get much more excited lying next to her and playing with herself than when Audley-Towne, as he invariably did, had them both suck him afterwards.

Pam knew it was more than the still-unfamiliar smoothness of the girl's hairless mound that made Jenny's breathing fast and shallow, and not entirely embarrassment that had brought a flush to her cheeks. The girl lowered her eyes.

"Pam," she said, "do you... do you like the things I do?"

"Oh, yes, Jenny," Pam replied truthfully, but she could not prevent herself giving a wry smile. Jenny suddenly flung herself into her arms.

"Oh, I wish it was just you and I. I hate the Major. He does such hurtful things to both of us. And I hate his horrid cock too, even if it does make me feel all tickly inside."

Pam knew she used the word cock only because she did not know any other word to describe it.

Jenny gave her a shocked look. "Oh! I shouldn't have...."

"Don't blame yourself," Pam told her. She understood all too well the girl's guilt. She felt a sudden rush of sympathy. "We have to try and make the best of an awful situation. There's nothing wrong with taking pleasure when you can from what you are made to do. It helps make it bearable."

“He... he showed me the pictures he took of us,” Jenny said. “I know it isn’t your fault but they were horrible. Daddy has a bad heart. If he ever saw them...” She shuddered.

Pam tightened her arms around the girl’s warm, lithe body. Her skin felt pleasantly damp and Pam was suddenly very aware of the rich scent of Jenny’s arousal. Her nostrils flared.

“Isn’t there a way we can escape him?” Jenny asked, sounding more despondent than hopeful.

“Only one, short of murder,” Pam replied and sighed. “We could tell him to go to hell and send his pictures wherever he likes. And I’ve thought of doing it more than once, believe me. But it means losing everything - family, friends, status, reputation, and hurting others too. We would end up on the streets and penniless.”

Jenny gave her a sharp look. “Oh, I couldn’t bear that!” Her face was very close to Pam’s, her brown, doe-eyes shining, her red lips glossy and parted slightly as if in invitation. She need only move an inch or two, Pam thought, and her own would meet them.

It was Jenny who moved, brushing her mouth tantalisingly over Pam’s. The older girl did the same. Abruptly, her lips were seized in a long, greedy kiss. A tongue met her own, warred with it briefly then plunged into her hot mouth. Pam responded in kind. She could feel Jenny’s hard little teats and stiff nipples pressing into her own full-fleshed mounds and her belly flatten against the girl’s as they pulled each other closer. She ran a hand over the taut muscles of Jenny’s narrow buttocks, and then trailed her fingers over her hip and down to her hairless mound and the slick, stiff bud of her clitoris. At the same moment, the young girl’s fingers momentarily teased Pam’s swelling inner sex lips and slid deeper into the moist heat of her quivering pussy. She moaned against Jenny’s eager mouth.

One short but delicious minute later, Pam was halfway to orgasm and knew that Jenny was too. Gasping, she broke their lingering kiss to moan and roll her head as a powerful tremor shivered through her. With slitted, passion-clouded eyes she glanced towards the doorway. Pam froze in sudden dread. How the hell could she have forgotten the Major?

Audley-Towne was leaning against the doorframe, arms folded, his great baton of a cock curving upwards past his navel. He had obviously been there long enough to see exactly what was going on. Pam pulled her

fingers free of Jenny's wet sex and heard the sucking sounds her own pussy made as the girl did the same. She gulped. The Major's wicked grin of self-satisfaction was on his face. She waited for the usual gleeful sarcasm he used to toy with her when he had caught her disobeying him and was deciding how to punish her.

"How soon before Kay finishes her unarmed combat training, Pammy?" he demanded.

Pam took a second to get over her surprise. "Only a few more days, sir. Sergeant Macgregor reported she has a natural killer instinct."

Audley-Towne snorted. "That's hard to believe."

"I thought so too," Pam agreed, "but he says she's one of the best he's ever trained, sir."

"As long as she's finished soon. See she fits in some of that familiarisation training you're so set on her getting before she goes to parachute school. It'll save time when she gets back."

"Has something happened, sir?" Pam dared to ask.

The Major rubbed his hands together and grinned again. "That was Herberts from the RAF on the 'phone. They've made a plane available for her drop. It won't be much longer before she's on her way." He laughed. "And you've just called me 'sir' three times in a row, Pammy. Have you forgotten how you address me at home?"

Pam's belly tightened. "No, Master."

"All the same, I think your backside better have a reminder," he said.

"Oh, Master! My poor bottom is-."

"Mine to punish when I decide it deserves punishing," he finished for her. "That *is* what you were going to say, isn't it?"

The tremors still teasing Pam's pussy quickened. "Yes, Master."

He nodded. "But first there's the matter of two naughty girls who disobeyed my orders to deal with."

Pam heard Jenny's sharp intake of breath and felt the girl's hand close tight on her forearm. Audley-Towne eyed them both sternly.

"Your pussies got the pleasure, so it's right that they should get the punishment too."

The girls looked at each other in alarm. The Major went to his whip-rack and took down a short-handled little flogger, four leather thongs with their ends tied together in a tight knot.

“I’ve been wanting to try this. Now you’ve given me just cause.”

There was nothing just about it, Pam thought with a flutter of fear. It was no comfort that for once he had not called her pussy a ‘snatch’.

“I think I had better tie you young ladies down for this experience,” the Major said with a smile of cruel anticipation. “I’ve a feeling neither of you are going to be able to keep still for a pussy-whipping.” He dangled the ugly, frightening little flogger before their eyes. “Don’t you agree?”

Once more Pam and Jenny swapped anxious looks. They answered together with the only response they could give.

“Yes, Master.”

* * * * *

Friday, November 25th 1944, 2140 hours.

The awful pressure on Lisl’s pussy-lips increased. She felt a sharp stab of pain, followed by two more in quick succession. The flesh of her labia stretched grotesquely, and for a moment agonisingly before it yielded to the wicked point being forced through its sensitive flesh.

“There,” Heike said, smiling her satisfaction down at Lisl’s grimacing face, “that’ll teach your naughty pussy to spill its sticky juice on my clean table, won’t it?” She drew back to admire the sight of the safety pin she had just thrust through Lisl’s outer-labia, and that of the other five that had preceded it. “I said, won’t it?” Heike pinched hard on the helpless girl’s erect clitoris.

“Ow! Yes, Miss Heike,” Lisl gasped. She was on her back on a five-foot square, wooden table, her arms stretched above her, wrists attached by leather cuffs to a metal rail screwed to the table’s edge. Her ankles were bound to another rail at the opposite end, and straps above each of her bent knees held her legs apart to expose her sex to Heike’s torture.

The girl-guards had come for Lisl shortly after she had had her evening meal and just before she had expected to be taken for her duty shift in the hall. Giggling and prodding her with their whips, they had fixed a leash to her clitoral ring and taken her to their quarters on one of the castle’s upper floors. The shock and pain of a cold-water enema in the bathroom had set Lisl’s bowels griping and gurgling while the girls

stripped naked, laughing at her distressed writhing and giving an occasional slap to her grossly distended belly.

They had continued laughing when Heidi had pulled out the fat plug she had forced into Lisl's anus and the girl had quickly squatted, cringing in humiliation as she emptied her tormented bowels into the toilet bowl. Cleaned up, again with ice-cold water, and still with the leash on her clitoris, Lisl had been pulled to the double bed and dragged down between the two girl-guards. While Heike and Heidi had kissed and played with each other's big breasts, they had made her thrust her fingers and tongue into their pussies and suck on their buds until they were bright pink and engorged with blood.

A dozen strikes with a thin cane from each girl had come next, which Lisl had found less distressing than the enema, and as stimulating as it was painful. The evidence of that had been plain to see when her clitoris had swelled as she was caned, much to the amusement of her tormentors. They had laid her freshly smarting bottom back on the bed, and while Heidi had straddled Lisl's face and rubbed her sex back and forth over her nose and mouth, Heike had strapped on a very large, pink rubber dildo and fucked Lisl energetically until they had both orgasmed. It had not been Lisl's last climax of the evening.

Before she could even get her breath back, she had found Heike's pussy pressing down onto her lips, and as she had obediently thrust her tongue inside it Heidi had penetrated her anus with the same strap-on dildo. That had not been so pleasant, half-suffocating under Heike's sex and with her bowels stabbing her painfully as Heidi lunged the thick rubber hard and deep into her rectum.

As the time had passed, the girl-guards had grown bored with making Lisl suck their hard nipples and lick their pussies. As she had expected, it was Heike, the more dominant of the two, who had tired of the game first.

"You're coming altogether too much for my liking, pretty," she had said. "I think you're getting ideas above your station too, since Schroeder seems to have taken such a fancy to you. It's high time you had a reminder of just what your place here really is."

That was when they had bound Lisl to the table, legs bent so that her heels were almost touching her burning buttocks, with her inner and outer-labia swollen and tingling with arousal and her bud standing stiffly

to attention, all helpless and bare for the pain that had followed. Heike had not begun with the safety pins. First she had used a short, tapering wooden rod, no thicker than a pencil at its tip, on the insides of Lisl's thighs. The first fiery slash to the delicate skin there had made her cry out. It was not the first time she had experienced such pain, but it still brought tears to her eyes.

They had not been enough to satisfy Heike, who had turned her attention to Lisl's erect clitoris, smacking the stiff rod down onto it with unerring accuracy while Lisl writhed against her restraining straps, thighs jerking reflexively in an effort to close and protect her bruised little bud. Only when it had retreated beneath its pierced hood had Heike tutted and shaken her head at the little puddle of fluids that had leaked from Lisl's pussy to the tabletop. Then she had produced the safety pins.

The tormented girl tried to console herself with the thought that it had not been as bad as Schroeder's needles. Even so, there was barely a glimmer of excitement left prickling in her pussy when Heidi picked up the slender rod, seized the hard cone of Lisl's right nipple and stretched her firm breast upwards. She gave her six brisk smacks to the undersides of both of her teats, and then six more to their upper curves while Heike forced the safety pins through the fleshy crescents of Lisl's labia and fastened them in place.

"Oh, I almost forgot!" Heike said after giving every pin a painful pull to make sure they were firmly secured. Lisl groaned as the girl produced another one, and then gave a soft cry of despair as she flicked the shiny steel ring in her hood and delved a finger beneath its fleshy folds.

Heike grinned. "We can't leave your little clitty button out, can we, pretty? Let's see how hard it gets after I'm finished with it."

As Lisl had known it would, her clitoris stiffened under the girl's teasing touch. Belly leaping, she felt Heike take it firmly between her finger and thumb.

"Ooh, it's so slippery!" the girl-guard laughed, and nipped harder.

Looking down her naked body, Lisl watched the shining point of the pin in Heike's other hand coming closer to her defenceless bud and shut her eyes tight as it pricked her.

"Oh, that hurts!" she rasped as the thin, sharp metal thrust into her incredibly sensitive tissue. "Oh, god, how that hurts!" She felt the point

sink agonisingly into her flesh and Heike pushed it through to reappear at its opposite side.

“Good,” the girl-guard said. “That’s one thing I can be sure you didn’t enjoy.” She watched Lisl’s bud shrink rapidly before her eyes until the pin was pressing against the ring that pierced its hood. “Now what shall we do next?” she asked her with a wicked smile.

“We shouldn’t leave her too marked,” Heidi said. “Schroeder won’t like her messed up. And remember what he said about putting us on the next transport if we go too far.”

“Oh, balls!” Heike said. “You know he relies on us too much to ever do that. He’s just trying to scare us.” She ran her fingers over the thin, red weals on the insides of Lisl’s thighs, and giggled when the girl whimpered in pain. “But we like playing with little pretty here too much for him to frighten us away, don’t we? Anyway, we all know where he’s gone, and that he won’t be back from ‘foreign parts’ until tomorrow. He’ll think one of the guests had her, and pretty knows better than to tell him differently, don’t you?” She emphasised her words with a hard squeeze to Lisl’s left breast.

“Ow! Yes, Miss Heike.”

“I know,” the girl-guard said with a grin, “let’s tie her tits really tight so they go black like that Steffi bitch’s did.”

“I want to fist her,” Heidi said, producing a small bottle and running a trickle of oil down her right arm from elbow to palm.

Lisl gulped and struggled against her restraints.

“Don’t you like fisting, Lisl? Hasn’t anyone ever done it to you before?”

“No, Miss Heidi. Please, I... please don’t.” She knew it was useless but the idea terrified Lisl so much she could not stop herself from begging.

“I love it,” Heidi continued and gave a little shiver that made her heavy teats sway. “Especially when I shove my hand up a girl’s bum-hole, and *most* especially if she’s never had it done to her before. That’s the best of all.”

“And she can suck my clitty ’til I come while you’re doing it,” Heike added. “Then we’ll tie her tits up and play punch-ball with them. Remember how Steffi cried when we did that?”

Heike straddled Lisl's face again, the ripe aroma of her arousal once more filling the helpless girl's nostrils. Usually the scent of sex was enough to send a quiver through her pussy, but she was too afraid of the pain to come.

"I'll wait until you get your arm up her," Heike told Heidi. "That way, pretty can see you do it before she starts licking my pussy."

Heidi laughed, bubbling with anticipation and excitement. "Give me a minute and I'll be tickling her tonsils while her tongue's inside you."

Lisl gave a startled cry and a long groan at the sudden pressure against her anus. Heidi was trying to force four fingers into her at the same time. She tried to relax, but her fear kept tightening her sphincter as the pressure got worse. Heidi pushed harder, working her fingers through the muscular knot and spreading them to force it wider.

Lisl gave a long, juddering groan, and then cried out suddenly as her constricted opening suddenly yielded with a fierce sting and a long, awful stabbing pain. A second later, gasping and rolling her head between Heike's thighs, she felt it widen further as Heidi thrust her well-muscled forearm deep into Lisl's shuddering bowels.

The girl-guard laughed delightedly. "Ooh, she's tight, Heike! Just the way I like them."

Heike laughed too. "And it's time she got her tongue in my pussy." She lowered her sex to Lisl's mouth.

The door burst open and slammed hard against the wall.

Chapter 14

Heike leapt off Lisl's face and the girl gave a cry as Heidi abruptly yanked her arm out of her pain-racked rectum.

Schroeder took a pace into the room. Heike and Heidi took a pace away from him. If he was angered by what he saw, there was no evidence of it on his face so far as Lisl could see. His ice-blue eyes narrowed as he stared at each of the girl-guards in turn. Slowly, he lifted his slim riding crop and bent it between his hands. He nodded towards Lisl's bound figure.

"Let her go." His voice was level and quiet. "Go and clean up," he told her when she was free.

She went to the bathroom, pressed a cold, damp cloth to the angry stripes on her thighs and breasts, carefully, but still painfully, removed the safety pins and bathed the wounds they had caused her sex. Her clitoris hurt most.

"What did I tell you would happen if you didn't control yourselves?" she heard Schroeder ask. His voice was louder but still devoid of feeling. Two loud cracks and two cries of pain told Lisl his crop had struck painfully on bare flesh.

"What did I tell you crazy bitches?" This time Lisl heard rising anger in his voice. "Well, I'm not putting you on the next transport," he said without giving them a chance to reply. "I'm going to see if a meeting with the magneto can make you obey orders in future."

There was something very satisfying about hearing the two smug, arrogant bitches begging, Lisl thought. She had no doubt Schroeder meant what he said and was sure Heidi and Heike believed it too. He would take as much pleasure watching them thrashing uncontrollably from the fierce surge of the current as he did anyone else. Lisl thought it prudent to remain in the bathroom after she had finished soothing her hurts. She heard the SS man talking but not what he said, nor the girl-guards replies, until the conversation ended with a loud "Yes, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer" from both of them.

"Here, Lisl," Schroeder called.

Belly fluttering, she stepped from the bathroom and was astonished to see Heidi bent over the table with Heike buckling the leather straps

around her lover's thighs to secure them to the metal rail at its edge. Heidi's wrists were already bound to the opposite rail, and as Heike completed fastening her in place and stepped back, Lisl noticed a vivid red streak across the upper swell of the girl's right breast. Heike looked at Schroeder and seemed to shrink from the ghost-smile on his lips.

"Go," he barked, and when she reached for her uniform, "Go as you are, and hurry."

Naked, the girl fled.

"Are you all right?" he asked Lisl.

She nipped her painfully expanded sphincter tighter. "Yes, thank you, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer."

He nodded, and then waited silently. Heidi was breathing fast and noisily and giving him occasional wary glances over her shoulder, which he ignored. After a few minutes, Heike rushed back into the room, big breasts bouncing wildly and her face scarlet as she stopped before the SS man and held out a whip like the one he used during interrogations. He made the girl-guard close the door and stand at one side of the table where she would have a clear view.

"These disobedient bitches have chosen to take a whipping for defying my orders rather than face the current," he told Lisl, positioning her at the other side of the table to Heike. She understood completely. It was the same choice she would have made. As he gave the whip a trial swing and it hissed through the air, she winced, but not nearly as much as Heike and Heidi did. The girl bound over the table gave a despairing groan. Lisl remembered what they had said about the Sturmbannfuehrer being away overnight. That was a mistaken assumption both girls were about to pay for.

Schroeder lashed the whip across Heidi's out-thrust buttocks. It cracked like a pistol-shot as it struck the broad, muscular rounds and made them bounce vigorously. They seemed to vibrate under the impact and Lisl saw a fiery red line appear in the blink of an eye across the girl-guard's pale-skinned rear-cheeks. Her bottom had scarcely stopped quivering from the blow when a second landed on it with as much force as the first.

Give the girl her due, Lisl allowed, she took twelve viciously hard strokes before more than a grunt escaped her lips. After that, as more

scarlet streaks crisscrossed the ones already deepening to crimson on her wriggling backside, she howled louder with every blow.

Schroeder stopped after twenty-five, turned the whip and held out the butt-end to Lisl. She stared at it blankly.

“Herr Sturmbannfuehrer?”

“It was you they hurt. Don’t you want to take a little revenge?”

“Herr Sturm-.” Heidi began to protest.

“Shut your mouth,” Schroeder snarled, “or you *will* feel the electricity.” He thrust the whip into Lisl’s hand. “Here. I promised them fifty. You can give them half.” His hard eyes turned on Heike but not before Lisl had seen the red fire rising in them. “And they can count themselves lucky. I doubt you can hit as hard as I do.”

Lisl grasped the whip. It felt heavy; much weightier than the cane she had used to flog Hanna. Whatever was under the leather sleeve covering it was much stiffer and denser than any cane, and she knew from personal experience that it hurt a lot more. Hesitantly, she took position where Schroeder had stood and raised the long, inflexible instrument. Her pussy gave a little, tickling tremor as she stared at the red ridges it had already raised on Heidi’s tender bottom. Serve the bitch right, she thought and swung the whip as hard as she could.

“Aah! Ooh! Ow!” Heidi wriggled her ravaged backside, legs trembling and her whole upper body writhing as Lisl’s ill-aimed stroke bit into the flesh where her thighs and buttocks joined. Lisl paused, changed her grip on the whip-handle slightly, and swung again. The second lash cracked across the apex of the girl’s bottom where Schroeder had already scored a dozen welts that had split her skin. Heidi howled, hips squirming from side to side almost seductively. Warmth spread through Lisl’s lower belly and her sex suddenly quivered. She gave a start, saw Schroeder watching her, and lashed the whip down hard again, remembering the advice he had given her when she had flogged Hanna, and remembering also the satisfaction dealing the blows had given her.

The same pleasurable sensation was filling her again as she inexpertly but enthusiastically smacked the hard, leather-covered rod into bare, bouncing flesh and felt the teasing arousal growing stronger in her pussy. It strengthened with every lash that cracked on Heidi’s bottom and every anguished cry she gave. The abrupt jolt that travelled up Lisl’s arm every time its forward motion was stopped by the jarring impact of

the whip on the girl's buttocks seemed to transmit itself through her whole body until it reached her sex and became a ripple of pleasure that coursed the full length of her sheath.

Oh, how good it felt! It was as good as that moment when she was taking a flogging and had reached the point when the pain and pleasure were alternating so rapidly that they became one wonderful, overwhelming sensation. That was when she knew the slightest touch to her shivering sex or straining bud would tip her over the edge and plunge her head first into the wild, spasming delight of her climax.

Lisl lashed the last stroke onto Heidi's blood-streaked buttocks, relishing her final shriek of pain and the trembling and anguished gasps that followed it. Panting, she lowered the whip and felt the sweat running between her bare, hard-nippled breasts and her shoulder blades, and down the crease in her backside to the wet heat radiating from her tingling pussy. Schroeder gave her a shrewd look and his thin smile before he released Heidi. He made her stand with her hands on her head, shaking in shock and reaction, while he secured Heike in her place. The girl was pale. She had seen the skin on Heidi's buttocks split and the blood trickling down their ravaged rounds even before Lisl had begun laying on her share of the fifty strokes.

The girl-prisoner's intense arousal did not diminish as Heike writhed under the whip's bite. She too was strong, holding out until she had taken fifteen lashes before she broke and began to thrash and shriek. Schroeder seemed to flog her even more savagely than he had Heidi. Like Lisl, he knew that of the two girl-guards, it was Heike who was the leader.

The feeling of intense anticipation Lisl felt when he passed her the whip for a second time was astounding, frightening and incredibly exhilarating. Seldom before, even during the most stimulating acts of sex and punishment, had the blood sung in her veins the way it was singing now. Heidi had fisted Lisl in a most painful and humiliating way, but Heike had forced the pins through her pussy, and even more cruelly, through her poor clit, and the whole thing had undoubtedly been her idea.

Lisl lashed her unmercifully, sparing herself nothing to put as much strength into her arm as she could. Each of her blows landed with a deeply fulfilling, sharp smack much louder than a hand-clap on the jerking and bouncing cheeks of Heike's broad, solid buttocks. Each tore

an increasingly hoarse cry of pain from the girl that made the quivers in Lisl's sex come faster and more fervently. And each was smearing the blood seeping from Heike's torn and savaged skin across the livid weals the whip was carving into the helpless girl's flesh.

Helpless, Lisl thought. Heike was utterly helpless, completely at her mercy. Hers to do with as she pleased. Her pussy convulsed suddenly, rippling and wriggling in a long, delicious orgasm. It overtook her so unexpectedly and so powerfully that the stroke she was in the act of delivering to Heike's jouncing and jiggling rear-cheeks missed completely and landed with a meaty crack on the backs of the girl's thighs. The jarring contact once more vibrated through Lisl's body and provoked another shuddering climax. Sheath quivering with a fervour she had seldom felt before, she lowered her arm and stood panting and shaking as her juices flowed and her head spun with the pleasure even as it whirled in utter confusion.

Schroeder was laughing. She looked up into redly-glowing eyes as he took the whip from her and slashed the last stroke of the twenty-five backhanded across Heike's bottom.

"Revenge is sweet, eh, Lisl? Though I didn't expect you to extract it with quite so much gusto. I suspected that you enjoyed flogging Kempfer, but not half as much as these two, it seems. It's the first time they've been on the receiving end. And I *know* you enjoyed dishing it out for a change."

Still breathless and with her pussy quivering in delight, she lowered her gaze. She felt guilty and embarrassed, not because of what she had done but because Schroeder had seen her do it and had understood how it had affected her.

"You're quite the mystery girl, aren't you, Lisl? I wonder how many more surprises you have in store for me." He pointed his whip at Heike and Heidi. "They're in for another first now. These two insolent lesbian bitches are going to learn how to suck my cock. And they had better do a good job or they'll feel my crop on their big tits." His red gaze intensified at the girls' horrified gasps, and he laughed. The sound had an edge to it, Lisl thought, a very sharp and very cruel edge.

"Go to the sentry at the end of the corridor and tell him I said to take you back to your cell," Schroeder told her, and began unbuttoning his trousers. Lisl looked at the expression of dread on Heidi's blood-

drained face and Heike's raw buttocks jiggling as she tugged anxiously at her confining straps, then stumbled from the room on very unsteady legs.

Her sex was still wet and tickling with excitement and her mind still grappling with her newfound knowledge. She had known for years that receiving pain aroused her. She had never imagined that inflicting pain could be even more arousing. Yet, however much Lisl did not want to believe it, she could not deny that she had enjoyed flogging Heike and Heidi. She had enjoyed it more than anything she had ever done before.

* * * * *

Wednesday, September 27th 1944, 1330 hours.

Pam looked around the interrogation room and then into the empty cell where Kay usually slept, and where Audley-Towne used her or Pam or Jenny, or all of them together when it suited him.

"She's gone," Pam said, suddenly very anxious. "Kay isn't here."

The Major chortled. "She's on her way, Corporal. At last the mission has begun."

"But her training isn't complete until the thirtieth."

"Balls! It was just more of that familiarisation stuff. I cancelled it."

"But it was information about the enemy. It could have helped save her life." It was the first time for weeks Pam had showed the Major anything except meek acceptance, but what she had never believed would amount to anything had finally really happened. Kay was going into Occupied Europe, and every minute she was there her life would be in danger. She had only her wits and her training to help her survive.

"If she hadn't gone now, there wouldn't have been much point sending her at all," Audley-Towne said. "With the speed Jerry's retreating the war would have been over. Now shut your mouth, Pammy and get your clothes off. You too, Jenny."

"M... Master," Pam said warily, "it's Wednesday."

"I know what bloody day it is," he snapped. "Do as you're told."

Pam could strip very fast now, and Jenny was not far behind her. They stood naked but for their waist-belts and crotch straps.

"Get your plugs out too," the Major ordered.

Pam did not feel quite complete or content without the constant stimulation of the hard, black rubber in her pussy and anus. It kept her warm, pleasurable buzz of arousal always thrumming in the background as she went about her duties at work or at home. She felt a tug of regret as she removed them.

As soon as he had been confident of Jenny's complete compliance, Audley-Towne had introduced her to the Thursday ritual of the 'daily dozen'. Kay, of course, had shown no surprise or uttered any protest when Lieutenant Daniels had appeared, stripped herself naked and submitted to the twelve strokes with the cane that the submissive girl accepted as being the natural order of things. Jenny had not taken it with anything like the same composure, or pleasure, that Kay always did.

Pam remembered the young girl's total mortification when Private Webster had appeared on that same occasion and had looked down at her bound helplessly over the table with her bottom striped red and her ankles bound well apart, revealing her freshly shaven pussy to his coarse gaze. Her shock and tearful humiliation when she had learned that he too could use her as he pleased had been heart-rending for Pam to watch. The girl's tormented screams as Webster had plied the whip hard across her buttocks for the first time added to Pam's disquiet about her part in the girl's entrapment. Jenny's anguished cries as Webster fucked her hard straight afterwards had made her feel even worse.

By that time, Pam had been on her knees in the cell, licking out the spunk Audley-Towne had just finished pumping into Kay's pussy, with the downy, dark-blond curls that had gradually appeared on the girl's love-mound over the weeks tickling the end of her nose. Inevitably, as she had continued tonguing her sex, Kay had climaxed and spilled her juices into Pam's open mouth. In the beginning she had envied the ease and speed with which Kay always seemed to come. Now, very nearly constantly aroused, Pam could do it almost as quickly herself and regularly experienced the same kind of multiple orgasms she had many times seen convulsing Kay's sex.

The swipe of the Major's cane on her flank brought Pam painfully back to the present.

"Over the pipe, both of you," he barked.

Pam was confused. She was never beaten on Wednesdays. Though Audley-Towne often took her to Interrogation during the first

half of the week to watch Kay, and sometimes Jenny, take a caning, and might use her afterwards, she did not have to suffer the strokes herself. How much suffering was actually involved these days, Pam asked herself, when the mere sight of a cane or the thought of the Major's cock, or even Webster's or Colonel Glover's, was enough to make her pussy quiver with anticipation?

It was quivering as she folded her belly down onto the padded pipe and gripped the lower bar in front of it with both hands. Beside her, Jenny was doing the same and giving little mewls of distress between her rapid breaths. For her, there was more of pain than pleasure in feeling the cane bite deep into her tender buttocks.

Jenny had, however, begun coming frequently when Audley-Towne fucked her. She climaxed particularly enthusiastically if, as he often did, the Major made her lie back onto Pam with her head between her big breasts and had the older girl play with the younger one's nipples while he thrust into her. Pam liked it too. She was not so keen on his other recent game of coming in one or other of their mouths and making the girl with her mouth full of semen let it flow slowly between the other's lips. Pam was always glad when she was the one giving rather than receiving. It meant she escaped having to swallow so much of the horrid slime. She still hated the taste of spunk, but the feel of the Major's club-headed cock stretching her jaws and filling her mouth always sent thrilling shivers through her sex.

So did the scorch of the cane as he struck his first blow. He alternated his strokes between the full rounds of Pam's bottom and Jenny's tight, boyish buttocks until the twenty-four strokes had been shared equally between them. Jenny gave a startled yelp as an additional slash cracked on her narrow backside when she began to rise.

"Wait until you're told," Audley-Towne said, then immediately ordered them to stand up. He took a small bottle from his pocket. "Get those bum-holes oiled up."

That was another recent innovation, thought up by the Major after he had had so much difficulty forcing his way through Jenny's very tight little sphincter the first time he had buggered her. Pam knew it was not to spare her or Jenny any pain when he pushed his huge cock up their rear entrances, but just to make it quicker and easier for him to start lunging deep into their bowels. He clearly enjoyed watching them take turns

applying the oil too, their fingers pushing into each other's little puckered openings and rubbing until their tight knots relaxed, then stretched, then gaped under the pressure of the oily digits. Despite her embarrassment and the knowledge of what would follow, it was obvious that Jenny enjoyed it a great deal also.

Today was no exception. Though she yelped and flinched when she bent over to grip her ankles and Pam touched her freshly caned bottom, she was soon panting and moaning as the older girl worked two lubricating fingers as far as she could into Jenny's anus. Soon she caught the tangy ripeness of the girl's woman-scent and saw the glisten of moisture on the plump red inner-labia that swelled from between Jenny's outer ones. Her arousal would not last, Pam thought. It was unfortunate. Of all the many forms of sex the innocent young girl had been introduced to in her few short weeks of slavery, Jenny hated the sodomy more than anything else.

Pam was unfortunate too, that Private Webster appeared when it was her turn to be bent double and have Jenny's fingers sunk into her anus. She still had sufficient self-respect to cringe inwardly at her humiliation when, grinning broadly, he joined Audley-Towne behind her.

"Everything go as planned?" the Major asked. "She behaved herself?"

"Good as gold," Webster replied. "Never said a word to anyone except what concerned the mission, just like at the parachute school."

Pam had discovered the reason that Webster had flogged her so hard that day three weeks previously had been because he had been told he had to accompany Kay on her parachute training to keep an eye on her, and undergo the course himself. Obviously he had not liked the idea, and she had suffered because of it.

"I did wonder if she'd try to back out when she actually faced the fact she was on her way," Audley-Towne said, "her being what she is deep down. But then I saw how keen she was to get going and I stopped worrying." He smacked a fist into his palm. "By heaven, I think she's going to pull it off, Webster. I really think she *can* do it."

He sounded as if he was trying to convince himself, Pam thought, pussy wriggling as Jenny's fingers pushed deeper into her rectum. And he did not care about Kay at all, only that she would succeed. What the hell had he got the poor girl into?

“Take off is twenty-one-thirty, Major. She should drop around zero-three-hundred according to the RAF.”

Pam stiffened. That was a damned long flight. Where the hell was he sending her? Berlin? Oh, hell! She wouldn't put even that past Audley-Towne. Pam moaned as Jenny surreptitiously slid a hand around the front of her thigh and tickled her clitoris. Upside-down between her parted legs she saw the Major frown.

“That'll do,” he said. “Over the pipe again, the pair of you.”

When they were in position he gave each girl another lash with the cane.

“We've a couple of properly naughty girls here, Webster,” he said. “I've let them get away with taking far too many liberties while I've been distracted organising Parker's training.”

Which she had done most of, Pam thought bitterly, and it had been bloody hard work without knowing what was really going on half the time.

Audley-Towne tapped his cane on the pipe between the two bent girls. “That's all about to change, young ladies. From now on I'll have plenty of time to devote to *your* training. I'm going to make sure your performances are perfect in future, and if they aren't you can expect to suffer for it.” He replaced his cane in the rack, took down the stiff leather whip that Webster was so fond of using and handed it to the man.

“Shortly you're going to be sucking our cocks long and slowly to get them ready for those lovely, tight little arseholes. Then Webster and I are going to give you both a damned good bumming and swap over half-way through so you both get the full benefit of our cocks.” He chuckled and rubbed his big, spade-like hands together. “But first I want you to know that you haven't been getting away with those little lesbian love-sessions you've been having in my office every time I came down here to see Kay.”

Pam's belly flipped and she heard Jenny give a forlorn little wail.

“Oh, yes!” Audley-Towne laughed. “I've sneaked back a few times and watched through the window. Very entertaining it was too. But from now on you'll do it only when I tell you to. And as a reward for your impertinence, Private Webster is going to give each of you fifteen lashes with the whip before the real fun begins.”

Webster was not gentle. Just as the Major had, he alternated his fiery blows between the girls' bottoms and tore a cry of torment from their lips with every one. Both were weeping and squirming in pain when the men took out their cocks and demanded they be sucked. Bottom blazing though it was, Pam was not surprised by the tremors tickling her sex when Webster presented his thick shaft to her lips and she took it into her mouth.

It was harder to maintain her passion while she was sodomised. The painful penetration of her anus was always now joined by excited little thrills teasing her pussy, but the slapping of a belly against her smarting bottom as she was buggered made her excitement dim to the faintest of sparks.

Audley-Towne added a new gut-wrenchingly embarrassing refinement when the bummings were over. He made each girl stretch her throbbing buttocks apart and the other lap up and swallow the spunk leaking from her rear entrance. Retching and nauseous by the time she had finished, Pam was careless enough to brush a hand over the thick welts on her bottom as she replaced her anal-plug. The light touch was enough to make her tears start flowing again.

"Sir, what about Colonel Glover?" she asked impulsively. "He'll be here tomorrow. He'll see what you've done to me."

"No he won't." Audley-Towne gave her a cunning smile. "He's not coming tomorrow, or any other Thursday from now on. He can't justify making the trip since Kay has gone. No need for him to check on how her training's progressing now." His predatory grin sent a chill running down Pam's spine that reached all the way to her pussy. He lifted her face up to his when she looked away. "I told you things are going to change, Pammy. From now on you and Jenny really will get your 'daily dozen' every day." He laughed, and Webster joined in. "And very likely a good few more besides."

* * * * *

Tuesday, November 28th 1944, 1330 hours.

"The Gruppenfuehrer's car is coming down the drive," Sprenger reported, hovering nervously in the doorway of Schroeder's office.

Lisl knelt beside the desk, wishing her tongue was long enough to reach the tell-tale gob of spunk clinging to her chin. She dared not move a hand to wipe it away. It had only been moments before his subordinate had entered to give his warning that she had finished sucking Schroeder's cock. Lisl suspected he had made her do it more as a distraction from his concern than because he had really wanted it. Uncharacteristically, he had been anxious and touchy ever since the message had arrived an hour earlier notifying him of the SS-General's intended visit.

"Right, you're with me, Otto," he told Sprenger. "Heidi, take these two and get them ready." He indicated Lisl and Elke Volner who was not wearing her usual uniform cap and blouse but was naked and collared. "Watch the bastard like a hawk, Otto," Lisl heard him say as Heidi tugged the leash attached to her ringed clitoris and led her out of the room. "He's never come anywhere near this place before. I'm sure he's up to something. If we'd had more notice I'd have left before he got here. And be warned, if he's got wind of our plans, I intend to take drastic action."

"You can rely on me, Paul," Sprenger assured him, the first time Lisl had heard the man be so informal with his superior.

Schroeder had closed the brothel to all guests but Gruppenfuehrer Wahler, ostensibly because of the man's importance, more likely so there would be no one but his trusted guards to witness the 'drastic action' if it proved necessary.

It was only the guards and the girls designated to perform who were present when Heidi led Lisl and Elke into the hall. The girl-guard's pulling on the leash did not feel quite so relentless or so self-assured as it had the night Heidi and Heike had dragged her to their room. Neither did Heidi seem to be walking with her usual briskness, Lisl thought with a certain satisfaction. It appeared the girl was still feeling the effects of the lashes she had laid across her buttocks only three nights earlier.

Heike too did not quite have the usual spring in her step as she accompanied her lover and the two prisoners to the table, where two more girl-guards waited to cover Lisl and Elke with oil from neck to ankles. Her glance at Lisl was brief and her face lacked its normal self-satisfied smile. Did they sense the difference in her, Lisl wondered. She always felt it herself now. Or was it only that it was clear that she had become

Schroeder's favourite and he had made Heidi and Heike painfully aware of it? Either way, they would treat her more carefully from now on.

"Hurry up, they're coming," Heike said as she saw the warning wave from the guard at the doors.

Lisl and Elke hurried to take their places in the front rank of the girls lined up three deep in the centre of the hall. Small-breasted Elke joined one end of the line while Lisl, neither big nor small, filled the one remaining gap in the middle. The day was bright, the blackout curtains were drawn back and every light in the hall was on. Forty oiled bodies, naked but for black leather collars and high-heeled shoes, glistened and gleamed as the girl prisoners snapped to stiff, unmoving attention at Heike's sharp command.

Apart from Schroeder and Sprenger, Gruppenfuehrer Wahler was accompanied by only two aides. There were no armed men with him. It appeared that Schroeder's suspicions about him might be unfounded - unless his visit was merely a reconnaissance.

Wahler stopped and surveyed the lines of lovely, nude girls, their skins shining with oil, then decided to inspect them the way he would have his own troops on parade. Followed by Schroeder, he walked up and down between the three ranks, commenting occasionally when something about a particular girl caught his eye.

"It seems your reputation is well deserved, Sturmbannfuehrer Schroeder," he said when he was finished. "I wish I had found time to come to your whorehouse sooner."

"I'm glad you have at last managed to visit us, Herr Gruppenfuehrer," Schroeder replied smoothly. "And of course, you are welcome to return at any time."

"Trying to get rid of me already?" Wahler said with a brusque laugh. "Are you afraid I'll discover your secrets?"

"Not at all, Herr Gruppenfuehrer. The entertainment has only just begun." Schroeder nodded to Heidi, who stood by the gramophone. The strains of the Radetsky March sounded in the hall.

"Sluts, left turn," Heike called, wincing ever so slightly as she smartly executed the move herself. With the Countess Uhlendorf at their head, she set the three files, each of thirteen girls, strutting down the hall in the stiff-legged goose-step of the parade march.

They were all there, Lisl knew, all of the girls she had betrayed. Steffi Maute, with her big, slack, heavy breasts was in the front rank, with Berthe Zahler close behind. Nadja Roden was in the same rank as herself and Irma Kremser nearer the rear. And just in front of Lisl was Hanna Kempfer, her buttocks emblazoned with the fiery-red weals of a recent whipping.

Lisl no longer felt guilty. As Schroeder had said, her own well-being took priority over everyone else's. In fact, as she kicked her legs high and clashed her heels painfully onto the hard stone floor in time with the others, Lisl found herself wishing it was she who had scored those thick, red ridges into Hanna's bouncing buttocks.

The record stopped playing for the fifth time, and at Heike's shrill command Lisl halted along with the other girls, did a right face and raised her arm in the party salute as she had been instructed during the previous day's practice. Breasts heaving, running with sweat and with every muscle aching, she had to stand with the others while Wahler enjoyed the sight of them and ate lunch. He was very entertained by the scantily clad girls who waited on him. When Schroeder produced more beauties dressed in their fore-and-aft caps, tight blouses and little pleated skirts, the Gruppenfuehrer had every girl stand before him in turn and lift her skirt to show him her shaven pussy. He laughed heartily and his increasing lust was obvious on his florid face.

"I have some girls due punishment in the cells if you are interested, Herr Gruppenfuehrer," Schroeder told him.

"Perhaps later," Wahler said. "I am told you have a particular flair with electricity, Schroeder."

The Sturmbannfuehrer gave a thin smile. "I have heard it said also, Herr Gruppenfuehrer."

Wahler barked a laugh. "I've been too long at the Front. In all these years I've never seen an interrogation carried out that way. I'd like to see one before the Reich comes crashing down in flames." That he had just spread defeatism and could be shot for it did not seem to trouble him in the least.

Schroeder's ghost-smile did not waver. "Of course." He gestured towards the ranks of suddenly trembling girls. "Does anyone in particular catch your eye?"

Wahler pointed immediately. "That one."

Lisl thought she would choke. An icy hand clutched her heart. His finger was aimed directly at her. Horror-stricken, she stared at Schroeder, waiting for him to speak up and spare her the torment as he had promised.

His ice-blue eyes fixed on hers. His lips parted. The cold, blue, dispassionate light in his eyes flickered and turned red.

He shrugged. "Why not?"

Chapter 15

Sunday, October 8th 1944, 1500 hours.

It must have been well over an hour now, Pam thought. Her hands were numb, her shoulders were burning and her thighs and calves and feet were all cramping abominably. The rope attached to the cuffs on her wrists was fastened so tightly through the pulley on the rafter above her head that it kept her continuously straining on tiptoe.

The leather straps buckled around her waist and above her breasts were also fastened around Jenny and held her buttocks and shoulder blades hard against the younger girl's. She could feel Jenny's sweat mingling with her own and running down her spine and anal crease to join with the pussy-juices dripping from her sex onto the spreader-bar that held her ankles apart.

Pam heard the swish of the thin, biting whip Audley-Towne held in his left hand, followed immediately by the meatier smack of the slim, stinging cane he had in his right.

"Ooh-hoo! Ooh, Master!" Jenny jerked as she recoiled from the strokes, her hard-muscled buttocks thrusting against Pam's and jiggling her half of the big, flexible, double-ended dildo the Major had pushed deep into both girl's pussies. Pam groaned. Her sheath rippled and contracted on the thick rubber and made her wriggle her bottom against that of the girl strapped tightly against her. Jenny groaned. Her juices too were dripping steadily onto her own spreader-bar and then to the floor of the interrogation block, making a dark, spreading stain on the bare concrete.

Audley-Towne appeared in front of Pam. He was naked, his great, rearing cock jutting upwards, its taut-skinned, purple head as big as her fist and shining in the glare of the electric light. The sight of it was enough to make Pam whimper with need and clench her pussy hard on the dildo. Jenny moaned.

It seemed an age since the Major had begun walking slowly around the tightly bound girls and lashing out with cane or whip or both, striking their breasts or bellies or thighs, or most excruciatingly of all, their plump, hairless mounds and the wetly glistening pussy-lips swelling out on either side of the thick phallus. Grinning, he lifted one of Pam's

heavy, out-thrust breasts with the end of the cane. She tensed. He slashed his whip upwards in a backhand stroke to her defenceless sex. It scorched like fire.

“Ooh! Ooh!” Pam bucked, the dildo slid back and forth on the slick walls of her sheath and Jenny squirmed hard against her. A dribble of Pam’s juices splashed to the floor and more moisture bathed her stinging outer-labia and trickled down the insides of her thighs. It was sheer torment and utterly humiliating. And it made Pam seethe with wild, unbridled excitement. Her heart thumped madly and her blood was singing in her veins. Every nerve-ending tingled with the same fierce passion that filled her pussy; at least, every nerve-ending that was not smarting and burning from the short, sharp smacks Audley-Towne had already dealt her defenceless body. Her mind was filled with a whirling daze of desire.

Pam loved it. For some reason she could not even understand herself, let alone have explained to anyone else, she felt more alive under the savage kiss of the whip. She felt ashamed too, but that was not important. The real guilt would come later. For now all that mattered was the pleasure.

The Major moved on. Pam turned her head to watch the huge, straining baton of his cock until he disappeared behind her. She waited eagerly for the sound of a blow and the writhing of Jenny’s hips that would drive the dildo deeper into her sex. It did not come. Audley-Towne reappeared at her other side, whipping the cane down onto Pam’s jutting right teat almost before she was aware he was there. He added a lash of the whip to the fronts of her thighs.

The pain felt wonderful, for it was no longer merely pain but pleasure too. In the beginning, Pam had not believed anyone could be aroused by being hurt, or feel sexually stimulated by suffering. Now she understood. And the Major was heightening her arousal as he prowled in a circle around her and Jenny, sometimes striking, sometimes not, teasing and goading them with the uncertainty and anticipation of when and where his next lash would land. It was utterly nerve-racking and so, so exhilarating.

Pam heard the whip hiss through the air, the sharp slap of it landing and Jenny cry out as it scored a fiery trail across her skin. She bucked, and at once the cane smacked down. The girl cried again, wriggling and

squirming and thrusting the phallus into herself and Pam at the same time. Pam squirmed too, pussy fluttering with rapid, quivering contractions. More juices flowed, filling the air with the heavy ripeness of female arousal. Pam felt her belly tighten in the way it did when her climax was near. The cane cracked once more and Jenny gave a violent heave and a frantic shriek that told Pam Audley-Towne's blow had seared the girl's erect clitoris. The dildo surged to and fro inside her and her sheath clamped hard around the rubber.

Would the cane's next fiery stroke bite again into the young lieutenant's flesh or would it sting her own? Hovering on the brink of orgasm, Pam felt her head spinning with excitement. Oh, god, she prayed, please let it be her!

* * * * *

Thursday, November 30th 1944, 0910 hours.

She must have been kneeling beside Schroeder's desk for over an hour, Lisl thought, feeling her bottom smarting and aching from the effects of the blows the diminutive Standartenfuehrer had dealt her the night before. The angry crimson ridges the man had raised on her breasts throbbed and the burns left by his cigarettes, not only on her teats but lower too, were buzzing uncomfortably.

She knew that Schroeder had had a hand in the man choosing her again. The previous day, Lisl had made the mistake of giving him a reproving look when, very off-handedly it had seemed to her, he had mentioned the ordeal he had put her through with the electricity. It had brought back the much too vivid memory of his wicked grin as he had flicked the switch on the magneto and turned the dial that raised the current ever higher. Gruppenfuehrer Wahler had wanted to see her take a full ten thousand volts, and by then Schroeder had been only too willing to oblige. Neither had he shown the least concern or regret when Wahler had roughly used her shivering and trembling body the moment she had been released from the table. The horror was something Lisl would never forget.

Nor would she forget the broken promise. She knew why he had done it - his philosophy was that self-preservation came first. If her suffering distracted Wahler from some other purpose he might have had

for being there, then Schroeder would allow her to suffer. And if ever he faced a similar choice again, she knew she would once more be sacrificed with the same chilling ruthlessness.

Lisl recalled how willingly she had offered her devotion to the man that night in Switzerland. She had been feeling the warm, comforting afterglow of her orgasm then, and the last delicious spasms had not yet completely faded when she had given her eager reply to his question. Maybe she had even meant it at the time, despite knowing it was impossible. Perhaps it had appealed to the need she had always been aware of, the need almost every human being must feel - to know they had the affection of another, that there was someone in the world other than themselves who truly cared about them.

But Lisl had known then, and been forcefully reminded since, that Schroeder could not feel any affection for her or anyone else. He had not been seeking someone to love, only someone to love him. What might create that kind of need in a man such as he, Lisl could not imagine, nor how long he might have felt it. She suspected that the reason he had chosen her to fulfil it was because, of all the women he had so cruelly abused, she was the only one who had ever taken any pleasure from some of the things he had done to her.

She had been very young when her submission had been forced upon her, innocent, naïve, filled with optimism and much, much too trusting. It was hard now to remember the time before the pain and pleasure, but through all of the training and moulding that had made her into her Master's perfect plaything, deep in the most private recesses of her mind Lisl had known that her life could and should be more than just sex and slavery. She had known that beyond her prison there were opportunities to progress and grow, to become something more than the compliant, unresisting and ever-obedient slave girl that was all her Master had required. She had needed a challenge. And at last, by a sheer accident of fate, she had been given one.

Schroeder stopped drumming his fingertips on his desk, got up and strode across to where Elke Volner was tapping rapidly on the keys of her typewriter.

“Aren't you finished yet?” he demanded.

“Beg to report, yes, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer.” Elke yanked the sheet of paper from the machine and handed it to him just as Obersturmfuehrer Sprenger entered carrying a large brown envelope.

“Your latest intelligence report from Berlin, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer,” he said, his gaze exploring Lisl’s nudity as he laid the envelope on the desk. Schroeder lowered the hand that held the typewritten sheet as he turned to face Sprenger. Lisl saw it was a list of names. Her own was at the top.

“Fuck the report, Otto,” he said. “The last of the money arrived last night. We’re finished here. If that bastard Wahler knows something, I’m not waiting to find out what.” He held out the list. “That’s the ones we’re taking. Thirty-six. I want them on a truck and ready to go within the hour. Never mind Lisl. She’ll come with me in the car.”

Sprenger looked startled. “We’re leaving today?”

“As soon as possible. I’ll go with the girls. You wait until this afternoon. It would look suspicious if we left together with a truckload of whores, and no doubt there are some orders bearing your signature you would like to dispose of. I have already burned mine.”

Sprenger took the list and stared at it blankly.

“Come on, Otto,” Schroeder urged. “We’ve known it would come to this for a long while. The Reich is finished. We have to think of ourselves now.”

Sprenger shook himself. “*Jawohl, Her Sturmbannfuehrer.*”

Schroeder shook his head. “Herr Paul Schroeder, Swiss businessman and entrepreneur from now on, Otto. Now, let’s get things moving.” He bent to the safe as his subordinate left. Lisl watched him take out some papers and his briefcase bulging once more with banknotes, and place them on his desk beside the envelope containing the intelligence report. He picked up his riding crop and unchained Elke from her desk.

“Volner, go down to where the clothing is stored, pick out thirty-five overcoats and have them taken to Obersturmfuehrer Sprenger in the hall. The girls he brings there are to put them on. And make sure you get one for yourself.”

“M... me, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer?” Elke was so shocked she forgot to address him properly.

It seemed he was too wrapped up in his preparations to notice.
“Yes, you. And hurry up.”

He spent the next half-hour pacing his office, slapping his high boot with his riding crop whenever his impatience got the better of him. Lisl was used to seeing him either coldly unemotional or fired with demonic lust. It was somehow reassuring to learn he could feel just as nervous as anyone else. It proved he was only human after all. Schroeder stopped beside her and she felt the cold leather of his crop caress her cheek. She looked up into ice-blue eyes.

“Remember what I said in Switzerland, Lisl?” he asked.

“Yes, Master, I remember.”

“Our new life there starts today. From now on you’re mine alone.”

Until he decided otherwise, she thought. Not so long ago she might have accepted that. Now it was not enough. Lisl had seldom experienced sex that was not accompanied by pain as well as pleasure. She would always enjoy the wonderful feeling of them melding together into one exhilarating sensation. She could never have imagined that one day she would discover there was something that aroused her even more.

Schroeder laid his riding crop on Elke’s desk, held out the black overcoat with the fur collar that Lisl had worn on her previous trip and told her to put it on. He had just unclipped the leash from her clitoral ring and put it in his pocket when a guard knocked and entered with a woman wearing nothing but an unbuttoned coat.

“Not now,” Schroeder said, and the guard turned and was about to leave when Sprenger appeared.

“Transport ready,” he reported.

Schroeder eyed the female prisoner. “Wait. Leave her,” he told the guard.

Lisl had recognised the girl immediately. It was Ilsa, who she had been forced to watch being flogged in the town’s Gestapo prison almost exactly a month earlier.

The Sturmbannfuehrer nodded towards the girl. “Try her out, Otto. If she’s any good, bring her with you this afternoon.” He laughed softly. “Always room for one more.”

Ilsa stared at him wide-eyed and horrified.

The next few minutes seemed to Lisl to pass in a frantic rush. To allay suspicion, Schroeder kept his uniform on and filled a bag with his

civilian clothes, took everything that remained in the safe and put it on the fire, and picked up the documents he had removed earlier. As she had put on her coat, Lisl had seen that they were Swiss passports. She took the blue silk scarf from her pocket and moved towards Elke's desk as she tied it over her collar. As she turned, her elbow caught the hilt of Schroeder's riding crop and knocked it onto the floor under Elke's chair.

The SS man handed her the briefcase stuffed with money. She eyed the brown envelope that he had left on the desk.

"Carry this to the car for me," he told her, gave Sprenger a brief handshake and a promise they would meet later in the day, and led the way outside.

A big, six-wheeled truck stood with its open rear facing the Schloss Uhlandorf's entrance, and Schroeder's Horch was parked a little way ahead, facing down the long avenue. A guard with a sub-machine gun stood at the back of the truck. Under its canvas cover sat a gaggle of frightened girls. Lisl saw Elke among them, and Hanna Kempfer, and Steffi Maute and the Countess, and all her former colleagues from the wireless station, as she passed them on her way to the car. Heart racing, she was just about to get in the Horch when Schroeder swore.

"Where the hell's my riding crop? Damn I must have left it in the office."

"You put it on Volner's desk, Master," Lisl said. "Should I fetch it for you?" She held out the briefcase full of cash to him.

He raised an eyebrow thoughtfully as his cold gaze met her innocently wide eyes. Then the ghost-smile appeared on his handsome, chiselled features.

"Go on, then. And be quick."

She hurried away before he could change his mind.

Ilsa was on her back across the desk when Lisl entered the office, with Sprenger bent over her, thrusting hard between her thighs as she cried and struggled beneath him. Just as she had been taught, Lisl leaned her weight down onto the man and pressed her fingers hard into the veins on either side of his neck. In ten seconds he lost consciousness. She kept up the pressure for another thirty seconds to be sure he was dead then dragged his body off the sobbing girl.

"Ilsa." Lisl pulled her to her feet and shook her. "You're coming with me. We're getting out. Out of Germany." She shook her again.

“Do you hear? I’m getting you to freedom but you have to do exactly as I say. There’s a truck full of girls outside. I’m putting you on it. Don’t take any notice of what they say. You’re going to be free. But don’t talk to any of them, understand?”

Her face suddenly filling with hope, Ilsa nodded. Lisl grabbed the brown envelope containing the intelligence report, tore it open and removed the papers. Carefully, she folded the sheets and put them in the pockets of her coat. Then she took the riding crop, made Ilsa button her coat and took her outside. Keeping the truck between them and the car, she pushed the girl up into its crowded rear.

“Another one for the transport,” she told the guard.
“Sturmbannfuhrer Schroeder’s orders.” He did not question her.

A minute later, Schroeder was contentedly clutching his riding crop and the journey had begun. They negotiated the border crossing with the same ease and handing over of cash-filled envelopes as on the previous occasions. When they reached the barn, Schroeder unlocked its doors so that Dieter Bauer could drive the Horch inside, and then closed them again. He ordered Lisl out of the car and changed into his civilian clothes.

In the grey half-light inside the barn Lisl could see another vehicle in front of the Horch, a large blue, single-decked bus facing the other pair of doors at the opposite end of the building. Schroeder opened them wide.

“Tell the truck driver and guard to come in, would you Bauer?” he said, and while they were being fetched, reached into the car and took out the briefcase full of money. He opened it and put a hand inside.

Followed by Bauer, the two soldiers came into the barn. Schroeder waited until they were close, dropped the briefcase and, as they looked down at the money spilling out, shot them both with the small, silenced pistol in his hand.

Standing right next to him, Lisl gasped in surprise.

“No need for excess baggage,” Schroeder said and turned the pistol on Bauer. The man stood frozen and staring in horror at the gun muzzle suddenly aiming at his chest. He was the only person who had shown Lisl even the smallest kindness since the day the Gestapo had arrested her.

“No!” she cried and lashed out. The edge of her hand struck hard into Schroeder’s throat, just as Sergeant Macgregor had taught her. The Sturmbannfuhrer dropped the gun and tried to clutch at his neck, making harsh, strangling noises as he stared at Lisl in total disbelief. Then the icy blue eyes she had feared so much rolled up and he fell backwards onto the dirt of the barn’s floor.

Lisl picked up the small pistol, watched for a moment as the man strained and heaved in an effort to force a breath past his crushed larynx, then shot him through the forehead. She turned to Bauer, who was still paralysed with shock. She did not point the gun at him.

“You drive the bus, Dieter,” she said. “Get the girls loaded, and then send Heike and Heidi in here.” She met his astonished gaze levelly. “Nothing has changed except who is in charge, Dieter.”

Bauer stared back, breathing hard, and then dropped his eyes to the gun in her hand. She put it in her coat pocket among the papers she had stolen.

“Well, do you want to lose your balls or come with me?” Lisl asked.

He blinked and gave her a thin, uncertain smile, then a more positive nod of his head. While he drove the bus outside and transferred the girls from the truck, Lisl searched Schroeder’s body, found a spare magazine for the pistol and swapped it for the half-empty one. She replaced the bundles of Swiss francs in the briefcase, buckled it closed and put it on the car’s back seat. The sound of footsteps made her straighten up and put a hand in her pocket.

The girl-guards had travelled in the cab of the truck. They had somehow managed to change into civilian dress during the journey, but it did not disguise their muscular, big-breasted and full-hipped figures any more than their uniforms had. Lisl did not feel intimidated. She closed her hand around the gun in her pocket and gave them a thin smile as they stopped in their tracks at the sight of Schroeder’s lifeless body. She knew they had never liked him, and had probably hated him after he had flogged them and made them suck his cock. Lisl told them her proposal briefly and succinctly, and gave them the option of returning to Germany, with the possibility of arrest and, if Schroeder had been right about the Gruppenfuhrer, probably torture in their own interrogation chambers.

As she had known they would, Heike and Heidi recovered quickly from their surprise and did not take long to make the decision Lisl had expected them to. She sent Heidi to keep an eye on the girls in the bus and kept Heike with her in the car. They operated as a pair. Separated, they would be far less likely to have second thoughts and try to cause trouble.

Claudia Leiling proved just as open to persuasion when they arrived at the sanatorium and Lisl made her the same offer she had the girl-guards. As she had told Dieter Bauer, the agreement had not changed, only one of the parties making it.

“I’ll leave you to get the girl’s settled in,” Lisl told Frau Leiling. “I have to go somewhere. I’ll be back in a few days. I’ll expect a welcome when I return, otherwise Schroeder’s money will remain where I saw him hide it.” She knew that would be enough of a threat to keep the woman in line.

Lisl had Dieter drive her into Zurich. His surprise when she told him the destination was almost as great as when he had seen her kill Schroeder in the barn, but he made no comment. Of all her new employees, Lisl knew she would be able to trust Bauer the most.

The short winter day had turned to darkness by the time he dropped her outside the British Consulate, where she gave her code word and was immediately admitted. The secret service man there provided a passport to satisfy the Swiss authorities and a car to take Lisl to the airport.

Two hours later, still wearing only her coat and carrying Schroeder’s briefcase, filled now with secret German documents as well as cash, she was aboard the regular British Government diplomatic flight and taking off for England.

The plane was a fast, twin-engined Mosquito, a modified RAF bomber in Imperial Airways colours. Lisl sat in its small rear cabin with the briefcase clasped to her breasts and still could not believe she had really done it.

For all her familiarisation training, she had not understood the sheer stupidity of the plan she was expected to carry out until she had arrived in Germany and seen for herself the reality of the war. Only then had she realised the extremity of the danger she would be in and the virtual impossibility of achieving success. She should have walked away,

but, as it had always been in the past, she had been too ready to follow the path someone else had mapped out for her.

That had begun with her parents persuading her to go to London to study when she had wanted to stay at home. It had continued with the man who had first helped her with her studies and later trained her, initially to submit to, and then to enjoy the pleasure and the pain. Then her other training had followed, preparing her for something she had known she should never have agreed to but which her ingrained submissiveness would not allow her to refuse. And finally there had been Schroeder who, Lisl could admit to herself now that he was dead, had appealed on some level to that same acquired desire to be dominated.

She had been weak with them all, Lisl thought. But she did not feel weak now. She no longer wanted to submit. Neither was she willing to accept the fate others decreed for her. She had wielded the whip herself, held real power in her hands, and she had loved it. She meant to have that power there again.

Lisl pressed a hand to the pistol in her pocket. And god help anyone who tried to stop her, for she would not.

Chapter 16

Friday, December 1st 1944, 0020 hours.

Audley-Towne was jubilant. During the whole of the trip to the airfield he had not stopped talking about how he would show Glover and the top brass just what S-Force could achieve. He had promised Webster, who had sat next to Pam while she drove, a promotion and told her she could expect to receive a set of sergeant's stripes for her part in the mission's success. Pam had been more concerned about the set of stripes the Major's cane had scored into her backside that morning, which had made driving distinctly uncomfortable.

He was jumping up and down like a schoolboy as the 'plane taxied towards the two hangars that stood well apart from all the other airfield buildings. Being a clandestine flight, its arrivals and departures were kept as secret as possible. Pam was more amazed than excited that Kay was actually returning at all from the insane mission on which Audley-Towne had sent her. He had finally explained it to her in full that evening when the message from Zurich had been deciphered and they had learned of Kay's success. Pam had listened with increasing disbelief at the man's overweening stupidity.

Before his transmissions had stopped, the agent they had called 'Buffalo Bill' had somehow discovered that a certain SS officer was receiving regular reports from a friend in Berlin about the status of the German war effort. He had learned from a female agent in the area that the same man made a habit of collecting attractive young women from amongst the prisoners in the custody of the Gestapo.

The idea that Audley-Towne had described to Pam as brilliant should also have been deadly - to send an agent to Germany and have her get herself arrested by the Gestapo. After that, it became even more bizarre. Trusting to nothing but luck, the Major had hoped the SS officer would find the agent in the local Gestapo prison and add her to his collection. Then, completely alone and a prisoner of one of the most brutal and merciless organisations in the world, she was to somehow steal the German intelligence reports, escape from prison without any outside help and get to Switzerland completely unaided.

To call the plan insane did not do it justice. Pam was incredulous at the Major's utterly misplaced confidence in it. He had known that the SS officer kept the women he collected in a castle not far from the Swiss border but had no idea why they were there or what happened to them. For all he had known, he could have simply been condemning Kay to death. And he plainly had not cared in the slightest. That Kay had ever agreed to take part in such a mad scheme showed just how little Audley-Towne had told her about the reality of what she would be facing. That she had succeeded was nothing short of a miracle.

Pam watched Kay climb down from the belly of the aircraft. Audley-Towne dashed towards her the moment her feet touched the ground. As mechanics swung the 'plane around and began preparing it for its return flight, Kay ignored the Major's outstretched hand. She kept the black briefcase she was carrying firmly in her grasp and walked to where Pam stood at the door of the empty hangar next to the one that held the aircraft. Audley-Towne tried to hurry her into the small office at the rear corner of the building.

"I'm glad you made it back, Kay," Pam said as she followed. "Welcome home."

Audley-Towne was too preoccupied with seeing what was in the briefcase to bother with any sort of greeting. Kay did not reply to Pam or give in to the Major's attempt to rush her into the office. She walked to the room in her own time and turned to face them both across the width of the small desk at its centre.

For the first time, Pam saw the girl's face clearly. It was still lovely but its lines seemed harder and more angular than she remembered. Kay showed no excitement or satisfaction at having achieved the impossible, nor even relief at having survived. The blue eyes that looked levelly at the Major seemed cold and devoid of any emotion.

Audley-Towne sat on the chair at the desk, the only one in the room.

"Well, let's have a look at it," he ordered, eyes alight with anticipation.

Kay unbuckled the bulging briefcase and emptied its contents onto the desk. At first Pam saw only the bundles of banknotes that spilled out. A thick wad of papers landed on top of them. The Major snatched one up

and Pam watched him struggle through the typewritten German on the page. He stared at it in obvious surprise and grabbed another, then another, becoming more excited with each one he read.

“My god!” he cried suddenly. “My god, I’ll get a medal for this! And a full colonelcy as well, I bet. That’ll be one in the eye for *Lieutenant-Colonel* Glover. I knew I was right not to tell him you were coming back. I’m going straight to the brass-hats personally with this.”

He always was a glory-hunter, Pam thought, and he did not give a damn who suffered as long as he got his medals and promotions. He was so obsessed with it he had not even told anyone in his own unit where they were going when they had left for the airfield. He looked up at Kay, beaming.

“You’ll get a medal too, Kay. I’ll see to that.”

“My name is Lisl,” Kay said. “Keep your medal. All I want is to go back to Switzerland.”

Pam looked hard at her. The cold, harsh edge she had seen in her face was reflected in the tone of her voice.

“Impossible.” The Major waved a dismissive hand. “You’re to come along with me. We need to show you off to the top-brass and tell them what you’ve done.”

“Show me off?” Kay’s lip curled. “Perhaps I should show them this too.” She unbuttoned her fur-collared coat and let it fall to the floor.

Pam stared. The girl’s out-thrust breasts bore the angry red weals left by a recent flogging and fading mauve and yellow bruises that told of others in the past. The fronts of her thighs were also scored with criss-crossed crimson streaks caused by a whip or cane and even her belly and hairless mound, and there were small, circular red marks on the insides of her thighs that could only be cigarette burns. And surely... Pam’s mouth fell open. Yes, there was a silvery ring hanging from the delicate folds of her clitoral hood. Kay turned, revealing crimson welts and dark, ugly bruises across her back and shoulders and half-raw ridges carved thickly and heavily into the taut, ravaged cheeks of her buttocks. She picked up her coat and put it on, sliding her right hand into a pocket.

Audley-Towne said nothing, and appeared unmoved by the evidence of Kay’s torture. Since he treated her and Jenny little better, he probably was indifferent, Pam thought. Even with her liking for pain, Kay must have suffered terribly. It was fortunate that Jenny had drawn

night duty as adjutant and was not there to see the poor girl's horribly savaged body.

"That girl you made me kill was an agent too, wasn't she?" Kay asked with a glance at Private Webster, who had appeared in the doorway when she had stripped off her coat.

The Major shrugged. "Not one of mine. Anyway, she was a double, working for the Russians too. And she looked so much like you she had to die so that you could take her place."

"I broke her neck," Kay said flatly, "and dumped her body in a bombed building. I expect she's still there."

"Yes, yes, I'm sure she is," Audley-Towne said impatiently and began gathering up the papers he had scattered over the desk in his excitement.

"You never did really make any arrangements for my escape, did you?" Kay asked in her emotionless tone. "You just left it all to me and hoped."

He shrugged. "You're a resourceful girl. I knew you would manage. And you did. You're here after all, Kay."

"My name is Lisl," Kay said for the second time, "and I want to return to Switzerland. I want you to write me an order for the flight back."

"I told you, you have to come with me to see the big brass," Audley-Towne snapped.

"No, I don't," Kay said flatly and a thin ghost-smile appeared on her full-lipped mouth. She drew her hand from her pocket and pointed the small pistol it held at the Major.

Switzerland, Pam thought, and remembered her time at the finishing school there. No rationing, no blackout, no war. And *no* Audley-Towne. She eyed the pile of money lying on the desk. Her father had always told her she was too impulsive and took too many risks. This one, she was sure, was worth it to escape the cruel, blackmailing bastard for good.

"I'll write you an order," Pam told Kay. "I write all the other ones and sign them for him. You don't need the Major to do it. Just let me come with you."

Audley-Towne looked at her sharply and she saw the surprise the sight of the gun had brought to his face change to shock that she had dared to defy him and then rage. He got to his feet.

“You’ll both do as I damned well tell you,” he said. “You seem to have forgotten who is in command here. Put that gun down, Kay. You’re not going to use it. You go with Webster to the car.” He turned to Pam, mouth twisting into a snarl. “And as for you-.”

There was a noise like a soft cough. Webster had only taken one step towards Kay before he fell backwards and sprawled unmoving in the doorway. Pam looked down and saw a small hole had appeared above the man’s right eyebrow.

Audley-Towne’s face showed total disbelief as he turned to Kay, his hand scrabbling at the flap of his pistol-holster. Though Kay levelled her gun at him, she did not pull the trigger. The slide on the weapon was stuck in the rearward position. The gun had jammed.

Kay was suddenly frantically trying to clear her pistol and force another round into its chamber. The Major had freed the holster’s flap and was reaching for his revolver. Pam looked around in desperation. A portable typewriter stood on a table by the wall behind Audley-Towne. Pam grabbed it with both hands and swung it with all her strength.

It slammed against the side of the Major’s head, just below the band of his cap. He fell forwards onto the desk, scattering the pile of secret papers in all directions, then slid sideways and slumped to the floor. He lay on his back, blinking his eyes rapidly. Kay cleared the jammed pistol and without any hesitation fired two shots into Audley-Towne’s chest.

Breathing hard, Pam watched her gather up the money that had also been scattered when the Major fell, and remembered Sergeant Macgregor saying that Kay had a natural killer-instinct. Shaking in reaction, Pam looked at Audley-Towne’s body. She was not sorry he was dead. He had been growing increasingly violent, as if, now that he had taught her to enjoy pain, he was determined to push her beyond her limits to the point where she could not possibly take any pleasure from what he did to her. A sudden wave of horror at what she had done overcame her, replaced almost at once by elation and relief. She was free!

Kay picked up the typewriter and set it on the desk, stood the chair upright and pointed to it. "Write the order. An order for two for the next flight to Switzerland."

Pam sat and fed a sheet of paper into the machine. Switzerland, she thought, and freedom. Freedom from war. Freedom from Audley-Towne. A place where she could recapture the leisured, carefree life she had known before the awful conflict had begun.

* * * * *

Friday, December 1st, 1944, 1420 hours.

The shop windows were full of light, and luxuries Pam had not seen for years. The streets were filled with people who did not look drab and careworn. It was incredible. It was wonderful. She turned to Kay, smiling happily as the big, black car carried them through the city streets. The girl's ice-blue eyes met hers and a thin smile played over Kay's lips.

It had been too noisy to talk in the plane, and Kay had been too busy making arrangements at the airport. The man who had driven the van carrying the diplomatic bags, with the two girls also in the back and passing unchallenged through Swiss customs, had not questioned Kay's orders when she had had him stop before they reached the British Consulate and they had transferred to the black car. The man who had opened its doors for them and given Pam a coat to put over her uniform had not been British. Barely able to believe it was just hours since she had left war-torn Britain, Pam had found herself being driven through the busy streets of Zurich in a country that was at peace.

The car left the city and finally arrived at a large, modern building that looked like a hotel. They were met by a handsome, older woman whose well-cut, fashionable dress made Pam envious, and by two tall, well built but pretty blonde girls. Their appraising stares made Pam shift nervously from one foot to the other before Kay finished her conversation with the older woman and led her upstairs. She had still barely spoken a word to Pam since they had boarded the 'plane.

Filled with curiosity and questions, Pam curbed her enthusiasm until they entered a beautifully decorated room furnished in an extravagantly feminine style that she adored. She smiled her pleasure and satisfaction, and remembered all the money that Kay had in her briefcase.

This was the life, Pam thought, leisure and luxury and plenty of time to enjoy both. Kay was bound to be grateful to her for helping her escape, and hopefully generous too. She felt sure they would become great friends.

With a lightness in her heart she had not felt in a long time, Pam walked to the window and looked out over the peaceful countryside to the lakeshore in the distance. On its far side was a sight she had not seen for five years - the streetlights of a city beginning to come on as dusk settled. She *was* free, Pam thought, her own woman once again. She sensed Kay come up behind her.

“What now?” Pam asked expectantly.

Lisl laid a hand on her shoulder. “You start to earn your keep.”

The hand tightened.

* * * * *

Wednesday, December 20th 1944, 0930 hours.

Colonel Glover sat down, changed his desk calendar from the nineteenth to the twentieth and let out a long sigh as he reached for his cigarettes. Despite all the hopes and predictions, the war was not going to be over by Christmas, especially if the confused reports coming from HQ about a German offensive in the West were true. What had the newspapers started calling it; The Battle of The Bulge? Glover was not even sure where the Ardennes was. Somewhere in Belgium, maybe?

An annoying thought struck him. With the panic it was causing in the higher command they might cancel his leave because of it. He sincerely hoped not. He had been looking forward to his fortnight at his house in the country, particularly since he would not be spending it alone. The recollection brought a smile to his face as he lit a cigarette and took a long, satisfying draw. It was one of the last from the thousand he had found in Audley-Towne’s house, he remembered, and made a mental note to buy some more.

The Major’s death was not really so unfortunate, Glover reflected. No one had liked him and no one was missing him. Though they had known each other since childhood, Glover had never cared much for the fellow himself. Even as a schoolboy, Audley-Towne had been eccentric and his instability had only worsened with the passing years. Small

wonder his men had called him 'Mad Bill' when they were being polite about him and a lot worse when they were not. Nevertheless, Glover had been at a loss to understand why anyone would want to murder him. Thank god the Major's unit, being a top-secret one, had made it easy to keep the police out of it, the Colonel thought.

It had been almost twenty-four hours before the body was discovered. No one had bothered making enquiries into Audley-Towne's whereabouts. No one had noticed that he had not shown up for duty. The army pathologist's report had said he would probably have died from the skull fracture, but it was definitely the two bullets in his heart that had killed him. At the time, Glover had found it hard to believe that one of the man's own agents and his personal secretary could possibly be responsible. It was only when the Mosquito pilot had returned from Switzerland and the Colonel had seen the forged orders authorising their flight that he had been convinced the two women had killed him.

Familiar with the methods of interrogation employed by the Gestapo, Glover thought he could perhaps understand Kay Parker's motive. From the start it had been a hare-brained scheme to send her into such danger, knowing she was bound to be tortured and even intending that she should be. In fact, it was far too typical of Audley-Towne, the Colonel acknowledged. The whole business was entirely the Major's fault, and look what it had got him. Glover took another draw from his cigarette and self-righteously absolved himself from any blame for what had happened.

Only when he had searched the Major's house had he realised why Pamela Hollis might well have also wanted him dead. Glover had discovered the canes and whips first, then the handcuffs and the leather straps Audley-Towne had obviously used to secure his victim. Clearly his experiences with the submissive Kay Parker had influenced his sexual tastes.

It was when the Colonel had found the manila folder with the photographs and meticulous notes that he had begun to wonder if there might have been an element of coercion to Corporal Hollis's behaviour all those times he had enjoyed her in Audley-Towne's office. Viewing the pictures of the girl had reminded him how he had felt on the occasion, months previously, when he had first watched the Major plying the cane across Kay Parker's jiggling backside and her reaction to it. His erection

had strained rigidly against the khaki twill of his trousers at the recollection.

It had strained even harder when he had found the second folder and looked at the pictures of Jennifer Daniels. She was still within his reach. One rapid transfer later, an immediate interview to inform her of what he had in his possession, a quick session involving her mouth around his cock, and a brief but stimulating application of his palm to her pert, upturned bottom and the girl had been his. He had quickly returned to Audley-Towne's former home and helped himself to all of the bondage and punishment equipment he could find there.

Glover stared at the latest communiqué from headquarters and swore. Things were getting worse. The Germans were still advancing and threatening the two uninterrupted weeks of total, abject and humiliating servitude he had planned for Jennifer at his country retreat. Damn it! The thought of her round, firm bottom bouncing to the rhythm of the cane was enough on its own to make his cock swell. And now, after all the effort he had put into wangling it, he was in danger of missing out on the fun. It was not bloody-well good enough. Angrily, he eyed the buzzer on the desk that would summon his secretary. If he could not have Jennifer to himself over Christmas he *could* damned well have her now, and see the wilful little minx paid the price for his ruined holiday.

He reached to the button and then drew back. There were still two days before they were due to go. Maybe the generals would be over their flap by then, or Jerry's advance might run out of steam. Besides, he had promised himself faithfully that he would look at the papers Kay Parker had brought back with her before he went on leave. He had not much felt like it when he had stood in the cramped little office in the hangar looking down at the scattered sheets around the Major's lifeless body. Several of them had been stained with his blood. It had been as much as Glover had wanted to do to gather them gingerly from the floor and stuff them into a large envelope he had found.

Once back in London he had locked the envelope in the bottom drawer of his desk. His investigation into Audley-Towne's death and much more so his new association with Jennifer Daniels, had caused them to remain there ever since. But he had better not put it off any longer. After all, part of his job was evaluating the intelligence gathered by his

agents. Not that he expected to find anything of value. Audley-Towne's people did not exactly have an unblemished record for success.

Glover took the time to light another cigarette before he opened the drawer and removed the envelope. He emptied its contents onto his desk. The bloodstains were darker now that they had dried, but they still made him wrinkle his nose in distaste as he separated the sheets of paper they had stuck together. The Colonel sat back, drew on his cigarette and began to read.

His French was better than his German but he managed. By the time he had reached the bottom of the first page he was sitting bolt upright in his chair. The document gave full details of German fuel reserves for both the Eastern and Western Fronts for the last week of November nineteen-forty-four. The second one was unit strengths for the German army at the same date, the third those for the Waffen SS and the fourth for the Luftwaffe. Hardly believing it, Glover read figures for aircraft production, for tanks and artillery and ammunition. There were details about jet aircraft under development, something called infrared, about the superior new assault rifles the enemy had begun using, and about ground-controlled rockets that he knew the American's bomber crews had recently reported encountering on their raids over Germany.

All of the information was barely three weeks old. And Glover had had it locked in a desk drawer for almost exactly the same length of time. A chill ran through him, and he could not stop himself glancing at his office door as if he expected his superiors to burst in and berate him for his negligence.

The Colonel turned a page. Operation Watch On Rhine, the next document was headed. What the hell was this? A vast, hollow emptiness filled Glover's belly and spread upwards into his chest. For a moment he thought the contents of his bowels were about to fill the seat of his smartly pressed trousers.

He stared in horror at the document in his hand until his racing mind could no longer translate the German words. But he had read enough to know it was all there - the units involved, their strengths and routes of march, objectives and timetables for the attacks, even maps. And the exact date and time it would all begin.

Now, thanks to him, it was all four days too late. If he had looked at the papers when he had first had the chance, the Allies could have stopped the German offensive dead in its tracks.

For a full twenty minutes Glover sat numbly staring at the words, seeing none of them. He jumped suddenly and groped for another cigarette, lit it with a trembling hand and inhaled deeply. Three weeks ago he would have earned a medal for the information that lay on his desk. Now it would earn him a court martial - if anyone ever found out. Ten-thirty, the clock on the mantelpiece read. The Colonel looked at the fire burning in the grate below it. Abruptly, he got to his feet, gathered up the documents and knelt before the glowing coals. Carefully, one at a time, he fed each sheet of paper into the flames and made sure every one of them was burned to ash.

Weak with relief, Glover sank back into his chair and mopped his sweating brow with his handkerchief. Christ, that had been a close one! He saw the envelope lying on his desk and leapt up and burned that too. Returning to his seat he suddenly felt better. But he must never mention it to anyone. In fact, he must never even think of it again. What he needed was a distraction. He pushed the buzzer to summon his secretary.

“Mary, tell Lieutenant Daniels to report to me at once,” he ordered when the girl came in.

She was not very efficient but he had kept her on for three months to please her father, who was an important man at the Ministry of Munitions. And she was pretty and did have a good, round pair of tits under her khaki blouse. Glover knew she saw him as a good catch and had been angling for him to ask her out, but he had been too wrapped up with his visits to Pam Hollis and with Audley-Towne’s mad plan to do anything about it. Well, he thought, that was all over now.

The girl did not blush at the stare he was directing at her breasts but put a hand on her hip and struck a pose like a pin-up girl. Why not? Glover asked himself. He had the Major’s camera and film, and the phial of knockout drops he had found.

“I’ll be having Christmas dinner alone at my country estate this year, Mary,” he said. “Perhaps you would like to join me, unless you have other plans.”

“Oh, no, sir, no other plans,” she said quickly. “I’m sure it will be very nice. I’d very much like to come.”

“You’ll need an overnight bag,” he said pointedly.

Her red, rouged lips parted in a knowing smile. “Oh, I’m sure I will!”

“Splendid,” Glover said with his cock hardening under the desk. “I’ll give you the details after lunch. You may as well take yours now, and I’ll be busy with Daniels for a while so no need to hurry back.”

The thick length of the Colonel’s hard cock was already jutting from his open fly when Jennifer entered his office. He had no need to give her instructions. Meekly, she knelt at his feet and he felt a thrill of wicked satisfaction at the tears brimming in her big, brown eyes as she lifted them to his face.

“Tits out,” he ordered, and waited, breathing deeply while Jenny undid her tunic and blouse and slid them from her shoulders. Glover nodded his approval, pleased she was obeying his order she was not to wear her brassiere unless he instructed it. “Stick them out.”

“Oh, please, sir,” Jennifer mewed, but at the same time she arched her back and pushed the small rounded swells of her breasts forward, pink nipples pointing right and left.

Glover toyed with the twin, stiff points, rubbing and pinching until they hardened further, and suddenly slapped the flat of his hand down onto the firm flesh of the girl’s out-thrust teats.

“Ow! Ooh!” Her head jerked up and the Colonel smiled with sheer pleasure as he saw a defiant flicker of indignation in Jenny’s eyes for the split second before she concealed it. He watched two tears spill over her lower eyelids and run slowly down her lightly powdered cheeks.

“You’re a haughty one, aren’t you, Jenny?” he said softly. “Even your little tits have the same arrogant tilt to them as that aristocratic chin of yours. I’ll bet you always had everything your own way at home.” Glover eyed the scarlet imprints his hand had left on her teats. He slapped them again, enjoying her little, distressed cries. “Well, you won’t get your own way with me, young lady. I’m going to keep you on a short leash, you can be sure. Pull your skirt up to your waist.”

Again she obeyed without hesitation, and again he was pleased that she had obeyed him and wore no panties. He looked at her shaven sex. Audley-Towne had been right about that, if nothing else. A woman’s cunt did look a lot better without any hair to hide it. Glover reached down and stroked the plump little mound above the crinkled bud of

Jenny's clitoral hood, then smoothed his fingertips over the warm, slightly damp skin of her inner thighs. She shivered. Disgust or excitement, he wondered. It made no difference. She belonged to him, and it felt very, very good indeed. He had Audley-Towne to thank for that too.

Jennifer hissed, and he saw her try to keep the resentment from her expression as he slid a finger between the soft outer-lips of her sex and circled it slowly against the inner ones.

"I believe you're getting wet, Jenny," he said, laughing, "and you a clergyman's daughter. For shame! I think you'll need punishing for your lascivious ways. Thirty with the heavy cane seems about right."

"Oh no, sir! Please!" She looked up with an earnest entreaty on her face, hips squirming against his rubbing finger.

Glover ignored the plea, pulled his hand away and sniffed the glistening tip of his finger. "Such a pretty little cunt you have, Jenny. Tell me who it belongs to."

The girl breathed deeply. "My pretty little cunt belongs to *you*, sir."

He nodded when she spoke the words exactly as he had coached her. "I've got some good news for you," he told her. "I've found you a playmate. You're going to have a new friend once you've helped me take some nice pictures of the pair of you playing naughty girl-games together. And don't deny you like that because I've got the photos that prove you do." He laughed. "If you do it well, I'll let you play properly with her later. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, sir." Jenny's reply was grudging, but she did not look entirely displeased by the prospect. Glover realised that something else was uppermost in her mind when she spoke again. "Please, sir, not thirty," she said in a hushed voice. "Please, not with the *heavy* cane."

"With the whip then." He leaned back in his chair. "Unless you suck my cock as you have never sucked it before and swallow every last drop when I come in your mouth."

Two more tears traced lines down Jenny's face as she stared forlornly up at him, closed her fingers around his rearing shaft and guided it to her lips. For no good reason he could think of, the picture of Audley-Towne lying dead on the floor came into Glover's mind and he

wondered what had become of Kay Parker and Pamela Hollis when they had arrived in Switzerland.

Then, Jennifer's warm, wet mouth closed over his pulsing cock-head and sucked, and he no longer cared.

Chapter17

Wednesday April 18th 1945.

Pam felt the leather straps tighten around her wrists as Heidi's pussy lifted from her face and the mattress gave under the girl's shifting weight. She sucked in a deep breath, well aware it might not be long before she would be half-suffocating again if Heidi lowered the wetly gleaming sex-lips that loomed above her back onto her nose and mouth. Then she would once more have to begin lapping on the fleshy folds and wriggling her tongue deep into the pussy's wet interior. The tangy, ripe flavour of the girl's juices was filling Pam's mouth and their rich aroma her nostrils as she panted and wriggled her hips to heighten the lovely sensations the dildo was creating in her rippling pussy.

The movement also tugged on the long straps that stretched Pam's arms tightly over her head and held her helplessly bound to her own bed in her room at the sanatorium. She whimpered as the dildo pushed forward, and the contact of Heike's thighs against the fresh, stinging ridges the cane had scored across her buttocks increased her pain. But it increased her pleasure too. Heike knelt on the bottom of the bed, her knees beneath Pam's buttocks, holding her calves firmly on her shoulders as she moved her hips slowly back and forth to work the long, thick phallus strapped to her groin in the English girl's sex.

Pam whimpered again, moaned as a powerful tremor teased the length of her pussy and opened her eyes to look up into Heike's face. The German girl looked back with a twinkle in her eye.

"You've been a naughty girl, Pammy," she said. "Herr Zwicker says you let half his come spill out of your mouth before you swallowed."

It was true. Pam knew she would never learn to like the taste of spunk. The dildo sank deeper as Heike gave a little jerk of her hips and the hard rubber sliding over the tingling walls of Pam's sheath sent a jolt of pleasure coursing through her.

"Ooh! Ooh, Mistress!" Except for the other girls like herself and the maids, Elke and Ilsa, she called every woman 'Mistress' whether they were familiar faces or she had never seen them before. She called every man 'Master' too. The words came automatically to her lips now. Even in the beginning it had not been so difficult to say them. And her German

had improved rapidly since then under the tutelage of Heike and Heidi, whose teaching methods were mostly based on a free use of the cane.

“You’re a very bad girl,” Heike continued, giving another jerk of her hips that made the English girl squirm with pain and pleasure. “Three times in a month you’ve tried the same trick.” She laughed. “And been caught out every time, silly thing. When are you going to learn? You know the rules. Three complaints and you have to be punished. That’s why we’re here today.”

That was part of it, Pam acknowledged. The other part was simply because the big German girls enjoyed it. Very few days passed without at least one girl being punished. Pam suspected that, as it had been with Audley-Towne, some of the reasons were pure invention.

Despite where it had taken her, she did not regret her part in killing the Major. It was all he had deserved. And it had been little enough revenge for what he had turned her into. Her sheath rippled again under Heike’s thrusting dildo, and thrilling tremors tickled through her pussy and made her moisture flow. Pam moaned, and suddenly yearned for the glistening sex above her face to crush itself down onto her lips again. Before the mistiness of passion clouded her eyes once more, she looked towards the window.

Kay stood there, silhouetted against the sunlit glass. No, not Kay. She was Lisl now, and truly she was not the meek, submissive, and ever-obedient Kay Parker that Pam had known. Though she could not see the girl’s face, she knew Lisl’s ice-cold eyes, so different from the bright, eager blue of Kay’s, were watching her.

Pam’s high hopes for her life of freedom in Switzerland had been dashed within hours of her arrival. She knew she could not hold Lisl to account for it. The girl had made her no promises, offered her no incentives to do what she had done. The risk had been entirely Pam’s. Her father had told her that one day she would take one risk too many, she thought, with bitter irony. There were times now when she thought that he had been right. Her pussy wriggled, and Pam felt a sudden spurt of hot juices and a swift contraction in her belly as her orgasm came closer. There were other times, she thought as her thrumming excitement increased, when she did not.

“Ooh, yes, yes!” Pam cooed as Heike quickened her thrusts.

The German girl laughed softly. “Oh, you like that, don’t you, you naughty vixen?”

“Oh, yes, Mistress!”

To Pam’s dismay the dildo’s friction slowed. Heidi’s big, red-tipped breasts swung heavily above her face as the girl leaned forward and rubbed and pinched her pebble-hard nipples until they were buzzing.

“She really is so very bad,” Heidi said. “See, I gave her the chance to swallow all of *my* come and there she is with half of it covering her face. She just will *not* do as she’s told.”

“I think she’s taking far too much pleasure in me fucking her naughty pussy,” Heike added. “She is here to be punished, after all. Perhaps she’d better have my big, fat cock up her cheeky little bummy-hole instead.”

“I bet she’d like that too,” Heidi said, giggling.

It would not be too unpleasant, Pam thought through the fog of desire whirling in her mind. She could come when she took a bumming too, if she had been sufficiently aroused first or if she was permitted to play with her clit.

“What she needs is more pain,” Heidi continued. “We should give her tits and pussy a whipping. Then I’ll shove my fist up her arse-hole like last time. She didn’t like that at all.”

“No,” Lisl said, and the single word was enough to curb the girls’ over-enthusiasm. “Let her come.”

Pam knew that Lisl’s gaze had never left her. She looked her gratitude towards the black silhouette standing before the window. There was a cruelty in Lisl Hartmann that she had never seen in Kay Parker. Submissive Kay had taken pleasure in being given pain. Strong Lisl’s delight was to inflict it. It was a complete reversal of the person she had been, but one Pam did not find impossible to comprehend. Only a few months earlier she had found the idea of taking sexual pleasure from being hurt utterly abhorrent. Now, despite everything she had done to resist, she could not deny that she found it increasingly attractive. Like the changes that had been wrought in her, those that had taken place in Lisl were, in part at least, the fault of Audley-Towne. It had been right that she too had had a hand in extracting vengeance from him.

Yet, Lisl was nothing like the Major. Yes, there were times when she was cruel, but she understood Pam in a way that Audley-Towne never

could have. Lisl had felt the same anxiety and arousal before the first lash of the whip came down, the same marvellous intermingling of pain and pleasure when it landed with a fiery crack across her buttocks, the same delicious delight when her flogging ended and the fucking began. Lisl knew exactly what it meant to be a sex-slave. Pam's father had also told her she needed someone to control her impetuous nature and curb her partiality for taking risks. Though he would hardly approve of her choice, Pam was sure she had found that someone. Lisl was not just a mistress. She was *the* Mistress, the only one who really mattered.

The fire in Pam's buttocks burned brighter as the rubbing of Heike's thighs quickened. The phallus thrust deeper and faster, and Heidi began once more teasing her erect nipples mercilessly. The quivers in Pam's sex reached a new intensity, urgent and demanding. The thrilling tremors were lasting longer and coming more frequently. Suddenly she felt that wonderful wriggling contraction low in her belly that always heralded her orgasm.

Forcing her eyes to open, Pam fixed them once more upon the girl in the window as the first shuddering spasms teased her sex. Lisl half-turned and the sun illuminated one side of her face, highlighting its cold, serene beauty. Pam saw the rapid rise and fall of her breasts and the dark points of her hard nipples outlined by the white silk of her blouse, and a marvellous feeling of gladness filled her heart. She loved the knowledge that her pleasure and pain were arousing her Mistress. And she knew that one day soon she would love her Mistress too.

Pam came with a great pussy-wrenching jolt of ecstatic delight. Her cry was ragged and joyous as her sheath writhed around the dildo deep within it, and a great, hot flood of juices spilled from her madly quivering pussy-lips. It felt wonderful.

Lisl looked away from the girl thrashing in orgasm and out across the garden to where the spring sunshine glistened on the surface of the lake. The trees were in bud and the grass was turning a brighter green. New life was everywhere, blossoming and flourishing.

Lisl's new life flourished too. It was one the innocent eighteen-year-old Kay Parker, caged naked in the cellar, could never have imagined nor would ever have wanted to, but she had come a long way since then. Her journey had been hard and painful, and not just

physically. It had made her what she was and Lisl was content to accept that. As Schroeder had told her, there was nothing else she could do.

None of the submissiveness that had been flogged into her remained. It was she who plied the whips and canes now, and felt the delicious rippling heat of arousal at the cries of pain and anguish. It was she who instilled fear in her subordinates and enforced their obedience. They accepted it without question. That was as it should be.

Slippery sucking sounds behind her and Pam's soft whimper of disappointment told Lisl that Heike had pulled the dildo from the girl's pussy. She knew what she owed Pamela Hollis and that the girl had hoped for a much greater reward than the one she had received. But Lisl had seen how Pam had behaved with the Major and had known it would be enough. She had recognised long before Pam had that the girl was a natural submissive. Her place was the one Lisl had given her, but she would not forget her debt. She would never force Pam to go beyond her limits the way she meant to do with Hanna Kempfer. Of course, she had yet to establish what Pam's limits were.

Lisl turned from the window and walked slowly to the whip-rack on the wall facing the foot of the bed. In the mirror that hung beside it she saw the reflections of Heike and Heidi smiling broadly and invitingly. Between them was Pam, her ankles clasped tightly in the girls' hands as they lifted her legs high to present her ridged and red-streaked buttocks for her Mistress's pleasure.

As Lisl closed her hand around a slender cane, her pussy trembled and filled with heat. Beneath her skirt, her juices bathed her inner thighs and she could feel her clitoris stiffen and thrust outwards from its protective folds. With her sex clenching and rippling she saw her own reflection in the mirror. Ice-blue eyes looked back at her with a cold, dispassionate gaze. A sudden glitter of red fire sparkled in their depths.

She took her hand from the slim cane. Slowly, she let her fingers curl around the handle of the thick leather whip beside it.

Breathing hard, Lisl turned to face her victim.

THE END